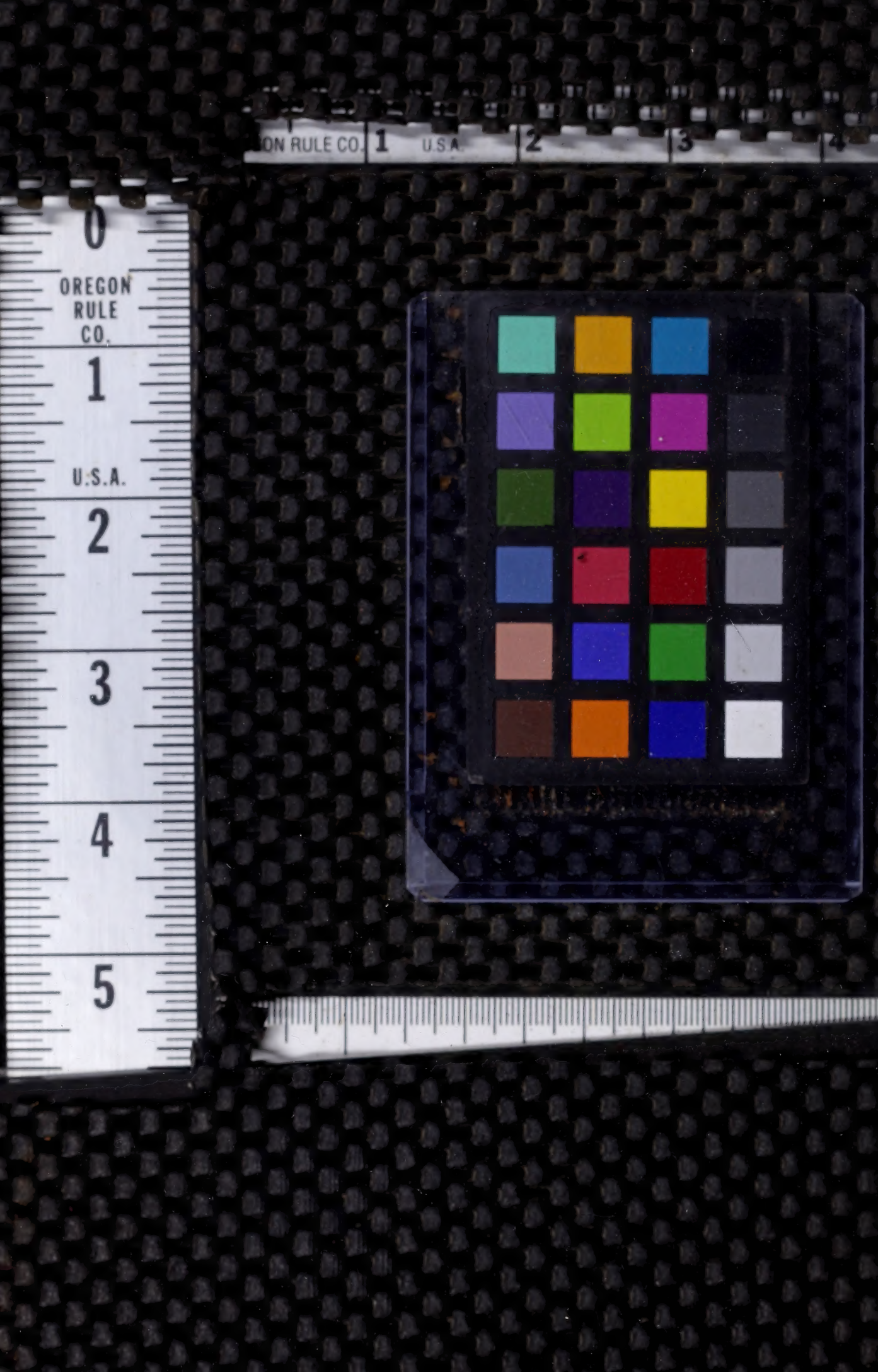

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Painting by William Hurd Lawrence — Illustration for The Fair Lavinia

"THE FAIR LAVINIA COMES BY STAGE THIS AFTERNOON"

HARPER'S
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Free and Independent Luxemburg

BY ROBERT SHACKLETON

DIRECTLY between Paris and Berlin; only a hair's breadth, indeed, from being on a straight line drawn between these two cities; there lies a little and independent country. By Americans it has been inexplicably overlooked. It contains multitude of ruined castles, perched craggily. It is of the diverting area of nine hundred and ninety-nine square miles. It presents phases of thriving modern life, yet there are extensive sections of wooded wilderness. In its wildest part I have seen the wild deer as I drove along the public road. It is saturated with historic association. There are regions of delectable charm. Its people take their autonomy with great seriousness, yet with the subtle sense of a jest in it all.

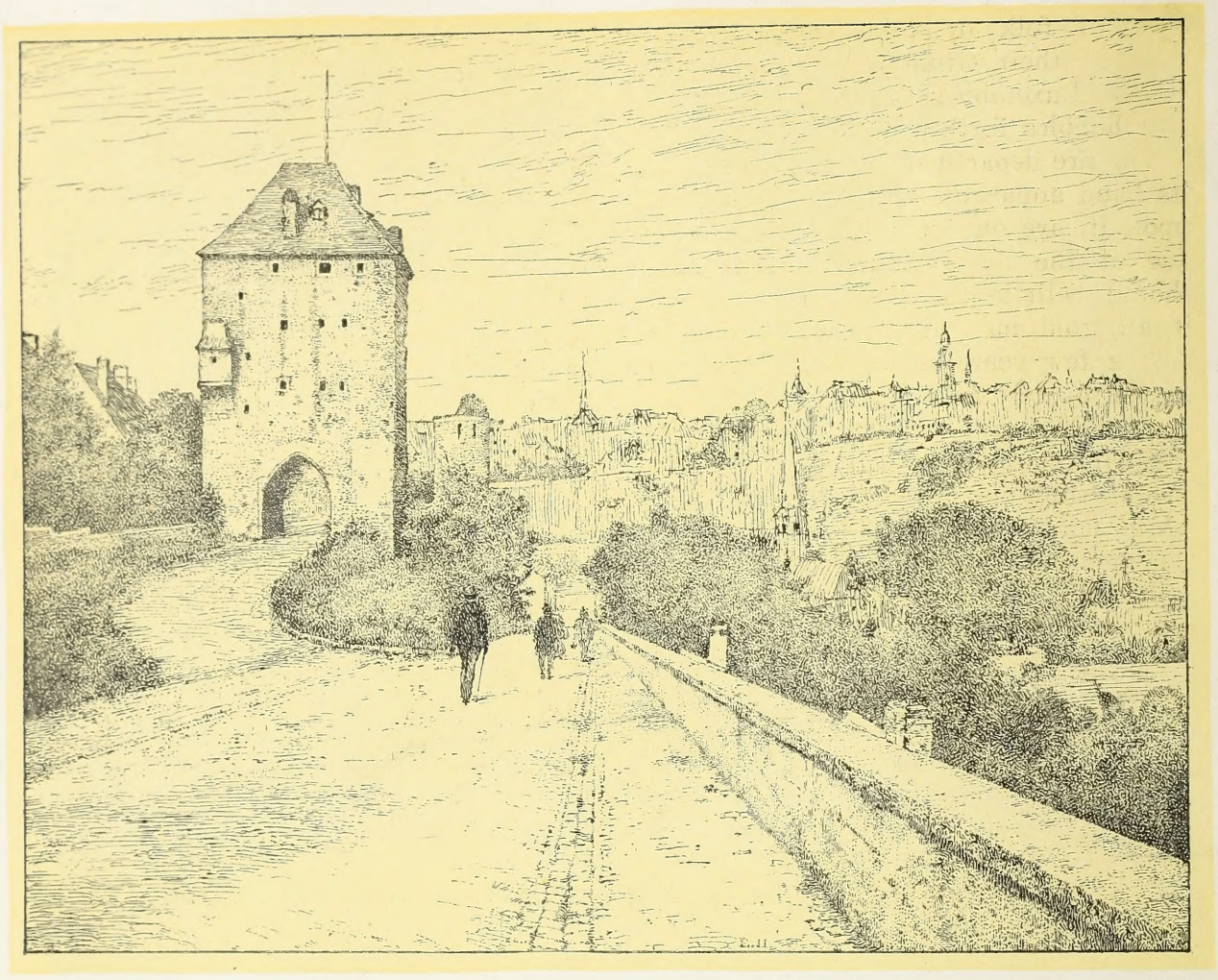
Although this almost unnoticed *Grossherzogthum* of Luxemburg, this Grand-Duchy, is in the very heart of most-travelled Europe, one may for a few francs and with the formality of an invitation join in the annual official chase of wild boar! A few dollars buys a license to hunt deer. At an inn one may find the right to miles of fishing included with room and food.

Luxemburg would not even now be independent had not Queen Wilhelmina been a girl. It would have remained a province of the Netherlands, although hedged in (such, again, the bewilderment of it) by Germany and Belgium and France. But its constitution makes the succession hereditary in the male line of Nassau, and so at Wilhelmina's accession it eluded her grasp and placidly entered the family circle of independent European countries; not large for its age, this new member, for its size is less than a twelfth part that of tiny Holland.

In the quiver of the present Grand-Duke William there are six; but all are girls, and there are no other heirs. But to meet this confrontment there is to be invoked a constitutional interpretation not vouchsafed to pretty Wilhelmina, and the eldest of the six is to rule. For the people are resolved to give no pretext for the seizing of their land by France or Prussia, and especially by Prussia. The bells of the capital city ring out, preliminary to the striking of the hours, not the grave choral heard from the church towers of other parts of Europe, but this or that gay selection from opera or song, and nothing is so popular as the much-beloved tune, chimed with clangorous gusto: "*Wir wollen bleiben was wir sind! Wir wollen keine Preussen sein!*" (We will remain as we are! We will not be Prussians!) Thus with characteristic light-heartedness they daringly jest with what they dread.

Luxemburg, the capital of Luxemburg, is set proudly upon a plateau girdled by precipices two hundred feet

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THE BOULEVARDED LINE OF ONETIME FORTIFICATIONS

in height. Rivers wind circumfluent at the foot of the rocks, and from the boulevarded brink there are alluring views.

Until less than forty years ago the city was of a strength only second to that of Gibraltar, but by the Treaty of London, of 1867, the powers decreed that the Duchy should thenceforth be neutral, although it was a province of Holland, and that the fortifications of the capital should be destroyed. For centuries the city held a proud distinction, under the alternating rule of France and Germany, Austria, the Netherlands, and Spain; and the change has not come in order that nation shall not lift up sword against nation, but only that in case of war great armies may manœuvre without the check inherent in the very presence at this central spot of a powerful stronghold.

And so, the splendid haughtiness has gone, and only fragments of the fortifications remain. But what fragments! Rocks honeycombed with passages and pierced with embrasures; grim piles of stone; and here and there, projecting over the edges of the cliff, the noble Spanish Towers.

The powers decreed, too, that the army be reduced to a paltry three hundred, and the inhibition still holds. But the happy people, making a jest of necessity, smile when the handful march along with pomp of colors and blare of music; some sixth of the total army being band. But, with saving sense of humor, there is no extravagance of military title, and the commander-in-chief is but a major.

The decrees of the great powers may not be defied with impunity, for, after all, the little countries like Holland and Belgium and Andorra and Liechtenstein and Luxemburg preserve their independence only on sufferance, and at the price of a readiness to bow to the will

of their powerful and mutually jealous neighbors. It is well when, as with the cheerful folk of Luxemburg, the humors of their situation are appreciated. Smite Luxemburg anywhere, and humor bubbles forth.

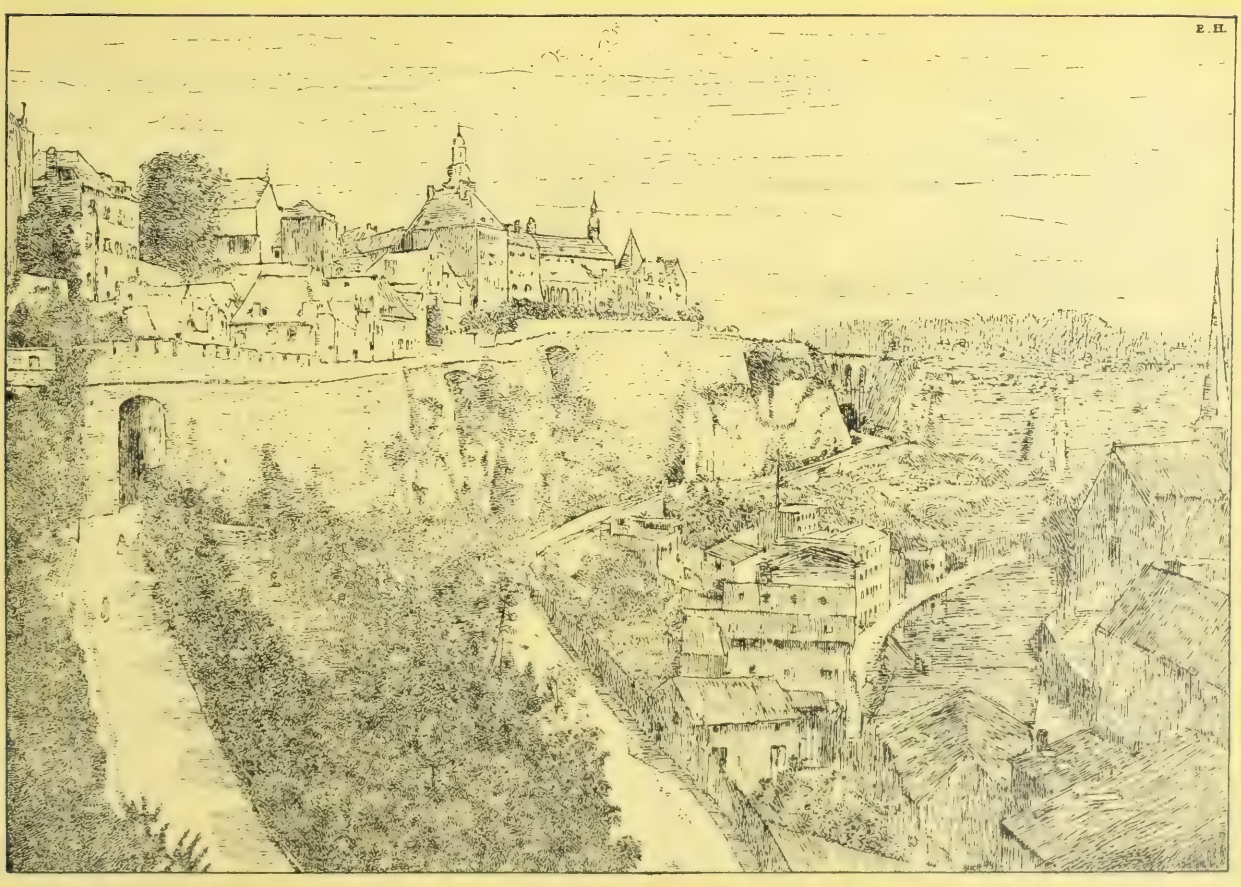
The fire department of the capital, and its hand apparatus and the few demands upon it, are one of the local jokes; but one of the fire officials, fearful lest I should belittle the basic importance of it all, told me, with paradoxical pride, that a few years ago the city had "one of the biggest fires in Europe"!

Once a year, through the streets of the capital, goes the unique March of the Muttons; a puzzled clump of snow-white lambs making their way through the amused and thronging people, close followed by volunteer musicians playing the ancient Mutton March.

Luxemburg must assuredly be the place to which the Pied Piper led the bewitched children, such a gay and a dancing folk these are.

On the evening of my arrival the people were celebrating the birthday of their Duke; they had really begun the day before, but had found one day insufficient for the expression of their jubilance. It was raining, but the population thronged the streets oblivious. A band was playing, and there, in the open square, a great number were dancing in the rain, some holding umbrellas and some not.

A city of some twenty thousand, this capital; and there are other and smaller towns, as, narrow-valleyed Vianden, on either side of which the mountains rise in mellow walls; Diekirch, set beside a smiling river, with glimmering meadows sentinelled by lofty heights; Echternach, where, once a year, on Whit-Tuesday, the Dancing Procession gathers from ten to twenty thousand, mostly pilgrims from distant places, under its rhythmic spell, to sway in spiritual ecstasy through the streets, three steps forward and two back, to the monotonous tune of "Adam,



THE CAPITAL IS GIRDLED BY PRECIPICES

he had seven sons," just as pilgrims have done here for a thousand years. There are interesting little villages away from the railroad. There is much of shadowy forest. There are serpentizing streams in such number that one ceases to attempt differentiation.

It is the pride of Luxemburg that the principal reward of those who handle the public money consists in honorable decoration, and that there is consequently no embezzlement of public funds. "Why, if one were to steal he could have no decoration!"

Under the Grand-Duke is a Chamber of Deputies, of forty-eight members, chosen by the suffrages of such men of over twenty-five as pay an annual tax of ten francs. The Duke has power of veto, but that is but another Luxemburg joke for he never uses it.

But between the Chamber and the Duke, lest there should be too much of democracy, there is a Court; and it is a Court of title and ceremony.

There is a grand-chamberlain; there are other chamberlains, with equerries and aides-de-camp, and a *maréchal de la cour;* there is a *grande-maîtresse de la grande-duchesse;* there are *dames du palais, d'honneur, du service, de la cour.*

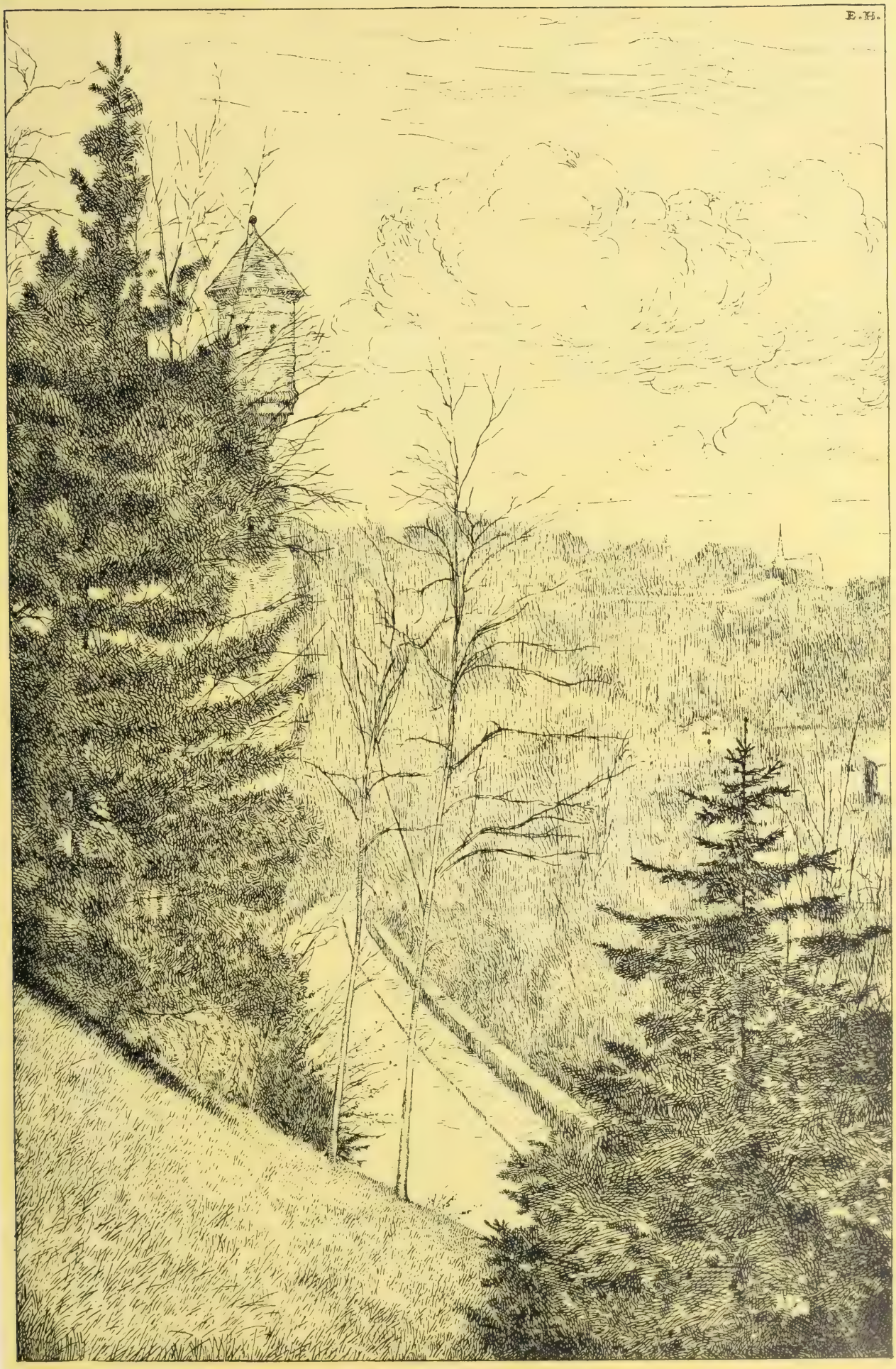
The national colors are the red and white and blue; there are governmental departments of State, of Justice, of Agriculture, of the Interior, of Finance. The Minister of State sees personally the poor and the rich alike. The Department of Agriculture, alert to be of aid, gladly advises any farmer who presents a problem of seed or season or soil.

Ordinarily, there is dulness in statistics; but I was really pleased with the attention to detail of the official who compiled the census. Out of a total population of 236,543 all are Roman Catholics, with the exception of 1201 Israelites, 2269 Protestants, 49 "other Christians," and 186 who are rated as "not known." At once one wonders who and what are the 49, and what is the religion of the "not known."

The total annual revenue is small—only from two to three million dollars—yet the treasury always manages to hold a little surplus. The purposes for which a state spends money are always illuminative, and here, quoting from the report most recently published, I find that the



WALLS THAT HELPED TO MAKE THE CITY OF LUXEMBURG A SECOND GIBRALTAR



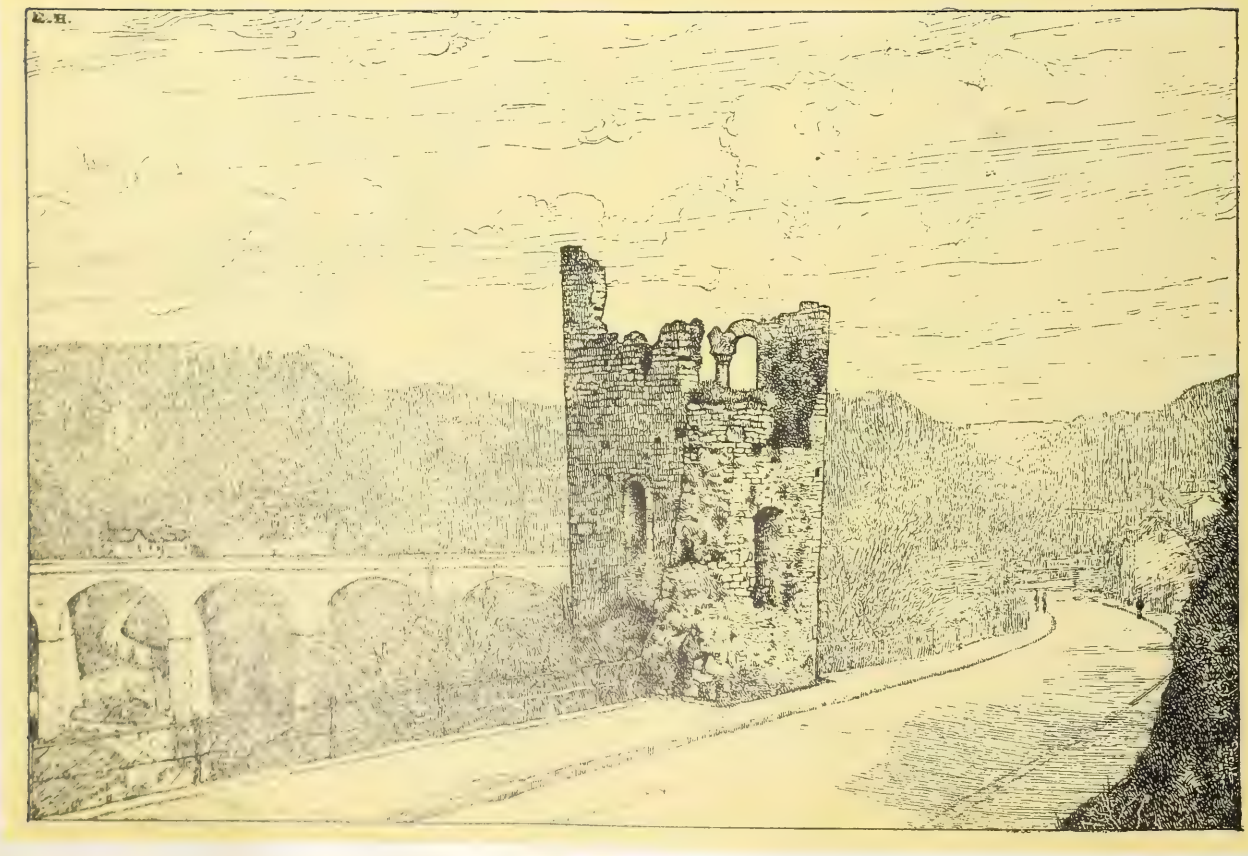
NOBLE SPANISH TOWERS PROJECT OVER THE EDGES OF THE CLIFFS

Chamber of Deputies costs but $15,000; that prisons demand only $50,000; the civil list and government, $80,000; that religion and the army go hand in hand, each taking nearly $100,000; that justice is given $110,000, pensions, $170,000, and agriculture, commerce, and industries, $200,000; that "interior" expenses, one of the items under which is that of police, require $230,000 (New York city spends annually on its police department alone $13,000,000); that to public works goes over $600,000; and that, under the noble classification of public instruction and the arts and sciences, Luxemburg gladly expends $300,000.

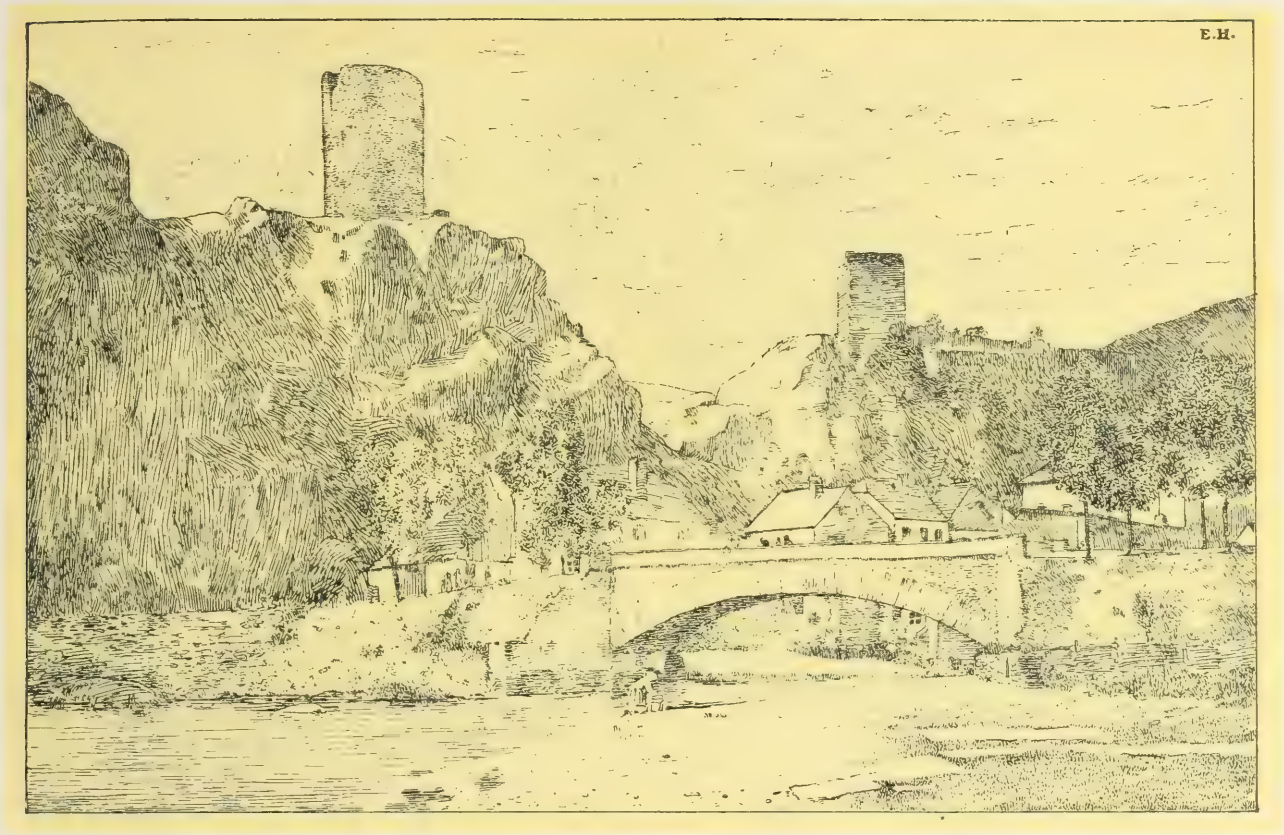
It is a land of amenities. Ask a direction, and a man will quit his occupation, or turn back in his walk, to pilot you. Ask a question of the guardian of the gate at a railway station, and he is likely to lock his gate in the face of the other people and hurry off to find an answer for the stranger.

Luxemburg for centuries had an uneasy existence. In the pathway of the nations, army after army overran and harried it, changes of government were frequent, shadowy claims and actual conquests succeeded one another. It escaped misusage in the Franco-Prussian war, because its neutrality had been decreed but a few years before.

The most picturesque of the men of Luxemburg was that John, the Blind King of Bohemia—hereditary ruler of Luxemburg, who set forth claims upon the Bohemian throne—who was slain at Crécy after heroically going into the battle linked to a knight on either side. "John the Errant," the old chroniclers term him, for he loved to roam about Europe, taking part, chivalrously, in as many quarrels as he could assume. Even when blindness came it did not cause him entirely to cease from activities, but permitted him to end his career in unique glory. In the hurly-burly of fight it may not have been possible to avoid killing him, but there is not in all history anything more unchivalrous recorded than the triumphant taking of the crest, the Three Feathers, of this slain old blind man, and its incorporation with the arms of the Prince of Wales as something to be transmitted as a proud heritage.



ONE OF THE GRIM PILES OF STONE



THE TOWERS OF ESCH, GLOOMING AT EACH OTHER ACROSS A ROCK-BOUND CLEFT

The general dislike and even dread of Germany are the more curious because the Luxemburg folk are mostly of Teutonic race, and only secondarily Walloon. More German than French is heard, but the common speech is a patois compounded from several languages.

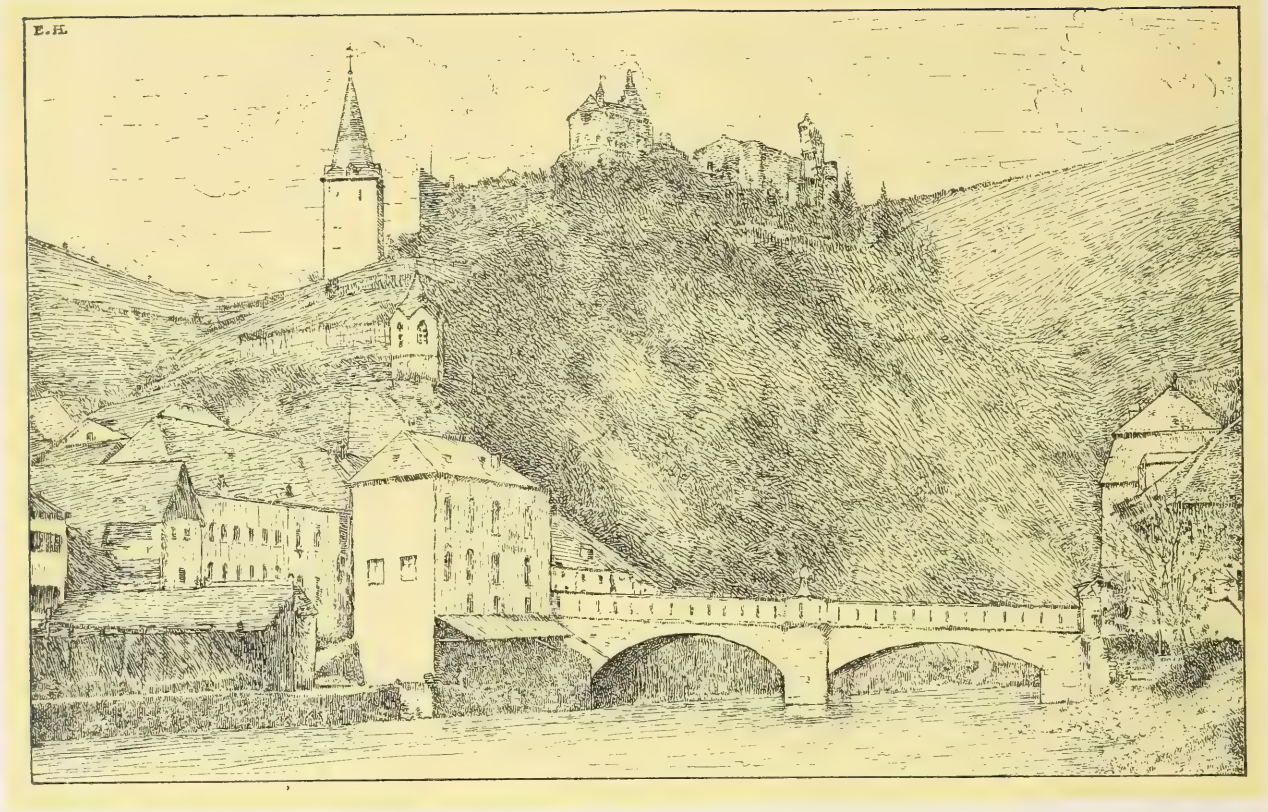
By *diligence* or *postwagen* one may enter little-visited portions of the Duchy. I was so fortunate as to choose a time when, at some of the stopping-places, there was not a single visitor of any nationality. There are, however, portions that are freely visited by French and Belgians at certain seasons of the year.

The *diligences* proceed with restful leisure, stopping at every wayside tavern and many a house. For one family the driver carries a loaf of bread; for another a bottle of medicine, and here he makes solicitous inquiry before going on; at another house he leaves a box, in regard to which there is uproarious but incomprehensible patois of joke: for although one may, by dint of great effort, master the patois, he shall never come to comprehension of the patois humor.

One is given a general impression of long drives by the side of sparkling rivers, of villages strung attenuatedly through slim valleys, of idyllic glades where women tend the grazing flocks, of two-wheeled ox-drawn carts, of old, old houses where ancient women offer snuff from ancient boxes, and where there are black-mouthed fireplaces, and enormous beams, and winding stairs of stone, and carven doors, and stately standing clocks.

Most Americans in Europe wish primarily to go where splendor falls on ruined castle walls, and in Luxemburg they may plethorically satisfy this desire, for the number of ruins is astonishing for so small a region.

Among the many are the two towers of Esch, glooming at each other across a rock-bound cleft; the splendid fastness of Brandenburg, brooding over white houses beneath it; the stern remains of Bourscheid, deployed in crenellated com-



MIGHTY VIANDEN, LOOMING SOMBRE AND GRAY

plexity against the sky; mighty Vianden, looming sombre and gray, and with spacious expanse of the subterranean.

One will not so much care to learn their definite history. Their greatest charm lies in a glorified indistinctness of association. Splendidly setting forth the character and life of an entire age, they must needs summon up remembrance of things past, and kindle imaginative fire even in those least prone to imaginative enthusiasm.

Old tales haunt these ancient piles. Penetrate to the deepmost vaults of one, so the peasants believe, and there will be found two mail-clad warriors deep at play. "May the devil take him who first quits the table!" cried the two in unison, some sundry centuries ago, and at once the devil stood there, suave, smiling, expectant. Whereat the players, one may imagine with what chagrin, with what decision born of dire necessity, determined to play patiently on till the devil should be aweary of waiting.

Between the rocky point of a castle and a rocky point beyond there was stretched a slender plank for the convenience of men at work upon repairs. One day a mason hastened across the plank to meet his wife approaching with his dinner; thus doubly weighted the bridge broke, and the man was killed, and the woman, herself unhurt, set up a wail still remembered in this land of jests: "The good dinner; it is lost!"

One ruin is haunted by a fairy who sings softly in the brooding twilight; but woe to him so incautious as to utter criticism, for instantly he is metamorphosed into rock; and the rock-filled glen bears testimony to the legend's truth.

Far older than the castles are ancient Druid remains; and upon the summit of one Druid-haunted hill, topped by a great dolmen, the children build a fire upon one night of the year, and then, waving burning brands, come rushing down through the torch-lit darkness into the village at the mountain foot—rushing down, thus, out of none can tell what mistiness of vanished centuries.

Of many things are the people of Luxemburg proud, besides their independ-

ence. They are proud of their free press and free speech. They are proud of their schools, of which the government conducts not alone such as are for general education, but others for commerce, philosophy, gardening, farming, and manual training, and still others for instructing girls in housewifery.

There are agricultural societies for the purchase of machinery, and for combination and counsel in other lines, and for the handling and selling of milk and cheese and butter.

The important day for Luxemburg is that of the patron saint. Every one wishes to be at the capital on the annual day, and a vital point is that the saint must believe that all have pilgrimaged thither on foot. And so trains and wagons stop just outside of the city, and the people go walking gravely in!

A strongly religious folk these of Luxemburg. At a lonely hill village, one Sunday night, I entered the church, drearily perched under the shadow of a ruined castle. Shafts of pallid moonlight came through the narrow windows, but the church was in practical darkness, for the only other light was from three tiny candles that glimmered by the altar. The church was filled with people, almost indistinguishable in the gloom, the men upon one side and the women on the other. There was no priest or other leader, but the men and the women were antiphonally chanting, in almost ghostly resonance, a solemn service long since learned by heart. I left the church, and climbed to the ruin above, and there long listened to the antiphon coming up to me so effective and weird.

It is astonishing that in so small a land there are places which give the impression of being at a great distance from the beaten tracks of travel. One finds isolated villages, of houses gleaming white against the glaring green of hillsides, where the landlord of the little inn will evince a desire to shake your hand on arriving. He will himself serve you with wine, or with strong waters distilled from plum-stone or cherry and bearing names all consonants, and his pretty daughter will wait upon you. You will sleep in a bed piled mountain high, with a mountainous bed to lie upon you. You will wake with the piping of birds and look from your window upon the glory of lofty slopes white with cherry blossoms.

At one such village I was told that it was impossible to go on to the next; that I must needs go back by the *postwagen* by which I had come; but I found that not far away was the man who owned the solitary horse of the vicinity, and him I saw, and he hitched the soap-colored animal into his wagon and took me on my way. The horse was tight strapped within a tarpaulin, the wagon was without springs, the tugs were chains, and the man drove with a single rope—thus evidencing the prodigal waste of other lands, where two lines are required.

Beside the top of the front door of many a house is a little opening, and to this there runs a narrow ladder, usually placed as a staircase along the wall but sometimes standing out ladderwise. Bizarre in effect: but perhaps for children? one wonders—till one sees the ladders mounted, as evening comes on apace, by the family chickens.

The ploughing-oxen, the houses where wealth of pewter is preserved in deep old chests, the fairs where metal keepsakes are purchased for gifts interpretative by an ancient code of love, the grotto whose iron crowns cure headache, the discarding of a lover by the present of a black egg on Easter day—these are among the things of charm. At fascinating Vianden, which Hugo loved, there is a church around which girls try to dance three times upon one foot and then to throw a stone into the stream that goes twinkling through the valley, for she who succeeds will be married within a twelvemonth.

A country piquant and fascinating. And when, on the *postwagen,* one approaches a mountain village through the mist of early morning, and the driver blows his horn, and the people gather where he stops, and he feeds his horses with big pieces of black bread, and the black-gowned priest, seeing that there is a stranger as passenger, hovers in the background and, divided between curiosity and dignity, bows till his tonsured spot shows shining, it is hard to realize that this is in the heart of Europe, that this is directly between the two great cities of Paris and Berlin — but in such fascinating incongruence lies much of the charm of this *Grossherzogthum* of Luxemburg.



A Truant Mountebank

BY CHESTER HOLBROOK BROWN

IT was surely hard, after yesterday, to come back to the same old humdrum life, to a Franklin speller and a Greenleaf's arithmetic, and to be packed off to school at half past eight with your face washed till it shone, your hair brushed in wet, flat curves over your forehead, and your necktie so fussed with and pulled at that it stood out a good six inches beyond your ears. Of course you always stopped when out of sight of the house and crumpled this flaring bow fiercely and thrust it inside your jacket, else you had been met with shouts of derision from your contemporaries. But of yesterday.

That had been a day of marvels and open-mouthed wonder; of dazzling pageantry and astounding feats; of close proximity to elephants and brown, shabby camels—in short, circus-day. We had a half-holiday; that was as far as the teacher's generosity could go. Since the circus was to be in town only two days, we judged it only right and fair that for those two days, at least, our minds should be free from any trivial matters of books and lessons. If the teacher had seen fit to add a day beforehand in which to prepare for the coming prodigies, and a day after, that we might get our breaths again, we should have considered it handsome of her and worthy an attempt at good behavior for well-nigh a week. But no; it was a half-holiday.

We all saw the circus in one way or another. Charley Bates, whose father owns the woollen-mill and is rich, went in state and sat in a wicker chair that cost a dollar. Charley told me so afterwards. Joe Waters and I, who are not rich, got up early in the morning, and, while the circus men were at breakfast, cut a hole in the side of the tent, which we took turns peeking through all the afternoon. To be sure, we had to lie on our stomachs in the hot sun, and the backs of our necks got terribly blistered, but we were ever so much better off than Ik Henderson and Bunny Smith, who climbed a big hemlock to look over into the Museum of Wonders, and only saw an old man making brooms.

However, on this morning I am telling about, I started for school earlier and much more willingly than usual, for at breakfast I had devised the plan of going by way of the circus grounds. As I left

the table I remarked that I was going to call for George. You see, the circus grounds lay in quite the opposite direction from the village, and I felt that should my mother chance to look out of the kitchen window and see me cutting across the fields, my situation when I came home at night might be awkward. I said, therefore, I was going to call for George. Now my mother knew as well as I that George, who is a curly-headed, sheep-faced boy with very pink cheeks, always ran the whole way to school, that he might go in early and clean the blackboards for the teacher; and she also knew I should consider it a lasting disgrace to be seen with such a fellow at any time. So, lest these things occur to her and I be summoned back by a sharp rapping on the window-pane, I made the best of my way through our pasture, skirted a stretch of woodland behind George's house, and came out upon the highroad.

There were the big gray tents with their flags and streamers, and the wonderful colored pictures of giants and living skeletons and boa-constrictors. There were the gaudy painted wagons, the spotted ponies, and the magnificent drove of one Indian and two African elephants shuffling about in a square, roped enclosure, swinging their great trunks and flapping their great ears. The crowds were gathering to see the morning procession. Bands were playing; men were running here and there; people were laughing and shouting. It was all grand and lively and gay, and I was on my way to school!

As I watched I felt a lump coming in my throat, and since nobody was there to see, I sat in the grass by the roadside and let two big tears go rolling unheeded down my cheeks.

"Hullo! what's the matter now?" said some one, and turning, I saw a man squatting on a stone beside me.

He was dressed all in white, or in what had once been white; he wore a big ruff about his neck, and had queer turned-up shoes with bows upon them. On his head was a white, pointed cap; his face was painted white, with very red lips and nostrils, and there were black lines across his forehead and at the corners of his mouth and eyes. When I looked up he thrust out his tongue reassuringly.

"Hullo!" he repeated. "What's the matter now?"

"Why, why,—you—you're the clown!" I gasped.

At this he wagged his head solemnly, at the same time puckering up his face in the most amazing fashion.

"You're a boy," he said, in a sing-song voice, much as if he were reciting a lesson,—"you're a boy, and you're on your way to school, and you're crying because you don't want to go to school, but do want to go to the circus." This came so very near being the truth that I began to choke again.

"Now see here," the clown went on, "I'm going to tell you something. You won't believe me, though," he added, doubtfully.

I expressed my willingness to believe anything he might tell me.

"Well, do you know," he said, putting his mouth close to my ear and speaking hardly above a whisper, "I'm just as anxious to get away from that circus as you are to get to it!"

He was joking, of course; clowns always do. But it was a sorry sort of jest, I thought, and I smiled pretty feebly.

"It's a fact," continued the clown, eying me sharply and twirling his pointed hat on the end of his finger; "and now what do you say if we change about? I'll go to school for you, and you take my place at the circus."

"Oh, I couldn't do that, sir," I answered, in some alarm. "Why, at the show yesterday you turned summersaults and—and everything. I couldn't see you from—from where I sat, but Charley Bates told me. I can't turn summersaults, you know."

"It's easy," he said, contemptuously. "I thought any one could turn a summersault."

"No, it isn't any use. I can't do it. I tried for half an hour out back of the barn this morning."

"Well, then I suppose we'll have to give the thing up," said the clown. "It was a good plan, though—a first-rate plan. Yet I don't know that I could manage your lessons," he went on, thoughtfully—"say sums, for instance. You have to do sums, don't you?"

"There was one about a farmer," I began, my voice trembling somewhat, for

he had opened an old wound. "He put a flock of forty sheep into a field surrounded by a fence four feet high and three feet broad. Five-eighths of the sheep jumped over the wall, just clearing it, and three-fourths of these jumped back again—"

"What did they do that for?" the clown interrupted.

"I don't know," said I. "Now, if they began to jump two feet away from the wall and landed three feet away on the other side, how many feet did each sheep jump, and how many did the whole flock jump together?"

My companion pondered for a while, cocking his head on one side and screwing up one eye as if he were calculating to a nicety the prowess of each successive sheep. At last—

"Give us another," he said.

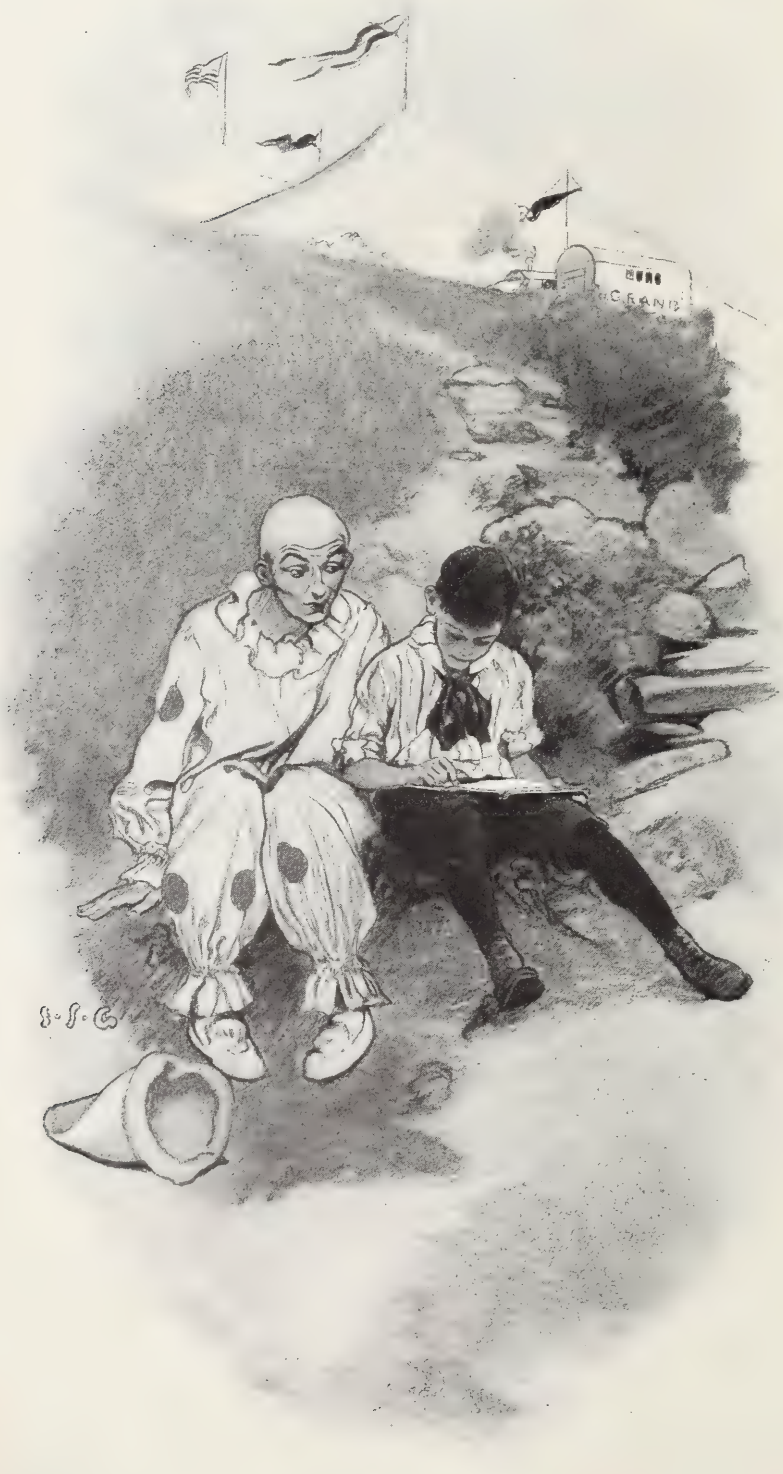
I opened my arithmetic at random.

"How many pounds of tea can be bought for \$23⅝ if 7¼ pounds cost \$5 7-16?"

"Oh dear me!" said the clown.

He seemed mightily cast down about it, and sat for a long time poking in the dirt with his white slipper. Then his face brightened and he jumped nimbly to his feet.

"There's just one thing for us to do," he cried, eagerly. "Now I'll make a bargain with you. We'll run away—off into the woods somewhere, or over on those hills—it doesn't make any difference where we go, you know; we'll have a splendid time, and if you will I'll give you a ticket for the show to-night. Come, what do you say?"



I OPENED MY ARITHMETIC AT RANDOM



"I'LL DO IT," I SAID, FIRMLY, AND WE SHOOK HANDS

My heart almost stopped beating.

"You—you mean," I faltered, "that I can see the whole circus—everything—from the inside?"

"Yes, to be sure. That's just what I mean."

All at once various difficulties rose in my mind. I had not played truant before, that term; still, my relations with the teacher would not admit of such an offence being lightly passed over. But a day with a real clown! Surely that was worth some risks. Suppose, though, I shouldn't see the circus, after all—suppose— The clown was watching me anxiously.

"Come, what do you say?" he repeated.

"I don't believe my father would let me—go to the circus, I mean—at night."

"You might get to bed early and slide down the water-spout," suggested my tempter; "your house must have a water-spout, you know."

I swallowed hard. "I'll do it," I said, firmly, and we shook hands over the red clover-tops and daisies.

"Now that's talking like a man," said



WE SET OFF ACROSS THE FIELDS

the clown, capering about in great satisfaction. "We'll make a day of it and do all sorts of things."

Then of a sudden his face became grave, and he stood twirling his hat mechanically and frowning at the white bows on his shoes.

"We ought to take along something to eat, I suppose—we really ought," he said at length. "I don't like to speak of it at such a time, but *have* you any money about you?"

For answer I turned my pockets inside out and exhibited, among other

things, a big English halfpenny with a hole bored through it. I felt terribly uncomfortable and ashamed. It was as if I had broken my covenant at the very outset.

"That's bad—bad," said the clown, rolling his head from side to side, "for—you'd hardly believe it—but I haven't got much, either. I had a lot the day before yesterday. There was three dollars in bills and some change besides. I don't know where money goes to," he concluded, despairingly; "do you?"

"No," I answered, "I don't."

"If it wasn't for cream-puffs," my new friend went on in a mournful tone, "I might have had quite a sum laid by—I might have been a rich man. But, somehow, as soon as we come to a town I have to hunt up a bakeshop and buy cream-puffs. I have to do it; I can't help myself. You know how it is."

I nodded in sympathy. My own weakness was for those long, rubbery tubes of licorice candy through which water becomes nectar if sucked up slowly.

"However, we'll do the best we can," he said, more cheerfully. "You wait here for me—and, by the way, perhaps you'd better crawl in under those bushes. Some of the fellows might see you, you know, and tell." I never knew any one so full of good suggestions as this clown. I hid in the bushes till after it was time for school to begin, and then crept out to the road again.

In about half an hour I saw the clown come running toward me, carrying an immense paper bag in either hand. He seemed much elated over something.

"I did intend," he said, after he had got his breath a little,—"I did intend getting some cold meat and biscuits, but the more I thought about it, the more I became convinced that a day like this wouldn't be quite complete without cream-puffs,—so I took all the man had. I'd have got something else, too," he added, "only, you see, I didn't have any more money. Come on!"

We set off across the fields, the clown whistling and skipping along in a high good humor, and I trotting by his side, and having much ado to keep up with him.

"Your name is Toney, I suppose," I said as well as I could, for at the pace we were making I was in danger of biting my tongue at every word. "You know, the bill-boards say, 'See the side-splitting clown, Toney!' That's you, isn't it?"

My companion stopped whistling.

"That's only my name on the bill-boards," he said, quite gravely; "my real name is Elisha."

I didn't think Elisha much of a name for a clown, and I rather doubted the truth of his assertion, but I was too polite to tell him so.

"I should dearly like to see the condors," I resumed, after a little; for, as the clown seemed occupied in looking about the country and made no attempt at conversation, I felt it incumbent upon me. "There's a picture of them on one of the big tents. I suppose you see them every day, though."

"Well, yes," the clown admitted, "I used to see a good deal of them; in fact, I tended them for a while when the keeper was sick. Do you know, sometimes I suspect—say! what is a condor, anyhow?"

I felt my eyes fairly starting from my head. To be walking with a man—yes, so close that I could touch him—who had associated intimately with condors, who had fed and cared for them, and had, no doubt, bandied pleasantries with them in leisure hours! This was worth a dozen truancies. I strove to recall my geography.

"The condor," I began, though I couldn't for the life of me imagine why he asked the question, "is a huge bird measuring oftentimes nine feet from wing-tip to wing-tip. It flies to a great height over the Andes, now breasting the mountain gale, now hanging motionless in the blue heavens. Ever and anon it swoops down upon the peaceful villages, seizes a young lamb or a kid in its cruel talons, and bears it swiftly aloft. Then the inhabitants of the village rush out with drums and kettles and create such a din that the condor, affrighted, drops its prey, which, falling from such an altitude, is invariably killed. Whereupon the great bird, in its discomfiture, retreats to its nest on some dizzy peak. In this way the condor does much damage to the flocks and herds."

During my recital I had noticed that

the clown was looking at me with ever-increasing astonishment.

"Now see what a thing learning is!" he exclaimed, when I had finished. "If I had never met you, I should always have thought those birds in the tent there were condors."

By this time we were come to a grove of oaks beside a small pond, and here, since it was now past noon, my companion suggested we eat our lunch.

"I am sorry there are only twenty-three of these," he said, peering into the paper bags, "for, you see, you can't divide a cream-puff very well. But we'll fix it this way: whoever finishes eleven first gets the odd one."

I intimated that three, or perhaps four, puffs were all I could possibly desire. The clown looked puzzled and not a little relieved.

"Well, if you say so, I suppose it's all right," he said, after a minute; "and to tell you the truth I'm very glad you feel that way about it, for I hate to hurry over my food."

Nevertheless he began eating the puffs at a tremendous rate, as if he were in fear I should repent of my decision, and, when he had done, blew up the bags and burst them, which rather disconcerted me, for I was planning to do it myself. Then he lay back luxuriously in the soft grass and winked up at the sky. The sound of a gun came from the direction of the village.

"The show's beginning!" cried the clown, delightedly. "They fire a gun and I tumble out of a box at the top of the tent. Now the box will open and I sha'n't tumble! Oh Lord!" He rolled over and kicked up his heels in ecstasy.

"Come," he said, when he had in part recovered himself, "let's do something. Let's play marbles. You lend me some, and then if I win I'll give them back, and if you win you can keep them," he added, magnanimously.

So we played at marbles, the clown and I—"bunny" and "big ring" and "knuckles over." He was wofully out of practice, but he seemed to enjoy it and not to mind being beaten. Then we skipped stones across the pond, only his stones wouldn't skip, and afterward we played "stumps" for more than an hour, till I was red in the face and the clown's white paint was moist and shiny. He was a terrible fellow at "stumps." He would take a fence or a stone wall at a bound and throw in a couple of summersaults besides; and when we came to "hop, skip, and a jump," he ended with a cart-wheel which took my breath away. I don't believe I could have endured being so worsted by Joe Waters or Ik Henderson, but this clown was so merry and good-natured about it, and withal so unassuming, that there was no bitterness in my envy.

"You don't happen," said he, when we were sitting on the shore of the pond to rest,—"you don't happen, I suppose, to have such a thing as a fishing-line about you?"

I took a piece of line from my pocket, and also the box of worms which I keep in case of emergency.

"There aren't any fish in this pond," I remarked, as I gave them to him, "except suckers, and they won't bite."

The clown cut an alder pole with great deliberation, and squatting on the bank, watched the cork bobbing on the water, with his mouth puckered as if he were going to whistle and the black lines on his forehead wrinkled into deep furrows. So long and so patiently he sat there that I grew tired and went off to look for a rabbit-hole I knew was thereabouts. When I came back he was still staring at the water.

"I guess you're right," he called out, gayly, as I came up. "I don't believe there's a single fish here. I haven't had a nibble. But I'm having a splendid time."

I think he would have stayed there all night had I been willing. But the shadows of the oaks were long and misty, and the sun, just resting on the hills, had such a late look that I suddenly remembered the cows waiting for me at the bars of the north pasture, and began to be fearful of the consequences should I not get them home in time for milking.

As we went back across the fields I noticed that the clown grew more and more thoughtful and less inclined to talk.

"I'm sorry I made you play truant," he said, after we had walked for some minutes in silence. "If I should see the



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

WHEN I CAME BACK HE WAS STILL STARING AT THE WATER



"Do you know,—I'd rather be a Boy," said the Clown

schoolmaster or something, don't you suppose I could fix it?"

"It isn't a master; it's a she," I corrected.

"Oh!" said the clown; "then I don't believe I could do anything about it. . . . You'll get a whipping, won't you?" he asked presently.

"Perhaps," I admitted.

"Resin is good," said he, "if you rub it in well. It doesn't hurt so much then."

"I generally use resin," I answered, and neither of us spoke again till we came to the highroad.

By this time it was almost dark. The clown perched on the stone wall and sat with his chin resting in his hand, looking back toward the hills where the sky was all red and gold. I could see its light reflected on his white cheeks. Behind us, down in the village, a band was playing and the flare of torches showed among the trees.

"Have you ever wished," he asked, "that you were different from what you are—something you'd very much like to be, you know?"

"Oh yes," I answered, eagerly. "I'd like to be a clown and wear white clothes and have my face painted white, the way yours is, and do funny things to make people laugh."

"Do you know,—I'd rather be a boy," said the clown.

Christmas Vigil

BY CONSTANCE JOHNSON

IT is so still—outside the moonlight falls
On pure, unbroken snow;—day's mingled calls
Are silenced in the solemn winter night.
Within, too, there is peace,—no sound, no light
Save for a wand'ring moonbeam on the walls,
Save the soft breathing of the one at rest.
O Love Divine, O Spirit pure and blest,
Art Thou indeed come in to human halls,—
Incarnate now, a babe upon my breast!

Decisive Battles of the Law

THE "ALABAMA" ARBITRATION. AN INTERNATIONAL LAWSUIT

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

THE Hôtel de Ville of Geneva, Switzerland, an unpretentious public building of ancient origin, became the centre of interest for at least two of the great family of nations on the 15th of June, 1872, and attracted the attention of the entire diplomatic world, for on that day the arbitrators of the *Alabama* claims were to meet within its walls and attempt to settle an international dispute which had more than once brought England and America to the verge of war. Had it been absolutely certain that the officials would proceed with their work on the appointed day, there would, perhaps, have been less general interest in the event, but for months it had been an open secret that England was in anything but an amicable mood, and there were rumors that she intended at the last moment to withdraw from the arbitration and repudiate the treaty by which it had been authorized.

But although the political sky was dark, a fairer morning never dawned than that which greeted Geneva on the day of trial. Long before noon a group of experienced newspaper men, including several well-known English and American special correspondents, gathered at the Hôtel de Ville; but as they lounged about its picturesque entrance, comparing notes on the coming event, it was speedily discovered that none of them possessed any inside information. Beyond the fact that all the arbitrators were in town, and that both the contending nations were fully represented by close-mouthed counsel, there was no news to report. Rumor still had it, however, that England would repudiate her agreement to arbitrate; and if she did so, it was said that America would demand judgment against her by default, no matter what the consequences might be. There was another report that the clash had already occurred, and that the arbitrators had abandoned their mission and would not even attempt to hold a session, but this was soon contradicted by the arrival of porters and messengers bearing books and papers for the tribunal, and as they carried their heavy burdens through the paved courtyard to the cobblestone stairway, up which in early times the state dignitaries rode their horses to the council-chamber, the journalists hastily followed them, intent upon reporting every preliminary detail. At the door of the Salle des Conférences, however, they were summarily halted by a Swiss functionary in scarlet and yellow, who politely but firmly informed them that none but the arbitrators and the English and American officials were to be admitted to the audience-chamber. Disappointing as this announcement was, it did not discourage the special correspondents, who relied on the influence of their journals to obtain the usual privileges, little dreaming that in the guarding of its secrets and in many other respects the impending proceeding was to create new precedents and furnish notable exceptions to several well-established rules. Meanwhile, all the reporters, great and small, remained in the anteroom, watching the stacks of books disappear through the guarded door, and vaguely wondering how many of those ponderous tomes the arbitrators had actually read.

The American "Case," as the history of the claims was called, was indeed a small library in itself, consisting of no less than eight bulky volumes, comprising more than five thousand printed pages, the contents of which had exasperated England to the point of repudiating a solemn treaty. Indeed, the wide-spread discussion of those volumes had given the foreign press a knowledge of the controversy which it would never have other-

wise possessed, and as public attention had been particularly attracted to America's documents, the story of her grievance was far more generally understood than was England's defence.

That story was ably told in the official pages—not, perhaps, with all the allowances and reserves which a wholly judicial review would demand, but with earnest conviction and scrupulous fidelity. It opened with a recital of the events leading to the civil war in the United States, disclosing the prompt request of the Secretary of State that no decisive action should be taken by the English government until the newly appointed American minister, then on his way to London, could communicate the views of his government. Nevertheless, it appeared that the first news which had greeted Mr. Adams on his arrival had been the Queen's proclamation of neutrality, and before he had been long at his post the unfriendly attitude of official England became painfully apparent. Another American had, seemingly, more influence with the English government than the accredited diplomat, for Captain James Bulloch, late of the United States navy, was busy at the port of Liverpool executing commissions for the Confederate government, and all Mr. Adams's official protests against his activities fell upon unheeding ears. In vain he reported that a vessel called the *Oreto*, in course of construction at the Miller yards at Birkenhead, was designed for a hostile errand against the United States. The Foreign Office was polite but incredulous, replying that official inspection by the customs officials failed to disclose any irregularity or to confirm the minister's suspicions in any manner. Undiscouraged by this rebuff, Mr. Adams advised Lord Russell of the situation day after day, by word of mouth and written communication, and warned him of the inevitable result, until finally the *Oreto* sailed away to become the *Florida*, and begin the work of driving American commerce from the seas.



SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN
Arbitrator appointed by Great Britain

Meanwhile the keel of a mysterious vessel known as the *290* had been laid at the Lairds' yards in Birkenhead, and Mr. Adams soon reported Captain Bulloch's interest in her, following this with surprisingly accurate details of her construction and mission; but all the investigations of the English officials failed to unearth what Mr. Adams's agents had readily discovered. The *290*, it was admitted, might possibly be adapted for a war-vessel, but there were no guns upon her, and her mysterious numerals merely indicated her dock-yard name, she being the 290th vessel constructed by the Lairds.* Her real name, according to the

* By an extraordinary coincidence the existing United States battle-ship *Alabama* was the 290th vessel constructed by the Cramps at Philadelphia, and was known by that number in the yards. Messrs. Cramp inform the writer that this was not the result of design, but was entirely an accident, or rather of business sequence. Their 289th vessel was a ferry-boat called *Pittsburg*, the 290th the *Alabama*, and the 291st the Japanese cruiser *Kasagi*.



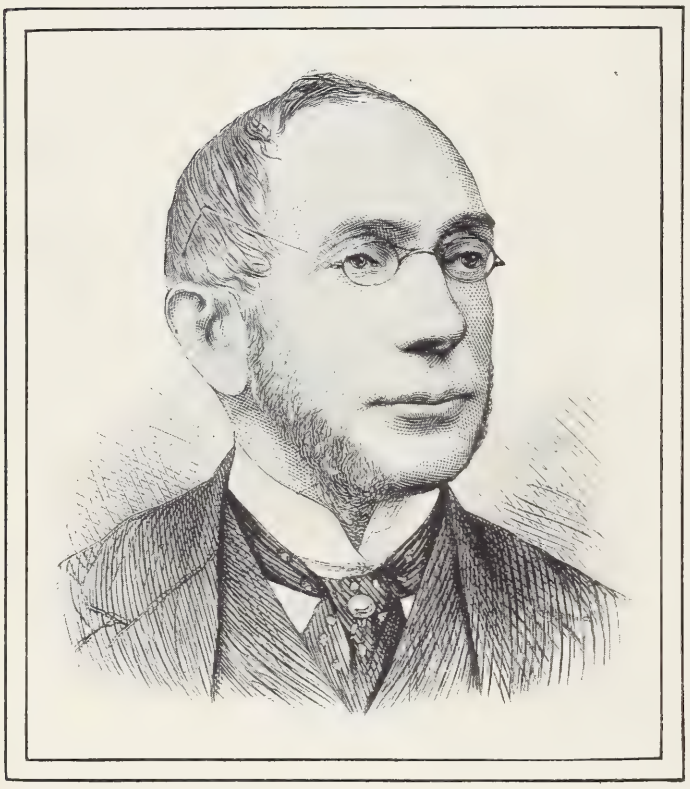
SALLE DES CONFÉRENCES, HÔTEL DE VILLE, WHERE THE GENEVA TRIBUNAL WAS HELD
From a sketch published in *Harper's Weekly*, May 18, 1872

records, was the *Enrica,* by which she had been regularly christened at her launching, and there was, to the official mind, no cause for her detention. All this was solemnly reported by the Foreign Office, and it was almost impossible for the American minister to appear unconscious of the veiled insincerity of these official communications. But Mr. Adams shut his ears to all that ruffled the temper, and keeping his eyes wide open, began preparing a case against Great Britain, knowing that sooner or later there must be a day of reckoning. In order that there might be no mistake, however, as to the legal bearing of his proofs, he submitted them to an English jurist of high authority, who expressed his opinion that the laws of England were being violated. Fortified with this decision, he once more visited the Foreign Office and called the facts and the legal opinion directly to Lord Russell's attention. Representations of this nature, of course, could not well be disregarded by the government, but it was slow to act upon them; and Captain Bulloch, receiving inside information that the authorities were contemplating the seizure of his vessel, took advantage of the delay to arrange a "trial trip" for the *Enrica,* which proved so eminently satisfactory that she never returned to her dock. After a short stay at another British port she sailed for the Azores, where an English steamer met her with her arms and equipment, and with an English crew she sped away as the *Alabama* to capture and destroy all the unarmed commercial marine of the United States that crossed her path.

Meanwhile Mr. Adams continued to exercise the utmost vigilance in England. With even temper, exhaustless patience, and faultless phrase he warned the Foreign Office of the Confederate plans, and unremittingly supplied unwelcome information touching the infractions of English and international law, studiously disregarding official discourtesies, and remaining calm under exasperating hindrances and delays. Once, and once only, was he provoked into an exhibition of feeling, but when it became probable that two iron-clad rams whose character and purpose he had clearly exposed to the authorities would soon be delivered to Captain Bulloch and follow the *Alabama,* he closed his review of the facts with the significant utterance, "*It would be superfluous for me to point out to your Lordship that this is war.*" Those words penned by a man whose reserve, dignity, and patience had already im-

pressed Lord Russell startled him to instant action, and the outcome of the war being no longer in doubt, the British government found no difficulty in enforcing the law.

Such, in brief, was the history of the events recorded in the American "Case." It was not this statement, however, at which England had taken offence. The facts were substantially admitted, but *the claims under the facts* were in serious dispute, and the complications which threatened the arbitration with disaster did not appear in the formal record.



BARON D'ITAJUBÁ
Nominated as Arbitrator by the Emperor of Brazil

At the close of hostilities it had become Mr. Adams's duty to call attention to the claims of his government for the depredations committed by the *Alabama* and many other vessels wholly or partially equipped in England or sheltered in British ports, but his presentation of this matter instantly met with a cold reception at the Foreign Office.

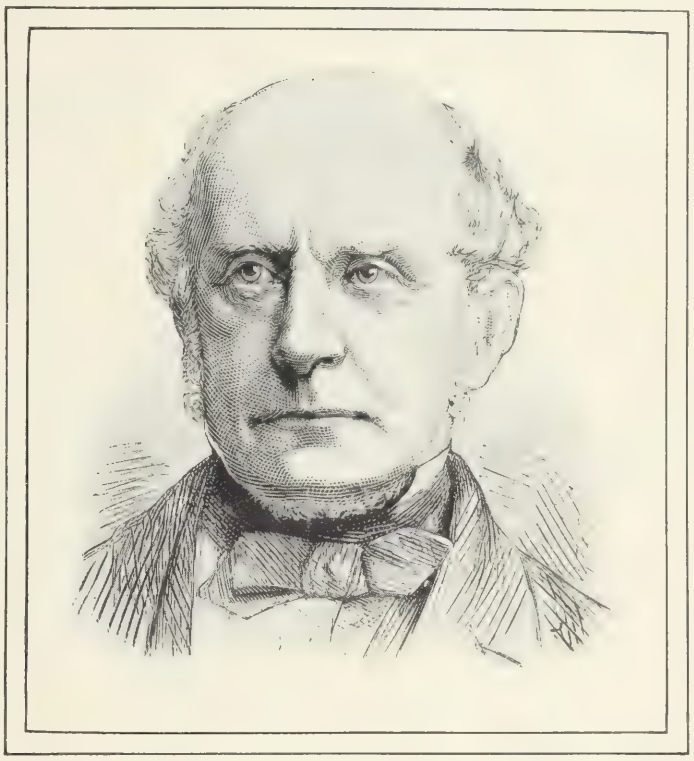
Meanwhile public opinion in the United States was intensely hostile to England, and nothing but the experience of a long and bloody war kept the popular feeling in check. This condition of affairs was mutually unsatisfactory, and in 1869 the Johnson-Clarendon treaty was negotiated and submitted to the Senate at Washington. When it was discovered, however, that this treaty was modelled upon the old Claims Treaty of 1853, and merely provided for the reciprocal submission of individual claims by citizens of each country against the other, its fate was sealed. In a speech of great power Sumner attacked it in the Senate, denouncing it as wholly incompatible with the dignity of the United States and utterly ineffective to secure a proper reconciliation. America would never win the respect of England or any other nation, he maintained, by accepting such a disposition of a national question. The treaty merely provided for the adjustment of a bundle of individual claims—the real issues were not touched. There was not a word in the entire document which recognized any duty that England had owed to the United States in the past, or which afforded any guarantee for the future, nor was there even a suggestion of regret on England's part for the injuries inflicted upon the United States, or any indication as to who the real complainant was. No such treatment of the grave questions at issue would be tolerated in America, he declared, and the Senate promptly supported his view by rejecting the treaty by an overwhelming vote, only one member being recorded in its favor.

This emphatic action startled and irritated the British ministry and aroused deep resentment throughout the country. The mere suggestion that England ought to apologize for her conduct rendered further discussion impossible in the opinion of most Englishmen, and the very idea of such presumption would have been laughed at had it not been so annoying. The matter was therefore allowed to drop until 1871, when it was suddenly brought to a head by as skilful a move as was ever credited to a department of state.

In a message to Congress, President Grant reported that England did not appear willing to concede that the United States had any just cause of complaint, and he therefore recommended that a

commission be appointed to take proof of the private claims for damages suffered from the *Alabama* or other vessels, with authority to settle the same by purchase, *so that the United States might own and control all such demands against Great Britain.* This quiet and significant manœuvre, coupled with the fear that the Franco-Prussian quarrel might draw England into war and render her own views of neutrality highly inconvenient, almost immediately resulted in unofficial advances from the English government, whose indifference toward the subject in dispute gave way to an undisguised anxiety for a prompt adjustment.

The preliminaries of this second negotiation were conducted with great prudence, every step being carefully considered, both sides realizing that another failure would arouse lasting resentment and embarrassment. Private unofficial conferences finally paved the way for the appointment of a Joint High Commission empowered to meet at Washington and negotiate a treaty for the settlement of all differences; and when the distinguished commissioners agreed upon a treaty providing for arbitration, it was confidently supposed that all the troublesome questions had been forever laid at rest.



CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS
Arbitrator for the United States

Certainly the document approved by the Joint High Commissioners seemed to meet all the objections which had been so forcibly urged against the Johnson-Clarendon treaty. In the first place its expressed purpose was to provide for "the amicable adjustment of *all* causes of difference between the two countries" —a distinct recognition of the national character of the dispute. In the second place it specifically referred to "the claims of the United States generally known as the *Alabama* claims," and expressed "*the regret felt by her Majesty's government for the escape under whatever circumstances of the 'Alabama' and other vessels from British ports and for the depredations committed by those vessels*"—a most acceptable substitute for the "impossible" apology. Next it laid down certain rules or principles of international law upon which it should be assumed that England had undertaken to act in the past, and which both nations agreed to observe in the future, and finally it provided for an impartial board of arbitration with ample powers to adjust all outstanding grievances. In a word, the document was a complete diplomatic triumph for the United States, and a virtual acknowledgment of the justice of the issues for which it had so long contended.

The arbitration clauses in particular left nothing to be desired. Their recitals read that "in order to remove *all* complaints and claims on the part of the United States, and for the speedy settlement of such claims," the contracting parties agreed that *all* said claims be referred to a tribunal of arbitration consisting of five persons to be appointed respectively by the President of the United States, the Queen of England, the King of Italy, the President of the Swiss Confederation, and the Emperor of Brazil, who should meet at Geneva "to examine and decide *all questions which should be laid before them* by either England or the United States,"

and that the award of the arbitrators should be accepted as a full, perfect, and final settlement of all claims *whether the same were or were not laid before the tribunal.* This disposition of the matter naturally met with the hearty approval of all Americans, and the Senate having promptly ratified the treaty, the arbitrators were appointed and the preparation of the American "Case" assigned to Mr. J. C. Bancroft Davis, the First Assistant Secretary of State, whose thorough study of the subject eminently qualified him for the task.

Mr. Davis had, however, no sooner exchanged his formidable treatise for the British "Case" prepared by the English agent, Lord Tenterden, than the London press began a furious attack upon the nature of the American claims, and a storm of indignant protest immediately followed. According to the English High Commissioners, it had been distinctly understood that America had waived what was known as the national or indirect claims arising out of the prolongation of the war, the increased payment of insurance, the transfer of the American merchant marine to the British flag, and other similar causes; yet in the face of this understanding the American "Case" called all these matters to the attention of the tribunal, and upon them based an enormous demand for damages. The American representatives protested that they had not waived, and had no right to waive, any of their country's claims, direct or indirect, and that the treaty itself distinctly provided for the settlement "of *all* differences" by arbitrators authorized "to examine and decide *all* questions that should be laid before them by either government." It was, however, pointed out that during the preliminary negotiations the indirect claims had been fully discussed, with the result that the protocol of the treaty recited that the United States estimated its direct claims at fourteen million dollars, and "in the hope of an amicable settlement" made *no* estimate of the indirect losses, "without prejudice, however, to the right to indemnification on their account in the event of no such settlement being made." The "amicable settlement" contemplated in this recital had been effected, according to the English commissioners, by the agreement to arbitrate, and the United States had therefore no right to claim damages for the indirect losses or to submit them in any manner to the court.

There was unquestionably much force in this contention, and in view of the contradictory language of the treaty and the disagreement between the Joint High Commissioners as to its meaning, the United States was willing to leave the whole matter to the arbitrators and let them decide what was and what was not properly in suit. The English newspapers, however, denounced the whole proceeding, and, charging bad faith, urged the government to repudiate the arbitration unless the United States withdrew the objectionable items. In other words, one of the litigants, and not the court, was to pronounce judgment on part of its adversary's case—or there would be no trial!

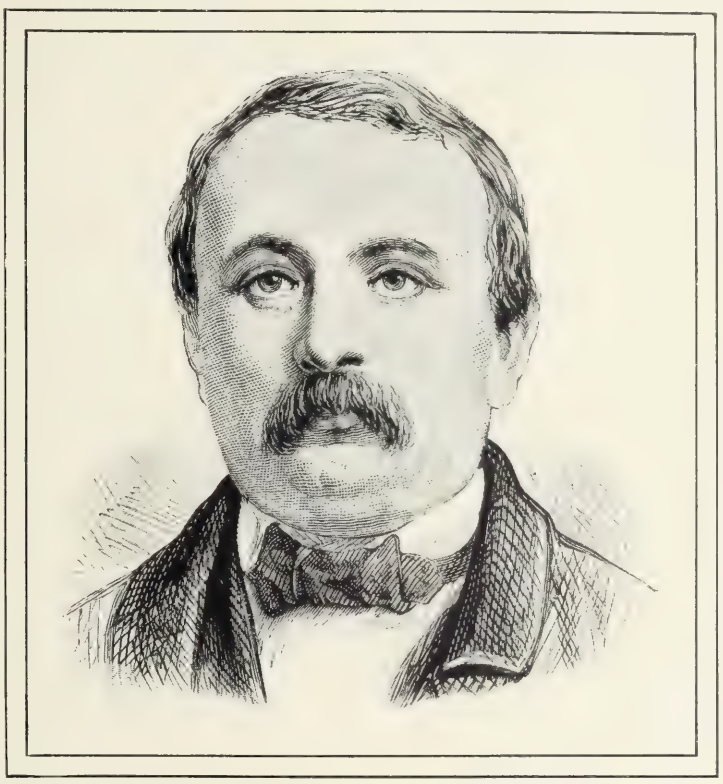
Such was the situation when the contending governments faced each other in Geneva on that glorious June morning in the year 1872, and among the excluded journalists, anxiously awaiting the outcome, opinion was divided as to whether the Salle des Conférences was about to witness a union of the nations or an international breach of promise.

Meanwhile all the parties to the greatest international lawsuit in history were assembled in a large, high-ceilinged, plainly furnished room, with three windows looking out upon the Botanical Gardens. Dark-red curtains hung at the windows, and the rest of the chamber was decorated in harmony with the draperies, giving it a dull, formal, and ceremonious appearance, in keeping with the curved judicial bench erected on a low platform before the windows, and the semicircle of official desks extending to the right and left of the entrance and enclosing several tables covered with books and papers.

At the centre of the judicial desk, with his back to the windows, sat a tall, stout man with short side-whiskers, a bald head, and a round pleasant face. Although evidently well advanced in age, he carried his years with an unmistakable air of distinction, and his clear eyes and alert bearing bespoke a man in his intellectual prime. This was Count Frederic Sclopis, the arbitrator appointed by

the King of Italy and unanimously chosen president of the tribunal, not merely by reason of his seniority, but in recognition of his unquestioned attainments as a jurist, he being the author of one of the most famous legal treatises in Italy.

Immediately to his left sat the short, stoop-shouldered, studious-looking Brazilian ambassador to France, Baron d'Itajubá, a diplomat of forty years' experience, nominated by the Emperor of Brazil. On the other side of the president sat the youngest of the arbitrators, Jacob Staempfli, a self-made man of strong individuality and marked ability, whose original training had been in the law, but who had held almost every important position under the Swiss government, including the Presidency, to which he had more than once been called. Of all the arbitrators, with the exception of Mr. Adams, this serious-minded statesman was unquestionably the most thoroughly prepared, for he had retired to his country-seat with all the official documents months before the tribunal met and conscientiously devoted himself to the case until he had completely mastered it in every detail. There was, however, nothing distinguished in his personality, and his heavy, stolid, Teutonic face contrasted unfavorably with the clean-cut, handsome features of England's representative.



JACOB STAEMPFLI
Arbitrator appointed by Switzerland

Sir Alexander Cockburn, Lord Chief Justice of England, the arbitrator nominated by the Queen, was in point of scholarship and experience eminently qualified for the important duty to which he had been assigned, but his florid face and aggressively superior manner indicated a temper and a temperament ill adapted to diplomatic success. Affable and courteous enough when nothing was at stake, he was utterly unable to bear opposition, and criticism fairly enraged him. Moreover, he unfortunately chose to regard himself as England's chief defender rather than as her chief jurist, and having come to Geneva convinced that America was seeking an undue advantage from the treaty, he had no inclination to exert himself in saving the situation. In fact, he had already determined on a course which was well calculated to bring the proceedings to a speedy close; but in permitting himself to believe that this result was inevitable, he underestimated the skill and resourcefulness of his adversaries, who had every reason for wishing the arbitration to proceed. They knew that the treaty by which it had been authorized had placed the United States in the position of plaintiff and forced England into the rôle of an apologetic defendant, and that the principles of international law admitted and guaranteed were of the first importance, and that every detail of the case had been carefully prepared. No one appreciated the strategic value of these points better than the American arbitrator, Charles Francis Adams, and of all those gathered at the scene of action he had the deepest personal interest in the result. This was the moment for which he had anxiously waited and for

which he had prepared himself year after year, and he determined not only that America should retain every advantage she had gained, but that England should be left no loophole of escape.

No abler representative than Mr. Adams could possibly have been selected for the work at hand, and his temperament was exactly suited to the dual rôle of judge and advocate which his duties forced upon him. A less accomplished French scholar than Sir Alexander Cockburn, he was far more cosmopolitan and broad-minded, and among cultivated men his attractive personality and intellectual tastes gave him a distinct advantage over the irascible Chief Justice. Indeed, England and America were perfectly personified by their respective arbitrators. Both were keen, experienced lawyers, mentally well matched, and equally good fighters; but the moment they were pitted against each other the national characteristics were strongly in evidence.

At the circle of desks before the judicial bench sat the counsel—William M. Evarts's thin, sharp New England face contrasting strangely with Sir Roundell Palmer's clerical appearance. Beside Mr. Evarts—then at the height of his remarkable professional career—sat Morrison Waite, later Chief Justice of the United States, and near them were General Caleb Cushing and Mr. Charles C. Beaman, Jr., whose special study of the case at bar had made them expert advisers for the United States. At the other desks sat Professor Mountague Bernard of counsel for England, J. C. Bancroft Davis and Lord Tenterden, the official agents for the respective governments, and the remaining places were occupied by the private secretaries and translators — all young men of legal or diplomatic training.

Such was the company which Count Sclopis called to order at noon on the 15th day of June, 1872, and a more attentive audience probably never greeted a presiding officer, for the fate of the treaty trembled in the balance as the American agent rose, and, claiming the attention of the chair, filed the printed argument required by the rules. The die was then cast, for with that act America had complied with the last formality and stood prepared for action. What response would England make to the challenge? The question was quickly answered, for Lord Tenterden immediately rose and moved that the tribunal adjourn for eight months—a proposition equivalent to adjourning *sine die* and ending the arbitration then and there. This emergency, however, had been thoroughly discussed by the American representatives, and recognizing that England had determined to block the proceedings, they had prepared to force her hand. Acting by prearrangement with his associates, Mr. Davis opposed the English agent's motion, and suggested as an alternative an adjournment for two days only. This counter-proposition was quickly accepted, and within an hour of their arrival all the officials were on their way from the Hôtel de Ville, pursued by the representatives of the press, who, in default of other information, advised their journals that the officials had dispersed and that the fate of the arbitration was sealed.

No such fiasco, however, was contemplated by the American representative. Calling the other arbitrators together informally, he outlined a proposition that they should deliver an extrajudicial opinion that the national or indirect claims afforded no proper basis for an award by the tribunal, he himself offering to vote in favor of their rejection. No more skilful move than this was ever recorded in diplomatic history, for without necessitating any withdrawal of America's claims, it forced England to accept a judicial disposition of them, which was what she had positively declined to do. Moreover, it demonstrated that America was seeking no undue advantage from the wording of the treaty, and was ready to bow to the authority of the tribunal, only asking that the decision be that of the court to which she had submitted her rights, and not that of her adversary. Had England voluntarily adopted this course, she might and probably would have succeeded in having the disputed claims rejected and thereby gained a notable victory. Instead of this, she was placed in the unenviable position of having threatened the violation of an international agreement because her demands were not complied with, thereby exhibiting not only disregard of her national obligations, but also lack of confidence

in the court before which the other issues in her case were to be heard—an error which she never retrieved during the subsequent proceedings.

This unexpected turn of affairs placed Sir Alexander Cockburn in a most embarrassing position. So sure had he been that the arbitration would prove abortive that he had come to Geneva wholly unprepared for any lengthy sojourn and almost entirely ignorant of the merits of his case, and when the sessions were resumed on the morning of June 29 he speedily found himself at a disadvantage. Annoying as this predicament would have been to any man, it was especially irritating to one of Cockburn's temperament, but the hearings could not be postponed to enable him to study the case, and plunging into the sea of details, he soon found himself beyond his depth, and began striking out right and left in a wild effort to keep his head above water.

By mutual agreement it had been determined to consider the evidence touching each vessel complained of in the American documents separately, and to reach a conclusion as to England's liability, reserving the question of damages for later discussion. Under this method of procedure the history of the *Oreto,* otherwise known as the *Florida,* was the first to occupy the attention of the court, and difficult questions of law were immediately raised which required clear analysis and careful deliberation. Sir Alexander did not, however, attempt to reason with his associates or persuade them to his point of view. With the voice of authority he endeavored to force his conclusions upon them, and his discourteous contradictions and ill-disguised contempt of "foreign" opinion were wofully lacking in good taste. Through long service in a court where his word was law he had become intolerant of the opinions of others, and utterly unable to adapt his conduct to the exigencies of the moment. Indeed, the hearings had not proceeded far before he attempted to ride roughshod over the very man whose conscientious and unprejudiced study of the case entitled him to the highest possible consideration. Mr. Staempfli, however, was not a man whom it would have been possible to browbeat with impunity under any circumstances, and his piercing dark eyes instantly responded in unmistakable challenge to Cockburn's first domineering utterance. From that moment the two men were in almost constant collision, and though the forms of courtesy were observed, nearly every interchange between them threatened a serious outbreak. The mere idea of the representative of an inland state having any notions on maritime law was absurdly preposterous to the Chief Justice's thinking, and he made no secret of his views in this regard. Had he, however, possessed even moderate tact, Sir Alexander could not have failed to perceive that his overbearing conduct was not only making an open enemy of one of the non-partisan arbitrators, but was seriously prejudicing the other two, for Mr. Staempfli had prepared careful opinions upon all the main issues of the case, and his thorough familiarity with the subject had impressed his colleagues and won their respect. Count Sclopis and Baron d'Itajubá were mild-mannered men of great personal dignity to whom bullying was intolerable, and they noted the Englishman's treatment of the Swiss arbitrator with astonishment and marked disapproval.

Mr. Adams, on the other hand, adopted an entirely different course. Recognizing that the success of his cause depended upon the representatives of Italy, Brazil, and Switzerland, he gave careful consideration to their opinions, welcomed their suggestions, answered their questions, and avoided controversy as far as possible. Indeed, it was not long before the American diplomat became the controlling force in the arbitration, and the discovery of this fact did not serve to soothe Sir Alexander Cockburn's temper. Moreover, the cause was going decidedly against him, for in considering the record of the *Florida* the majority opinion had been adverse to England's interests.

These reverses and the hot weather combined to exasperate the Chief Justice, and his encounters with his associates became more and more frequent as the case proceeded. Every day witnessed sharp exchanges between him and Mr. Staempfli, and with Mr. Adams he

kept up a running fight in which his increasing irritability often assumed the form of downright affront.

Finally it was decided that the legal champions should have a field-day, and Sir Roundell Palmer delivered a speech of considerable profundity upon the law of the case. Unfortunately for him, however, it was *his* advice that had governed the action or inaction of the Foreign Office during the civil war, and as the main question before the tribunal was the soundness of that advice he was at a disadvantage with his audience which it was difficult for him to overcome.



COUNT FREDERIC SCLOPIS
Italian Arbitrator, President of the Tribunal

Mr. Evarts followed with an argument of great power, which was repeatedly interrupted by impatient and sometimes scoffing questions from the Chief Justice. But here again Sir Alexander damaged his cause, for although his knowledge of the laws of England was authoritative, and his extensive information concerning American diplomatic precedents might have been utilized most effectively, he displayed such bad judgment in handling his material that the opportunity was lost. Moreover, the able advocate whom he undertook to bait had made an exhaustive study of the case, and his answers were so cool and at times so sharp that the questioner was frequently left disconcerted.

Mr. Evarts's argument was delivered in English, but General Caleb Cushing was a French scholar of considerable proficiency, and his address, which was a masterpiece of tact, illustrated the difference between the English and the American attack. Sir Roundell Palmer had instructed his hearers upon English law with a profundity which left little to be desired. But however satisfactory his discourse may have been to the English arbitrator, who needed no persuasion, there is every indication that it failed to convince or even to interest the representatives of Brazil, Switzerland, and Italy. Mr. Cushing proceeded on entirely different lines. Without attempting any technical discussion he immediately entered upon a broad review of international duties, calling attention to the Italian laws, with which he showed a familiarity as agreeable as it was interesting to the venerable President Count Sclopis. Next he commented upon and commended the Brazilian laws, demonstrating that they recognized the principles of international comity for which America was contending, and then taking up the Swiss laws, he showed how her statesmen had observed and enforced neutrality under geographical and political surroundings of peculiar difficulty. A less skilful speaker might have injured his cause by an *ad hominem* argument of this character, but the entire address was so gracefully and artlessly delivered that its strategy was never offensive and its appeal was far from lost. The very tactfulness of such an approach, however, fretted Sir Alexander, and his antipathy for the speaker, which had been smouldering throughout the sessions, flared into open hostility before the arbitrators went into secret session to consider their award.



FINAL SESSION OF THE GENEVA COURT OF ARBITRATION
From a sketch published in *Harper's Weekly*, November 2, 1872

Up to this time not one word of news had been obtained by the indefatigable journalists who daily thronged the Hôtel de Ville, and it is probable that never before had the secrets of a great international litigation been so strictly kept. Not even a rumor of the bitter personal struggle that had been fought behind the closed doors for over two months had found its way into print, and although the relations between the English arbitrator and the other officials had become so strained that they virtually never met except officially, no hint of this condition of affairs had publicly appeared when the arbitrators met on the 14th of September to publish their award.

This time the Salle des Conférences was crowded with guests, for the Geneva Conseil d'Etat had been invited to witness the ceremony, and the members of that body, dressed in official black, were assigned positions behind the judicial desk.

At the centre tables sat the counsel and the agents, and the circle of desks about them was occupied by ladies related to the various officials, while behind them were grouped the young secretaries and translators. At noon Count Sclopis assumed the president's chair, and with him appeared Mr. Adams, Mr. Staempfli, and Baron d'Itajubá, but the place on the president's extreme left, usually occupied by Sir Alexander Cockburn, was vacant, and minute after minute slipped by without witnessing his appearance. Finally at the end of nearly an hour's waiting he arrived, and Count Sclopis proceeded to announce the award, which was in many respects a complete surprise.

England was held responsible for all the depredations of the *Florida*, the *Alabama*, and their tenders or auxiliaries, and for some of the injuries caused by the *Shenandoah*, and fifteen million five hundred thousand dollars was awarded the United States. With an admirable display of fairness, however, and in a strictly judicial spirit, Mr. Adams had decided against the contentions of his own country in the cases of the *Georgia*, the *Sumter*, the *Nashville*, the *Sallie*, the *Tallahassee*, the *Chickamauga*, the *Music*, the *Jefferson Davis*, the *Boston*, and the *Joy*, voting only against England in the cases of the *Alabama*, the *Florida*, the *Retribution*, and the *Shenandoah*.

Sir Alexander Cockburn, on the other hand, had voted against the United States and in favor of England in every instance except the *Alabama*, and then only for reasons of his own, with which the rest of his associates disagreed. Moreover, he refused to sign the award at all, and the moment Count Sclopis finished reading it he rose, picked up his hat, and to the intense astonishment of the assembled company, marched out of the room without even a word of farewell to the men with whom he had been daily associated for more than two months.

This extraordinary discourtesy was not, however, the climax of the Chief Justice's indiscretions. In a dissenting opinion of one hundred and eighty pages he attacked the findings of the award in an utterly unjudicial spirit and with a confusion of ideas and disregard of logic unworthy of his talents. In fact, like the Scotch advocate who had lost the thread of his argument,

> "He gaped for't—he groped for't—
> He found it was awa', mon,
> But when his common sense fell short
> He eked it out wi' law, mon."

The best English opinion sincerely deprecated this futile and ill-advised performance, and public opinion found nothing in the award to provoke anger or criticism. The decision, it is true, marked a diplomatic and legal triumph for the United States which had never been equalled and has never been surpassed, but Englishmen saw that the principles of neutrality which had been established inured to the benefit of both parties, and that international arbitration had been magnificently vindicated by the satisfactory solution of a problem of unparalleled difficulty. Indeed, the result was accepted by England without resentment and with little or no regret, and had her arbitrator recognized the human elements in his cause, and striven to do justice rather than battle for his country, it is more than probable that a far more favorable result might well have been her portion.

The Fair Lavinia

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

THE spring was wonderful that year: a year long ago; it was late, there had been many northeast storms, and frosts, but it was at last fairly triumphant. The trees were forth all together in a silently hustling crowd, and it seemed as if many of them, instead of taking their turns for flowering, and leafing as usual, were pushing to the front, regardless of all the laws of the vernal season. One looking from his window saw leaves of maples deepening from rose to green against the fixed green of others which had more direct sunlight. The dark limbs of oaks having dropped their last year's shag of russet, which had endured so long at their knotty knees, to be pierced by violets and spring beauties, showed tufts of gold. Between the greens, ranging in all tones, were the cherry boughs, so aerial with white blooms that it seemed as if they might float away into space, and the slowly deepening gray and rose and white of the apple-trees. The lilacs were tipped with brownish pink; the snowball-bushes bore faint green spheres; the birches were clad as lightly as nymphs, revealing their graceful limbs, white with the passion of the spring, through dim clouds of amber green; the willows wept with tears of liquid gold, and everywhere were the gold bosses of the dandelions upon the green shield of spring.

Young Harry Fielding, pacing up and down before the house of Parson Samuel Greene, where he was being fitted for Harvard, could not keep his mind upon the learned book in his hand. He too was affected by the mad, sweet turmoil of the spring. Greek imagery became real to him, and he was one to whom the real became always most fully evident through the lens of fancy. It was as if he had come suddenly upon a dance of nymphs led by the god Pan under the green arch of the trees. Wild music filled his brain: that music which the first man had heard and followed. His own feet almost followed it. This music began and ended in the earth and the joy of life, but that in itself seemed eternal. The earth seemed no longer a passing and vain show, but an endless pageant of rapture. Harry felt that his state of mind must be sinful. He had always worn his New England conscience as a species of stay for his moral back, as the women of that day wore busks at their innocent bosoms. Now it swayed like a birch branch, bearing him along with it in a dizzy arc of delight. Had he been a Catholic, he would have crossed himself; as it was, his soul sent up a petition to the stern Divinity of whom he had been taught. But that stern God suddenly assumed a smiling face. He looked upon him through the eyes of countless flowers; He breathed love and reassurance through all the soft voices of the spring. Harry was gazing up with great black eyes, as full of wondering delight as a child's, at the blue crystal of the sky, against which tossed the gold feathers of the trees, when another young man, emerging from the parson's gate, purposely collided with him. Harry's hand which did not hold the book clenched involuntarily, and he frowned; for although destined for the ministry, he had fighting blood in his veins. Then he laughed, for it was only John Brooks, who was always playing off a jest upon some one whenever he was able.

John Brooks was tall and loose-jointed and clumsy. His blond streaky hair fell in straight lines over his high stock, which cut his double chin and forced his head back into a pose of obstinacy which well expressed him, in spite of the humorous twinkle in his prominent blue eyes. He clapped a heavy hand upon the other's shoulder. "What are you mooning about, sir?" he asked.

"I am not mooning."

"Not mooning? You are walking on the moon instead of the earth, and the wool which the moon-calves shed is clinging to you. The spring fever has got in your blood, brother. Purges both for the body and mind you need. I will prescribe—"

Harry gave the other young man an impatient shove. "Enough of this nonsense!" he cried, angrily.

"Nay, but wait a bit, sir. You have not heard my prescription. 'Tis no bitter pill, but the sweetest morsel that ever was. 'Tis my cousin Lavinia Creevy, otherwise known as the 'fair Lavinia,' and well she deserves to be so known. She comes by stage this afternoon with my aunt Elizabeth, to be present at the closing exercises.. So look your best, Harry, and be on the alert, for the fair Lavinia is well versed in book-lore. She has some knowledge of Latin even; and yet she is a notable housewife. Shall I tell you how she is favored, Harry?"

Fielding looked at his book. "I have no time," he replied, in a curious, wavering, fascinated voice.

The other laughed. "That is what time is for in the spring," he said. "The fair Lavinia is tall and slender, but not too slender, and she has the way of a gentle and good woman; and yet she can laugh, when the matter be worth laughter, not giggling at naught as is the way with some maids. She is discreet and modest, and she is not shamefaced, since she knows well her own worth, though she is not puffed up by it. She has no megrims, nor need to dose with salts, and the like, for swooning, like most of her sex. For the rest, she is as fair as a lily, and it seems as if her veins ran silver; and her eyes are like violets, and her throat is long and white, and drooping in the swath of lace which veils its fairness; and her hair is long, with curls over the ears, and caught up with a high comb, and shining like gold. And her cheeks and lips are like blushing roses. She is the belle of all Whitfield, and indeed of the whole county; and yet she has seen no one to whom her heart inclined, although she is so gentle to all, and so pitying that she has not love to give them. Sometimes it seems to me that the maid will wed without loving, so sorrowful she is for lack of love to return for love, and so willing to bestow her sweetness and kindness upon all."

"Nay, that she must not do," cried Fielding. Then his face flushed angrily at the other's laugh.

"Caught you are already at the mere tale of a maid's charms," cried John Brooks, with an elfish twinkle, "and what will you be at the sight of her? Your mouth is all ready for sweets, Harry. Make ready yourself in your best before the Whitfield stage arrives. Is any of your own family coming, Harry?"

"My father and Isabel Done."

"Isabel Done?"

"Isabel Done is a distant cousin, an orphan, who has lived with us since my mother died, and keeps house for my father."

"Young?"

"A year younger than I."

"Is she fair to see?"

"I know not."

"You know not? Why, have you not seen her, man?"

"As often as the face of the clock."

"And you know not how she looks? Then she is not fair."

"Who said she was not overfair? She is as fair as any. None ever said Isabel was not fair."

"And I dare say she has a disposition of the best."

"Who said she had not would need to reckon with me," cried Harry, hotly.

Brooks laughed. "Well, Harry," he said, "put on that flowered waistcoat of yours before the Whitfield stage comes in, bringing the fair Lavinia." Brooks laughed again mockingly at the eager look in Harry's eyes, but the boy was too possessed by the fair image which his friend had conjured up to notice the mockery. A strong imagination had Harry Fielding, and was given to writing poetry upon the sly, and his mental vision projected itself toward the future and the unseen to such an extent that he had a species of mental short-sightedness, but knew it not. Dreams were to him more real than verities, and a verity to become substantial to him must needs be transposed into a dream. All this John Brooks, who had a wit and understanding beyond his years, knew, and regaled himself upon, although his

friend knew nothing of it. Being of such a serious and enthusiastic nature, he had little sense of humor.

After John Brooks had left him, he continued to pace up and down before the parson's house, with its hip-roof and projecting second story, and its garden bordered by box, which was coming forth bravely. Harry smelled the strange acrid odor of the box, wrought into a bouquet of perfume with musk and clove-pinks and the almond of fruit blossoms and the vital breath of new grass, and now he could also realize emanating from his own soul a fragrance which accorded well with that of the spring. The fair Lavinia was what he had so innocently and wonderingly missed. Now he had her image close to his heart, as close as the maid herself could ever be—perhaps closer. He saw her: that gentle pitying creature of ivory and rose and silver, fashioned like some sweet idol of the emotions. He saw her before him with the eyes of his spirit; he noted the radiant droop of her golden curls, the mottled shell of the comb which crowned them, the wonderful soft radiance of her blue eyes, and her tender smile, which withheld nothing and offered nothing, but was wholly maidenly, and he smiled at her with his whole soul, and loved her with his whole soul.

The Whitfield stage was half an hour late that afternoon, on account of one of the leaders casting a shoe and having to delay at a smithy. The Boston stage, which was properly due some time later, arrived first. Harry in a brave flowered waistcoat was at the gate with John Brooks and some other of his fellows. Harry's face fell when the stage came fully into sight, for he had thought it would come from Whitfield, but he stepped forward to welcome his father and Isabel Done. However, only Isabel, clad in dove gray, with a little gray mantle and a bonnet with a gray plume, alighted to greet him. His father had been detained in Boston by a stress of business. Isabel paled a little when she first saw Harry, although she had but little color to lose in any case, but she greeted him with a gentle dignity and kindness, as was her wont, and pointed prettily her little satin-shod foot as she advanced up the box-bordered path to the parson's house, with Harry by her side and the admiring glances of all the young men upon her. She saw these glances without seeming to see them, but she would have given them all for one such glance from Harry Fielding's eyes. She was a beauty, albeit of a singular type. Not a trace of rose was there in her smoothly curved cheek, which had instead a warm ivory-color, perhaps obtained through some Spanish ancestor whose blood had mixed with the Anglo-Saxon years ago. Her eyes were blue, with thick fair brows and lashes, and her hair rippling in great ripples so matched her ivory-toned skin that she might have been a statue for her whole coloring, except the faint rose of her lips. She was no sooner in her bedroom removing the dust of travel than John Brooks had Harry Fielding by the velvet collar and was shaking him. "And you knew not how that beauty looked," cried he. "Fie! man, hast no eyes in thine head?"

Fielding shook himself free. "Isabel is well enough to see," he replied, "but I have always seen her, and, to tell the truth, she looks to me as like other girls as one of those pinks in the bed yonder looks like all the other pinks." With that Fielding pointed to a bed of pinks which were bursting from their calyxes with excess of bloom and exhaling a breath of honey and cloves.

Brooks looked at him contemptuously. "As much like other girls as one of the pinks like the others!" mocked he. "She is a rose among common blooms, or a lily. You are thinking but of the fair Lavinia. How near is the cousinship between you and that beauty?"

"Not near," replied Harry, absently, staring down the road, from which columns of golden dust were slowly rising in the light of the setting sun. "I hear the Whitfield stage."

"Yes, so do I," mocked Brooks; "and now for the fair Lavinia, to whom without even one glimpse of her you have fallen captive!" Then the great stage rolled up with tramp of hoof and toot of horn and crack of whip, and the passengers swarmed forth. There were many, for a number of the young men who attended Parson Greene's school came from that section of the coun-



Painting by William Hurd Lawrence

SHE COULD SING MANY A SONG LIKE "MARY OF ARGYLE"

try. Fielding watched with his heart thumping. He saw his friend John Brooks step forward and greet with a kiss a small maiden who resembled him closely. Then he watched for the fair Lavinia; but after John Brooks's sister descended a monstrous stout lady, perspiring in a purple shot silk, with a long black wrought-lace veil to her bonnet, which the wind caught and so enveloped her that she was a long time in getting untangled and being able to alight at all. Then came two gentlemen with columnar necks stiffly set in high stocks, and a little girl with tight braids of flaxen hair tied with blue ribbons standing out at right angles, and dragged at the hand of her mother, then an elderly and thin woman in black who greeted a young man with a burst of soft tears, and divers others. At last the stage was emptied, the driver gathered up his reins and drove away, and there was no fair Lavinia. Brooks's sister had entered the house with the rest, and Harry approached him hesitatingly. Brooks shot a queer sidewise glance at him. He was switching with his slender cane a clump of heartsease which grew beside the path.

"Your sister came alone," said Harry, and he also switched with his cane at the heartsease.

"Yes, Harry; the fair Lavinia has, what one so fair should be exempt from, an attack of the quinsy, and the doctor thought it not safe for her to take the journey."

Harry's face fell. He did not look at his friend, whose face was full of high enjoyment.

The two presently began pacing up and down before the house, and again Brooks descanted upon the charms of Lavinia Creevy, and poor Harry's face lengthened more and more because she had not arrived. Then appeared Eliza Brooks, gayly arrayed in a shot silk of olive green, wearing a fine gold chain with a locket, and a high shell comb. Although so much like her brother, she was so fair a copy of him that she almost seemed a beauty beside him. She curtsied prettily to Harry, and there being yet some time before supper, she strolled down the road with him, while Brooks went back to the house. John Brooks's sister Eliza echoed to the full her brother's praise of Lavinia Creevy. She said even more, were it possible, and enlarged greatly upon her accomplishments and sweetness of disposition.

"And there she lies at home suffering with a quinsy, the sweetheart, while I am junketing abroad," said she. "I would not have come had she not so sweetly urged it upon me, and had not dear Aunt Elizabeth, who is so good a nurse, been with her and also urged it. Dear Lavinia, she even wept at the thought that I might lose my pleasure upon her account. Never was such a darling and such a beauty."

When Harry Fielding seated himself at the supper-table by the side of Eliza, he had no thought for the light biscuits and preserves and cakes and tea, and cream in silver jugs. He had no thought for any one or any thing except that fair Lavinia Creevy, although now and then he looked with a kindly glance of good-fellowship at Isabel Done, and saw to it that she was well served.

Isabel looked to the mind of John Brooks, and the minds of many others, wonderfully fair in a gown of canary-colored silk, cut low enough to reveal the beautiful nape of her neck. After supper she was surrounded, and especially when it was discovered that she had a sweet voice, and could sing many a song like "Mary of Argyle" and "Sweet Afton," accompanying herself upon the little piano inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Harry sat in a window-seat with Eliza Brooks and listened, and talked between songs, and always the talk turned upon the fair Lavinia Creevy, although at last Eliza spoke of Isabel Done. "How the young men cluster about her! It is like bees around a cherry blossom," said she.

Harry gave a start and a quick frown, and looked at the cousin whose fair head gleamed dully among her swarm of admiring swains. Then his face relaxed as Eliza spoke again of the fair Lavinia. "Rather, I should say, as young men flock around Lavinia Creevy," said she, and was upon her favorite topic again, while Harry listened with intense interest, although now and then his eyes wandered toward Isabel in her window with her cluster of admirers around her.

After Isabel had played and sung again, Harry turned to Eliza. "Can Miss Creevy play music?" asked he.

"She plays the harp like an angel," replied Eliza, fervently, but she shrugged her shoulders a little and her eyes wandered toward the other young men. Presently she slipped away — although Harry gazed ruefully after her, for he wished to hear more of the fair Lavinia— and sought her brother. He was about to seek Isabel Done, but he turned at his sister's touch on his arm. "John, John," whispered Eliza, "find me some one save that youth, some one who has not so much fancy and sharper eyes. I have not worn my best gown for nothing, nor my gold chain. I will not be looked past for Lavinia."

John laughed again and stayed with a touch on the elbow a youth who was on his way to Isabel. "William Preston," said he, and the young man stopped, although with a passing annoyance. However, when John presented him to his sister, and Eliza made a pretty curtsy, and flashed her shrewd bright eyes at him, and smiled, he was not at all ill content, and followed her to another window-seat, and quitted her not during the whole evening, nor indeed for long for his whole life, since they were affianced soon after, and married when he had completed his college course.

Harry Fielding, being left by Eliza, sat a moment by himself hesitating, then he also sauntered over to his cousin, and sat down upon the outskirts of the throng. He could barely see the dull yellow gleam of her head, and occasionally the soft flash of her blue eyes, and the turn of her cheek as she spoke in answer to some question.

John Brooks came and sat beside him, but gradually pushed his way into the inner circle. Harry looked after him with a frown. For some reason he did not like it that John Brooks should so openly admire his cousin. Presently, therefore, he, too, almost rudely, forced his own way to Isabel, and spoke to her with almost harsh authority. "Isabel," said he, "pray come with me. I have something to say to you."

But Isabel looked at him gently and pleasantly, and answered in her sweet low voice with a question. "What is it, Harry?" said she. "Cannot the matter wait until to-morrow?"

"No, it must be to-night," replied Harry. He felt his face flushing before the half-indignant, half-wondering eyes of his mates, but Isabel rose without another word and followed him amidst the crestfallen young men.

"Whither would you take me, Harry?" asked she, and there was a slight reproach in her tone, but at the same time a tender cadence.

"Come out and walk up and down before the house with me; 'tis pleasant moonlight," replied Harry.

"No, that I cannot do," said Isabel, firmly, "for it would make talk, and I am here alone with no older woman."

"But you are as my sister, Isabel."

"I am not your sister," said she, curtly. "Come and sit with me in yonder window-seat, and say what you have to say if you cannot wait until to-morrow."

So saying, Isabel settled herself with a soft flirt of canary-colored skirts in a window-seat, and Harry sat beside her, but was silent for a moment. Isabel looked away from him, and spoke first. "Well, what is this so important matter, Harry?" said she, and her ivory cheeks were flushed with the faintest rose.

Then Harry spoke, not even looking at her, and began asking with a fine assumption of anxiety as to the cause of his father's not coming.

Isabel tapped the carpet with her little foot, the rose faded from her cheeks, and she answered with veiled impatience. "Why, Harry, I have told you," said she. "The *Lone Star* from the Indies has but just come on, and your father had reason to think something wrong with the cargo and could not leave. Was that why you brought me over here, with such an assumption of high authority, before your friends? I will not have it so again."

"Nay, but sister," said Harry, catching at a fold of her canary skirt, which she immediately released gently but firmly, "I think it not entirely proper for a young woman to be so beset with young men."

"More proper than to be beset by one," replied she, with a toss of her head; "but you can remain and protect me, Harry,

for, faith! I see them all coming this way again."

As a matter of fact the whole bevy of admirers were nearing her with straggling steps. Harry frowned, but he remained and listened to what he esteemed the most foolish speeches from his friends. However, he could find no fault with Isabel, for she bore herself with such modesty that it would have seemed prudery had it not been for her gentleness and kindness. Still, Harry was annoyed, for he had wished to have her to himself, that he might confide in her concerning the fair Lavinia Creevy. Isabel had a power of grave understanding and sympathy, and he anticipated much comfort and encouragement from her. He had no thought of confiding in his father until all was settled. A stern man was Harry's father, Deacon Cyrus Fielding, and withal had a vein of whimsical humor and sarcasm which further intimidated. But Isabel was different. He could look to her, he was confident, although she seemed somewhat contrary that night, for the fullest sympathy and assistance when once he should confide his secret to her.

Harry sat beside the girl with the soft canary-colored folds of her gown touching his velvet knee and thought of the fair Lavinia, and his thought was like a sacred song. His whole being was filled with such a rapture of bliss that he became glorified in his own realization of himself. He knew himself as the lover and worshipper of that marvellous Lavinia, and it was as if he had never known himself before. He held his head high. He listened with contempt to the talk of his mates. He thought how differently he would talk to Her. But when Isabel spoke, he considered that no doubt the fair Lavinia had a voice to the full as sweet and low, and full of maidenly dignity as hers. He glanced at Isabel's delicate little hands, and knew for certain that Lavinia's would not be one whit less delicate and taper-fingered, and he thought that Lavinia, who doubtless had a fine taste for the adorning of such a lovely person as hers, must of a surety possess a canary-colored silk gown. It seemed to him that he could not wait until he returned to Boston to confide in Isabel; he hoped for an opportunity to do so the next day. But not one moment could he secure until the morning after their return, when his father, who was an importer of East India goods, had gone to his place of business, and Isabel was about her usual morning tasks, one of which was the cutting of a loaf of sugar into regular blocks. This was never intrusted to the black servants, lest they be tempted to purloin the precious sweet. Isabel that morning was cutting the sugar in an arbor in the great garden behind the house upon the bank of the Charles. Harry had inveigled her there, for the sake of privacy, carrying the sugar and the implement for cutting. There was a table in the arbor, and a bench running around the sides. Harry sat beside Isabel on this bench and she began her task, and the shadows of rose-leaves, so young that they turned silvery in the wind, were over them, and the sweetest odors of flowers were all about, and the singing of birds, and beneath all the racing ripple of the Charles, which gleamed in the distance like a silver ribbon studded with diamonds. Harry hesitated. Isabel cut the sugar, and it was long before Harry could make up his mind to speak. Finally he did, looking away from Isabel.

"I have something which I have long wished to say to you," he began, and Isabel's cheeks flamed and her firm hands cutting the sugar trembled. "It is about a wonderful lady of whom John Brooks told me," he continued, and Isabel's cheeks assumed their wonted hue and her hands were as steady as ever.

"Yes?" she said, with the loveliest and sweetest note of interrogation, just as Harry had known that she would speak.

Then Harry began with his mad raving about the fair Lavinia: that maid whom he had never seen except through another man's account of her. He poured out his love for this unencountered divinity with no restraint. Not a muscle of Isabel Done's beautiful mouth twitched. If her eyes twinkled with the absurdity of this headlong male of her species he could not see, for her lids concealed them, so intent she was upon her sugar-cutting.

Harry raved on and on. His cheeks burned, his blue eyes gleamed. He made gestures with his nervous hands. "How shall I get to see her? For, oh, Isabel, I

think I shall die if I see her not soon!" finally stammered out this foolish youth. And with that down on his knees he went and hid his face in the creamy folds of the girl's gown.

Isabel put forth one of her hands and pushed gently but firmly his head away. "Rise, Harry," said she. "It is over-familiarity and I like it not."

"But, Isabel, you are as a sister to me."

"I am not your sister, Harry."

"But you seem like one, and, Isabel dear, the fondest wish of my heart is that my fair Lavinia may speak like you, and be like you in character; and, Isabel, you must always dwell with us, for I could never bear to live apart from you, in such brotherly affection I hold you." With that down went Harry's head on her lap again and he was half weeping.

Isabel started and looked at the head in her lap with a curious expression of mirth, of bewilderment and anger. "But, Harry," said she, "it does not seem to come into your mind that the poor Isabel Done may also have her chance to wed and have her own home."

Then it was Harry's turn to start. He raised his head and stared at her with such consternation that it was all she could do to avoid downright laughter. "But—Isabel," stammered Harry, "how can I keep house without you?"

"But you will have your fair Lavinia, Harry."

"But I have always had *you,* Isabel."

"That is the very reason why you should have me not. Why should I be debarred from wedding and remain a spinster all my life? Am I so monstrous to see?"

"No! For, oh, Isabel, I hope—nay, I am sure that Lavinia will have a look like you, from what John said. But her hair shines like gold and her cheeks are as rosy as if painted; and, oh, Isabel, you must live with us! But, oh, I have never seen her yet, and, oh, Isabel, how shall I see her?—for I shall die if I do not soon. Such a longing is in my soul that you dream not what it is."

"Remove your head, Harry."

"Why? For you are like a sister, and the hunger for Lavinia is less sore when I am near you?"

"For all that, remove your head, for I like it not, and it is simple enough for you to see her."

Harry raised his head and gazed eagerly at Isabel. "How?"

"Miss Eliza Brooks invited me to spend a week with her in Whitfield this summer, and she said moreover that her brother would invite you, Harry."

"Oh, Isabel!" panted Harry.

"I declined," said Isabel. "Still—"

"Oh, Isabel, write and tell her that you will go, for my sake," pleaded Harry, "for I shall die if I see her not soon."

Isabel made a little impatient movement of her shoulders as she cut the sugar. "People do not die so easily," said she; "but if your heart is so set upon it, I will write to Miss Eliza Brooks and say to her that upon reflection I accept her kind invitation if she sees fit to renew it."

That very afternoon Harry Fielding took a letter folded and sealed to the tavern whence the Whitfield stage started. Then in due time came a letter from Miss Eliza Brooks, and also one from John, and it was settled that in midsummer Harry and Isabel should spend a week in Whitfield.

Such a store of flowered waistcoats and fine shirts he had that his little hair trunk could scarcely be closed. Isabel had made many shirts for him and daintily hemstitched linen handkerchiefs.

One day Deacon Fielding came upon the girl as she sat sewing for Harry in the arbor; the young man himself, who had been mooning about the fair Lavinia, had retreated down a box-alley toward the Charles at the sight of his approaching father.

"Why not take a few stitches for yourself, Isabel?" said Deacon Fielding.

Isabel smiled and took another dainty stitch. "I have all I require, thanks to your generosity, and all my needlework was finished in the spring," she said.

"Even if it be so, better stitch for yourself, or for some man who has eyes in his head," said Deacon Fielding.

Isabel tried to laugh gayly. "Indeed, sir, your son has eyes," she said.

"Eyes which see not," returned Deacon Fielding, with a glance at the slender form of the dreamer disappearing down the alley, and another of acuteness at

the girl, who looked exceedingly fair to him, as she sat sewing with the leaf-shadows playing over her. "There are those who see and yet know not that they see, and those who only come to know the real through dreams," he added. "Maybe my son is of that kind."

Isabel blushed until the soft red tinted all the ivory of her face and neck. She bent her head low, but there was a mischievous tilt to her mouth.

The next day she and Harry started for Whitfield. Harry sat beside Isabel in the stage and dreamed all the way; but once he gazed admiringly at his cousin, who looked wondrous fair in her travelling-gown, and whispered in her ear. "I am sure that my Lavinia will resemble you, Isabel," he said, and Isabel laughed, although a little sadly.

A grievous disappointment was before Harry Fielding, for when they reached Whitfield John Brooks drew him aside and whispered that Lavinia Creevy was not at home. "I know it will be a sad disappointment to you, Harry," John said, "but it was only this morning that she went by stage to Sharon to nurse an aged great-aunt who lies ill of a fever and lives alone."

"When will she return?" asked Harry, pitifully.

"Not while you are here and for much longer," replied John, "for her aunt has a slow fever."

When Harry sat down to the well-spread supper-table, he glanced at Isabel and knew that she had heard the sad news. He received in return a look of the sweetest commiseration, and as soon as she could draw him apart after the meal, a consoling word. "'Tis too bad, Harry," said she, in a whisper.

"I had so counted upon it, Isabel."

"Do not despair, for I will invite Eliza and her brother and your Lavinia to visit us."

"Oh, will you do that, Isabel, and before I go to college?" cried Harry.

"Hush!" said she. "That I will. Take heart, Harry."

But even that fine plan miscarried, for Eliza and John indeed paid the promised visit to Boston, but the fair Lavinia did not come; she was so wearied, they said, with the nursing of her great-aunt, who had died of the fever, and left her only two silver teaspoons and a mourning-ring, that she was unable to take the journey. So Harry missed yet again seeing his fair Lavinia, and in his distress he did not notice John Brooks's infatuation for Isabel. Indeed, Eliza helped to conceal the fact, for she was ever at Harry's elbow talking about Lavinia and increasing his mad imagination and desire for her, that her brother might have his chance to talk alone with Isabel. The afternoon of the day before they returned to Whitfield, John Brooks, coming upon Isabel in the arbor, spoke his mind, and went down on his knees before her and asked her to marry him. But to his astonishment she answered not even courteously, but turned upon him in a sudden anger strange to see in her.

"Think you I see not through your wiles, Master John Brooks?" she cried, her face flaming.

John Brooks stammered in reply that he knew not what she meant.

"Well you know what I mean, you and your sister Eliza," cried Isabel. "I would not be discourteous to a guest, nor treat with ungraciousness an honest man who does me the honor to ask me to be his wife, but well you know what I mean, and Isabel Done weds with no man who stoops to subterfuge to win her."

"What mean—you?" stammered John again.

"'Tis an idle question you ask, since you know, but if you will have it, here it is. There is no fair Lavinia Creevy, and you but invented the tale for a jest, and also—and also—" Here Isabel herself stopped short and paled, and tears stood in her eyes.

But John Brooks gazed at her, and there was nothing save honesty in his prominent eyes. "You wrong me, Mistress Done," he said, fervently, "for as I live there is a Lavinia Creevy and she lives with us as I have said."

Isabel's pale face grew rigid as the dead. "Are you speaking the truth, Master Brooks?"

"I am speaking the truth," declared John Brooks, "and Lavinia Creevy lives, and I have not made a jest of Harry by pretending her existence, and—"

"But you cannot deny that you have so descanted upon her fairness for—a

purpose," said Isabel; but she stammered again, and again the color stained her face.

Brooks regarded her curiously. His face fell. "I descanted upon the fairness of Lavinia before I had ever seen you, Mistress Done," he said, "and you have but to ask Harry."

"I need not ask Harry," replied Isabel, in a lifeless tone, and again she was pale. "I have no interest in your fair Lavinia, except, of course, pleasure that aught so wondrous fair should grace the earth. Your word as to her existence is sufficient, Master Brooks; but as to the other which you asked of me I crave your pardon if I have done you an injustice and thank you humbly for the honor, but your wife I cannot be. I have no wish to wed. I am more content with a single life and shall be more content."

"Then it is—" began John Brooks, rising and staring at her with a sort of repressed fury. But she stopped him.

"Not another word," said she. "'Tis naught to you nor any other man why I remain unwed, but thee I should wed not in any case." Then she was on her feet and moving away with a stately tread.

Harry wondered why John Brooks was so silent that night and unlike himself; but when they met a few weeks later at Harvard, fair even then, he was the same as ever, ready with a jest and a quibble and singing still the praises of the fair Lavinia. Harry stood well in his class, in spite of the ever-present and ever-ungratified romance of his heart. He graduated with high honors, but even his graduation was marred of its glory, because of the absence of the fair Lavinia, on whose appearance he had counted most confidently, having been disappointed in meeting her through all his college years.

He was so sadly taken aback by his disappointment that on his return home Isabel Done was at her wit's end to comfort him. So distraught was he, sighing and sleepless and composing poetry, which had but small merit, and threatening to relinquish his chosen profession of the ministry and go to the world's end, shipping before the mast if his father forbade him to go on business, that poor Isabel herself was almost distracted.

One night, after Harry had gone to his room and could be heard pacing overhead, Deacon Fielding spoke to Isabel. "I doubt if my son has a call," he said; "so restless and so ill at ease he seems that I doubt it much."

"Oh, sir," Isabel cried, eagerly, "I doubt it not at all."

"I have questioned him well concerning his belief in the doctrines," pursued Deacon Fielding, "and so has Parson Ackley at my request, and we doubt. He seemeth exceedingly weak and even of a rebellious spirit concerning some points. He has too many romantic imaginings and too little of the steadfastness of faith which regards not itself. I question whether it be not wise to give up the dearest wish of my heart —to see my son standing in the pulpit preaching the Word to the ungodly— and send him to the Indies for sugar and molasses."

But Isabel pleaded hard, saying that she had no doubt whatever of Harry's calling, and Deacon Fielding agreed to wait a few days before making a decision.

The next morning Isabel proposed to Harry that she should paint a miniature of the fair Lavinia according to his and her conception of her, and Harry snatched at the suggestion as eagerly as a child. "Think you that you can do it, Isabel?" he asked. "I know you have a pretty skill at painting—as pretty, perhaps, as Lavinia herself—but think you that you can do it?"

Isabel replied that she could but try: that she had heard the fair maiden described so often that it seemed verily to her as if she were before her very face.

"And so it seemeth to me," cried Harry, wildly, and his blue eyes blazed wistfully at Isabel's face, which was strangely and palely beautiful as ever.

So it happened that in some three days' time Isabel came to Harry with a miniature, and she mentioned not how she had painted it standing before her looking-glass, and her heart beat wildly as she showed it to him. But Harry snatched at it. "'Tis she herself," he cried, and gazed with rapture. It was the miniature of a great beauty, rosily



Painting by William Hurd Lawrence

ISABEL STOOD STILL, FRAMED IN THE DOORWAY

tinted as to cheeks and lips, with a color as of rose on pearl on tip of chin, and eyes like blue gems, and hair shining like gold. "'Tis wonderful," cried Harry, and he kissed the miniature in a transport, while Isabel's face was at once distressed and triumphant.

The miniature was painted on a small oval of ivory, and Harry had it set in gold and wore it always around his neck, concealed by his linen which Isabel had stitched, and it was such a comfort as never was to the childlike man. Straightway, in spite of another disappointment as to seeing in verity the fair Lavinia—for it had been arranged that he and Isabel were to visit Whitfield during the summer, and John wrote of a disastrous fire which had destroyed part of the house, and the spare bedrooms being flooded with water and all the plaster and paper off—he said no more about the Indies. He began his theological course in the autumn with zealous spirit. The possession of the miniature had seemed to assure him of the ultimate possession of his dream. "Sure am I now that my prayers will be answered, and that I shall at last see in the flesh my fair Lavinia," he said to Isabel on his first home-coming. Harry's faith remained intact, although he was always disappointed in his plans for seeing the fair Lavinia during his stay at the Theological School. Always something happened to prevent it. Still, he was not unhappy, and he stood foremost in his class. It seemed finally as if his whole soul became beautified and purified by the non-possession of that which he adored, and he was kept free from all the temptations which might have beset his youth by his fine imaginings. He obtained a fine pastorate in Boston, upon the strength of a trial sermon full of doctrines and yet redolent of angelic love and faith and patience.

When he received his call to the Boston church and had accepted, he came to Isabel with a determined expression upon his face.

"Wilt pack my portmanteau for me, Isabel?" he said.

Isabel looked up at him and paled. She was sitting at work in the south parlor of the Fielding house. There were two windows facing the street, and between them stood a great century-plant.

"Where are you going?" asked Isabel. As she spoke she looked past Harry at the great century-plant, and it seemed to her that there was something unusual about it. Even in the midst of her sudden pain and distress she wondered if it were going to blossom.

Harry answered with a firm voice. "I am going to Whitfield," said he. "I am going to Whitfield to see Lavinia Creevy."

"Very well, Harry, I will pack your portmanteau," said Isabel, in a quiet voice. "God grant that you find her this time, and find her all that you have wished for so long."

Harry stared at her. "What is the matter, Isabel?" he said, anxiously.

"Nothing; but I think the century-plant is going to blossom," said Isabel, folding her work. Then she went swiftly out of the room to pack Harry's portmanteau, and it was not half an hour before she bade him farewell at the front door.

Harry took her hand, which was soft and cold, and then he looked at her suddenly with a look which she had never seen before in his eyes. "After all," he said—

"What, Harry?"

"After all, I have a mind not to go, Isabel."

"Nay, go you must, Harry," said Isabel, "and may God speed you."

When she told Deacon Fielding upon his return that night whither Harry had gone, he frowned, and laughed, and frowned again. He had overheard Harry in some of his wild ravings, and had long since guessed at the truth. "When he returns from his wild-goose chase perhaps he will chase swans," said he.

Isabel blushed. "He may find the lady, and find her all that has been said," she replied.

"It is time the boy grappled with truth instead of cobwebs," said Deacon Fielding, sternly. "He has his call, and to a fine pastorate, and this vaporing—"

"It may not be vaporing."

"God grant it may be, for I would have—" Deacon Fielding stopped his speech and held out his Canton-china cup to be refilled.

Harry returned the next night from Whitfield. Isabel, sitting with her work at the window, saw him coming. She looked strangely changed, for with a few slight touches she had altered the whole character of her own rare beauty, making it of quite another type. A faint touch of rouge was on her cheeks and lips, her thick fair eyebrows were pencilled, and she had dusted her hair with gold powder so that it glittered in the sunlight. Before her stood the century-plant, and upon it was now quite evident a bud ready to burst into blossom. Isabel gave a great start at sight of Harry coming up the street. He walked briskly and his head was up and he did not look downcast. Isabel rose and went out of the room into the front hall, with its beautiful spiral of stair, and opened the front door and stood waiting. She realized a faintness as of death itself, but she stood still, framed in the doorway, knowing that the happiness of her whole life hung upon the chance of the next moment.

Harry approached the door and saw the girl standing there, and a great wave of amazement overspread his face.

"Well," said Isabel, "did you find the fair Lavinia, Harry?"

"Yes," replied Harry, still staring at her as if in a dream, "I found her."

"And is she so fair?" asked Isabel. She trembled in all her limbs, but her voice was quiet and firm.

"Yes, she was fair," replied Harry. "She is a great beauty, Isabel, and she is as John said."

"Then it was not a jest?"

"A jest at first, for John sought to amuse himself with me, knowing how easily my heart might be turned by my imagination, but afterward no jest, for —for John loves you, Isabel, and he would fain have had me turn to Lavinia, for he—he feared—"

"Never mind what he feared," said Isabel, in a dull voice. "So you found her fair, and all the miscarryings of plans to meet her were true?"

"Yes, they were true, and—Miss Creevy is a great beauty, such as the world has seldom seen, but—Isabel—"

"But what, Harry?"

"She is not the Lavinia of whom I have thought all these years. I could love her not, Isabel, even if she could love me." Harry again stared at Isabel, and now upon his face was a strange look as of one who awakens. He followed her into the parlor like a man in a dream. He drew the miniature from his breast and gazed at it, then at Isabel. "It is your face," he whispered, breathlessly. "You are the fair Lavinia, Isabel."

Isabel gave a short gasp. She was trembling from head to foot. "Wait, wait, Harry!" she panted, and ran out of the room. When she returned, the rouge was washed from her fair cheeks and the gold-dust was shaken from her hair. Then she stood before her cousin, her head hanging. "There was paint on my cheeks and there was gold on my hair and I am not the fair Lavinia," she said pitifully, and yet with a certain dignity.

Harry stood regarding her. "Oh, Isabel," he said, "it was your miniature, and it was you whom I loved and I knew it not. I sought her afar and all the time she sat on my own hearthstone, so near that I saw her not. Can you ever forgive me, Isabel, and can you ever love a man who has been so blind?"

"I would that I *were* the fair Lavinia," said Isabel.

Then Harry caught her in his arms. "You are the fair Lavinia," said he. "You are forever until death do us part, and after if such be the will of God, my fair Lavinia."



THE MOTOR-BOAT TOWED US THROUGH CHANNELS OF CLEAR WATER

Crossing the Everglades in a Power-Boat

BY A. W. DIMOCK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JULIAN A. DIMOCK

"THREE days, me think so," said Tommy Osceola, when asked how quickly he could cross the Glades to Miami in his canoe; but he only shook his head negatively when I inquired how long it would take a white man. The camera-man and I had decided on the trip, and I asked Tommy if he would go with us, when the trader chipped in:

"What do you want of a guide? Don't you know where the sun rises?"

We fell in at once with the enchanting suggestion of our Florida friend, and invited him to join us in crossing the Everglades with no other guide than a compass, to which he nodded instant acceptance. We arranged to take the two boys from our cruising-boat, and with launch, skiff, and little Canadian canoe go down to Osceola's camp in the Ten Thousand Islands. There we would borrow an Indian canoe for the trip, leaving the launch and skiff with the Indians until our return. As we were about to start, the sand of our sailor-boy ran out, and, in the language of the hunter-boy, he "skipped his job"; but his place was quickly taken by an older sailor, who had cruised and hunted with us in former years. As our purpose was really to cross the Everglades, we dispensed with such conventional obstacles as tent equipments, prepared foods, medical and surgical outfits, and big armaments; and told our hunter-boy, who bossed the galley, to put up a spoon, cup, fork, and plate for each

of us; to take a coffee-pot and frying-pan, and pack enough bacon, corn-meal, and coffee to feed us for a week. An old single-barrelled shotgun, which we took along on the chance that we might get bird-hungry, was found convenient to blow off the heads of venomous snakes, but was not used otherwise. Each of us had a blanket, mosquito-bar, and rubber sheet, and, generally speaking, a change of underclothing.

As getting some real pictures was part of the project, we were liberal with the camera-man, and he filled what space was left in the canoe with two big cameras, plate-holders, and heavy boxes of 6½×8½ glass plates. The population of Everglade, consisting of our friend's family, turned out to witness the departure of the flotilla in tow of the power-boat, in which the captain held the tiller-ropes, while the camera-man acted as engineer. The skiff, which was next in line, contained the Florida man, the writer, poles, provisions, and our personal bundles; while stretched out at full length on top of the loaded canoe our hunter-boy enjoyed his *otium cum dignitate*. Our course lay among the Ten Thousand Islands, through Chokoloskee Bay, Turners River, and bays Sunday, Huston, and Chevalier. We camped on a plantation which bore the name of the last, but had been recently abandoned by its late owner, who had gone to a country where the titles to property are clearer than in the unsurveyed Ten Thousand Islands. We respected the padlock on the door of the house, and lay on the ground in front of it, where my slumbers were undisturbed until dawn, when a possum sought to share my bar. We here added to our stores by gathering a few avocado pears, a bunch of bananas, some stalks of sugar-cane, a few sweet potatoes, and a lot of guavas. Some plantations in the Ten Thousand Islands have their private graveyards, but all have histories, and as we continued our placid voyage my companion told me of the one we had left, which was known by the name of its founder. He was a harmless individual who once weakly consented to join two of his associates, whose names have been too numerous to mention, in arresting his nearest neighbor, one Wilson, upon a bogus warrant. Arresting Wilson upon a genuine warrant had long been recognized as a form of suicide, and it is believed that nervousness arising from his acquaintance with the man induced the leader of the trio to begin the service of the warrant at long range. The return shot neatly shaved off one side of his mustache, and he fled, followed by his fellow conspirators. Mr. Wilson chased them as far as Cape Sable in his boat, and is believed to be still on the lookout for their return. He is said to wax indignant at the suggestion that his course was justified by the bogus character of the warrant, and insists that his action was quite uninfluenced by that feature of the case. The ringleader must have experienced a change of heart, since Lieutenant Willoughby, who employed him as a guide despite his reputation as a bad man, writes of him in his *Across the Everglades* that he often sat up an hour beyond his usual time that he might tuck the lieutenant in bed before retiring.

Early in the day we entered a narrow creek completely covered by branches of trees that interlaced overhead, and so crooked that the power-boat at the head and the canoe at the foot of our procession were usually travelling in opposite directions. During two miles of snake-like progress to Alligator Bay, dragging over roots, pulling under branches, smashing an occasional wasps' nest and striking at impertinent moccasins, we saw more varieties of orchids than I have found in a single locality elsewhere, including specimens colorless and full of color, scentless and filled with odor that made the surrounding air heavy with their fragrance; some garbed sombrely as a Quakeress, and others costumed to rival a Queen of Sheba.

On one of the keys of Alligator Bay is the principal plume-bird rookery left in Florida. It had been shot a few days before our visit and twelve hundred dollars' worth of plumes taken. The mother birds had been shot, the young birds had starved.

Of important rookeries, this is one of the least accessible, and birds nest here when driven from others. If a trustworthy warden could be found and kept alive here for six months in each year, a long step would be taken toward perpetuating two or three species of the most

beautiful of birds, now far along on the road to extinction. Probably two wardens would be better than one, for the sake of preserving their species also from extinction in this land, where the Court of Appeals is a shotgun. In continuing our cruise eastward we cut our way through two miles of an even crookeder creek, across which many trees had been felled by plume-hunters from north of the rookery, who sought thus to block the road of their rivals from south of the bay, or of a possible wandering game-warden. A few more miles of navigation through creeks, lakes, rivers, and among keys brought us to Possum Key, with the area of a good-sized room, where for many months an escaped convict lived with his family, while officers of the law sought far and wide for him with varying degrees of diligence. At Onion Key—a Lossmans River landmark—we ate grapes and figs while coffee was being made for our luncheon. The afternoon was spent exploring in the Glades the many trails leading from what we thought was Rocky Creek, vainly looking for signs of the Indian camp of which we were in search. When night came we were miles from the nearest camping-ground we knew, and our choice seemed to lie between sleeping in our boats or searching through the blackness of the night for a bit of dry land that might not exist. At this crisis the captain remembered having seen near the river some banana plants, indicating the presence of land above the water. We waded to the place, and by beating down high grass and weeds made room to spread our blankets and stretch our bars. In carrying the baggage to camp we groped our way fifty yards through a thicket and waded in the mud half leg-deep.

I was glad that the moccasin I stepped on turned out to be a bullfrog, and that the crawling things that got under my bar didn't prove venomous. A family of rats running around and under us disturbed our slumbers during the night, and when one woke me up by prolonged squeaking near my ear I hoped a snake had got him and that I would get the snake in the morning. We held a council of war beneath our bars, definitely abandoned search for the Indian camp, and decided to tote the power-boat all the way to Miami. In the morning, by



POLING THE LAUNCH THROUGH SHALLOW WATER

channels which our manatee-hunt had made familiar, we found the head of Rodgers River, and descending to its mouth, sailed three miles down the coast to the mouth of Harney River. Miami now lay sixty-five miles east-northeast of us. Twelve miles of this were made easy by the river and an intermediate bay, for of them we knew every fork, bight, bunch of grass, and island; and as the sun set and a few acres of bonnet stopped the motor, we were within a quarter of a mile of the Glades and half that distance of a beautiful Indian camping-ground surrounded by lime and lemon trees. The approach to this site was overgrown, and when my Florida friend and I reached it, after wading through knee-deep water among weeds that grew far above our heads, we found it occupied by a big rattlesnake which was much alive and most musical. While keeping the reptile at bay with oars, waiting for the shot-gun which the camera-man was bringing us, we estimated his length, in the hope that he would prove worthy of being captured alive for the Zoo in New York. Big as he was, he failed to qualify for that honor, and we blew his head to pieces. His mate could be heard rattling in the near-by thicket, but this was so dense and so filled with the thorny branches of the untrimmed lime-trees that we didn't trouble her. I was sorry afterward, when the darkness of the night brought to my memory gruesome tales of venomous serpents following the trail of the bodies of their mates, dragged with murderous purpose across the beds of innocent victims, and reflected that one of my hips was resting in the hole in the earth which the shot from my gun had made as it slew one of the pair. In the morning we gathered from the ground a bushel of limes, to correct, if necessary, the lime-water of the Glades, and as we added them to our stores I thought with disrespect of the widow's cruse, which only maintained its original supply, while under our system each day doubled it.

Here our real journey began. We looked out upon the Everglades, and innocent enough they appeared. Miami was fifty-three miles east-northeast of us as the crow flies. But we were not crows. The only record of crossing the Glades at this point which I had seen was by Lieutenant Willoughby, and he had treated the subject with much seriousness. But the lieutenant was burdened with official responsibility, a cargo of scientific machinery, a heavy armament, and a weight of ammunition that suggested provision for another Seminole war.



Climbing a Tree for Observations

In 1883 the *Times-Democrat* sent an expedition through to Okeechobee from Harney River, but I had not seen its report.

In 1892 one of the chief officials of the East Coast Railway, with an engineer and twenty men, conducted a *de luxe* surveying expedition from Fort Myers to Miami. Unfortunately the surveying portion of



HEADS OF THE RIVERS CHOKED BY "BONNETS," A KIND OF WATER-LILY

the work had to be suspended because of unexpected obstacles and privations, even the leaders of the expedition having been compelled, it was stated, to sleep in wet clothing.

We endeavored to feel impressed as we plunged into this mysterious region. But the motor-boat towed us gayly along in bright sunlight through channels of clear-flowing water, among beautiful keys, over meadows covered with the big white-petalled, pink-tinged pond-lily of my New England memory. Sometimes strands of heavy saw-grass drove us north, or shoaling water forced us to the east, but we kept a running account of our digressions, and compensated for them as we found opportunity. We lunched on a key of cocoa-plums, myrtle, and sweet-bay, where we found about a square foot of earth for a camp-fire. I sat on a log, with my feet in the water, exchanging glances with a water-moccasin coiled on a root within six feet of me as I ate my lunch. It became more and more difficult to keep the propeller free from grass, and we finally gave up its use almost entirely and worked steadily pushing with oars and poles. The best of these poles, which had been obtained from an Indian, had a wooden foot formed like a lady's shoe with a French or cowboy heel. The heel held on the coral rock, which is never far from the surface in the Glades, and the foot sank but little in the soft ground and heavy grass. That night we found no key with land enough for a camp-fire, but the boy managed to heat some coffee on a pile of brush, and we slept in our boats. It was not convenient to rig our mosquito-bars, and we dispensed with them, as we found the pests so scarce in the Glades as to be hardly worth considering. The captain curled up in the motor-boat; the camera-man slept on oars laid across its gunwales; our Florida friend and I were comfortable in the bottom of our skiff, where the croaking of frogs had just soothed me to sleep, when a tropical thunder-storm burst upon us and half drowned us before we could get up. The

hunter-boy had shown woodcraft by stretching his bar among the trees and piling up branches enough to keep him out of the water beneath him, while the canvas top of his mosquito-bar measurably protected him from the torrent from above, and if the disturbance awakened him, he gave no evidence of it. When the storm had gone by, my companion said he wanted to be dry once more, and put on his extra undergarments. Before he was fairly in them the black clouds came back and it rained worse than before. The next day we were in the water a good deal. The motor-boat had to be pushed and hauled. The open water, which we followed when possible, often led so far from our course that we had to drag our boats over water that was shoal and through grass that tugged against us. During this day our work was hard as that of pleasure-seekers in the North Woods or campers among the Canadian lakes and rivers. A bit of dry land was secured for a midday camp by blowing the head off of a cottonmouth moccasin which had preempted it. We discovered in the afternoon a beautiful camping-ground of Indian antecedents, half an acre in extent, dry, level as a floor, covered with pawpaws and fringed with wild grapes and cocoa-plums. Piles of shells of turtle and snail, bones of deer, and remnants of fish told how life might be maintained in the Glades. That afternoon our course was guided by the dead top of a tall mastic-tree, at the foot of which was an Indian camp with the fire still burning.

We camped beside it among pumpkin-vines, and ate roasted taniers and pumpkins which we gathered from the little field where grew oranges, bananas, corn, and sugar-cane. The song of birds awakened me in the morning, and I recognized cardinal, king, and mocking birds, and saw one horned owl, several black hawks, and many crows. There was a greater variety of trees and higher land than we had seen since leaving the west coast. From the top of the mastic-tree a fringe of pines could be seen to the east, and I



SLOW PROGRESS

fancied once that I heard the whistle of a locomotive. Soon after starting we saw the smoke of Miami factories and an occasional Indian in the distance. The water grew shoal as we worked toward the coast, and the iron shoe of our launch continually pounded the upthrusting pillars of coral. We turned back often for little distances, and pushed and pulled the power-boat for hours, stumbling along the uneven, rock-based, grass-covered formation. We tried to lunch on a promising bit of ground on a small key, but finally yielded possession to a few million big ants who seemed to possess some squatter interest in the property. In the afternoon we met an Indian, who was spearing turtle and fish with much skill. He told us that his village was "three miles," and although it was off our course we invited ourselves to visit it; and as the water and grass permitted, towed the whole outfit, including the Indian and his canoe, with the motor-boat. The village was attractive of its kind, consisting of three or four large buildings, neatly thatched, with large tables three feet above the ground, which served as floors. There were clocks (not running) on the walls and sewing-machines on the tables or floors, while accounts hanging on a hook showed frequent dealings with a Miami tradesman. The little colony consists of four or five families and less than thirty members. The men wear shirt-waists and bare legs, the women beads above, skirts below, and a middle zone which seems to have been forgotten.

At night we camped near the village, and I made my bed in the lower end of an Indian canoe that was twenty-five feet long and lay upon the sloping bank of a little canal. My companion slept just above me, and must have dammed the rain, when the usual deluge came suddenly in the night, with his bar, blanket, and himself; for when he got up, the rush of water nearly swept me away; but I was getting used to this, and only feared that I might get dry some day and take cold from the exposure.

We cooked breakfast by the Indians' fire, and then, after a short run with the motor-boat, poled leisurely for the last few miles, during which the current of the water on which we floated changed from the southwest course it had maintained since we left the west coast to about the opposite direction. This would suggest that the maximum elevation of the southern Everglades may be measured by the fall in its course of the Miami River, and that the current stories of eighteen feet of elevation above sea-level may be looked upon as fairy-tales.

It was late when we found the south fork of the Miami River, and dark when we sat down to a square meal at a hotel. The return trip around Cape Sable, although under power, was more trying than the one through the Glades. Shoal water and the sticky blue mud bothered us at times, and the closing of a creek by the railway added many miles to our course, mosquitoes and sand-flies afflicted us, and our supply of fresh water ran out, producing in all of us, when we discovered it, a sudden and intense thirst.

Around East, Middle, and Northwest capes we encountered waves so high that their tops gently lapped over the coamings of the power-boat, while we in the skiff bailed continually, and only the little canoe kept its contents dry. During an all-night run up the coast a rain-squall flooded us and stopped the motor, while the whole flotilla tossed about in the darkness and rain and drifted seaward for an anxious quarter of an hour, even the imperturbable hunter-boy remarking, "Looks like we've got to swim."

But we had crossed the Everglades in four days with no other guide than a compass, travelling seventy miles to make fifty-three, which seems to us like an air-line under the circumstances.

I estimated that from Everglade to Miami across the Glades we travelled 146 miles in six and a half days, and from Miami to Everglade around the cape 148 miles in three days and one night.

We saw no game during the trip and the track of but one deer. Two alligators and a good many turtle appeared. Birds were scarce, but there were enough to keep one from being hungry if other food gave out. Fish abounded from coast to coast. In most of the deeper channels tarpon could be seen. Big-mouthed bass, called trout in Florida, were plentiful, as were gar, bream, and several other varieties, and a few mullet were seen.



THE RETURN TRIP PROVIDED ALL THE EXCITEMENT OF THE JOURNEY

Our experience was that one meets delay in the Everglades, but not danger. The water is pure and sweet and food plentiful enough. Limpkins taste like young turkeys; all members of the heron family are likely to be found in the Glades and most other birds are fair food. Snails, which abound, are delicacies when called periwinkles; you would pay a dollar a portion in New York for the frogs that are yours for the catching in the Glades. There are plenty of turtle, which possess all the good qualities, except cost, of the green turtle or the terrapin. A few fruits can be had for dessert—cocoa-plums, custard-apples, and pawpaws,—while the leaves of the sweet-bay make a fragrant beverage. Crossing the Everglades of Florida in a canoe is not an adventure, it is a picnic.

My Friend

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

I HAVE a friend who is dead.
A wonderful friend is he.
He knows I am lonely and living,
So he spends his time with me.

He forsakes the shining gardens,
And all the rainbowed dead,
To sit and talk and comfort me—
For living—my friend who is dead.

Bulstrode Changes His Mind

BY MARIE VAN VORST

"THERE is such a thing, believe me," Mrs. Falconer wrote in the letter Mr. Bulstrode opened for the twentieth time to reread, "as the *gloom* of Christmas, Jimmy. People won't frankly own to it. They're afraid of seeming sour and crabbed. But don't you, who are so exquisitely apt to feelings—to other people's feelings—at once confess it? It attacks the spinster in the bustling winter streets as she is elbowed by some person exuberantly a mother and so arrogantly laden with delicious-looking parcels that she is almost a personal Christmas tree herself. I'm confident this 'gloom of Christmas' grips the wretched little beings at toy-shop windows as they stand 'choosin'' their never-to-be-realized toys. I'm sure it haunts the vagrant and the homeless in a city fairly redolent of holly and dinners, and where the array of other people's homes is terrifying in its cruel ostentation. And, my dear friend, it is so horribly subtle that no doubt it attacks others whose only grudge is that their hearts are not built for Christmas trees or the hanging of stockings. But these unfortunates are not saying anything aloud, therefore we must not pry!

"There's a jolly house-party on at the von Schoolings'. We're to go down tomorrow to Tuxedo and pass Christmas night, and you are, of course, asked and wanted. Knowing your dread of these family feasts—possibly from just such a ghost of the gloom—I was too easily sure you would refuse. But it's a wonderful place for a talk or two, and I shall hope you will go—will come, not even follow, but go down with me."

There was more of the letter—there always is more of women's letters. Their minds and pens are so charmingly facile; there is nothing a woman can do better than talk, except to write.

In the face of the window of the drawing-room where Mr. Bulstrode sat the storm cast wreaths of snow that clung and froze, or dropped like feathers down against the sill. The gentleman had his predilections even in New York, and in the open fireplace the logs crumbled and disintegrated to ashen caves wherein the palpitating jewels of the heat were held. Except for this old-fashioned warmth, there was none other in the room, whose white wainscoting and pillars, low ceilings and quaint chimney-piece, characterized one of those agreeably proportioned houses still to be found in lower New York around Washington Square.

Mr. Bulstrode smoked slowly, the letter between his fingers, his thoughts travelling like wanderers towards a home from which a ban had kept them aliens. His eyes drifted to the first of the letter. "Vagrants, homeless in a city full of homes." He wasn't familiar with that class. His charities to that part of the population consisted in donations to establish societies, and haphazard giving called forth by a beggar's extended hand.

If anybody is immune to the melancholy of which his friend Mrs. Falconer spoke, it should surely be this gentleman, smoking his cigar before the fire. The unopened letters—there was a pile of them—would have given ample reason why. No one of the lot but bore some testimony to the generous heart which, beneath dinner-jacket and behind the screw-faced watch with the picture in the back of it, beat so healthy and so well.

But the bestowal of benefits, while it may beautify the giver, does not always transform itself into the one benefit wished for and console the bestower. Mr. Bulstrode had a charming home. He was alone in it. He had his clubs where bachelors like himself, more or less infected with Christmas gloom, would be glad to greet him. He had his friends, many of them, and their home circles were complete. His, by force of circumstances, began and ended with himself.

and as if triumphant to have found so tempting a victim, the Gloom came and possessed Mr. Bulstrode as he sat and mused.

But the decided sadness that stole across his face bore no relation to the season, to whose white mystery and holy beauty there was something in his boyish, kindly heart that always responded.

The sadness that came from Mrs. Falconer's letter came from what it awakened, would not let sleep; what it called forth and inspired; what its burden was; what the next day offered him and what his Christmas *might* be! He had only to order his motor, to call for her and drive over the ferry; to sit beside her in the train, to drive with her again across the wintry roads. He had but to see her, watch her, talk with her, share with her the day and evening, to have his Christmas as nearly what a feast should be as dreams could ask. The whole festival was there: joy, good-will—peace? No. Not peace for him or for her—not that; everything else, but not that. And he had been travelling for five weary months in order to make himself keep for her that peace a little longer.

Mr. Bulstrode sighed here, lifted the letter where there was more of it to his lips—held it out toward the fire as if the red jewels were to set themselves around it, thought differently, and putting it back in its envelope, thrust it in the pocket of his waistcoat.

"Ruggles," he asked the servant who had come in, "you sent the despatch to Tuxedo?"

"Yes, sir."

"There'll be later a note to send. I'll ring. Well, what is it?"

"There's a person at the door, sir, who insists on seeing you."

The servant's tone—one particularly jarring to the ears of a man who had fellowship with more than one class of his kind—made the master look sharply up. Ruggles was a new addition to the household, and Bulstrode did not like him.

"A person," Bulstrode repeated, quietly; "what sort of a person?"

"A man, sir."

"Not a gentleman? No," he nodded gently; "I see you do not think him one. Yet that he is a man is in his favor. There are some gentlemen who aren't men, you know. Let him in."

In doing so Ruggles seemed to let in the night. Bulstrode had, in the warmth of his fragrant room, forgotten that outside was the wintry dark. Ruggles, in letting the man in, had the air of thrusting him in, and shut the door behind the visitor with a click as if it were an ugly thing that cried despite at anything so poor and mean and squalid.

The creature himself let in the cold; he seemed made of it. The snow clung to his shoulders; his shoes, tied up with strings, were encrusted with it. His coat, buttoned up to his chin, frayed at the cuffs and edges, was thin and weather-stained. He had a pale face, a royal growth of beard—this was all Mr. Bulstrode had time to remark. He rose.

"My servant says you want to see me. Come near the fire, won't you?"

The visitor did not stir. Bewildered in the warmth of the room, he stood far back on the edge of the thick rug. To all appearances he was a bit of driftwood from the streets, one of the usual vagrant class who haunt the saloons and park and steer from lockup to night-lodging, until they finally steer themselves entirely off the face of history, and the potter's field gathers them in. Nothing but his entrance into this conventional room before this well-balanced member of decent society was peculiar.

As he still neither moved nor spoke, Mr. Bulstrode, approaching him, again invited: "Come near the fire, won't you? and when you are warm tell me what I can do for you."

"It's the storm," murmured the man, and a half-human look came across his face with his words. "I mean to say, it's this hellish storm that's got in my throat and lungs. I can't speak—it's so warm here. It will be better in a second. No, not near the fire; thanks—chilblains." He looked down at his poor feet.

The voice which the storm had beaten and thrashed to painful hoarseness was entirely out of keeping with the man's appearance, and in intonation, accent, and language was a shock to the hearer.

"Don't stand back like that—come into the room." Mr. Bulstrode wheeled a chair briskly about. "There; sit down and drink this; it's a mild blend."

"I'm very wet," said the man. "I'll drip on the rug."

"Hang the rug!"

The tramp drained the glass given him at one swallow nearly; it appeared to clear his throat and release his speech. He gathered his rags together.

"I beg pardon for forcing myself on you like this, but I fancy I needn't tell you I'm desperate—desperate!" He held out his hand; it shook like a pale ghost's. "I look it, I'm sure. I haven't eaten a meal or slept in a bed for a fortnight. I've begged work and charity. All day I've been shovelling snow, but I'm too weak to work now."

He was being led to a chair. He sank in it. "Before they sent me to the Island I decided to try a ruse. I went into a saloon and opened a directory, and I said, 'The first name I put my finger upon I'll take as good luck, and I'll go and see the person, man or woman.' I opened to James Thatcher Bulstrode, 9 Washington Square." He half smiled; the pale, trembling hand was waving like a pitiful flag, signal of distress to catch the sight of some bark that might lend aid. "So I came here. When there seemed actually to be some chance of my getting in, why, my courage failed me. I don't expect you to believe my story or to believe anything, except that I am desperate—desperate. It's below zero to-night out there—infernally cold." He took the pin out of the collar turned up around his neck and let his coat fall back. Under it Bulstrode saw he wore a thin flannel shirt. The tramp repeated to himself, as it were, "It's a bad storm."

He looked up in a dazed fashion at his host as if for acceptance of his remark. In the easy chair, half swathed in rags, pitiful in thinness, dripping from shoes and clothes water that the storm had drenched into him, he was a sorry object in the atmosphere of the well-ordered conventional room. The heat and whiskey, the famine and exposure, cast a film across his eyes and brain. He indistinctly saw his host pass into the next room and shut the door behind him.

"By Jove!" he murmured under his breath in wonder and dumb thanks for the shelter. "By Jove!" The stimulant filtered agreeably through him; more charitable than any element with which he had been lately familiar, the fire's heat began to thaw the ice in his bones. He laid his dripping hat on his knees, his thin hands folded themselves over it, his eyes closed. For hours he had shuffled about the streets to keep from freezing. At the charity organization they gave work he was too weak to do; he had not eaten a substantial meal in so long that he had forgotten the taste of food and had ceased to crave it. In the soft light of lamp and fire he fell into a doze. Mr. Bulstrode, if he had stolen softly in to look at his visitor, would have seen a man not over thirty years of age, although want and dissipation added ten to his appearance. He would have been quick to take note of the fine, delicately cut face under the disfiguring beard, and of the slender, emaciated body deformed by its rags.

Possibly he did so noiselessly come in and stand by the unconscious creature, but the sleeping vagabond, dreaming fitful, half-painful things, was ignorant of the visitor. Finally across his mind's sharp despair came a sense of warmth and comfort, and in its spell he awoke.

A servant, not the one who had thrust him into the drawing-room, but another with a friendly face, stood at his side, and in broken English asked the guest of Mr. Bulstrode to follow him; and gathering his scattered senses together and picking up his rags and what was left of himself, the creature obeyed a summons which he supposed was to hale him again into the winter streets.

It was some three hours later that Mr. Bulstrode in his dining-room entertained his singular guest.

"I have asked you to dine with me," he explained, with a certain graciousness, as if he claimed, not gave, a favor, "as I'm all alone to-night. It's Christmas eve, you know—or perhaps you've been more or less glad to forget it?"

The young man who took the chair indicated him was unrecognizable as the stranger who had staggered into 9 Washington Square three or four hours before. Turned out in spotless linen and a good suit that fitted him fairly well, shaven face save for a mustache above his lip, bathed, brushed, refreshed by nourishment and sleep and repose, he looked like

one who has been in the waters, possibly a long, long time; like one who has drifted, been bruised, shattered, and beaten, but who has nevertheless drifted to shore; and in spite of his borrowed clothes, his scarred, haggard face, he looked like a gentleman, and Bulstrode from the moment he spoke had recognized him as one.

The food was to the stranger, in spite of the nourishment given him by Prosper, a feast. He restrained the ferocious hunger that now awoke at sight and smell of the good things, forced himself not to cry out with eagerness, not to tear and grasp the food out of the plate, not to eat like a beast. Every time he raised his eyes he met those of the butler Ruggles, and as quickly the stranger looked away. The face of the servant standing by the sideboard, back of him the white and gleaming array of the Bulstrode family silver like piles of snow, was for some reason or other not a pleasant face; the stranger did not find it so.

When he found himself again seated in the room he had entered in his outcast state, a cup of coffee at his hand, a cigar between his lips, the agreeable atmosphere of the old room and its charming objects, the kindly look on the face of his host, all swam before him like the shapes in some dream we try to hold. He moved his lips once or twice to speak, a mist came to his eyes. Looking frankly at Mr. Bulstrode, he said, not without grace of manner:

"I give it up, sir. I can't—it's not to be made out or understood . . ."

"Do you," interrupted the other, "feel equal yourself to talking a little: to telling me how it happens that you are wandering, as you seem to be? For from the moment you first spoke—"

The young man nodded. "I'm a gentleman. It's worse somehow—I don't know why, but it is."

Mr. Bulstrode thought out for him: "It's like remembering agreeable places to which you feel you will never return. Only," he quickly offered, "in your case you must, you know, go back."

"No," said the young man, quietly.

There was so much entire renunciation in what he said that the other could not press it.

"Better still, you can then go on?"

The vagrant looked at his companion as if to say: "Since I've known you—seen you—I have thought that I might." But he said nothing more, and Mr. Bulstrode, reading a diffidence which did not displease him, finished:

"You shall go on, and I'll help you."

The stranger bowed his head, and the wine undoubtedly sent the color up till his cheeks took the flush of health; remaining so, a little bent over, his eyes on his feet clad in Mr. Bulstrode's shoes, he said:

"I'm an Englishman. My family is everything that's decent and all *that,* you know, and proud. We've first-rate traditions. I'm a younger son, and I've always been a thorn in the family's side. I've been a sort of vagabond from the first, but never as bad as they thought or believed."

He paused. His recital was painful to him. Mr. Bulstrode waited, then knocking off the ash from his cigar, urged:

"Tell me about it, tell me all frankly; it will, you see, be a relief. We can do better that way—if I know."

The stranger looked up at him quickly, then leaning forward in his chair, talked as it were to the carpet, and rapidly:

"It's just a year ago. I'd been going it rather hard and got into trouble more or less—lost at cards and the races, and been running up a lot of bills. My father was awfully down on me. I'd gone home for the holidays and had a talk with my father and asked him to pay up for me just this once more. He refused, and we got very angry, both of us, and separated in a rage. The house was full of people—a Christmas ball and a tree. My father had, so it happened, quite a lot of money in the house. I knew where it was—I had seen him count it and put it away. That night for some reason the whole thing sickened me, in the mess I was in, and I left and went up to London without even saying good-by. In the course of the week my brother came and found me drunk in my rooms. It seems that the money had been taken from my father's safe, and they accused me."

"But," interrupted Mr. Bulstrode, eagerly, "it was a simple thing to exculpate yourself."

Ignoring his remark, the other con-

tinued: "I have never seen my father since that night."

No amount of former deception can persuade a man that he is a lame judge of character. The young Englishman's emaciated face, where eyes spoiled by dissipation looked out at his companion, was to this impulsive reader of humanity a good face. Mr. Bulstrode, however, saw what he wanted to see in most people. Given a chance to study them, or rather further to intimately know them, he might indeed have ended by finding in some cases a few of the imagined qualities. Here misery was evident, degradation as well, timidity, and hesitation,—but honesty? Mr. Bulstrode fancied that its characters were not effaced, and he helped the recital:

"Since you so left your people?"

"The steady go down!" acknowledged the other. "I worked my passage to the States on a liner—I stoked . . ."

"Any chap," encouraged the gentleman, "who can do that can pull himself, I should say, out of a worse hole."

"There's scarcely a bad habit I haven't had down in the hole with me," confessed the other, "and they've held me there."

They both remained for a few seconds without speaking, and the host's eyes wandered to where, over his mantel-shelf, in a great gold frame was the portrait of a lady done by Baker. A quaint young lady in her early teens with bare arms and frilled frock. She had Bulstrode's eyes. By her side was the black muzzle of a great hound, on whose head the little hand rested. Under the picture, from a silver bowl of roses came a fragrance that filled the room, and close by stood a photograph of another lady, very modern, very mocking, and very lovely.

Mr. Bulstrode, delicately drawing inferences from the influences in his life, and, if not consciously grateful, reflecting them charmingly, broke the silence:

"You must have formed some plan or other in your mind when you came to my door? What, in the event of your being received, did you intend to ask me to do?"

The stranger lifted his head and his response was irrelevant: "It seems a hundred years since I stood there in that storm and your man pulled me in. I haven't seen a place like this for long, not the inside of decent houses. When I left the ship I managed to get down with a chap as far as Florida, where he had an orange-plantation, but the venture fell through. I fancy the rest is as well forgotten. When I came in here to-night I intended to ask you for a Christmas gift of money, and I should have gone out and drunk myself to hell."

"You spoke"—Mr. Bulstrode fetched him back—"of your father and your brother; was there no one else?"

The younger man looked up without reply.

"There has been, then, no more kindly influence in your life—no sister—no woman?"

Bulstrode brought out the words; they meant in his judgment so very much. He saw a change cross the other's face—it sombred.

"I fancy there are not many men who haven't had a woman in their lives for good or bad," he said, with a short laugh.

"Well," urged the gentleman, gently, "and for what was she?"

Rebelling at the insistence, delicate as his companion's manner made his probing, the young fellow stammered:

"I say, this putting a fellow on the rack—"

But Bulstrode leaned forward in his chair and rested his hand on his companion's knee and pleaded:

"Speak out frankly—frankly—I believe I shall understand; it will free your heart to speak. This influence which to a man should be the best—the best—what was it to you?" Mr. Bulstrode sat back and waited, and the other seemed quite lost to him in his melancholy meditations for some few seconds. Then, with singular skill in his questioning, Mr. Bulstrode put it: "For a young man, no matter how wild, to leave his home under the misapprehension you claim:—for him to make no effort to reinstate himself: with no attempt at justice: for him to become a wanderer—there must be an extraordinary reason, almost an improbable one—"

"I don't ask you to hear, sir," said the vagrant, quickly.

"I wish to do so. It would have been a simple matter to exculpate yourself—you had not the funds in your possession, had never had them. You took no means to clear yourself?"

"None."

Mr. Bulstrode looked hard at the face his care had revealed to him: the deep eyes, the neck, chin, the sensitive mouth—there was a certain distinction about him in his borrowed clothes.

"Where is the woman now?"

"She married my brother—she is Lady Waring—my name," tardily introduced the stranger, "is Cecil Waring."

Mr. Bulstrode bowed. "Tell me something of her, in a word—in a word."

"Well, she is amusing," said the young man, slowly, "always very beautiful, and then very poor."

"Yes," nodded Bulstrode.

"She is like the rest of us—one of a fast wild set—a—"

"A gambler?" Mr. Bulstrode helped the description.

"She played," acknowledged the young man, "as the rest do—bridge."

"Were you engaged to her, Waring?"

"Yes," he slowly acknowledged, as if each word hurt him.

"And did she believe you guilty?"

"I think," said the other, with an inscrutable expression, "she could not have done so."

"But she let you go under suspicion?"

"Yes."

"Without a word of good faith, of comfort?"

"Yes."

"Did she know of your embarrassments?"

"Too well."

"She perhaps—as you tell me she was poor and—she perhaps had embarrassments of her own?"

"Perhaps."

Mr. Bulstrode rose and came over to him.

"Was she at the Christmas ball that night?"

The young man rose as well, his eyes on his questioner's; the color had all left his face—he appeared fascinated—then he shook himself and unexpectedly laughed.

"No," he said; "oh no."

Bulstrode bowed his head and replied, quite inaptly:

"I understand!"

He took a turn across the room away from the man.

The few steps brought him in front of the mantel and the photograph of the modern lady in her furs and close hat. He stood and met the fire of her mocking eyes.

"And you *believe* him, Jimmy!" he could hear her say in her delicious voice.

"Yes," he mentally told her, "I believe him."

"You think that to save a woman's name and honor he has become an outcast on the face of the earth . . . Jimmy!"

He still gently replied to her:

"Men who love, you know, have but one code—the woman and honor."

Still mocking, but gentle as would have been the touch of the roses in the bowl near the photograph, her voice told him,

"Then he's worth saving, Jimmy."

Worth saving . . . he agreed, and turned to his guest. In doing so he saw that Ruggles had come into the drawing-room to remove the coffee-tray.

"Beg pardon, sir, but you mentioned there would be a letter to send shortly?"

"By Jove! so I did!" exclaimed Mr. Bulstrode. "I beg your pardon; will you excuse me while I write a line at the desk?" The line was an order to the florist.

For some reason the eyes of the Englishman had not quitted the butler's face, and Ruggles, with cold insolence, had stared at him in turn. Waring, albeit in another man's clothes, fed and seated before a friendly hearth, and once again within the pale of his own class, had regained something of his natural air and feeling of superiority. He resented the servant's insolence, and his face was angrily flushed as Mr. Bulstrode gave his orders, and the man left the room.

"I must go away," he said, rather brusquely. "I can never thank you for what you have done. I feel as if I had been in a dream."

"Sit down." His companion ignored his words. "Sit down."

"It's late."

"For what, my friend?"

"I must find some place to sleep."

"You have found it," gently smiled Mr. Bulstrode. "Your room is prepared for you here." Then he interrupted: "No thanks—no thanks. If what you tell me is all I think it is, I'm proud to share my roof with you, Waring."

"Don't think well of me—don't!"

blurted out the other. "You don't know what a ruined vagabond I am. When you send me out to-morrow I shall begin again; but let me tell you that although I've herded with tramps and thieves, been in the hospital and lockup, and worked in the hell of a furnace at a ship's hold, nothing hurt me any more, not after I left England—not after those days when I waited in Liverpool for a word—for a sign—not after that, all you see the marks of now—nothing hurts now but the memory. I'm immune."

"You will feel differently—you will humanize."

"Never!" exclaimed the tramp.

"To-night," said Mr. Bulstrode, simply.

Waring looked at him curiously.

"What a wonderful man!" he half murmured. "I was led to you by fate: you have forced me to lay my soul bare to you—and now . . ."

"Let's look things in the face together," suggested the gentleman, practically. "I have a ranch out West. A good piece of property. It's in the hands of a clever Englishman and promises well. How would you like to go out there and start anew? He'll give you a welcome, and he's a first-rate business man. Will you go?"

Waring had with his old habit thrust his hands in his pockets. He stood well on his feet. Bulstrode remarked it. He looked meditatively down between the soles of his shoes.

"You mean to say you give me a chance—to—to—"

"Begin anew, Waring."

"I drink a great deal," said the young man.

"You will swear off."

"I've gambled away all the money I ever had."

"You will be taking care of mine, and it will be a point of honor."

"I'm under a cloud—"

"Not in my eyes," said Bulstrode, stoutly.

"—which I can never clear."

Bulstrode made a dismissing gesture.

"I should want the chap out there to know the truth."

"The truth," caught his hearer, and the other as quickly interrupted:

"To know under what circumstances I left my people."

"No, that is unnecessary," said Bulstrode, firmly. "Nobody has any right to your past. I don't know his. That's the beauty of the plains—the freshness of them. It's a new start—a clean page."

Still the guest, looking down at his feet, hesitated.

"I don't believe it's worth while. You see, I've batted about now so much alone, with nobody near me but the lowest sort; I've given in so long, with no care to do better, that I haven't any confidence in myself. I don't want you to see me fail, sir,—I don't want to go back on you."

Mr. Bulstrode had heard very understandingly part of the man's word, part of his excuse for his weakness.

"That's it," he said, musingly. "Batting about alone. It's that—loneliness—that's responsible for so many things."

Looking up brightly at his friend whose derelict dangerous vessel, so near to port and repair, was heading for the wide seas again, Bulstrode wondered: "If such a thing could be that some friend, not too uncongenial, could be found to go with you and stand as it were by you—some friend who knew—who comprehended—"

Waring laughed. "I haven't such a one."

"Yes," said the older gentleman, "you have, and he will stand by you. I'll go West with you myself to-morrow—on Christmas day. I need a change. I want to get away for a little time."

Waring drew back a step, for Bulstrode had risen. Cold Anglo-Saxon as he was, the unprecedented miracle this gentleman presented made him seem almost lunatic. He stared blankly.

"It's simpler than it looks." Mr. Bulstrode attempted conventionally to shear it of a little of its eccentricity. "There's every reason why I should look after my property out there. I've never seen it at all."

"I'm not worth such a goodness," Waring faltered, earnestly,—"not worth it."

"You will be."

"Don't hope it."

"I believe it," smiled the gentleman; "and at all events I'll stand by you till you are—if you'll say the word."

Waring, whose lips were trembling, repeated vaguely, "The word?"

"Well," replied Mr. Bulstrode, "you

might say those—they're as good as any —will you stand by me?"

Suddenly making the first hearty spontaneous gesture he had shown, the young man seized the other's outstretched hand.

"Yes," he breathed; "by Heaven! I will!"

It was past midnight when Mr. Bulstrode, pushing open the curtains of his bedroom, looked out on the frozen world of Washington Square, where of tree and arch not an outline was visible under the disguising snow; and above, in the sky swept clear of clouds by the strongest of winds, rode the round full disk of the Christmas moon.

The adoption into his present of a vagrant, the sudden quixotic decision he had taken with this unknown individual to leave New York on Christmas day, the plain facts of the outrageous folly his impulsiveness led him to contemplate, had relegated to the background his more worldly plans. Laying aside his waistcoat, he took out the letter in whose contents he had been absorbed when Cecil Waring crossed the threshold of his drawing-room.

Well, as he reread at leisure her delightful plan for Christmas day, he sighed that he could not do for them both better than to go two thousand miles away. "Waring thinks himself a vagrant—and so, poor chap, he has been; but there are vagrants of another kind." As he reflected he felt himself to be one of them, and was led to speculate if there were many outcasts like himself, and what ultimately, if their courage was sufficient to keep them banished to the end, would be the reward.

"Since," he reflected, "there's only one thing would mean anything to me—and it's the one thing forbidden—I fail sometimes to quite puzzle it out!"

He had finished his preparations for the night and was about to turn out the light, when, his hand on the electric button, he paused, for he distinctly heard from down-stairs what sounded like a call—a cry.

Taking his revolver from the top drawer, he went into the hall, to feel a draft of icy air blow up the staircase, to see over the balusters the open door of the dining-room and light within it, and to hear more clearly the sounds that had come to him through closed doors declare themselves to be scuffling—struggling—the half-cry of a muffled voice —a fall, then Mr. Bulstrode started.

"I'm coming," he declared, and ran down the stairs like a boy.

On the dining-room floor, close to the window wide open to the icy night, lay a man's form, and over him bent another man cruelly, with all the animus of a bird of prey.

The man below was Ruggles, Mr. Bulstrode's butler, his eyes starting from the socket, his mouth open, his color livid; he couldn't have called out, for the other man had seized his necktie, twisted it tight as a tourniquet around the man's gullet, and so kneeling with one knee on his chest, Waring held the big man under.

"I say," panted the young man, "can you lend a hand, sir? I've got him, but I'm not strong enough to keep him."

Bulstrode thought his servant's eyes rolled appealingly at him. He cocked his revolver, holding it quietly, and asked coolly:

"What's the matter with him that he needs to be kept?"

"Would you sit on his chest, Mr. Bulstrode?"

"No," said that gentleman. "I'll cover him so. What's the truth?"

"I heard a queer noise," panted the Englishman, "and came out to see what it was, and this fellow was just getting through the window. There was another chap outside, but he got away. I caught this one from the back, otherwise I could never have thrown him."

"You're throttling him."

"He deserves it."

"Let him up."

"Mr. Bulstrode . . . !"

"Yes," said that gentleman, decidedly, "let him up."

But Ruggles, released from the hand whose knuckles had ground themselves into his windpipe, could not at once rise. The breath was out of him, for he had been heavily struck in the stomach by a blow from the fist of a man whose training in sport had delightfully returned at need.

Ruggles began to breathe like a porpoise, to grunt and pant and roll over. He staggered to his feet, and with a string

of imprecations raised his fist at Waring, but as Mr. Bulstrode's revolver was entirely ready to answer at command, he did not venture to leave the spot where he stood.

"Now," said his master, "when you get your tongue your story will be just the same as Mr. Waring's. You found him getting away with the silver. The probabilities are all with you, Ruggles. The police will be here in just about five minutes. Ten to one the guilty man is known to the officers. Now there's an overcoat and hat on the stairs; it will fit well enough. I give both of you time to get away. There's the front door and the window—which perhaps you had better shut, Waring, as it's a cold morning."

Neither man moved. Without removing his eyes from the butler or uncovering him, Bulstrode, by means of the messenger-call to the right of the window, summoned the police. The metallic click of the button sounded loud in the room.

Ruggles shook his great hand high in air.

"I'd—I'd—"

"Never mind that," interrupted the householder. "The man who's going had better take his chance. There's one minute lost."

During the next half-second the modern philanthropist breathed in suspense. It was so on the cards that he might be obliged to apologize to his antipathetic butler and find himself sentimentally sold by Waring.

But Ruggles it was who with a parting oath stepped to the door—accelerating his pace as the daze began to pass a little from his brain, and snatched the hat and coat, unlocked the front door, opened it, looked quickly up and down the white streets, and then without a word cut down the steps and across Washington Square, slowly at first, and then on a run.

Bulstrode turned to his visitor.

"Come," he said, "let's go up to bed."

"But," stammered the young man, "you're never going to let him go like that?"

"Yes, I am," confessed the unpractical gentleman. "I couldn't send a man to jail on Christmas day."

"But the police—?"

"I shall tell them out of my window that it was a false alarm."

Bulstrode shut and locked his door, and turning to Waring, laughed delightedly.

"I must tell you that when he let you in last night Ruggles did not think you were a gentleman. He must have found out this morning that you were very much of a man. It's astonishing where you got your strength, though. He'd make two of you, and you're not fit in any way."

He looked ghastly enough as Mr. Bulstrode spoke, and the gentleman put his arm under the Englishman's. "I'll ring for the servants and have some coffee made and fetched to your room. Lean on me." He helped the vagabond up-stairs.

This New-Yorker, whose sentimental follies were certainly a menace to public safety and a premium to begging and vagabondage and crime, slept well and late, and was awakened finally by the keen, bright ringing of the telephone at his side. As he took up the receiver his whole face illumined.

"Merry Christmas, Jimmy!"

. . . . . .

"What *wonderful* roses! Thanks a thousand times!"

. . . . . .

"But of course I knew! No other man in New York is sentimental enough to have a woman awakened at eight o'clock by a bunch of flowers!"

. . . . . .

"Forgive you!" (It was clear that she did.)

. . . . . .

"Jimmy, what a day for Tuxedo, and what a shame I can't go!"

. . . . . .

"You weren't going! You mean to say that you had refused?"

. . . . . .

"I don't understand—it's the connection—West?"

. . . . . .

"Why, ranches look after themselves. They always do. They go right on. You don't mean it, on Christmas day!"

. . . . . .

"I shouldn't care for your reasons. They're sure to be ridiculous—unpractical—unnecessary—don't tell them to me."

There was a pause, and then the voice, which had undergone a slight change:

"Jack's ill again . . . that's why I couldn't go to Tuxedo. I shall pass the day here in town. I called up to tell you

this—and to suggest—but since you're going West . . ."

Falconer's illnesses! How well Bulstrode knew them, and how well he could see her alone in the familiar little drawing-room by a hearth not built for a Christmas tree! He had promised Waring, "I'll stand by you." It was a kind of vow—a real vow, and the poor tramp had lived up to his.

"Jimmy." There was a note he had never heard before; if a tone can be a tear, it was one.

He interrupted her.

. . . . . .

"How dear of you!"

. . . . . .

"But I haven't any Christmas tree!"

. . . . . .

"You'll fetch one? How dear of you! We'll trim it—with your roses—make it bloom. Come early and help me dress the tree."

Two hours later he opened the door into the breakfast-room with the guiltiness of a truant boy. He wore culprit shame written all over his face, and the young man who stood waiting for him in the window might have almost read his friend's dejection in his embarrassed face.

But Waring came eagerly forward, answered the season's greetings, and said quickly:

"Are you still in the same mind about the West, Mr. Bulstrode?"

(Poor Bulstrode!)

"I mean to say, sir, if you still feel like giving me this chance, I've a favor to ask. Would you let me go *alone?*"

Bulstrode gasped.

"Since last night a lot has happened to me, not only since you've befriended me, but since I tussled with that fellow here. I'd like a chance to see what I can do alone. If you, as you so generously plan, go with me, I shall feel watched — protected. It will weaken me more than anything else. I suppose I shall go all to pieces, but I'd like to try my strength. If I could suddenly master that chap with my fists after months of dissipation—"

Bulstrode finished for him:

"You can master the rest."

"Don't give me any extra money," pleaded the vagrant, as if he foresaw his friend's impulse. "Pay my ticket out, if you will, and write to the man who is there, and I'll start in."

Bulstrode beamed on him.

"You're a man," he assured him—"a man."

"I may become one."

"You're a fine fellow."

"You'll trust me, then?"

"Implicitly."

"Then let me start to-day. I'm reckless—let me get away. I may get off at the first station and pawn my clothes and drink and drink to a lower hell than before—but let me try alone."

"You shall go alone—and go to-day."

Prosper came in with the coffee; he, too, was beaming, and the servants below-stairs were all agog. Waring was a hero.

"Prosper," said his master, in French, "will you, after you have terminated the serving of breakfast, go out to the market quarters and see if you can discover for me a medium-sized, very well-proportioned little Christmas tree? Fetch it home with you."

Waring faintly smiled.

Mr. Bulstrode smiled too, and more comprehensively, and Prosper smiled and said:

"Mais certainement, monsieur."



Life in a Children's Library

BY GERTRUDE URBAN

"PLEASE gimme a liberry," pipes the still, small (but high-pitched) voice of the child. His intonation, bearing, and general manner proclaim at once that he is a "first-timer," an *habitué,* a genuine book-lover, a sated individual seeking relief from *ennui,* a leader, a follower, and so on to the finest shades of differentiation.

If a "new" child, he is excessively polite or shy. If familiar, it is interesting to note if he is proudly, aggressively, or quite unconsciously so. If he makes a dash for some particular corner of the room, it is beyond a doubt his second visit, and he hastens to convince himself that "Those Books" are not such stuff as dreams are made on. If he pounces upon a book, he is still but partially initiated, and has not acquired the serene calm of the genuine book-lover. And why should the book-lover not be calm? If The Book is not available, there are many more, and a book is a book.

Then there is the child who is obviously bored. He looks with an indulgent eye upon the easily pleased Young. He even exerts himself to the point of taking home a book once or twice. He returns it with the same air of toleration, and then is seen no more.

In the genial, kindly atmosphere of welcome that pervades a modern library, the child soon acquires that personal interest and sense of possession and proprietorship that are the greatest safeguard from conscious or unconscious abuse. His enthusiasm sometimes manifests itself in an unappeasable desire to help —not perhaps from purely unselfish motives, but rather for the importance of being affiliated with the powers that be, and for the opportunity of displaying superior qualities.

Every teacher of little children has witnessed their yearnings for the distinction of washing the blackboard or cleaning the erasers, and every teacher must be aware

of the heartache her unwilling partiality evokes. The timid child hides his bitter disappointment, while epithets like "teacher's pet" or "teacher's supe" allay the pique of his bolder companions.

The boy who finds it a burden to be



SHE ALLOWS HIM TO REARRANGE DISORDERED SHELVES OF BOOKS

useful at home is willing—nay, eager—to make life simple and pleasant for the janitor. In his wild desire to help the library attendant, he haunts her desk, and if she be not an interested student of humanity, his society becomes dangerously oppressive. Of a meditative turn of mind, she indulges in a little amateur psychology, utilizing every opportunity of acquainting herself with the personality she encounters. She allows him to rearrange disordered shelves of books (that most effective check upon enthusiasm) or to sharpen pencils, but the librarian of good sense and deep faith in original sin will never admit him into the mysteries of the charging system.

Not only for the protection of the child and the property of the city is the working system of the library to be unrevealed. If he considers himself familiar with "teachers'" work, he loses his respect for superior ability. His pleadings for work, however, would move a heart of stone, and in self-defence the attendant gives him the harmless task of sorting cards, over which they have many a friendly chat.

"I used to want to be a Sister—a Cat'lic Sister—when I am big, but since I began taking liberries I want to be a liberry," is a frequently bestowed and much-appreciated compliment. One little girl spoke at length of how the neighborhood children played library with slips of paper, blocks of wood for books, and other contrivances. A boy from another part of the town told how the "kids" in his district played the same game and quarrelled bitterly for the office of teacher. The many requests for "just one red card," "just one white card," "just one reputation blank," and other paraphernalia whose fascination can be explained in no other way, are accounted for upon the grounds of realism.

"You're always writing," said one awe-struck little boy. "When I come in the morning or at noon or at night, you're always writing, and mostly figgers." "He thinks me a wonder," thought the attendant, who, like Sentimental Tommy, would not for worlds disillusion him. The "figgering up," or charging, is the most mechanical of performances, but this child, who was perhaps having trouble with the three R's, and whose ancestors in the Old World had very likely called in the village scribe when the difficulties of correspondence were no longer to be evaded, had founded his intense respect for her upon her easy, graceful, and unassuming familiarity with the "pen."

Deeply engrossed in her charging, she is sometimes startled with news. "I'm ten years old," a child will pleasantly an-

nounce, apropos of nothing. "My birthday is next August," is a frequent opening for conversation. He talks of his little brother's age, of the exact date of the family birthdays, as an adult talks of the weather.

Children seem to take a special pride in being ten years old. "I'm seven years old," or "I am eight," is a comparatively rare remark, but that he is ten is heard so often and with such an effort to be modest about it that it may safely be regarded as an important event in childhood. We all remember, at least the feminine among us, that we thought fourteen a nice age, that we were dying to be sixteen, and that eighteen was oldish, but we have forgotten the charm of ten. The little boys especially look forward to that age. Perhaps then for the first time they really feel safe in the matter of lace-beruffled blouses, Fauntleroy suits, and general maternal foolishness.

The differences in taste between boys and girls are not marked at an early age. Negro lads with uncouth lips, broad noses, squat hands and feet, the entire physiognomy betraying a degraded ancestry, ask for a "sad book, a book wot makes you cry"; while dainty little girls in white chiffon hats, with buttercups and daisies falling over their diaphanous brims, boldly demand *Seven Buckets of Blood; or, The Lascar's Revenge.*

"Please gimme a war book," is the cry of the average boy, and the cry of every boy with German blood in his veins. "A book about George Washington," "a book wot treats about ventriloquism," "a book with a red cover," "one reading-book and one other book," "the book with a hole on page 19," are daily requested; but for ordinary purposes "nobel" and "liberry" are sufficiently expressive.

Many nationalities frequented our room. There were Irish and a good proportion of Canadians, also Germans, Russians, Poles, Scandinavians, Italians, Greeks, and Jews from every quarter of the globe. We even boasted of a boy who had been to the Klondike. But the Britisher, the real Britisher, excluding the Irishman, was seldom encountered.

The children had great difficulty in remembering the "teachers'" names, excepting always the "Head Lady's," and after months of training would revert to "that other lady" or "the lady wot wears her hair high." Occasionally it was desirable to identify the other lady with more certainty, and their descriptions were not without interest. A little girl would say, "She has on a navy-blue suit and patent-leather tips. Her suit has two large box pleats in front and three small ones in the back, stitched, and a ribbon girdle with a steel buckle." Much more might follow if one had leisure to hear it through. "She's got a dip figure," or "a Madame du Barry pomp."

A boy would sometimes say: "She ain't very big"; "She wears her hair on top"; or, "She wears her hair in a figger eight"; and once a boy spoke of one who wore her hair "in a pretzel." One boy occasioned surprise by saying that the lady wore side-combs. Her fellow workers had not noticed it before. Sometimes a comment was overheard. "She's left-handed," was one awestruck ejaculation.



THE NEW CHILD IS APT TO BE SHY



In Self-defence the Attendant gives him the harmless Task of sorting Cards

"She ain't a blonde and she ain't a burnette." "Her specs are gold." "You ought to see her other waist." "She's got a watch."

As every one knows, boys are not often interested in the opposite sex. Neither are girls. But once a year there is a visible softening on either side, and boys and girls are seen talking together with great animation. The excitement of Christmas levels the deficiencies of sex, and in a common expectation they stand upon equal ground. Even the big boys expand a little and are less exclusive.

The difference between Saturdays and the Christmas holidays, when the common fact of closed schools would seem to make them alike, is nevertheless great. The normal Saturday begins a day of joy. Long before nine o'clock the corridors are full of eager children. The janitor finds a few upon his early arrival, and it is even whispered that some of them are given to sleeping all night on the front steps. It is a great achievement to be Number One, and the attendant stops to congratulate the happy boy. Every one respects his victory and quietly takes his place in the beautiful straight line that months of training have brought about. Down the long corridor the black line extends, and is highly suggestive of a run on a bank, save that our file makes braver efforts to control its excitement, with only here and there a head bobbing sideways to gauge the progress of events. In winter these Saturday mornings are doubly pleasant, and the "liberry" would exchange her place with few. Eyes shining and cheeks "redder than a windy morn" make the most unsanitary of children seem clean and crisp.

Throughout the morning the boys predominate. Tiny girls and girls from the leisure classes give color to the scene, but it is not until after two that the girl really takes possession. In the morning she is at home, sweeping, dusting, baking, and minding the baby. But in the after-

noon, with music-roll under her arm, her Sunday hat and patent-leather tips, a lace-edged handkerchief, and a contented smile, there is every reason to believe that the chocolate cake was a great success and that for the rest of the day she means to Live.

A steady reinforcement of boys has been kept up, and by two o'clock the library-worker begins to doubt the charm of Saturday. By three the doubt is gone, and by four she wonders if life is worth living. Towards noon one feels a gritty crunching underfoot, and that raises the question, What is the attraction between gravel and the small boy? The "liberry" and the janitor are both interested in the problem, but have not solved it to this day.

But to return to holiday differences. The spirit of Christmas-tide prevails in the children's room some time before and after the 24th. With the boys it is less noticeable, but the girls begin to drop off nearly a month beforehand. These are the days when German mothers go to bed early and German daughters sit up late; for while other people may or may not expend personal talent upon their gifts, the small German girl's remembrance is invariably her own handiwork, and she weaves into her little tidies and splashers—which sometimes, alas! have not even the saving grace of being little—a wealth of youthful tenderness and patience, a lavishness of that which makes the world go round.

The "liberry" of broad sympathies likes to follow her young patrons into their homes, and live their lives to a certain extent. During the holidays she knows that the girls are not conforming to their Saturday routine, though school is closed and education a matter of no account. In Cranford, when the ladies had guests for tea whom they wished to delight, they concocted that wonderful jelly of Miss Jenkyns's receipt. In our town, when we wish to be especially exquisite, we make layer-cake. But who cares for layer-cake at Christmas-time? The acute psychologist knows it is not being made these days. The girls are rolling out cookies, sometimes leaf-shaped, sometimes star-shaped, or after the human form divine. They are sprinkling sugar upon the lion and the lamb, and taking pans of heart-shaped *Pfeffernüsse* from the oven.

To one with real intuitional gifts it is plain that certain boys have not spent the morning playing. They have been stoning raisins and chopping nuts in a chopping-bowl. Sometimes there is an odor of bread-crumbs about them, and sage and parsley or thyme. Whatever the nature of their energies, they have been expended upon the community of home, and for once the boys, like their sisters from the cradle to the grave, are living the socialistic life. For once the selfishness responsible for the individual-



HE IS NOT GAY

ity that glorifies them in the presence of the girls, who are without the freedom that fosters personal distinctiveness, is rendered subservient, and shoulder to shoulder the boys and girls are doing the joyous but arduous labor of Yule-tide.

The older children come with packages (and astonishingly large ones at that), make a hurried selection of books, and leave. The younger ones are too excited for literary interests, and merely run in to see what holiday preparations may be going on; and then there is always a possibility that presents and unlimited sweets are being distributed there. The expectations of childhood are running riot.

As the day approaches, few linger, and those few are genuinely pitied. The boy who has no home interests to keep him away from the library on the 24th is unfortunate, but the girl in this situation is a sorry child indeed. December 24 is the quietest day in the year. In the children's room, where about three hundred books are issued daily, the circulation drops to perhaps a baker's dozen. By this time not even the tree in the room will draw them until after the great day. Only the slum waifs, whose festivities are not a feature of home life, but are provided by charitable organizations and are consequently of short duration, steal in to bask in the glow of the tree. The shaded incandescents interest them hugely and the ornaments are much admired. Doubtless there is also some secret speculation as to the edibleness of certain objects and on the ultimate distribution of the popcorn strands, for it is plain that the "liberries" could not eat them all.

When the attendance increases again, the staff is made acquainted with many new dolls in fetching attire. In the grown-up world there seems to be a prejudice in favor of sons and heirs, but in the world of little girls the prejudice is quite the other way. It is a well-meaning but misguided stork that leaves a boy doll until there has been a sister doll to precede him; and to be fully appreciated there should be a really-truly little brother to boot.



HE HAS A LEGAL AIR

"I didn't get a single thing," said one tearful child, and it was not till a more fortunate boy, who, with his mother, heard the complaint and offered to make good that oversight on Santa Claus's part, that the probable clue was found in recollecting his name to be Mordecai Kahn.

"I got a magic lantern," proudly announced Robert, "but"—with a sigh—"she smokes a'reddy."

Feminine instincts are frequently betrayed in the smallest of girls. Garrulous young Minnie was telling a long, elaborate tale of a visit in the country. She lisped and was generally inarticulate, and the attendant mistakenly gathered that the little brother, the hero of the tale, had one day cruelly stirred up a nest of birds. The attendant had a bad opinion of boys in their dealings with animals, and asked, no doubt a little severely, "Why did he do that?"

Instantly the female tendency to protect asserted itself. Her brother had been insulted. "*Why* did he do that?" cried the little firebrand, speaking with clear-

cut precision in her excitement,—"*why* did he do that? *Not* because he wanted to—*not* because he wanted to. But because he *had* to." Then followed another and a fuller telling of the tale, and her little brother's reputation came out whole and sound and sweet.

More frequently the lifelong attendance of woman upon her family is demonstrated by the girls "minding the baby," or some younger relative, while their brothers are living life to their own tastes and developing individuality. Not that the girls are resentful. The customs of generations have made them adaptable for minding the baby, giving up the golden hours of youth, forfeiting without question opportunities for self-development, and without question expending their best energies upon the purely physical wants of others. Not until it is too late, and usually not at all, does the girl realize that she is entirely without that force or color that makes her brother a factor to be reckoned with.

"There's Mary and the Baby," cried a gay little girl, with joyous recognition, standing before a row of Madonnas that were sometimes produced at Christmas or Easter. She looked not unlike a little Madonna herself, with a tiny boy clinging to her hand. It is doubtful if she took a step, out of school hours, without that small boy at her heels, yet she was of an invincible cheerfulness. With such a temperament even the responsibility for the safety of a young child seems not too great for immature shoulders.

But if the little girl is gay, Freddie is not. Freddie has *Weltschmerz*. The "liberry" was having *Weltschmerz* herself in those days and recognized the symptoms at once. She longed to take him to her austere young breast, but she was not without wisdom. To lay a hand upon a sensitive child, especially one of the other sex, defies the promptings of intuition. Under certain circumstances, or after a certain intimacy, caresses are not unwelcome, but unless the privacy is absolute the safest course is total abstinence.

Freddie, after three years' observance, seems to lose a little of his poetry, and shows a tendency to become a human small boy. But he is marked, and will emerge from childhood a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. He comes alone and goes alone save on the few occasions when he is accompanied by Amanda.

Amanda is his sister, and a saucy wench she is. She has no *Weltschmerz*. For Amanda, each day and every day God's in His heaven, and all's right with the world. Sometimes she comes alone, a slip of paper in her hand, which the staff scarcely deems it necessary to open. For three years they have read that message, rewritten when the paper was worn through. They read it only to see which of the several volumes is desired. "Kindly give bearer Murche's *Science Reader* Number Two." If ever a book was taken into a little boy's heart, that book is Murche's *Science Reader*. Surely Freddie can have no scientific tendencies? No scientist had ever such tender brown eyes.

Another interesting type is Julius Cæsar Goldschmidt. He wears his hair "pompadour," a ring on his little finger, and a beaver collar on his overcoat. He carries his head stiffly erect, uses "big" words, and has a legal air about him. The youngest attendant mentally congratulates herself that she is too old to be in danger of marrying him, for he promises to develop into the kind of man whose wife will be obliged to ask for car fare. Her sympathies are prematurely expended in behalf of the little girl who probably exists somewhere who, as the future Mrs. Julius, has many weary years of incense-burning before her.

One of the daily papers, in its endless chain of contests, offered a prize for the best short paragraph written by a child. Julius's was the most characteristic, being almost as pompous as Julius himself:

"I am thirteen years old. The ambition of my life is to become a lawyer. I am educating myself with that aim in view. I shall be a corporation lawyer, and am preparing for a successful career. My parents can testify that this was written without aid or suggestion from any one."

There is also Robbie, the Boy Wonder. He is a pianist, and has all the vices of the child prodigy. Generous citizens sent him abroad, and if Robbie was trying before, he was insufferable after this public interest. He carried about with

him a miniature pamphlet with comments of well-known musicians and clippings from the local press.

"On page two you'll find what Paderewski says about me." "On page three is De Pachmann's opinion of my playing." "I'm not going to be one of your eighty-dollars-a-week musicians. I am going to keep a cool head."

Harry represents the fanciful child. He is a beautiful boy, and the attendant liked to have him leaning over her desk for the sole purpose of gratifying her æsthetic sensibilities. He told her many a fine tale of his horses, dogs, cattle, and poultry, all of which he kept, naturally enough, "in the country." He was not fibbing; he was exercising his imagination. But there are bounds to imaginative excursions, beyond which they assume a harsher name. Harry frequently crossed the bounds. One day he told her that he had just returned from Africa, where he had drifted down the Congo with his father. Then the attendant recognized him as an affinity, for she distinctly remembered once telling a teacher that she too had been to Africa, and, to the very phrase, had drifted down the Congo with her father. Was it original sin, or was it the poetry of McGuffy's geography that was responsible for these moral lapses?

One of the most interesting cases we ever knew was Tim's. The first day he came he arrested the attention of each member of the staff. Standing before the desk was a lank, swarthy man. There was a peculiar something about him coupled with an excessive shyness that made him noticeable. When he encountered the eyes of an attendant, he hurried into an alcove to hide his timidity. Then it was borne in upon them that the unfortunate creature was not a man but a boy. His face did not betray his age, which might be anything from seventeen to fifty; but as his trousers were short, his age was presumably less.

For several days he came, feeling obviously an alien. Too shy to speak to any one, too deficient, probably, in intellect to get the bearings of the room, he yet lingered, no doubt to escape the loneliness of the vast outdoors, fascinated by the aspect of warm companionship. It was months before he ventured to speak. He came to the desk and laid his card upon it, bracing himself to meet the consequences.

"What would you like?" asked the assistant, as mildly as possible, fearing to frighten him. He looked dazed.

"A book," he finally answered, nervously putting his hand to his face.

"What kind of book would you like?" was next asked, not for an illuminating reply, but to accustom him to the sound of her voice, and to open the way, if that were possible, to sociability. Once more he played with his hands, and, after some effort, said, "A hard one."

He came and went alone and was never seen to speak to any one, though he must now and then have met a schoolfellow. He seemed, however, to have something of the nature of a friendship, for it developed that the books he took home were not for himself, but for Annie Luberska.

"Annie wants a book, a hard one," he would say in his braver moments, for his shyness never wore off, and there were months when he preferred to help himself. His method of procedure was unique. Opening a book, he scanned the typography, looked, possibly, for "conversation," examined the arrangement of paragraphs, margins, and other details, and then came to his conclusion.

Annie Luberska was never seen in the flesh, but whoever she was, she had a conscientious friend and one manifestly grateful for the privilege of sharing a little of her society. Sometimes an assistant ventured to recommend a book. But he did not blindly accept the verdict of one who did not know Annie Luberska. Carefully turning the pages, considering the matter well, he would shyly hand it back.

"This is too easy for Annie." Or, "Annie likes hard books, but I think this is a little too hard." Who is Annie Luberska that such tender consideration should be for her?

Thus child life, as seen in a library, is as child life seen from any other point of view. The revelation of adult nature in the child is as complete as the revelation of child nature in the adult; they are one and the same thing—human nature as wide-reaching as the universe.

Under the Red Maple

BY JENNETTE LEE

THE girl sat on the sunny side of the house, looking out across the meadow. Near her, toward the mountain, a red maple lifted itself, flaming against the sky. Now and then the girl's eyes sought the tree and lingered on it restfully. It was warm October. The kind of day that holds a secret—waiting, finger on lip. The girl had sat there a long time in the clear light, dreaming, her sketching materials near her and her wide hat thrown carelessly across them. She had dropped them there when she came up from the meadow an hour ago. Luncheon-time had come and gone, but she had not stirred. Her mother had called to her, a little fretfully, from the window, but she had only turned her head, with the slow, absent smile. "By and by, mother. Let me wait."

Her mother had lain down for a midday nap, and the house behind the girl was very quiet. The sun dreamed about her. A locust shrilled sleepily from a tree, and was still. The girl's hands, slight and nervous, half crossed in her lap, and her feet, in their trim ties, thrust a little before her and crossed at the ankle, gave an impression at once delicate and strong. Her pose seemed to have sunk into the spirit of the day—relaxed, yet full of vigor, a kind of lithe waiting.

The young man who had come around the corner of the house stood a long time looking. He had taken off his hat, and the sifting light fell on his dark hair and strong face and firm, square chin. The little smile that stole to his lips as he watched her took away something of the look of self-approval in the face and made it likable.

He moved forward quickly.

She had not turned her head, and her eyes still rested dreamily on the meadow. "How do you do?" she said, quietly.

He stopped short, half vexed. "You saw me!"

She turned her head, smiling. "No, I don't think I saw you. I knew you were coming."

His face lighted. "You always know." He sat down on the grass beside her.

"Yes, I know—sometimes."

"It's a good sign," he said, contentedly.

The sleepy eyes smiled. "Is it?—It's convenient." She spoke with a slow little relish that was not quite a drawl. It seemed to taste each word as she spoke it, giving it the effect of a kind of dry, detached humor.

The young man stirred uneasily. "You wouldn't know—if you didn't care." He ventured it, watching her face.

"I suppose not, if I didn't—or if you didn't. It's the same thing, I suppose."

The young man moved sharply. "You know it's not."

There was silence between them, and the locust spoke again from the tree.

The young man turned to her half bitterly. "I don't see why you act so, Leslie. You have never given me a straight answer."

The girl sat up, her eyes turned on him in a look that might have been surprise—or anger. The reddish hair that swept lightly back from her face gleamed like a flame. "You have never asked a straight question," she flashed.

"But you knew."

She had sunk back again into the attitude of repose. There was no reply.

He waited, biting his lip—almost sulkily. He swallowed once or twice and the lips opened. "Will you marry me?" he said.

"No, I don't believe I will." The half-brown eyes were turned to him with a friendly smile.

He got quickly to his feet. "What do you mean?" He was looking down at her almost angrily.

The eyes returned his glance unmoved, but a delicate line of color crept into the

girl's face. "I don't believe I said it very nicely." The tone was apologetic. "I've never had much practice, you know." The little laugh behind the words was still friendly.

But the young man looked away without response. He stared out over the meadow. "It's deuced awkward, you know. Everybody expects it."

"Everybody?" The word held a quick demand.

He nodded. "All your folks and Uncle Will—"

"Did your uncle Will say so?" She spoke almost quickly, the little drawl brushing aside the words as they came.

"I told him about it last night." The youth spoke stiffly. "We talked over plans a little."

"You talked over *my* plans—" She said the words under her breath.

"My plans, if you like better. He is going to set me up in business when I marry." He had turned to look at her.

"That's nice." She spoke cordially.

"Isn't it!" His face lighted. "He can afford it all right. He's rich enough."

"Yes. He's rich — enough." The words came slowly—almost a little sigh of regret.

He regarded her with puzzled eyes. "*I* shall be rich, too." The look cleared.

"Shall you?"

"In ten years. You wait and see. You shall have all the money you want."

"All the money—I want." It was like the echo of a memory crossing the still air. "I want so little, you know." She looked at him with gentle, candid eyes.

He dropped beside her on the dry grass. "What is it, Leslie?—See, I don't even dare touch your hand." He drew a little away from her. "Why do you make me care so much?"

Her face flushed quickly. "I do *not* make you care. I have tried from the first to make you see—"

"From the first?" He was staring at her.

"Ever since you came back from college. You never cared before that."

He grew a little thoughtful. "No, I guess you're right. I never cared till then." A sudden question crossed the thought. "Is it some one else?"

She was looking away from him now.

"Is it?" he persisted.

The half-cynical smile, turned to him, challenged him. "You don't want to be my father confessor?"

"No, nor I don't want you to be mine." He got up, brushing the dust from his knees. "I'm going to ask Uncle Will to talk to you," he said, decidedly.

"You are going to ask—" She was looking at him with startled, indignant eyes.

He nodded securely. "There isn't anything he doesn't know. You can tell him if you won't tell me." He had turned away.

"Jack!" She reached out a hand.

He turned back, waiting.

"If I—" She hesitated, cutting the words short. "Well, I *do*."

"You do—what?"

She was looking down at her fingers, weaving them back and forth. "There *is* some one." She said the words very low.

"There is!" He was staring at her—thinking fast.

She nodded miserably. "You won't have to ask him now?"

"Ask him?"

"Your uncle—"

A shout from the slope above broke the quiet. They looked up quickly.

"There he is," said the youth.

"There he is," echoed the girl.

They moved forward together.

The man coming down the mountain path waved to them gayly. As he came nearer, his gray eyes scanned the pair with keen glance.

The look of content had come back to the girl's face. But the youth's still held its frown.

"You've come just in time, sir." The young man spoke brusquely.

"Just in time—?" The man's eyebrows raised themselves a little.

"—to keep Leslie company. I'm off," responded the youth. He lifted his hat swiftly and turned away.

The girl's eyes followed him with a look of amusement that was half doubt. She turned them to the man. "Will you come in?"

"No; let us sit here." He threw himself down on the short grass and took off his hat, fanning it across his face. "I've been climbing all day," he said.

"It must have been beautiful on top."



Drawn by W. B. King Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

HE STARED OUT OVER THE MEADOW

"It was like dreaming of the kingdom of the earth," he replied.

They sat in silence, looking out over the meadows. The shadows had lengthened a little. They ran down from the mountain, touching the light here and there. But the sunshine still filtered warm about them, and the look of content in the girl's face was deep with it. The man beside her looked at it now and then, a question in his eyes. But no words broke the quiet. A hawk's wing cast a flying shadow, and they looked up. The girl's smile met his for a brief instant, flitting like the shadow. Then it returned to the meadow. Bees came booming across the open space and settled on the overripe pears that covered the ground beyond. The lengthening day held its deep peace. The man had forgotten his question.

When at last he picked up his hat and rose to go, it came to him again. He looked down at her, waiting, turning the hat slowly in his fingers.

The girl's glance met his, smiling. "Are you going?"

"I was—yes—" He sat down again. "But if you want me to stay—"

"I always want you to stay."

"Polite lady." He smiled at her, still waiting. "I thought you might have something—to tell to—an old uncle."

Her lip quivered a merry instant. "No," she said, "I have nothing to tell—any one."

"Jack was here?" He opened the way for her.

"Yes."

"Forgive me, dear. I only want you to be happy." He raised his hat, ready to turn away.

Contrition ran across the teasing look in the girl's face. "He did speak," she said, slowly. "But—" She shook her head. Her lip held the secret beneath its smile.

The man looked at her quickly, curiously—as if a clue eluded him. Then his face fell. "I am sorry," he said, simply. "I had hoped—"

She shook her head again. "It would not do."

"Why not?" The question leaped at her.

She met it smiling. "Too many reasons."

"Give me one."

"One?" She paused, looking at him. For a moment she weighed fate between them. Then she brushed it aside with a laugh. "It wouldn't do," she declared. She had risen to her feet and stood beside him, her figure swaying a little in the light. Behind her the red maple cast its deep glow. The man's eyes lingered on the picture as he turned away. Half-way down the slope he turned and looked back. The girl was still standing, following him with her eyes. He lifted his hat, and she raised her hand in quick response. Then it fell to her side and she stood quiet again. He could see the look in her face, half laughing, half challenging him; and behind her the red maple flaming to the sky.

The two men sat in the twilight on the steps of the big house. Across the valley a light shone in the clear dusk, and a star in the mountain rim hung just above it.

The young man blew a whiff of smoke into the twilight. The cigar remained in his fingers, glowing. "I shall not give up," he said, stiffly. "I shall *make* her care."

The eyes of the other man were on the light, dreaming. It seemed to expand a little and fill the night with its glow. In the midst of it he caught a sudden glimpse of something hidden, mysterious. He leaned forward, looking at it intently. Then it shrank again to the girl's face, quizzical and strong. "Do you think you can make her?" he said, quietly.

The youth's square chin lifted itself a little as he returned the cigar to his lips. "I'm sure of it." He gave a quick puff. "You can make any girl care, they say, if you keep at it long enough."

"I've heard that," said the uncle, thoughtfully.

"Don't you believe it?"

"Perhaps so. You're sure she doesn't—" The question hesitated.

"Love me now? Not a bit of it." The youth laughed. "She said she didn't. plain enough. Said there was some one else."

The older man's hand was suddenly lifted from his knee. "She said there was some one else!"

"That's what she *said*. But I don't

believe it. Who *could* there be? She said it to put me off. There isn't any one else."

"No, there isn't any one else." The other man said it slowly. He had known her from a child—known her every mood. She could not have concealed from *him* a friendship deep enough for love. He smiled suddenly in understanding. She was a poet. She was in love with a vision, a dream. But Jack would not know that. He did not understand dreams, nor girls. He was in love with her beauty and charm and her slow, quaint speech. The older man sighed a little. Then he roused himself.

The young man was speaking. "If I had money enough, I believe I could win her to-morrow."

"*She* does not care for money." He said it tersely, almost gruffly.

The youth nodded. "I know that. But there's a lot of things I could offer her now—right off. We could travel. I'd take her to Italy."

"You'd take her to Italy?" The other mused. "Yes, she would like that."

"I know. There's a lot of things she'd like," said the youth. "But what's the use?" He tossed away the end of the cigar. "I've got to wait till I get 'em." He stood up, stretching out his arms. "I'm going to bed and get ready for the fray."

"Suppose you wait. Leave the fray to me for a little," said the other, quietly.

The youth paused, looking at him doubtfully.

"Let me talk with her," said the other. "Perhaps I can think of something."

The look of gloom lifted a little. "I wish you'd do it," he said, heartily. "I wanted you to to-day. I told her I was going to ask you."

"What did she say?"

"Well, she got almost mad. Then she said there was some one else."

"No, there isn't any one else—not a real person. I think I understand. Let me talk with her."

"You're a brick, uncle." The youth's hand rested affectionately on his shoulder. "I owe you everything."

"That's all right, boy. I've never given you anything yet that I needed myself. There's no great credit in giving away what you don't want."

Long after the youth was in bed and asleep the man sat on the steps, looking across to the light. . . . He knew her so well—every mood. He had watched them grow up together—boy and girl. It was he who had taught them to fish and hunt and ride. They had been always with him, tagging after him—he twenty-five and they nine—but always good friends, all of them, . . . and now they would marry and go away—to Italy. . . . Her dreams would come true—some of them. He stood up abruptly. The light across the valley had gone out, but close at the rim of the mountain the star still shone, twinkling and clear.

She looked up quickly. "How good of you!"

The man, mounted on a great horse, had halted just outside the fence. He smiled quietly at her enthusiasm. "Can you go?"

She came through the gate, looking admiringly at the horse that he led by the bridle. "Isn't she a beauty!" She patted the glossy neck, running her hand down its length with slow, happy motion. The mare reached out a sensitive cushiony lip toward the girl's shoulder, sniffing it lightly and nuzzling it a little. The girl laughed out. She stroked the great nose softly, looking into the wide eyes and watching the pointed ears that moved back and forth in swift question and response. "She's a lady!" declared the girl. "When did she come?"

"Last night. Can you go?"

"I'll be ready in three minutes." She moved back slowly, still admiring the clear, glossy coat and arched neck. "In two minutes and a half," she said, with a little nod, as she disappeared in the doorway.

When she came out she had put on her riding-skirt, and her hair was coiled close about her head.

"Around the mountain?" asked the man. He had lifted her into the saddle and was stroking the mare's neck, looking up at the rider and thinking how well they matched. There was the same spirited sense of power—a kind of reddish-brown challenge to fate.

He smiled at the fancy as he leaped into his saddle.

The girl watched the smile—half



Drawn by W. B. King

"I'LL BE READY IN THREE MINUTES"

jealously, it seemed. "She is like me," she said.

He laughed out. "Did you see it—in her eyes?"

"No. In yours."

They rode on in silence. When they came to the foot of the mountain they slackened speed, looking into the long tunnel of yellow light where the road stretched along its base and lost itself at last in a sharp curve to the left.

The girl's eyes travelled forward. Presently she leaned and touched the glossy neck lightly with her hand. "Let us not go through," she said, softly.

The man drew rein, waiting beside her.

"I don't want to come to the end of it," she said.

"No, we won't come to the end—ever."

She laughed, a little tremulously. "But we can't go back." She had turned her head, glancing over her shoulder. An automobile had entered the lighted lane.

With a swift word the man tightened rein. His lips were set, and his eye sharp on her seat.

She turned an assuring nod as they rode. The flying hoofs broke the shimmering arch, and the galloping figures pierced its quiet in shadowy rise and fall. The automobile had slowed a little to watch the framed flight. But the two still flew as if pursued. Breathless they emerged from the glowing circle. Her hair had loosened a little about her neck. They had turned into a bridle-path that led up the mountain. She motioned to him, and they stopped while she gathered up the loose hair, winding it about her head. Her lips were smiling.

"You see, we had to come through." She said it almost gayly. "But it was not our fault."

"It has never been any one's fault," said the man, gravely.

She looked at him with wide eyes. "What are you talking about? Are you talking about something?"

A slow flush had risen in the man's face. "I was going to talk to you about going abroad," he said, quietly. "It was what I asked you to come for. But I had forgotten it, I think. Would you like it—to go abroad—to Italy?" He was watching her face.

"With whom?" She asked the question softly, looking straight before her.

"With your husband."

She drew a little breath—that was half a laugh. "Yes, I should like that. I should like to go anywhere—with him."

For a minute he hesitated. Questions were opening to him, suggestions, whispers. The lighted archway had been filled with them. He could not say what they meant. He had known her always. . . . But the boy should have his way. He glanced up the path ahead of them. "Shall we go on?" he asked.

"Can we?" She was still staring before her, sitting very quiet in her saddle.

"It crosses the spur at the other end, you know, and comes down."

"Yes."

They moved forward slowly. He shook off the witchery of the place and spoke with quiet decision. "I have been making plans for the future this morning." He waited.

There was no response.

"Are you interested?"

"Very much." It was a little drawl—the shadow of a laughing whisper.

"I have been planning how to make things over to Jack. I want him to have the good of them while I am here—to see him enjoy them." He waited again. But there was no response. "He will be able to give his wife everything that she wants." He said it, hesitating a little. The girl's face had grown suddenly strange.

"Everything?" She turned her look on him, studying his face with candid eyes. "Do you think he could do that—*Jack*? Do you think Jack could give her all she wants?"

"What is it, Leslie?" He bent toward her. "Tell me what stands in the way?"

There was no reply—only a sudden curious tightening of the girl's lips.

"It is not the money, child." He had laid his hand on her bridle. "Don't think I know you so little. But the money will make things possible—happy things. I want you both to have it, to enjoy it—together. I have always wanted it."

"Are you going to be poor now?" She asked the question almost shyly.

He laughed contentedly. "I shall have enough to live on."

"And to—to marry on?" asked the girl. A soft flush had come into her face.

"I shall not marry."

"Never?" The word, with its slow drawl, laughed a little.

"Never."

"But you are poor?" It was almost exultant.

"Yes, I am poor. Does that suit you?"

"Perfectly." She drew a little breath. "And now you can ask—some one—to marry you, and people couldn't say it was your money!" Her face was laughing to him.

He smiled back, a little puzzled, but glad to see her so happy. "Yes, I am free and poor—aged thirty-four."

She looked at him with quizzical eyes. "So very old! Poor dear!"

"So very old," he said, quietly. "Too old to marry the woman I have loved."

The eyes watching him filled with happy light. "You have never told me you loved—any one," she said. The mischievous delight was full of assurance.

"You would have been the first to know it if I had told her," he said, gently.

"Yes?" She swayed a little in her saddle, the breath of a motion toward him.

But he was not looking at her. His eyes were fixed on something before them. "Perhaps she is only a vision—a dream," he said, softly. "Like this love of yours, Leslie." He turned to her. "Jack told me. You must not let it come between you and real happiness. Every one has it—the dream of the ideal—fanciful, impossible."

Her face had grown a little pale and startled.

"Don't mind it, child." They were moving very slowly up the steep path, his hand on her bridle. "Don't mind it, Leslie. I have known you always, child!"

"Yes."

"And—loved you. And *I* tell you that it will not come true—your dream. Do you believe me, child?"

"Yes." She had straightened herself a little in her saddle.

He stayed her a minute. "And you will say that to Jack when he speaks—again?"

She looked at him with doubting eyes. "I—do—not—know. So many things have happened. He will be rich now," she added, quickly, "and I have always been afraid I should have to marry a rich man." She laughed a little tremulously as she tightened rein. "Come, let us hurry. We can go down faster than we came up."

"Yes—Leslie—" He still kept a hand on her rein, holding her back. "You are happy, child? Tell me—"

Her eyes studied his face a minute—full, serious—a woman's eyes. Then they fell. "No," she said, "I am not happy. But you have told me. I thank you for that. I might have kept on dreaming." The little drawl struck the words bravely. Then it faltered and broke. The girl's hands had covered her face.

They had come to the top of the path. He drew rein, stopping the horses where the path curved. "Leslie"—he leaned nearer to her—"what is it? Tell me!" A new note had come into his voice. His hands reached out and touched the shining hair softly. They framed it in and reached to the hands that covered her face, drawing them back slowly. His eyes searched the face, eager, intent. "Is it that, child?—Is it *that?*" He said the words softly, with quiet certainty.

She nodded, the tears in her eyes gathering and overflowing and covering her shamed face.

"So that is it, my—"

"*Not child!*" She shook her head at him through her tears. "*Not* child!"

"No, *not* child!" He had drawn her to him—the gleaming head and tear-wet face close to his. "Not child, but grown-up—Kiss me, *child!* . . . Oh, *quite* grown-up!"

Her lips smiled, and one hand brushed aside the crowding tears. "Stupid man!" she breathed, softly.

He laughed quietly, holding her from him and looking into her eyes.

They fell beneath the look.

"We must go down," she said, slowly. "We must go down sometime."

A little wind stirred among the trees. The yellow leaves loosened and fell, drifting down slowly. The breathing of the horses came in gentle puffs.

They moved forward, down the mountain, to the road that curved at its base.

"Let us go back," said the girl, "the way we came."

They turned slowly and entered the long tunnel of yellow light. The reins lay loose on the horses' necks, and the hoofs made no sound. It was like some dreamway, with two mounted figures moving always along its enchanted length.

The Weavers

A NOVEL

BY GILBERT PARKER

CHAPTER X

THE FOUR WHO KNEW

THERE was a knocking at the door. David opened it. Nahoum Pasha stepped inside, and stood still a moment looking at Hylda. Then he made low salutation to her, touched his hand to his lips and breast saluting David, and waited.

"What is your business, Pasha?" asked David, quietly, and motioned towards a chair.

"May the sun ever shine upon thy house, and may thy path be on the high hills, excellency. I come for a favor at thy hands." Nahoum sat down.

"What favor is mine to give to Nahoum Pasha?"

"The Prince has given thee supreme place—it was mine but yesterday. It is well. To the deserving be the fruits of deserving."

"Is merit, then, so truly rewarded here?" asked David, quietly.

"The Prince saw merit at last when he chose your excellency for councillor."

"How shall I show merit, then, in the eyes of Nahoum Pasha?"

"Even by urging the Prince to give me place under him again. Not as heretofore—that is thy place—yet where it may be. I have capacity. I can aid thee in the great task,—you would remake our Egypt—and my heart is with you. I would rescue, not destroy. In years gone by I tried to do good to this land, and failed. I was alone. I had not strength to fight the forces round me. I was overcome. I had too little faith. But my heart was with the right—I am an Armenian and a Christian of the ancient faith. I am in sorrow — death has humbled me. My brother Foorgat Bey—may flowers bloom forever on his grave! — he is dead." —his eyes were fixed on those of David as with a perfectly assured candor —"and my heart is like an empty house. But man must not be idle and live—if Kaïd lets me live. I have riches—are not his riches mine, his Palace, his gardens, his cattle, and his plantations, are they not mine? I may sit in the courtyard and hear the singers, may listen to the tale-tellers by the light of the moon; I may hear the tales of Al-Raschid chanted by one whose tongue never falters, and whose voice is like music; after the manner of the East I may give bread and meat to the poor at sunset; I may call the dancers to the feast. But what comfort shall it give? I am no longer a youth. I would work. I would labor for the land of Egypt, for by work shall we fulfil ourselves, redeem ourselves. Excellency, I would labor, but my master has taken away from me the anvil, the fire, and the hammer, and I sit without the door like an armless beggar. What work to do in Egypt save to help the land, and how shall one help, save in the Prince's service? There can be no reform from outside. Only from within can salvation come. If I labored for better things outside the Palace, how long do you think I should escape the Nile, or the diamond-dust in my coffee? The work which I did, is it not so that it, with much more, falls now to your hands, excellency, with a confidence from Kaïd that never was mine?"

"I sought not the office, friend."

"Have I a word of blame? I come to ask for work to do with thee. Do I not know Prince Kaïd? He had come to distrust us all. As stale water were we in his taste. He had no pleasure in us, and in our deeds he found only stones of stumbling. He knew not whom to trust. One by one we all had yielded

to ceaseless intrigue and common distrust of each other, until no honest man was left; till all were intent to save their lives by holding power; for in this land to lose power is to lose life. No man who has been in high place, has had the secrets of the Palace and the ear of the Prince, lives after he has lost favor. The Prince, for his safety, must ensure silence, and the only silence in Egypt is the grave. In thee, excellency, Kaïd has found an honest man. Men will call thee mad, if thou remainest honest, but that is within thine own bosom and with fate. For me, thou hast taken my place, and more. *Malaish,* it is the decree of fate, and I have no anger. I come to ask thee to save my life, and then to give me work."

"How shall I save thy life?" asked David.

"By reconciling the Effendina to my living, and then by giving me service, where I shall be near to thee, excellency; where I can share with thee, though it be as the ant beside the beaver, the work of salvation in Egypt. I am rich since my brother was—" he paused; no covert look was in his eyes, no sign of knowledge, nothing but meditation and sorrowful frankness—"since Foorgat passed away in peace, praise be to God! He lay on his bed in the morning, when one came to wake him, like a sleeping child, no sign of the struggle of death upon him. As though dreaming a pleasant dream, with the hand of a loved one in his, he had breathed himself into another world, so near that it was as one should turn down the light in a room and turn it up again."

A gasping sound came from the chair where Hylda sat; but he took no notice. He appeared to be unconscious of David's pain-drawn face, as he sat with his hands upon his knees, his head bent forward listening, as though lost to the world, his eyes far away.

"So did Foorgat, my brother, die while yet in the fulness of his manhood, life beating high in his veins, with years before him to waste. He was a pleasure-lover, alas! he laid up no treasure of work accomplished; and so it was meet that he should die as he lived, in a moment of ease. And already he is forgotten. It is the custom here. He might have died by diamond-dust, and men would have set down their coffee-cup in surprise, and then would have forgotten; or he might have been struck down by the hand of an assassin, and, unless it was in the Palace, none would have paused to note it! And so the sands sweep over his steps upon the shore of time."

After the first exclamation of horror, Hylda had sat rigid, listening as though under a spell. Through her veil she gazed at Nahoum with a cramping pain at her heart, for he seemed ever on the verge of the truth she dreaded; and when he spoke the truth, as though unconsciously, she felt she must cry out and rush from the room. He recalled the scene in the little tapestried room as vividly as though it was there before her eyes, and it had for the moment all the effect of a hideous nightmare. At last, however, she met David's eyes, and they guided her, for in them was a steady strength and force which gave her confidence. At first he also had been overcome inwardly, but his nerves were cool, his head was clear, and he listened to Nahoum, thinking out his course meanwhile.

He owed this man much. He had taken his place, and by so doing had placed his life in danger. He had killed the brother upon the same day that he had dispossessed the favorite of office; and the debt was heavy. In office Nahoum had done after his kind, after the custom of the place and the people; and yet, as it would seem, the man had had stirrings within him towards a higher path, had desired to make things better, to reform the land. He had failed; but that was due, no doubt, as he had said, to the fact that he had to work alone, that reforms were checked and hindered by those around him. He was one man; not a party of reform. On every hand he had heard of the ability and generosity of Nahoum Pasha. He, at any rate, had not amassed riches out of his position, and so much could not be said of any other servant of the Prince Pasha. Much he had heard of Nahoum's powerful will, hidden under a genial exterior, and behind his friendly, smiling blue eyes. He had heard also of cruelty—of banishment, and of

enemies removed from his path suddenly, never to be seen again; but, on the whole, men spoke with more admiration of him than of any other public servant, Armenian Christian in a Mohammedan country though he was. That very day Kaïd had said that if Nahoum had been less eager to control the state, he might still have held his place. Besides, the man was a Christian—of a mystic, half-legendary, obscured Christianity; yet having in his mind the old faith, its essence and its meaning, perhaps. Might not this Oriental mind, with that faith, be a power to redeem the land? Nahoum's faint strivings for reform, did they not belong to the latent faith that was in him? That faith came from the Orient, was of an Oriental people. The Occident had transmuted it into a thousand forms of practice and of character unrepresented in the East; and might it not be for this man to awake to the possibilities of their common religion; to be a force in the East which a European in the same sense never could be? Might Nahoum not show the ancient Christian Church to which he belonged the way to a new life by a great work for a sick land? It was a wonderful dream, in which he found the way, as he thought, to atone somewhat to this man for a crime committed.

When Nahoum stopped speaking, David said: "But if I would have it so, friend, if it were well that it should be so, I doubt I have the power to make it so."

"Excellency, Kaïd believes in you to-day; he will not believe to-morrow if you remain without initiative. Action, however startling, will be proof of your fitness. His Highness shakes a long spear. Those who ride with him must do battle with the same valor. Excellency, I have now great riches—since Death smote Foorgat Bey in the forehead"—still, his eyes conveyed no meaning, though Hylda shrank back, and David closed his eyes for a moment —"and I would use them for the good thou wouldst do here. Money will be needed, and sufficient money will not be at thy disposal for many a day—not till new ledgers be opened, new balances struck. Together, excellency, thou in council with his Highness, I in some small office under thy direction, with my fortune, can aid thy high purposes."

He turned to Hylda quietly and with a continued air of innocence said: "Shall it not be so—madame? You, I doubt not, are of his kin. It would seem so, though I ask pardon if it be not so—will you not urge his excellency to restore me to Kaïd's favor? I know little of the English, though I know them humane and honest; but my brother Foorgat Bey, he was much among them, lived much in England, was a friend to many great English. With him the barriers between East and West were struck down. Indeed, on the evening that he died I saw him in the gallery of the banquet-room with an English lady—can one be mistaken in an English face? Perhaps he cared for her; perhaps that was why he smiled as he lay upon his bed never to move again. Madame, perhaps in England you may have known my brother. If that is so, I ask you to speak for me to your kinsman, his excellency. My life is in danger, and I am too young to go as my brother went —I do not wish to die in middle age, as my brother died."

He had gone too far. In David's mind there was no suspicion that Nahoum knew the truth. The suggestion in his words had seemed natural; but from the first a sharp suspicion was in the mind of Hylda, and his last words had convinced her that if Nahoum did not surely know the truth, he suspected it all too well. Her instinct had pierced far; and as she realized his suspicions, perhaps his certainty, and heard his words of covert insult, which, as she saw, David did not appreciate, anger and determination grew in her. Yet she felt that caution must mark her words, and that nothing but danger lay in resentment. Resentment? Had not his brother been killed through her? Had she not, perhaps, put David's life in the hazard? She felt the everlasting indignity behind the quiet, youthful eyes, the determined power of the man; but she saw also that for the present the course Nahoum suggested was the only course to take, if David was to remain in Egypt. And David must not even feel the suspicion in her own mind that Nahoum knew or suspected the truth. If David thought

that Nahoum knew, the end of all would come at once. It was clear that, suspicion or no suspicion, Nahoum meant to be silent, or he would have taken another course of action. Danger lay in every direction, but to her mind the least danger lay in following Nahoum's wish.

She slowly raised her veil, showing a face very still now, with eyes as steady as David's. David started at her action —he thought it rash; but the courage of it pleased him, too.

"You are not mistaken," she said, slowly; "your brother was known to me —I had met him in England. It will be a relief to all his friends to know that he passed away peacefully!" She looked him in the eyes determinedly. "Monsieur Claridge is not my kinsman, but he is my fellow countryman. If you mean well by monsieur, your knowledge and your riches should help him on his way. But your past is no guarantee of good faith, as you will acknowledge."

He looked her in the eyes with a far meaning. "*But I am giving guarantees of good faith now,*" he said, softly. "Will you—not?"

She understood. If he did not know surely, he suspected the truth; but it was clear that he meant peace, for the moment at any rate.

"If I had influence I would advise him to reconcile you to Prince Kaïd," she said, quietly, then turned to David with an appeal in her eyes.

David stood up. "I will do what I can," he said. "If thee means as well by Egypt as I mean by thee, all may be well for all."

"Excellency! Excellency!" said Nahoum, with show of assumed feeling, and made salutation. Then to Hylda, making lower salutation still, he said: "You have lifted from my neck the yoke. You have saved me from the shadow and the dust. I am your slave." His eyes were like a child's, wide and confiding.

He turned towards the door, and was about to open it, when there came a knocking, and he drew back. Hylda drew down her veil. David opened the door cautiously, and Mizraim the Chief Eunuch appeared, and was admitted. His eyes searched the room, and found Nahoum.

"Saadat," he said to Nahoum, "may thy bones never return to dust, nor the light of thine eyes darken! There is danger."

Nahoum nodded, but did not speak.

"Shall I speak, saadat?" He paused and made low salutation to David, saying, "Saadat, I am thine ox to be slain."

"Speak, son of the flowering oak," said Nahoum, with a sneer in his voice. "What blessing dost thou bring?"

"The Effendina has sent for thee."

Nahoum's eyes flashed. "By thee, lion of Abdin?"

The lean, ghastly being smiled. "He has sent a company of soldiers and Achmet Pasha."

"Achmet Pasha! Is it so?"

Achmet Pasha was known to all Egypt as the ropemaker, because he had been employed so often by the Prince on errands of death. When men saw him coming they vanished if they could; if possible they avoided greeting him, were they ever so powerful.

"They are here, Mizraim, watcher of the morning?"

"They are at thy palace—I am here, light of Egypt."

"How knewest thou I was here?"

Mizraim salaamed. "A watch was set upon you this morning early. The watcher was of my slaves. He brought the word to me that thou wast here now. A watcher also was set upon thee, excellency," he turned to David. "He also was of my slaves. Word was delivered to his Highness that thou"—he turned to Nahoum again—"wast in thy palace, and Achmet Pasha went thither. He found thee not. Now the city is full of watchers, and Achmet Pasha goes from club to club, from house to house which thou wast wont to frequent—and thou art here!"

"What wouldst thou have me do, Mizraim?"

"Thou art here—is it the house of a friend or a foe?"

Nahoum did not answer. His eyes were fixed in thought upon the floor, but he was smiling—he seemed without fear.

"But if this be the house of a friend, is he safe here?" asked David.

"For this night, it may be," answered Mizraim, "till other watchers be set, who are no slaves of mine. To-night, here, of all places in Cairo, he is safe; for who

could look to find him here, where thou art who hast taken from him his place and office, saadat—on whom the stars shine forever! But in another day, if my lord Nahoum be not forgiven by the Effendina, a hundred watchers will pierce the darkest corner of the Bazaar, the smallest room in Cairo."

David turned to Nahoum. "Peace be to thee, friend. Abide here till to-morrow, when I will speak for thee to his Highness, and, I trust, bring thee pardon. It shall be so—but I shall prevail," he said, with slow decision; "I shall prevail with him. My reasons shall convince his Highness."

"I can help you with great reasons, excellency," said Nahoum. "You shall prevail. I can tell you that which will convince Kaïd."

While they were speaking, Hylda had sat motionless, watching. At first it seemed to her that a trap had been set, and that David was to be the victim of Oriental duplicity; but revolt, as she did, from the miserable creature before them, she saw at last that he spoke the truth.

"You will remain under this roof to-night, Pasha?" said David.

"I will stay if thy goodness will have it so," answered Nahoum, slowly. "It is not my way to hide, but when the storm comes it is well to shelter."

Salaaming low, Mizraim withdrew, his last glance being thrown towards Hylda, who met his look with a repugnance which made her face rigid. She rose and put on her gloves. Nahoum rose also, and stood watching her respectfully.

"Thee will go?" said David, with a movement towards her.

She inclined her head. "We have finished our business, and it is late," she answered.

David looked at Nahoum. "Thee will rest here, Pasha, in peace. In a moment I will return." He took up his hat.

There was a sudden flash of Nahoum's eyes, as though he saw an outcome of the intention which pleased him, but Hylda saw the flash, and her senses were at once alarmed.

"There is no need to accompany me," she said. "Besides, my cousin waits for me."

David opened the door leading into the courtyard. It was dark, save for the light of a brazier of coals. A short distance away, near the outer gate, glowed a star of red light, and the fragrance of a strong cigar came over.

"Say, looking for me?" said a voice, and a figure moved forward towards David. "Yours to command, Pasha, yours to command." Lacey from Chicago held out his hand.

"Thee is welcome, friend," said David, and shook his hand.

"She's ready, I suppose. Wonderful person, that. Stands on her own feet every time. She don't seem as though she come of the same stock as me, does she?"

"I will bring her if thee will wait, friend."

"I'm waiting." Lacey drew back to the gateway again and leaned against the wall, his cigar blazing in the dusk.

A moment later David appeared in the garden again, with the slim graceful figure of the girl who stood "upon her own feet." David drew her aside for a moment.

"Thee is going at once to England?" he said.

"To-morrow to Alexandria. There is a steamer next day for Marseilles. In a week or more I shall be in England, all being well."

"Thee must forget Egypt," he said.

"Remembrance is not a thing of the will," she answered.

"Thee will forget. It is a duty to do so. Thee is young, and it is spring with thee. Spring should be in thy heart. Thee has seen a shadow—let it not fright thee."

"My only fear is that I may forget," she answered.

"Yet thee will forget."

With a motion towards Lacey he moved to the gate. Suddenly she turned to him and touched his arm. "You will be a great man here in Egypt," she said. "You will have enemies without number. The worst of your enemies always will be your guest to-night."

He did not, for a moment, understand. "Nahoum?" he asked. "I take his place. It would not be strange; but I will win him to me."

"You will never win him," she answered. "Oh, trust my instinct in this. Watch him. Beware of him."

David smiled slightly. "I shall have

need to beware of many. I am sure thee does well to caution me. Farewell," he added.

"If it should be that I can ever help you—" she said, and paused.

"Thee has helped me," he replied. "The world is a desert," he continued. "Caravans from all quarters of the sun meet at the cross-roads. One gives the other food or drink or medicine, and they all move on again. And all grows dim with time. And the camel-drivers are forgotten; but the cross-roads remain, and the food and the drink and the medicine and the cattle helped each caravan upon the way. Is it not enough?"

She placed her hand in his. It lay there for a moment. "God be with thee, friend," he said.

The next instant Lacey's drawling voice broke the silence.

"There's something catching about these nights in Egypt. I suppose it's the air. No wind—just the stars and the ultramarine, and the nothing to do but lay me down and sleep. It doesn't give you the jim-jumps like Mexico. It makes you forget the world, doesn't it? You'd do things here that you wouldn't do anywhere else."

The gate was opened by the bowob and the two passed through. David was standing by the brazier, his hand held unconsciously over the coals, his eyes turned towards them. The reddish flame from the fire lit up his face under the broad-brimmed hat. His head was slightly bowed, thrust forward to the dusk. Hylda looked at him steadily for a moment. Their eyes met, though hers were in the shade. Again Lacey spoke.

"Don't be anxious. I'll see her safe back. Good-by. Give my love to the girls."

By the brazier David stood looking at the closed gate with a face whereon nothing seemed written, so still and placid was it; but the eyes were full of thought and wonder and trouble. He was not thinking of the girl; he had no anxiety on her account. It was but a few steps to her hotel, and Lacey was guarantee of her safety. There was no sentimental reverie in his look—already his mind was engaged in scrutiny of the circumstances in which he was set. He realized fully his situation. The idealism which had been born with him had met its reward in a labor herculean at the least, and the infinite drudgery of the practical issues came in a terrible pressure of conviction to his mind. The mind did not shrink from any thought of the dangers in which he would be placed, from any vision of the struggle he must have with intrigue and treachery and vileness. In a dim, half-realized way he felt that honesty and truth would be invincible weapons with a people who did not know them. They would be embarrassed, if not baffled, by a formula of life and conduct which they could not understand.

It was not these matters that vexed his thought now, but the underlying forces of life set in motion by the blow which killed a fellow man. This fact had driven him to an act of redemption unparalleled in its intensity and scope; but he could not tell—and this was the thought that shook his being—how far this act itself, inspiring him to a dangerous and immense work in life, would sap the best that was in him, since it must remain a secret crime, for which he could not openly atone. He asked himself as he stood by the brazier, the bowob apathetically rolling cigarettes at his feet, whether in the flow of circumstance the fact that he could not make open restitution, or take punishment for his unlawful act, would undermine the structure of his character. He was on the threshold of his career; action had not yet begun; he was standing like a swimmer on a high shore, looking into depths beneath which have never been plumbed by mortal man, wondering what currents, what rocks, lay beneath the surface of the blue. Would his strength, his knowledge, his skill, be equal to the enterprise? Would he emerge safe and successful, or be carried away by some strong undercurrent, be battered on unseen rocks?

He turned with a calm face to the door behind which sat the displaced favorite of the Prince, his mind at rest, the trouble gone out of his eyes.

"Uncle Benn! Uncle Benn!" he said to himself, with a warmth at his heart as he opened the door and stepped inside.

Nahoum sat sipping coffee. A cigarette



Drawn by Andre Castaigne

THERE SAT MOHAMMED WATCHING

was between his fingers. He touched his hand to his forehead and his breast as David closed the door and hung his hat upon a nail. David's servant Mohammed, whom he had had since first he came to Egypt, was gliding from the room—a large, square-shouldered fellow of near six feet, dressed in a plain blue yelek, but on his head the green turban of one who had done a pilgrimage to Mecca. Nahoum waved a hand after Mohammed and said:

"Where did you get your servant, excellency?"

"He was my guide to Cairo. I picked him from the street."

Nahoum smiled. There was no malice in the smile, only, as it might seem, a frank humor. "Ah, your excellency used independent judgment. You are a judge of men. But does it make any difference to your excellency that the man is a thief and a murderer—a murderer?"

David's eyes darkened, as they were wont to do when he was moved or shocked.

"Shall one only deal, then, with those who have neither stolen nor slain—is that the rule of the just in Egypt?" he answered.

Nahoum raised his eyes to the ceiling as though in amiable inquiry, and began to finger a string of beads as a nun might tell her paternosters. "If that were the rule," he said, after a moment, "how should any man be served in Egypt? Hereabouts is a man's life held cheap, else I had not been your guest to-night; and the Palace itself would be empty if every man in it must be honest. But it is the custom of the place for political errors to be punished by a hidden hand—we do not call it murder."

"What is murder, friend?"

"It is such a crime as that of Mohammed yonder, who killed—"

David interposed. "I do not wish to know his crime, friend. That is no affair between thee and me."

Nahoum fingered his beads meditatively. "It was an affair of the housetops in his town of Manfaloot. I have only mentioned it because I know what view the English take of killing, and how set you are to have your household above reproach, as is meet in a Christian land. So, I took it, would be your excellency's mind—which Heaven fill with light for Egypt's sake! that you would have none about you who were not above reproach, neither liars, nor thieves, nor murderers."

"But you would serve with me, friend," rejoined David, quietly. "You have men's lives against your account."

"Else had mine been against their account."

"Was it not so with Mohammed? If so, according to the custom of the land, then Mohammed is as immune as thou art."

"Excellency, like thee I am a Christian, yet am I also Oriental, and what is crime with one race is none with another. At the Palace two days past thou saidst thou hadst never killed a man; and I know that thy religion condemns killing even in war. Yet in Egypt thou wilt kill, or thou shalt thyself be killed, and thy aims will come to naught. When, as thou wouldst say, thou hast sinned, hast taken a man's life, then thou wilt understand. Thou wilt keep this fellow Mohammed, then?"

"I understand; and I will keep him."

"Surely thy heart is large and thy mind great. It moveth above small things. Thou dost not seek riches here?"

"I have enough; my wants are few."

"There is no precedent for him who holds office to withhold his hand from profit and backsheesh."

"Shall we not try to make a precedent?"

"Truthfulness will be desolate—like a bird blown to sea, beating 'gainst its doom."

"Truth will find an island in the sea."

"If Egypt is that sea, excellency, there is no island."

David came over close to Nahoum and looked him in the eyes.

"Surely I can speak to thee, friend, as to one understanding. Thou art a Christian—of the ancient fold. Out of the East came the light that lighteth every man who cometh into the world. Thy Church has preserved the faith—it is still like a lamp in the mist and the cloud in the East. It is higher than all faiths. Though there be truth in all, it has the higher truth. All others in these high places are Moslems; only thou art Christian. Thou saidst but now that thy heart was with my purpose. Thou saidst

that thou wouldst win back to place in Egypt by the way called Straight. Shall the truth that I would practise here not find an island in this sea—and shall it not be the soul of Nahoum Pasha?"

"Have I not given my word? Nay, then, I swear it by the tomb of my brother whom Death met in the highway, and because he loved the sun, and the talk of men, and the ways of women, rashly smote him out of the garden of life into the void. Even by his tomb I swear it."

"Hast thou, then, such malice against Death? These things cannot happen save by the will of God."

"And by the hand of man. But I have no cause for revenge. Foorgat died in his sleep like a child. But if it had been the hand of man, Prince Kaïd or any other, I would not have held my hand until I had a life for his."

"Yet thou art a Christian, friend—thou wouldst meet one wrong by another."

"Yet, I am an Oriental." Then, with a sudden change of manner, he added: "But thou hast a Christianity the like of which I have never seen. I will learn of thee, excellency, and thou shalt learn of me also many things which I know. They will help thee to understand Egypt and the place where thou wilt be set—if so be my life is saved, and by thy hand."

Mohammed entered, and came to David.

"Where wilt thou sleep, saadat?" he asked.

"The Pasha will sleep yonder," David replied, pointing to another room. "I will sleep here." He laid a hand upon the couch where he sat.

Nahoum rose, and, salaaming, followed Mohammed to the other room. "May the wolf follow thy footsteps and the lion be thy guard, excellency," he said to David, as he passed beyond the curtain.

"Peace be to thee, friend," was the answer.

In a few moments the house was still, and remained so for hours. Just before dawn the curtain of Nahoum's room was drawn aside, and he entered stealthily, and moved a step towards the couch where David lay. Suddenly he was stopped by a sound. He glanced towards a corner near David's feet. There sat Mohammed watching, a neboot of domwood across his knees.

Their eyes remained fixed upon each other for a moment. Then Nahoum passed back into his bedroom as stealthily as he had come.

Mohammed looked closely at David. He lay with his arm thrown over his head, resting softly, a moisture on his forehead as on that of a sleeping child.

"Saadat, saadat!" said Mohammed, softly, to the sleeping figure, scarcely above his breath, and then with his eyes upon the curtained room opposite, began to whisper words from the Koran:

"In the name of Allah, the Compassionate, the Merciful—"

CHAPTER XI

AGAINST THE HOUR OF MIDNIGHT

ACHMET, "the ropemaker," was ill at ease. He had been set a task in which he had failed. The bright Cairene sun starkly glittering on the French chandeliers and Viennese mirrors, and beating on the brass trays and braziers by the window, irritated him. He watched the flies on the wall abstractedly; he listened to the early peripatetic salesmen crying their wares in the streets leading to the Palace; he stroked his cadaverous cheek with yellow fingers; he listened anxiously for a footstep. Presently he straightened himself up, and his fingers ran down the front of his coat to see that it was buttoned from top to bottom. He grew a little paler. He was less stoical and apathetic than most Egyptians. Also he was absurdly vain, and he knew that his vanity would receive rough usage.

Now the door swung open, and a portly figure entered quickly. For so large a man Prince Kaïd was light and subtle in his movements. His face was mobile, his eye keen and human.

Achmet salaamed low. "The gardens of the First Heaven be thine, and the uttermost joy, Effendina," he said elaborately.

"A thousand colors to the rainbow of thy happiness," answered Kaïd mechanically, and seated himself cross-legged on a divan, taking a narghile from the black slave who had glided ghostlike behind him.

"What hour did you find him? Where

have you placed him?" he added after a moment.

Achmet salaamed once more. "I have burrowed without ceasing, but the holes are empty, Effendina," he returned, abjectly and nervously.

He had need to be concerned. The reply was full of amazement and anger. "You have not found him! You have not brought Nahoum to me!" Kaïd's eyes were growing reddish, no good sign for those around him, for any that crossed him or his purposes.

"A hundred eyes failed to search him out. Ten thousand piastres did not find him; the kourbash did not reveal him."

Kaïd's frown grew heavier. "Thou shalt bring Nahoum to me by midnight to-morrow!"

"But if he has escaped, Effendina?" Achmet returned desperately. He had a peasant's blood—fear of power was ingrained.

"What was thy business but to prevent escape? Son of a Nile crocodile, if he has escaped, thou too shalt escape from Egypt—into Fazougli. Fool, Nahoum is no coward. He would remain. He is in Egypt."

"If he be in Egypt, I will find him, Effendina. Have I ever failed? When thou hast pointed, have I not brought? Have there not been many, Effendina? Should I not bring Nahoum, who has held over our heads the rod?"

Kaïd looked at him meditatively, and gave no answer to the question. "He reached too far," he muttered. "Egypt has one master only."

The door opened softly and the black slave stole in. His lips moved, but scarce a sound travelled across the room. Kaïd understood, and made a gesture. An instant afterwards the vast figure of Higli Pasha bulked into the room. Again there were elaborate salutations and salaams, and Kaïd presently said:

"Foorgat?"

"Effendina," answered Higli, "it is not known how he died! He was in this Palace alive at night. In the morning he was found dead in bed at his own home."

"There was no wound?"

"None, Effendina."

"The thong?"

"There was no mark, Effendina."

"Poison?"

"There was no sign, Effendina."

"Diamond-dust?"

"Impossible, Effendina. There was not time. He was alive and well here at the Palace at eleven, and—"

Kaïd made an impatient gesture. "By the stone in the Kaaba, but it is not reasonable that Foorgat should die in his bed like a babe and sleep himself into heaven! Some evil spirit must have breathed death on him. Or it is a trick of the devil, and Foorgat is shamming death. Fate meant him for a violent end; but ere that came there was work to do for me. He had a gift for scenting treason—and he had treasure!" His eyes shut and opened again with a look not pleasant to see. "But since it was that he must die so soon, then the loan he promised must now be a gift from the grave—that is, if he be dead, if he be not shamming! Foorgat was a dire jester."

"But now it is no jest, Effendina. He is in his grave."

"In his grave! Bismillah! May thine eyes be blinded! In his grave, dost thou say?"

Higli's voice quavered. "Yesterday before sunset, Effendina. By Nahoum's orders."

"I ordered the burial for to-day. By the gates of Hell, but who shall disobey me!"

"He was already buried when the Effendina's orders came," Higli pleaded anxiously.

"Nahoum should have been taken yesterday," he rejoined, with malice in his eyes.

"If I had received the orders of the Effendina on the night when the Effendina dismissed Nahoum—" said Achmet, softly, and broke off.

"A curse upon thine eyes that did not see thy duty!" he replied gloomily. Then he turned to Higli. "My seal has been put upon Foorgat's doors? His treasure-places have been found? The courts have been commanded as to his estate—the banks—?"

"It was too late, Effendina," replied Higli hopelessly.

Kaïd got to his feet slowly, rage possessing him. "Too late—who makes it too late when I command?"

"When Foorgat was found dead, Na-

houm at once seized the palace and the treasures. Then he went to the courts and to the holy men and claimed succession. That was while it was yet early morning. Then he instructed the banks. The banks hold Foorgat's fortune against us, Effendina."

"Foorgat was a Mohammedan. Nahoum is a Christian. My will is law. Shall a Christian dog inherit from a true believer? The courts, the wakhfs shall obey me. And thou, son of a burnt father, shall find Nahoum! Kaïd shall not be cheated. Foorgat pledged the loan. It is mine. Allah scorch thine eyes!" he added fiercely to Achmet, "but thou shalt find this Christian gentleman, Nahoum."

Suddenly, with a motion of disgust, he sat down, and taking the stem of the narghile, puffed vigorously in silence. Presently in a red fury he cried: "Go —go—go, and bring me back by midnight Nahoum and Foorgat's treasures—to the last piastre. Let every soldier be a spy if thine own spies fail."

As they turned to go, the door opened again, the black slave appeared, and ushered David into the room.

David salaamed, but not low, and stood still.

On the instant Kaïd changed. The rage left his face. He leaned forward eagerly, the cruel and ugly look faded slowly from his eyes.

"May thy days of life be as a river with sands of gold, effendi," he said softly. He had a voice like music.

"May the sun shine in thy heart and fruits of wisdom flourish there, Effendina," answered David quietly. He saluted the others gravely, and his eyes rested upon Achmet in a way which Higli Pasha noted for subsequent gossip.

Kaïd pulled at his narghile for a moment, mumbling good-humoredly to himself and watching the smoke reel away; then, with half-shut eyes, he said to David:

"Am I master in Egypt or no, effendi?"

"In ruling this people the Prince of Egypt stands alone," answered David. "There is no one between him and the people. There is no Parliament."

"It is in my hand, then, to give or to withhold, to make or to break?" Kaïd chuckled to have this tribute, as he thought, from a Christian. His choice had indeed been good. His counsellor combined all the wisdom of the Western world with the philosophy of the East. He did not blink at Oriental facts—and he was honest.

David bowed his head to Kaïd's words, but there was a look in his eye which neither Higli Pasha nor Achmet misunderstood. He had but admitted a fact; he had not approved of it.

"Then if it be my hand that lifts up or casts down, that rewards or that punishes, or that takes from the rich man that which he ravaged from the poor, shall my arm not stretch into the darkest corner of Egypt to bring forth the traitor? Shall it not be so?"

"It belongs to thy power," answered David. "It is the ancient custom of princes here. Custom is law—while it is yet the custom."

Kaïd looked at him enigmatically for a moment, then smiled grimly—he saw the course of the lance which David had thrown. He bent his look fiercely on Achmet and Higli. "You have heard what the friend and counsellor of Kaïd has said. Truth is on his lips. I have stretched out my arm. Ye are my arm—to reach for and gather in Nahoum and all that is his." He turned quickly to David again. "I have given this hawk, Achmet, till to-morrow night to bring Nahoum to me," he explained.

"And if he fails—a penalty? He will lose his place?" asked David, with glacial but placid humor.

"More than his place," Kaïd rejoined, with a cruel smile. "By my mother's tomb, yes, though he be but a slave of Nubia!"

"Then is his place mine, Effendina," answered David, with a look which could give Achmet no comfort.

"You will bring Nahoum—you?" asked Kaïd in amazement.

"I have brought him," rejoined David. "Is it not my duty to know the will of the Effendina and to do it—when it is just and right?"

"Where is he—where does he wait?" asked Kaïd, eagerly.

"Within the Palace—here," replied David. "He awaits his fate in thine own dwelling, Effendina."

Kaïd glowered upon Achmet. "In the years which Time, the Scytheman, will cut from thy life, think, as thou fastest at Ramadan or feastest at Beiram, how Kaïd filled thy plate when thou wast a beggar, and made thee from a dog of a fellah into a pasha. Go to thy dwelling, and come here no more," he added sharply. "I am sick of thy yellow, sinful face."

Achmet made no reply, but as he passed beyond the door with Higli he said in a whisper: "Come—to Harrik and the army! He shall be deposed. The hour is at hand!" But Higli answered faintly. He had not the courage of the true conspirator, traitor though he was.

As they disappeared, Kaïd made a wide gesture of friendliness to David, and motioned to a seat, then to a narghile. David seated himself, took the stem of a narghile in his mouth for an instant, then laid it down again and waited.

"Nahoum—I do not understand," Kaïd said presently, his eyes gloating at what David had told him.

"He comes of his own will, Effendina."

"Wherefore?" Kaïd could not realize the truth. This truth was not Oriental on the face of it.

"Effendina, he comes to place his life in thy hands. He would speak with thee."

"How is it thou dost bring him?"

"He sought me to plead for him with your Highness, and because I knew his peril I kept him with me and brought him hither but now."

"Nahoum went to thee!" Kaïd's eyes peered abstractedly into the distance between the almost shut lids. That Nahoum should seek David, who had displaced him from his high office, was scarcely Oriental, when his every cue was to have revenge on his rival. This was a natural sequence to his downfall. It was understandable. But here was David safe and sound. Was it, then, some deeper, darker scheme of future vengeance? The Oriental instinctively pierced the mind of the Oriental. He could have realized fully the fierce, blinding passion for revenge which had almost overcome Nahoum's calculating mind in the dark night with his foe in the next room, which had driven him suddenly from his bed almost in a trance to fall upon David, only to find Mohammed watching—also with the instinct of the Oriental.

Some *future* scheme of revenge? Kaïd's eyes gleamed red. *There would be no future for Nahoum!*

"Why did Nahoum go to thee?" he asked again presently.

"That I might beg his life of thee, Highness, as I said," David replied.

"I have not ordered his death."

David looked meditatively at him. "It was agreed between us yesterday that I should speak plainly—is it not so?"

Kaïd nodded, and leaned back among the cushions.

"If what the Effendina intends is fulfilled, there is no other way but death for Nahoum," added David.

"What is my intention, effendi?"

"To confiscate the fortune left by Foorgat Bey. Is it not so?"

"I had a pledge from Foorgat—a loan."

"That is the merit of the case, Effendina. I am otherwise concerned. There is the law. Nahoum inherits. Shouldst thou send him to Fazougli, he would still inherit."

"He is a traitor."

"Highness, where is the proof?"

"I know. My friends have disappeared one by one—Nahoum. Lands have been alienated from me—Nahoum. My income has declined—Nahoum. I have given orders and they have not been fulfilled—Nahoum. Always, always some rumor of assassination, or of conspiracy, or the influence and secret agents of the Sultan—all Nahoum. He is a traitor. He has grown rich while I borrow from Europe to pay my army and to meet the demands of the Sultan."

"What man can offer evidence in this save the Effendina who would profit by his death?"

"I speak of what I know. I satisfy myself. It is enough."

"Highness, there is a better way: to satisfy the people, for whom thee lives. None should stand between. Is not the Effendina a father to them?"

"The people! Would they not say Nahoum had got his due if he were blotted from their sight?"

"None has been so generous to the poor, so it is said by all. His hand has been upon the rich only. Now, Effendina, he has brought hither the full

amount of all he has received and acquired in thy service. He would offer it in tribute."

Kaïd smiled sardonically. "It is a thin jest. When a traitor dies, the state confiscates his goods!"

"Thee calls him traitor. Does thee believe he has ever conspired against thy life?"

Kaïd shrugged his shoulders.

"Let me answer for thee, Effendina. Again and again he has defeated conspiracy. He has blotted it out—by the sword and other means. He has been a faithful servant to his prince at least. If he has done after the manner of all others in power here, the fault is in the system, not in the man alone. He has been a friend to thee, Kaïd."

"I hope to find in thee a better."

"Why should he not live?"

"Thou hast taken his place."

"Is it, then, the custom to destroy those who have served thee, when they cease to serve?" David rose to his feet quickly. His face was pale and shining with a strange excitement. It gave him a look of exaltation, his lips quivered with indignation. "Does thee kill because there is silence in the grave?"

Kaïd blew a cloud of smoke slowly. "Silence in the grave is a fact beyond dispute," he said cynically.

"Highness, thee changes servants not seldom," rejoined David meaningly. "It may be that my service will be short. When I go, will the long arm reach out for me in the burrows where I shall hide!"

Kaïd looked at him with ill-concealed admiration. "Thou art an Englishman, not an Egyptian; a guest, not a subject—under no law save my friendship." Then he added scornfully: "When an Englishman in England leaves office, no matter how unfaithful, though he be a friend of any country save his own, they send him to the House of Lords—or so I was told in France when I was there. What does it matter to thee what chances to Nahoum? Thou hast his place with me. My secrets are thine. They shall be all thine—for years I have sought an honest man. Thou art safe whether to go or to stay."

"It may be so. I heed it not. My life is as that of a gull—if the wind carry it out to sea, it is lost! As my uncle went I shall go one day. I doubt not thee will never do me ill, Englishman or no Englishman; but does thee think I do not know that I shall have foes at every corner, behind every mushrabieh screen, on every mastaba, in the pasha's courtyard, by every mosque? Do I not know in what peril I serve Egypt?"

"Yet thou wouldst keep alive Nahoum! He will dig thy grave deep—and wait long."

"He will work with me for Egypt, Effendina."

Kaïd's face darkened. "What is thy meaning?"

"I ask Nahoum's life that he may serve under me, to do those things we planned yesterday, you and I—the land, taxation, the army, agriculture, the Soudan! Together we will make Egypt better and greater and richer—the poor richer, even though the rich be poorer."

"And Kaïd—poorer?"

"When Egypt is richer, the Prince is richer, too. Is not the Prince Egypt? Highness, yesterday—yesterday thee gave me my commission. If thee will not take Nahoum again into service to aid me, I must not remain. I cannot work alone."

"Thou must have this Christian Oriental—to work with thee?" He looked at David closely, then smiled cynically, but with friendliness to David in his eyes. "Nahoum has prayed to work with thee—be a slave where he was master? He says to thee that he would lay his heart upon the altar of Egypt?" Sardonic questioning humor was in his voice.

David inclined his head.

"He would give up all that is his?"

"It is so, Effendina."

"All save Foorgat's heritage?"

"It belonged to their father. It is a due inheritance."

Kaïd laughed sarcastically. "It was got in Mehemet Ali's service."

"Nathless it is a heritage, Effendina. He would give that fortune back again to Egypt in work with me, as I shall give of what is mine, and of what I am, in the name of God, the all merciful!"

The smile faded out of Kaïd's face, and wonder settled on it. What manner of man was this! His life, his fortune for Egypt, a country alien to him, which he had never seen till six months ago! What kind of being was behind the dark, fiery eyes and the pale, impassioned face?

Was he some new prophet? If so, why should he not have cast a spell upon Nahoum? Had he not bewitched himself, Kaïd, one of the ablest princes since Alexander or Amenhotep? Had Nahoum then been mastered and won? Was ever such power? In how many ways had it been shown! He had fought for his uncle's fortune, and had got it at last yesterday without a penny of backsheesh. Having got his will, he was now ready to give that same fortune to the good of Egypt—but not to beys and pashas and eunuchs (and that he should have escaped Mizraim was the marvel beyond all others!), or even to the Prince Pasha; but to that which would make "Egypt better and greater and richer—the poor richer, even if the rich be poorer!" Kaïd chuckled to himself at that. To make the rich poorer would suit him well, so long as he remained rich. And if riches could be got, as this pale Frank proposed, by less extortion from the fellah and less kourbash, so much the happier for all.

He was capable of patriotism, and this Quaker dreamer had stirred it in him a little. Egypt, industrial in a real sense; Egypt, paying her own way without tyranny and loans; Egypt, without corvée, and with an army hired from a full public purse; Egypt, grown strong and able to resist the suzerainty and cruel tribute —that touched his native goodness of heart, so long in disguise; it appealed to the sense of leadership in him; to the love of the soil deep in his bones; to regard for the common people—for was not his mother a slave? Some distant nobleness trembled in him, while yet the arid humor of the situation flashed into his eyes, and getting to his feet, he said to David: "Where is Nahoum?"

David told him, and he clapped his hands. The black slave entered, received an order, and disappeared. Neither spoke, but Kaïd's face was full of cheerfulness.

Presently Nahoum entered and salaamed low, then put his hand upon his turban in submission. There was submission, but no cringing or servility in his manner. His blue eyes looked fearlessly before him. His face was not paler than its wont. He waited for Kaïd to speak.

"Peace be to thee," Kaïd murmured mechanically.

"And to thee, peace, O Prince," answered Nahoum. "May the feet of Time linger by thee and Death pass thy house forgetful!"

There was silence for a moment, and then Kaïd spoke again. "What are thy properties and treasure?" he asked sternly.

Nahoum drew forth a paper from his sleeve and handed it to Kaïd without a word. Kaïd glanced at it hurriedly, then said: "This is but nothing. What hast thou hidden from me?"

"It is all I have got in thy service, Highness," he answered boldly. "All else I have given to the poor; also to spies—and to the army."

"To spies—and to the army?" asked Kaïd slowly, incredulously.

"Wilt thou come with me to the window, Effendina?"

Kaïd, wondering, went to the great windows which looked on to the Palace square. There, drawn up, were a thousand mounted men as black as ebony, wearing shining white metal helmets and fine chain-armor and swords and lances, like medieval crusaders. The horses, too, were black, and the mass made a barbaric display belonging more to another period in the world's history. This regiment of Nubians Kaïd had recruited from the far south, and had maintained at his own expense. When they saw him at the window now, their swords clashed on their thighs and across their breasts, and they raised a great shout of greeting, their black eyes rolling.

"Well?" asked Kaïd, with a ring to the voice.

"They are loyal, Effendina, every man. But the army otherwise is honeycombed with treason. Effendina, my money has been busy in the army paying and bribing officers, and my spies were costly. There has been sedition—conspiracy; but until I could get the full proofs I waited; I could but bribe and wait. Were it not for the money I have spent, there might have been another Prince of Egypt."

Kaïd's face darkened. He was startled, too. He had been taken unaware. "My brother Harrik—!"

"And I should have lost my place—lost all for which I cared. I had no love for money; it was but a means. I spent it for the state—for the Effendina, and to keep my place! I lost my place, however, in another way."

"Proofs! Proofs!" Kaïd's voice was hoarse with feeling.

"I have no proofs against Prince Harrik—no word upon paper. But there are proofs that the army is seditious, that at any moment it may revolt."

"You kept this secret?" questioned Kaïd, darkly and suspiciously.

"The time had not come. Read, Effendina," he added, handing some papers over.

"But it is the whole army!" said Kaïd, aghast, as he read. He was convinced.

"*There is only one guilty!*" answered Nahoum. Their eyes met. Oriental fatalism met inveterate Oriental distrust, and then instinctively Kaïd's eyes turned to David. In the eyes of the Inglesi was a different thing.

The test of the new relationship had come.

Ferocity was in his heart, a vitriolic note was in his voice as he said to David, "If this be true—the army rotten, the officers disloyal, treachery under every tunic—Bismillah, speak!"

"Shall it not be one thing at a time, Effendina?" asked David. He made a gesture towards Nahoum.

Kaïd motioned to a door. "Wait yonder," he said darkly to Nahoum. As the door opened and Nahoum disappeared leisurely and composedly, David caught a glimpse of a guard of armed Nubians in leopard-skins filed against the white wall of the other room.

"What is thy intention towards Nahoum, Effendina?" David asked presently.

Kaïd's voice was impatient. "Thou hast asked his life—take it; it is thine; but if I find him within these walls again until I give him leave, he shall go as Foorgat went."

"What was the manner of Foorgat's going?" asked David quietly.

"As a wind blows through a courtyard gate and the lamp goes out, so he went, in the night. Who can say? Wherefore speculate! He is gone. It is enough. Were it not for thee, Egypt should see Nahoum no more."

David sighed, and his eyes closed for an instant. "Effendina, Nahoum has proved his faith—is it not so?" He pointed to the documents in Kaïd's hands.

A sardonic smile passed over Kaïd's face. Distrust of humanity, incredulity, cold cynicism, were in it. "Wheels within wheels, proofs within proofs," he said. "Thou hast yet to learn the Eastern heart. When thou seest white in the East, call it black, for in an instant it will be black. *Malaish,* it is the East! Have I not trusted—did I not mean well by all? Did I not deal justly? Yet my justice was but darkness of purpose, the hidden terror to them all. So did I become what you find me and believe me—a tyrant, in whose name a thousand do evil things of which I neither hear nor know. Proof! When a woman lies in your arms is not the moment to prove her fidelity. Nahoum has crawled back to my feet with these things, and by the beard of the Prophet they are true!"—he looked at the papers with loathing. "But what his purpose was when he spied upon and bribed my army I know not. Yet it shall be said, he has held Harrik back—Harrik my brother. Son of Hell and the slime of the Nile, have I not spared Harrik all these years!"

"Hast thou *proof,* Effendina?"

"I have proof enough; I shall have more soon. To save their lives, these, these will tell—I have their names here!" He tapped the papers. "There are ways to make them tell. Now, speak, effendi, and tell me what I shall do to Harrik."

"Wouldst thou proclaim to Egypt, to the Sultan, to the world, that the army is disloyal? If these guilty men are seized, can the army be trusted? Will it not break away in fear? Yonder Nubians are not enough—a handful lost in the *mêlée.* Prove the guilt of him who perverted the army and sought to destroy thee. Punish him."

"How shall there be proof save through those whom he has perverted? There is no writing."

"There is proof," answered David calmly.

"Where shall I find it?" Kaïd laughed contemptuously.

"I have the proof," answered David gravely.

"Against Harrik?"

"Against Prince Harrik Pasha."

"Thou—what dost thou know?"

"A woman of the Prince heard him give instructions for thy disposal, Effendina, when the Citadel should turn its guns upon Cairo and the Palace. She



Drawn by Andre Castaigne Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

WHEN THEY SAW HIM, THEY RAISED A GREAT SHOUT OF GREETING

was once of thy harem. Thou didst give her in marriage, and she came to the harem of Prince Harrik at last. A woman from without who sang to her—a singing-girl, an *al'mah*—she trusted with the paper to warn thee, Effendina, in her name. Her heart had remembrance of thee. Her foster-brother Mohammed Hassan is my servant. Him she told, and Mohammed laid the matter before me this morning. Here is a sign by which thee will remember her, so she says. Zaida she was called here." He handed over an amulet which had one red gem in the centre.

Kaïd's face had set into fierce resolution, but as he took the amulet his eyes softened.

"Zaida. Inshallah! Zaida, she was called. She has the truth almost of the English. She could not lie ever. My heart smote me concerning her, and I gave her in marriage." Then his face darkened again, and his teeth showed in malice. A demon was roused in him. He might long ago have banished the handsome and insinuating Harrik, but he had allowed him wealth and safety—and now . . .!

His intention was unmistakable.

"He shall die the death!" he said. "Is it not so?" he added grimly to David, and gazed at him fixedly. Would this man of peace plead for the traitor, the would-be fratricide?

"He is a traitor; he must die," answered David, slowly.

Kaïd's eyes showed burning satisfaction. "If he were thy brother, thou wouldst kill him?"

"I would give a traitor to death for the country's sake. There is no other way."

"To-night he shall die."

"But with due trial, Effendina?"

"Trial—is not the *proof* sufficient?"

"But if he confess, and give evidence himself, and so offer himself to die?"

"Is Harrik a fool?" answered Kaïd, with scorn.

"If there be a trial and sentence is given, the truth concerning the army must appear. Is that well? Egypt will shake to its foundations—to the joy of its enemies."

"Then he shall die secretly."

"The Prince Pasha of Egypt will be called a murderer."

Kaïd shrugged his shoulders.

"The Sultan—Europe—is it well?"

"I will tell the truth," Kaïd rejoined, fiercely.

"If the Effendina will trust me, Prince Harrik shall confess his crime and pay the penalty also."

"What is thy purpose?"

"I will go to his palace and speak with him."

"Seize him?"

"I have no power to seize him, Effendina."

"I will give it. My Nubians shall go also."

"Effendina, I will go alone. It is the only way. There is great danger to the throne. Who can tell what a night will bring forth?"

"If Harrik should escape—"

"If I were an Egyptian and permitted Harrik to escape, my life would pay for my failure. If I failed, thou wouldst not succeed. If I am to serve Egypt, there must be trust in me from thee, or it were better to pause now. If I go, as I shall go, alone, I put my life in danger! Is it not so?"

Suddenly Kaïd sat down again among his cushions.

"Inshallah! In the name of God, be it so. Thou art not as other men. There is something in thee above my thinking. But I will not sleep till I see thee again."

"I shall see thee at midnight, Effendina. Give me the ring from thy finger."

Kaïd passed it over, and David put it in his pocket. Then he turned to go.

"Nahoum?" he asked.

"Take him hence. Let him serve thee if it be thy will. Yet I cannot understand it. The play is dark. Is he not an Oriental?"

"He is a Christian."

Kaïd laughed sardonically and clapped his hands for the slave.

In a moment David and Nahoum were gone.

"Nahoum, a Christian! Bismillah!" murmured Kaïd scornfully, then fell to pondering darkly over the evil things he had heard.

Meanwhile, the Nubians in their glittering armor waited without in the blistering square.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

To the Credit of the Sea

BY LAWRENCE MOTT

A FURIOUS surf beat on the Labrador coast with heavy crashings and long-drawn rolls, like that of distant drums. The northeast gale hurled itself spitefully at the low, wild lands, hissing and yowling across the tundra, shrieking spasmodically when some miserable stunted bush or tree stood in its way.

At the mouth of the Forteau River the monster combers rushed towards the bar foaming, their gray-crested heads high, under sides dark green and sullen.

The little group of fishermen's houses stood forlorn, apparently forsaken, trembling at each whining blast. Evening was coming; already the shores of Newfoundland, ten miles away, were fading, sinking into nothingness, and the white wastes of angry peaks between became whiter and seemed to run more viciously.

As the sun set, pale yellow and small, its last feeble rays flickering with chilling effect of the fierce storm scene, a woman came out of one of the houses. She clutched a shawl about her head, endeavoring to stand against the strength of the blow. With keen, eager eyes she stared out past the long Point, where the spray tossed and drifted in clouds.

"He bain't comin' yit," she muttered; "zure 'tis a bad breeze!"

She worked her way to a pile of lobster-traps and crouched behind them, watching, unconsciously listening to the weird whistlings of the wind among the laths and nettings. Darker and darker it became, until she could not see the Point, strain as she would. The towering breakers stormed at her feet, coming out of the gloom at terrible speed, falling shattered and helpless on the bar.

Then it was night. The seas rose up towards her, looming with snarls and curlings for an instant. She could not see their end on the bar; but the sound was intensified, and she shivered.

"Tide's a-raisin'!" she said then, as the tumult grew less and less out in the blackness.

No star sparkled in the high heavens; nothing there but swiftly moving masses of cloud, that tumbled and rolled and twisted over one another in their mad rush.

"Him an' Joe 'll got ter mind out this night!" She drew the shawl closer about her throat, waiting, undisturbed by the edge of frost bitterness in the wind. "They be thar!" she called to herself, standing up in her excitement, as from the impenetrable darkness, out of the noises of the angry sea, a tiny light appeared, far away. Up and down and sideways it bobbed and lurched, sometimes vanishing entirely, then climbing up and up until almost a star on the low horizon. She watched the nearing boat intently, fearing to lose the light. It came on steadily, shaking to and fro, staggering, slanting in course away from her. She looked over her shoulder.

"T' light es—!"

A gasp of surprise. The window next the sea was dark!

"What 'ave un done?" she screamed, the sound whirled away as her lips moved. Stumbling, falling to her knees over driftwood and stones, she reached the house. "To'mie, what 'ave un done?"

Silence, but for the yelling drone of the wind around the building. She caught sight of a glimmer on the floor—just a feeble spark.

"To'mie," she called again, feeling her way. Her breath caught in her lungs with fear as her hands came in contact with a little body. She felt it all over. It was still.

"To'mie! To'mie!"

With frantic haste she searched for matches, upsetting the table, knocking over chairs, bruising herself against them.

"Oh-oh-oh!" she stuttered with halting, trembling sounds in her throat as she found the box. A scrape, a dull blue

splutter, then the yellow flare of pine. She held it over her head. The child lay at her feet, eyes closed, the small round face gray-white. Sneaking glowworms of fire still ate their slow way on his little shirt. The arms and hands were tossed in pain on the dirty boards. The match went out then, its red embers gleaming in her fingers.

"Oh-oh, To'mie, what 'ave un done?" she cried, monotonously.

Then she remembered her husband—the storm. "There's na light! He'll be gone astray! Oh God!" she whimpered, tears streaming down her face.

She got another match going, found a candle. The only lamp was smashed to atoms, the broken glass glimmering at her feet, shining with the oil that had not taken fire. Wildly she jammed the candle in a crack of the wall and rushed out. The wind snatched at her form, dragging it, hurling it back, her skirts flapping about her with loud cracklings.

She stared out into the night, her eyes, little by little, accustomed to the darkness. She found the tiny light then; it was almost abreast of her, keeping away.

"He's lost an' thar be no lamp for un!" she shrieked, and shrieked again, the wind mocking her, vying its strength with hers. Inch by inch of her vision the light on the tumbling waters passed.

"He's a-goin' on Welcome Rocks ef I can't stop un afore he gets too far to beat in!"

Clawing at her dress, she watched the light, fascinated by the danger, the gale casting her long hair loose, tossing it about her face. She ran in again.

"To'mie!" in a whisper of agony—the little figure unconscious before her. A thought came. She tore the small kindlings from the wood-heap, set the heavy table by the window with Herculean strength, ripped off her skirt with desperate pulls, mopped the still fresh oil on the floor with it, and touched the heap with the candle. It flamed up instantly, the red tongues leaping and twining in the stillness of the interior. From time to time she fed the blaze with wood of every kind. Spoons with wooden handles, the chopping-bowl, anything that would burn, and the fire *did* burn, scorching the low rafters. All the time she whispered, "To'mie, To'mie!"

She dashed out then, the blaze going well on the table, eating its way through the wood with snappings and showers of sparks.

"He be comin' right!" she murmured, seeing the light advancing towards her.

"To'mie boy!" she patted the little still hands, "I had ter save un an' ye didn't know!" She got water and bathed the child's face, carefully tearing away the burned clothes. The big eyes opened.

"W'ere is dadda?"

"Comin', darlin'; un 'll be here right soon, right soon!"

Her head dropped on his neck and the scalding tears flowed fast.

Hurtling spasms of the gale shook the walls, rattled the doors on their hinges, made the puny window-supports creak and retch. The woman rose slowly and got the candle, dreading what she feared to see. By the wavering shine the child's burns were vividly apparent. The mother quivered in sympathetic pain. She stripped the little figure tenderly, the thin small voice calling for "dadda."

Rough woman of a rough life, she knew nothing of remedies, and wrapped the boy in a coarse blanket whose mat was torture to the raw spots.

"Dad-da! Dad-da!" he called again and again.

"Un 'll be here!" she crooned, caressing the fevered forehead.

Leaving the child on the low bed, she went out into the darkness once more, while the fire on the table burned strongly. The gale was powerful as ever. Tearing at her, it forced her behind the angle of the building. The boat's light was close on to the river's mouth now; she could see the two men tending sails and watching their chance to run into the calm waters of the high-tide bay.

"Eh-h!" she screeched, involuntarily, as a long hungry sea curled towards the boat. She held her breath! The little vessel rose bravely, stern to the heavens, bow to the bottom,—and the growling water passed beneath. It floated quietly then on the still waters of a full tide in the land bay. The two men shoved ashore with the help of long oars dipped to the shallows.

The woman was on the shingle, waiting, when the blunt bow struck with sandy gratings. One man sprang out, alighting

heavily on the stones. He swung round, seeing the woman.

"Ye wass near makin' we astray!" He hauled in on the bow hauser. "Yiss, an' for why ye did na have the light 'arly?" he grumbled again, pulling away at the rope. "'Tis the bist load we-un got many a trip, an' ye coome putty clost to losin' it, 'n' we!"

"Man!" she called in his ear, to make her words audible above the screaming wind, "To'mie's burned hisself bad! Fell down th' lamp whin I war a-watchin' for ye!"

The rope slackened in the big man's hands.

"Naw?" he said. She nodded. Stalwart and huge he looked in his oilskins, the ocean's reek dripping from cap and sleeves.

"Pull—aw-ay!" A voice came from the boat that drifted off the shore. He hauled in diligently till the short bowsprit struck him on the chest. The other man hopped out, lantern in hand.

"Hold her, Joe!" The big man grabbed his wife by the wrist and half ran, half dragged her to the house.

The candle flared and twinkled as ever. He let go of the woman and went to the bed.

"Dad-da! Dad-da!"

"Zure, zon, I'm right here, a-lookin' out fur ye, my fine boy!"

One small hand clenched the big cold one tensely.

"Dad-da! Da—" the frail voice ceased.

He stared at her blankly, the suddenness of it numbing his big simple mind. The fire on the table starved to a death of many glows, and the candle-fat dropped on the floor with spl-uts that were audible between the heavier attacks of the wind.

Like some being from a long-gone time the tall, powerfully gaunt Labrador fisherman stood by the woman dazedly. The gleam of the faint light shone on his oilskins, glistened on the scales that covered the front of his jacket, danced by reflection on the ponderous boots, and showed great drops gathering slowly in the deep-set, pain-laden eyes.

With a sob and a curse he fell on his knees by the child, the sound of his sorrow filling the interior harshly. The woman, too, knelt.

"What 'll we to do?"

He looked up and around the room, his helplessness and lack of knowledge burning through the moisture of his eyes.

"Un 'll ha' to go to Hawks Bay!" she whispered. He turned a white face to her.

"In that?" his great shaking fist towards the door. They listened, lips apart, his tongue moving in his mouth with a slight clucking.

Shriek on shriek, gasping, moaning, then howling, the wind drove on, tearing at the house, rattling the long shingles overhead with noises like the clattering of dried bones. And over it all the ceaseless surging *boom—boom—boom* of a terrible sea, that crackled and roared, its strength piled up for thousands of miles, venting itself on the rugged coast, that flung back the waters crushed and broken in great masses of spume and spray, that gurgled and eddied to the depths again.

"In that?" he muttered.

"Aye, man—fur t' boy!"

He got to his feet, trembling. "'Tis na I'm afeared, Kyrie, but God knaws ef t' boat 'll live yonder—hear un, woman, hear un!"

Crash—boom—swssssht! and a short silence; then, thundering furiously, the breakers rushed in again, a pandemonium of lather and foam and sound.

He went to the door, bracing himself there, staring out into the whirling, screeching night with calculating eyes.

"Mabbe me an' Joe 'll git her outen West Channel; ef we doan't, God help us!"

The lantern came up from the bay shore.

"She's fine for t' night, bow an' starn anchor holdin' good. A'n't it fearful?" The other man entered.

The father grabbed him by the arm: "Me an' you 'll gotter git ta Hawks Bay to-night!"

The other stared at him, and a grin spread over the bronzed, weather-beaten face.

"Na, na, man; ye're jokin'!"

"Joe! Joe!"—the woman crawled at his feet—"t' boy is burned so bad, an' t' doctir over Hawks Bay 'll save un! Won't 'e go with Jack?"

His eyes focussed themselves on her for an instant, then followed her finger as she pointed to the child. He stiffened



Drawn by George Harding

ALL THE TIME SHE WHISPERED, "TO'MIE, TO'MIE!"

at the sight of the small bundle on the bed.

"West Channel, Jack?" he grunted, pushing the woman's hands away from his knees.

"Yiss; that be our wan hope!"

"God bless both o' ye, an' may ye be payed by Un as ye desarv'! Oh, lads, remember me a-waitin', a-watchin' for ye ta coome wi' th' doctir!" The woman flung herself by the child's body, racked with tears.

She was alone.

Jack crawled aboard the boat first.

"T' fish 'll do fo' ballust," he shouted.

The other nodded, his lips moving, but Jack could not hear the words for the yelling of the wind in the rigging. They triple-reefed the mainsail and left the foresail snuggled on its boom.

"Single on t' jib!" Jack shouted.

Hand over hand they dragged the stern anchor aboard.

"She's afloat an' free!" Joe screamed as he cast off the bow-line.

A hundred yards from the calm waters of the little bay the raging seas foamed and banged at the bar. The broad-beamed craft wouldn't obey her helm quickly enough.

"Shove her out!" Jack ordered. The other pushed her bow round with a sweep, and crouched to windward as he felt her lean and shiver. Straight for the gigantic seas they went.

"God be wi' us!" Jack called.

"Aye, an' we'll need Un!" Joe hung out over the rail as the stanch boat scurried out.

Jack watched his chance, luffing when mountains of water came, easing away afterwards.

"Let she slip!" Joe shouted with all the strength of his lungs. Jack kept her away hard. Just when they were on the bar a great watery height rose up against them, its crest curling white in the darkness, reflecting yellow in the feeble lantern-light.

"God!" Joe whispered, cringing against the beams. Up and up, fairly pointed towards the sullen waves, the boat rose, shaking her stubby bowsprit clear of the dark waters. The comber passed beneath, and she slid down the other side squashingly, darting spray on each bow.

"A' right now, Joe!"

"Keep away a shade; 'tis a nor'easter, an' Hawks Bay lies east ha' south!"

Plunging, dashing, climbing into the long lines of seas, they worked ahead slowly, soaked to the skin, hungry and tired after the long day's cod-hauling, but determined—"fur t' sake o' t' boy."

The *Susan Jenkins,* fishing-schooner out of Gloucester, bound home from the Banks with 40,000 pounds of cod under her hatches, streaked through the Strait of Belle Isle at daylight under double reefs, her decks hidden in smother and dashing spray.

"Lucky we come inside the straits this v'y'ge!" the burly man at the wheel sang out, his great paws gripping the spokes. The skipper nodded, never taking his eyes from the long, semi-hidden coast of Labrador to starboard.

"Keep her away a p'int!"

"Aye, aye!" and the bows fell off, swaying up and down.

"Steady as ye go!"

"Steady it is!"

Left alone, the helmsman swept the dreary wastes with a comprehensive glance. Everywhere liquid mountains that moved on their foundations, growing in size as the light became stronger. They tumbled helter-skelter after the schooner, threatening to pile on her decks; as they reached her taffrail they threw her towards the clouds with a sickening lift, and a heart-raising drop afterwards. She shivered from keelson to truck, from stem to stern, under the pounding blows, staggering like a wounded thing. The man shifted his chew of tobacco to the other cheek and spat vigorously.

"Goddam lucky!" he swore to himself, easing his fingers on the wheel. On the port side the heights of Newfoundland loomed gray and indistinct through the salt haze and drift.

"We're *a-movin'!*" as hill after hill slid by.

With shrill squeaks and eerie whinings the wind shot through the rigging, tugging at the canvas, making the bolt-ropes clack loudly against the main-boom. He watched the stick buckle and straighten; casting his eyes aloft, he noted the arc of the ship's roll at every sea, and he spat again. Brighter and brighter came

the day, showing the vastness of the raging waters and the rank on rank of swiftly moving wind-clouds. Swinging his face to starboard then, his eyes stopped suddenly and he leaned forward against the kicking wheel. He peered for a moment.

"Ahoy bel-ow!" he shouted, quickly, his big voice sounding strong and clear. The skipper's tousled head appeared instantly.

"Boat upsot; man on her, b' th' look of it!"

"Where away?"

"'Bout three p'int t' starboard!"

The other, in old trousers and shirt, carpetbagging slippers on his feet, braces flapping about his legs, gazed fixedly.

"Yer right, by hell!"

Slipping and cursing along the deck, he got to the forecastle-hatch.

"Tumble up, ye divvils, lively now! Boat adrift with a man aboard. All hands to their post, an' the cook at the fore-sheet!"

Like bees from a disturbed hive the men clambered out, growling at each other when some one was slow on the ladder. The skipper was aft already.

"Now then, ye lubbers"—he trumpeted through his hands—"when I sings out, claw in on yer sheets like hell fury!"

One eye on the men scurrying about the slippery decks, the other on the turtled boat that came into sight and vanished often, a dark thing clinging to it, his wits worked fast.

"Luff! *Luff,* ye fool!"

"Ain't I?" the other grumbled, climbing the spokes. Nearer and nearer to the boat, tearing through the seas, catching their brunt on her quarter now, the schooner plunged on, flinging the green high at every leap. The skipper's muscles tightened under his clothes as the schooner swung ahead with awful speed, the gale hissing about his ears, forcing the spume in his nose and mouth —almost abreast of the boat now.

"Stand by!" he shrieked. The men laid to the ropes waiting. "Up with her, quick! Claw in, ye beggars! Damn ye, *claw in!*"

He jumped to the wheel and yanked the spokes over, the helmsman pushing with all his strength.

"Hard down! Ha-a-rrd down!" His breath whined between his teeth as he labored.

Staggering frightfully, the schooner forced her bows into the weight of the seas. The skipper let go the wheel and dashed amidship to the rail. Just under their bows was the overturned boat, a man hugging the round bottom with knees and nails.

"Away!" he yelled, waving his arm.

The schooner fell off, grazing the sullen load beneath. A sailor in the chains made a wild grab and missed. The skipper saw it and cursed. A huge sea lifted the lone man, the skipper reached out, clinging to the ratlines with one hand, and fastened his steel-like fingers in the castaway's jacket. A wrenching heave, a grunt of effort, and the wrecked fisherman sprawled on the deck, the boat bumping and banging alongside.

Sails snapping with reports of guns, sheet-ropes writhing and curling about, nests of dories clanging and clattering, the schooner faced the storm.

"Keep her off, dang ye, keep her *off!*"

Paying no further attention to the rescued man, the skipper was all over the decks at once. A haul here, a pull there, a shove and an oath beyond, till the schooner was on her course again, fleeing before the seas. He drew the sweat from his face, drawing a deep breath.

"Pretty cussed fine, that was!" he remarked in a shout to the man at the wheel.

"Dam ef 'twasn't!" the latter answered, shifting his chew, admiration in his eyes.

"Does a feller good to wake up onct a while!" He went over to where the stranger was sitting, propped against the mainmast. "Hello, friend! Dang near went ter Davy Jones that cruise!"

No answer. The big body in oilskins sagged, a tremor passing over it now and then. The skipper watched. Then the man lifted his head. The whiteness of the face and the pain in the eyes startled the skipper.

"Too bad 'bout th' boat, man, but ye're in fair luck to be alive!"

"'Tis no t' bo-at, zor; 'tis t' boy! Me an' Joe wass a-goin' fur t' doctir t' Hawks Bay!"

The skipper looked to port quickly.



Drawn by George Harding

DAY AFTER DAY SHE WATCHED AND WAITED

"We're past now, friend, an' ye know we couldn't beat her back in this! Th' lads w'uld kick, too, incause we've a big first cargo of No. 1's aboard, an' prices 'll be high for all hands at T. Wharf!" As he spoke, a lump that would not be choked down rose in his throat. "Poor divvil!" he muttered, angry at his own helplessness. "God A'mighty! s'posin' 'twas one o' my kiddies!"

The giant figure rose slowly, stumbled aft, and stood watching the fast-vanishing shores of Labrador with poignant sadness, tears dripping, mingling with the salt of the sea and rolling down his jacket. He stretched out his arms then, and a wild, heart-broken sound burst from his lips. The man at the wheel trembled in superstitious awe.

"To'mie boy, I couldna git to make it, lad; I did for me best, I did. Forgi'e yer da-da. Joe's gone, a-blessin' ye an' wishin' me luck whin t' big sea tuk him! *A-blessin'* ye, lad, an' t' God must hear un; mabbe un's a-talkin' wi' t' God now!"

The huge form wavered an instant and fell inert at the skipper's feet.

"God A'mighty!" he knelt beside it. "Poor divvel! I'll set him ashore here next trip, sure's my name's Johnson, s'posin' I lose three days!"

He ordered the man to be carried forward, and saw personally to it that he was fed and clothed and that a big whiskey was given him.

Nearly all the rest of the day the skipper paced the decks in silence, now and then stopping to watch the wild seas curl hungrily at his ship, and sneering at them when they were disappointed by her buoyancy.

"Keep her to her course; hold her to it!"

"Aye, aye!" the man at the wheel answered. "Hold her to it 'tis!"

Two months, and three, passed since Ellison's disappearance from Forteau, Labrador.

The night he and Joe started out for the doctor, the woman cried and prayed in her uncouth way. The child became conscious and called for "da-da." She tried to soothe his pain, and thought of oil. She ran out in the semi-daylight and filled a pannikin with the stinking, heavy fluid in one of the many tubs that were ranged behind the net-house. She stood peering into the mists of spray for an instant.

"T' God dat es a-watchin' us all be wi' ye!" she murmured.

Through the days and nights following she bathed the child's burns in the rancid oil of cods' livers. And day by day the young life grew stronger and stronger. On the sixth day she became anxious, the child out of danger, for her husband.

"Should 'a' be' back the now!" she muttered.

Far and away, stretching out to a vast distance, the spotless wastes of calm waters met her eyes. The noon haze caused the long slow heave and fall of the sea to be as waving masses of blue under a pure sky. Monotonously calm but for the sluggish swell of a storm somewhere beyond, the ocean was quiescent, showing each little puff of wind in wrinkles on its huge breasts. The Newfoundland shore, ten miles away, stood out of the waters, gray and grim and far distant, an indistinct line of solidity against the moving, heaving sea.

Day after day she watched and waited, a grim fear tugging at her mind. Each night she lighted a fire on the beach, "So'z he kin zee th' way in!"

As the days filed by, some with their calm, others with their wild, tumbling storms, she waited, hoping against hope.

One afternoon, Dan Bearn, of Black Bay, dropped anchor in the high-tide harbor and came ashore.

"I got this to gie ye, Kyrie, an' I'm fearful zad!" He handed her a damp, soggy piece of wood with the letters K. E. on it, almost obliterated.

She stared at it, a gripping pain at her heart.

"T'ank ye, Dan!"

The rough fisherman went away, and she listened to the creak of his oars as he pulled out to his boat.

"To'mie!" she gasped, brokenly, seizing the child in her arms—"To'mie!" The tears came then and draggled her face, soaking into her rough blouse. "Da-da's gone f'om us, To'mie; thar's jest me an' you now!"

The boy laughed in childish glee.

"To'mie an' mam togedder!" he gurgled, his arms about her neck. "Dat nice!" whispering in her ear.

She tried to make him understand, but in vain.

"To'mie an' mam togedder, an' da-da!" was the only answer from the red little lips. She put him to sleep then and went out into the silent night.

Glistering with the reflections of the stars, the ocean sobbed and moved sullenly, crinkling on the beach with lappings and soft murmurings.

"Jack!" she whispered, throwing her arms to the moving waters—"Jack!"

No answer to her heart's cry but the sodden beat, beat, beat of the long swells on the bar.

"Where be ye, Jack?" she screamed.

Thr-r-om — thro-o-om — swa-a-asht! the sea answered her. For hours she waited, tending her fire, that every fisherman on the coast knew as "Widder Ellison's Light."

Then she gave up hope, living her lonely life, tending the lobster-pots, setting and hauling *his* nets.

Dan Bearn dropped anchor again in the little bay.

"Will ye marry me, Widder Ellison?"

She looked into his honest eyes with great sadness.

"Naw, Dan! I'm a-waitin' fur Jack! He be not dead, an' I knows ut! Naw man w'uld t' God above kill w'en he wass a-goin' fur t' sake o' hiss child!"

And the fisherman went away again, no anger or bitterness in his heart; only sorrow that "Sh' is mad entirely!"

Alone with the growing, laughing boy Kyrie lived, tending her nets and pots by day, feeding her fire on the beach by night. September came, and with it the hurtling gales of the equinoctial storms. It was hard to keep her fire going these nights, because the wind dragged the wood away fast as she piled it.

One evening she built up a huge cairn of timber, weighting it down with stones. She stared out across the strait keenly. *Boom — bo-om — bo-om!* the breakers thundered, and Kyrie shuddered.

"'Twass sich a night he an' Joe wass gone!" she whispered, lighting the heap with a kerosene-soaked rag.

The mass flamed and flared, shooting into the wind with droning heat. The woman watched the blaze for a time, while the seas thundered and foamed at her feet, while the wind jerked at her clothes.

"I hope no wan goes ashore on Welcome Rocks this night," she murmured, and went into the house.

"Da-da's comin'!" the child said in sound sleep, and the mother sobbed outright.

"Ef he only wass comin', To'mie!"

She fell on the bed, crying and sobbing bitterly.

The wind screeched about the house as of old, whirling around the cracks viciously, moaning away. The woman's sorrow stilled then, and the only sound in the house was the pound, pound, pound and clash of raging seas, beating themselves to nothingness on the bar. Great whirling clouds dashed over the skies, gray-black and repulsive in the gloom. Heavier and heavier came the blow, fiercely echoing and screaming. The continuous crashing *ro-am — bo-om— sws-sht* of the combers drowned out the sound of the wind, and the woman slept.

Excited rough voices woke her. "Un's no chanst ter live on Welcome Rocks in *this* gale!"

The words sifted slowly into her brain.

"'Tis un ship ashore!" She fought herself into her clothes and ran out.

Lanterns moved here and there on the beach, and in their light the snarling, furious waves rolled with frightful weight, raking the shore with foam and yellow bubblings.

"She's a-goin'!" Kyrie heard a fisherman yell.

She saw then the masts of a schooner, hard and fast on the Welcome Rocks, the ship itself smothered in spray. Aye, and she could hear the rasping sound of wood grinding. The masts vanished then, and the fishermen gathered on the shore were silent.

"God help un!" she said.

Bodies drifted to the land; beaten by the ponderous seas, bruised, quite dead. One by one she saw them pulled from the angry frother. Then, faintly showing in the light of the many lanterns, a man's head showed in the surf.

"T'ere's 'un alive!" somebody shouted. They linked hands and reached out as far as they dared in the undertow.

"Got un!"

The last man dragged in two forms, nearly senseless.

"Praise be t' un's God!" Kyrie whispered.

The bodies were on the beach.

"'Tis Widder's Jack!" a voice roared.

Scarce believing her ears, Kyrie went to them. Seeing, she dropped on her knees.

"Jack! Jack! ye've coomed agin!"

The man's eyes opened. "Kyrie," he whispered—"Kyrie."

They disengaged his fingers from the neck and wrist of the man he had saved. The latter moved slightly, staring at Ellison.

"Man!" he muttered, in a dazed, weak voice. "What happened? Oh, my God! I know; we went astray!" He got to his knees haltingly, staring out on the raging waters, the wind whisking the drops from his matted hair.

"My ship?" he groaned, turning in agonizing fear from face to face of the circle about him. Here and there a head shook solemnly—and he understood. He staggered to the edge of the beach, the group parting before him silently. Lapping at his feet, foam ripples, remnants of mighty seas, splashed and receded. Tears streaming from his rough, unkempt chin, he peered through the clouds of stinging spray that drove over the beach with hissings and cold strength. "My ship!" He shook a trembling, knotted fist towards the depths. "Damn ye to hell!" His tones were steel-like in their fury. "Damn ye! I hope you're satisfied now!" The skipper turned, and he saw the line of bodies. "My boys! my ship! my everythin'!—Who brought me ashore?" he snarled then.

"I did!" Ellison stood before him. The two watched each other's eyes. A faint smile stole over the skipper's face.

"God, man! I saved ye onct to bring yer back home; ye've saved me in return, fur what? Ye don't know! 'Tis best ye shouldn't!" He looked seaward once more and a fierce ague seemed to grasp him. He wavered, almost fell.

"Thar!" he said, holding out a clammy hand. "Shake, Jack. I said I'd put ye ashore here, an' I kept my word, didn't I?" Holding Ellison by a powerful grip, he swung his head, "Where's his wife?"

Kyrie darted forward.

"Is—is his boy alive?"

"T'ank un God, yiss!" she sobbed. Ellison's face lighted up with a rare glow. The skipper saw it.

"Now don't tell me th' devil never did a kind job!" His head sank on his chest.

"Not t' say that, mister!" Kyrie screamed, so that her words might be heard above the storm sounds. "Put un down t' th' credit o' the sea!"

He looked at her, his eyes shining strangely.

"Aye," and again the great fist shook towards the roaring billows, "put it down to the credit of the sea!"

Prescience

BY HELEN JULIET SHAFTER

IN expectation of the rain
The hills in languor lie—
With upturned looks, too proud to feign
Indifference to the sky.

A moment's hush, then from above
With sudden music, low
The mists, descending, hide a love
Whose joy is to bestow.

Studies of Natural Death

BY ELIE METCHNIKOFF

Professor at the Pasteur Institute, Paris

THE reader will perhaps be astonished to ascertain how little knowledge science can boast with respect to the problem of death. Whereas in religions, philosophies, literature, and popular traditions the question of death occupies a notably preponderant place, in scientific works it has been accorded but limited consideration. This regrettable fact may perhaps to a certain point explain—though it can hardly justify—the accusations sometimes brought against science, which devotes its time to matters of detail and neglects the great problems of human existence, such as death. When Tolstoi, haunted by the desire to decipher that problem, searched for its solution in the treatises of scientists, he found none but indefinite or insignificant answers. His indignation was thereupon kindled against those men who study all sorts of things by him judged useless, such as the world of insects, the composition of tissues and cells, and are unable to tell us what is the destiny of man and the meaning of death. We do not intend to try to solve those problems, but wish simply to give a glance over the actual state of the question of natural death.

When we speak here of natural death we mean the phenomenon resulting necessarily from the organization of a being, and not from accident. In current language, death by illness is called natural. But illness is avoidable, and not a fatal result of the properties inherent to our organization.

It was formerly thought that natural death was the inevitable end of all life, and that the principle itself of an organism contained the germ of its end. It was therefore a matter of surprise to discover that in many among the inferior organisms death only follows upon accident, and that these creatures, if protected from all violent interference, do not die. Organisms composed of a single cell (such as the Infusoria and many other Protozoa and inferior plants) reproduce themselves by division, and are transformed into two or three new beings; the mother organism has, as it were, dissolved into its progeny without having suffered any real death.

Among plants of high order, as well as microscopic vegetations, instances are not wanting of the absence of natural death. Life may have unlimited duration, provided the intimate parts of the organism expended in vital functioning be renewed.

From this it must not be concluded that natural death is unknown in the vegetable kingdom. Quite the other way. Cases are encountered at every step of plants dying without being deprived of life by any external agency. Even among organisms of closely related species some will be found exempt from natural death and others subject to it.

Natural death can be put off by preventing a plant from producing seed. Thus Professor Hugo de Vries prolonged the life of his Œnothera by cutting every blossom before fecundation.

It is usual to mow the rye-grass of lawns before it begins to blossom, in order to prevent the ripening of the seed and the death of the plant. Under these circumstances rye-grass remains green and lives for several years.

It is a question whether the natural death of superior plants, which it has been agreed to ascribe to exhaustion, cannot better be explained as the result of poisoning, brought about in the course of their vital functioning. Plants often produce poisons such as can kill animals and men. Why should they not produce poisons such as can injure themselves? There is nothing improbable in the sup-

position that certain of these poisons develop exactly at the moment of the maturation of the seed. By preventing the maturation one would prevent the poisoning of the whole organism. This hypothesis perfectly fits the numerous cases of natural death while the soil is still far from exhausted. The equally numerous cases of partial death, such as the death of flowers while the same stalk is producing other flowers, might be explained by a local action of the poison, insufficient to affect the whole plant.

While, however, the idea of the autointoxication of superior plants is for the time being only a hypothesis, we are justified in accepting as true the idea of the natural death of bacteria and yeast microbes through poisoning, occasioned by their own proper products.

The instances of natural death in the animal world are conspicuous, in comparison with those in the vegetable world, for their greater variety and complexity. There seems no doubt that this manner of death established itself independently in the different groups of animals.

Fifty years ago an American naturalist, Dana, discovered on the surface of the sea a little animal of so singular a character that he named it "Monstrilla." It is a small crustacean, akin to the Cyclops so common in ponds. But while the latter are furnished with all that is necessary to capture and digest their food, the Monstrilla has neither apparatus for seizing prey, nor digestive tube. It is richly provided with muscles, nervous system, organs of sense, and sexual organs; it only lacks what is necessary to prolong life by alimentation. The Monstrilla is doomed therefore to natural death.

Among the Ephemera, who offer one of the best examples of natural death, the end comes after a few hours of life in the perfect state, without the slightest sign discoverable of any degeneration of the organs. As there are other Ephemera (Chloe), who, without taking food, live several days, it is improbable that the short life of the first is brought to an end by inanition. These instances of natural death can better be attributed to autointoxication, the effect of which makes itself felt at different times, according to circumstances.

Among the superior animals—Vertebrata—conditions are less favorable than among the Invertebrata for the study of natural death. Among the former all possess sufficiently well-developed digestive organs, and live therefore much longer than those inferior animals which have no such organs. Natural death therefore very seldom occurs among the vertebrates, who mostly die from external causes, such as cold and hunger, or else are devoured by their enemies or killed by infectious or parasitical diseases. There is therefore only humankind left for the study of natural death among beings endowed with a superior organization.

The death of the aged, which is often described as natural death, is, in the great majority of cases, due either to infectious diseases, and especially pneumonia (which takes a very insidious form), or to attacks of apoplexy. True natural death is very rare among humankind. Demange* describes it as follows: "Having reached the extremity of age, retaining still the last glimmerings of a fading intelligence, the old man feels debility gaining upon him day by day; his limbs refuse to obey his failing will, his skin becomes insensible, dry, and cold; warmth withdraws from his extremities, his face grows thin, his eyes hollow, and his eyesight dull; speech dies upon his lips, which remain agape; life forsakes the old man from the circumference to the centre; his breathing becomes labored, and finally his heart ceases to beat. The old man has thus gently gone out, appearing for the last time to fall asleep."

Among humankind there can be no question of exhaustion from procreation as a cause of natural death, or of inanition, as in the case of the Monstrillas. It is much more likely that such death is owing to an autointoxication of the organism. This hypothesis rests upon the marked analogy between natural death and sleep, and the probability that the latter is simply the result of poisoning by the harmful elements generated by the activity of our organs.

The theory that sleep is the result

* *Etude Clinique sur la Vieillesse.* Paris, 1886. Page 145.

of an autointoxication of the organism was first broached about fifty years ago. It has been sustained by many eminent scientists, among whom I may mention Obersteiner, Binz, Preyer, Errera. The first two attribute sleep to an accumulation in the brain of products of exhaustion, which are carried off by the blood during rest. An attempt has even been made to gain accurate knowledge of the nature of these narcotic substances. Various scientists believe it to be an acid which is stored during the activity of our organs in too great quantity to be tolerated. During sleep the organism casts off this excess of acid products.

Preyer,* going deep into the study of this problem, put forth the hypothesis that the functioning of all the organs generates products designated by him under the name of *ponogena,* which occasion the sensation of fatigue. According to him, these substances are gathered during wakefulness and destroyed during sleep through oxidation. Preyer believes it to be lactic acid which plays the most important part among the *ponogena,* which view is supported by the narcotic effect of that substance. If Preyer's theory should prove correct, a remarkable analogy would be shown between the autointoxication by lactic acid of men and animals overcome by sleep, and the bacteria which produce the same acid and whose fermentescent activity stops as a result of the accumulation of that substance.

The theory of Preyer has so far, however, not been confirmed. Errera† holds a different one, according to which not acid products, but certain alkaline substances, described by Armand Gautier under the name of *leucomaines,* are held to be the cause of sleep. Gautier has ascertained that these substances act upon the nervous centres, occasioning weariness and desire for sleep. They might therefore very well, according to Errera, be the cause of sleep, which might be supposed to come about at the moment of the greatest accumulation of these leucomaines in the organism. The latter scientist believes the somniferous action of the *ponogena* to be direct, and to consist of an intoxication of the nervous centres. He believes that the substances in question are eliminated during sleep and the disturbance brought about by them in great measure repaired.

Every stage in the progress of science has had its effect upon the study of the extraordinarily complex and interesting problem of sleep. At the time when an important influence was ascribed to alkaloid substances (ptomaines) in infectious diseases, the attempt was made to show that sleep was brought about by the working of analogous substances. Nowadays, the conviction having been reached that in such diseases the preponderant action belongs to poisons of an extremely complex chemical composition, the attempt is made to explain weariness and sleep by the influence of such poisons.

Among researches in this line, those especially of Weichardt* have in recent times attracted attention. This young scientist vigorously sustains his position that during the functioning of the organs an accumulation is produced of particular substances which are neither organic acid nor leucomaines, but which bear a likeness rather to the poisonous products of parthenogenous microbes.

Weichardt keeps certain laboratory animals executing fatiguing movements without interruption for hours, after which they are sacrificed. Under these conditions the muscular extract is found to be very poisonous; when injected into normal animals, these give evidence of extraordinary weariness, and sometimes, in the course of from twenty to forty hours, they die. Every effort to determine the chemical nature of the fatigue-producing substance having failed, it is impossible to speak of it with precision. Among its properties is one of especial interest. When introduced into the circulation of normal animals in a quantity insufficient to produce death, it provokes the formation of a counter-poison, even as diphtheritic poison occasions the production of diphtheritic antitoxin.

When Weichardt injected the poisonous mixture productive of exhaustion with small doses of antidote serum, the animals showed no sign of physical disturbance. The neutralizing action of the counter-

* *Revue Scientifique.* 1887, p. 1173.

† *Revue Scientifique.* 1887, 2d semestre, p. 105.

* *Münchener medicinische Wochenschrift.* 1904, Verhandlungen der physiologischen Gesellschaft zu Berlin.

poison made itself felt even when introduced through the mouth. As a result of his researches, Weichardt believes he will be able to obtain a substance preventive of fatigue.

Although it is as yet impossible to speak authoritatively upon the nature of the substances which accumulate during the functioning of the organs and occasion fatigue and sleep, it more and more appears probable that such substances exist, and that sleep is really due to a sort of autointoxication of the organism. This theory has so far stood unshaken by any argument. In recent times Ed. Claparède,* a Genevese psychologist, has raised his voice against the prevalent theory of sleep. He holds that it is contradicted by the fact that the new-born sleep much, while the aged sleep little. But this can be readily explained by the much greater sensibility of the nervous centres in the child, who manifests likewise a greater sensibility with regard to a number of injurious factors. The other objections of Claparède, such as the favoring action upon sleep of a walk in the open air, the state of sleepiness after excess of sleep, can nowise be considered incompatible with the theory of autointoxication. They are facts of a secondary order, and depend probably upon some complication which it is impossible in the actual state of our knowledge to determine precisely.

Many well-authenticated facts, on the other hand, are found to be in perfect harmony with the theory of autointoxication. Without speaking of the sleep brought on by narcotic poisons, we can instance the "disease of sleep." It has been perfectly demonstrated that this disease is the work of a microscopic parasite, the *Trypanosome gambien* of Dutton, which develops in the blood and spreads through the liquid of the coats wrapping the nervous centres. One of the typical characteristics of an advanced stage of this disease is a state of continuous sleep. From all that is actually known in medical science, it cannot be doubted that this state of sleep is due to an intoxication produced by the poison of the Trypanosome.

Claparède opposes to the toxic theory of sleep another theory which he calls "instinctive." According to him, sleep should be regarded as the manifestation of an instinct "the object of which is the suspension of function: it is not because we are poisoned or exhausted that we sleep, but we sleep in order to avoid becoming so." For bringing into work this narcotic instinct, however, the concurrence is needed of certain physiological conditions, one among which might easily be an intoxication of the nervous centres. Hunger is an instinctive sensation, like the desire for sleep; but it is only felt when our tissues have reached a certain state of exhaustion, which we are not yet able precisely to define. There is no essential contradiction therefore between the toxic and the instinctive theories of sleep. The two theories merely consider a particular condition of the organism from two different sides.

The analogy between sleep and natural death permits the supposition that the latter is the result likewise of an autointoxication, much deeper and graver than that producing sleep.

It may be supposed that as in sleep an instinctive need of rest is manifested, in natural death is manifested man's instinctive aspiration toward death.

The most convincing fact in proof of the existence in man of an instinct of natural death seems to me that reported by Toxarsky, in relation to an old woman. In the lifetime of Toxarsky, I begged an acquaintance of his to obtain for me the details of this most interesting case, of which I had found but an incomplete statement. Toxarsky unfortunately could add nothing to what he had published in his article. I believe, however, that I have found the source from which his instance had been taken. In his book upon the physiology of taste,* which had its day of celebrity, Brillat-Savarin relates the following: "I had a great-aunt, ninety-three years old, who was dying. Although for some time confined to her bed, she had retained all her faculties, and her condition was only betrayed by her loss of appetite and the weakening of her voice. She had always shown a fondness for me, and I was near her bed, affectionately ready to wait on her, which did not prevent my watching

* *Archives des Sciences Physiques et Naturelles.* Genève, Mars, 1904, V.

* Paris, 1834, 4th Edition. VII., p. 118.

her with the philosophical eye I have ever had for the things and events surrounding me. 'Are you there, nephew?' she asked, in a scarcely audible voice. 'Yes, aunt; I am here at your service, and I think you would do well to take a little good old wine.' 'Give, *mon ami;* one can always swallow liquid.' I hastened; raising her gently, I made her take half a glass of my best wine. She brightened for a moment, and looking at me with eyes which had once been very fine, 'Thank you,' she said, 'for this last favor; *if ever you reach my age, you will find that death becomes a need, just like sleep.*' These were her last words; half an hour later she had fallen asleep forever. We unmistakably have here an instance of the instinct of natural death. The instinct was shown at a relatively early age, in a person who had retained all her intellectual faculties."

We are at present studying a lady not far from one hundred and five years of age. Her physical strength has suffered a marked diminution and her senses a loss of acuteness, but her sentiments and intelligence are still in good preservation. She does not express the need to die, but she has become totally indifferent with regard to her death, which constitutes probably the prelude to the instinct of natural death.

Monsieur Yves Delage,* a well-known zoologist, in an analysis of my studies upon human nature, expresses his doubts as to the existence of an instinct serving neither for the preservation of the individual nor that of the species. In his mind the idea of the instinct of death is nonsense. I cannot share the view of my learned critic. Both in man and in animals many harmful instincts are known to exist, which have nothing to do with insuring life or reproduction. To this class belong the anomalies of the sexual instinct, so frequent among mankind, as well as the instinct which impels parents to devour their young, or that which attracts insects to the fire. These instincts are for the greater part injurious to the individual and the species.

The idea that this instinct of natural death is in all probability accompanied by as peaceable and pleasant a sensation as can be conceived will still further increase its beneficent effect upon humanity. We have no precise knowledge with regard to this sensation, but the few data possessed upon accidental death permit a conception of its agreeable nature.

It is undeniable that in a great many cases of death, such as we actually witness, the cessation of life is accompanied by painful sensations. There are, however, diseases and fatal accidents in which the approach of death brings no pain. In our own experience, during an attack of intermittent fever, when the temperature had in a short space of time fallen more than forty-one degrees below normal, we were conscious of a sensation of extraordinary weakness, resembling no doubt that which foreruns death. As a matter of fact, the sensation was grateful rather than painful. In two cases of poisoning by morphine the sensation was as agreeable as possible: a gentle faintness, accompanied by such lightness of body that one felt as if afloat in the air.

Those observers who have given their attention to the sensations of persons who have narrowly escaped death report facts of the same character. Professor Heim, at Zurich, has given an account of a fall during a mountain climb, in which he came near losing his life, and accounts of other accidents of the kind befalling Alpine tourists. In every case he has described an attendant feeling of beatitude.

If in cases of death by illness we meet this sensation of beatitude, all the more might it be expected in natural death. Preceded by the loss of the instinct of life and the acquisition of the instinct of natural death, the latter must be held to be the best ending, in accordance with the true principles of human nature.

We do not pretend to offer the reader a complete doctrine of natural death. This chapter upon the science of death is hardly more than begun, but it is already beyond question that the study of the phenomena of natural death in the vegetable and animal world, as well as among humankind, will furnish information of the highest interest from the standpoint of science and of humanity.

* *Année biologique.*

Turned Out to Grass

BY GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN

JOHN BLAISDELL looked out over the soft-bosomed mountains, glimmering river, and crude green of a near strip of woodland which made up the "view" from Walter Harkness's new house, and said, "I envy you."

If the passion of envy always left a man's face so placidly kind, it would hardly need placing on the list of deadly sins. Perhaps he should have said "congratulate," yet that would not have been all the truth. No,—it was envy, rarefied and harmless.

The city lay behind him like a foul dream. The murky office where he had worked half-heartedly these many empty years—he thought of it with the distaste of one who has cracked a bad nut between his teeth. And the heat! He had fled to the hills that morning with the consciousness of heat apoplexy perched upon his shoulder like black care, not leaving him until he tumbled into the inchoate but welcoming bosom of the Harkness family, saying feebly, "I—thought you wouldn't mind." Harkness, having relieved him of collar and coat, stretched him in a hammock on the unfinished veranda, where Mrs. Harkness, with maternal purring, brought him a mint julep and a palm-leaf fan. The children were down by the brook, she said, and would go crazy as soon as they caught sight of him.

Harkness had bought the wonderful old farm in March. Orchards, meadows, and wood-lot of a hundred years' cultivation, old Dutch farmhouse to make an architect's eyes shine over the remodelling of it, so much could be done without injuring its fine, strong lines. It was long, low, rooted to the soil, with a giant of a chimney whose fireplaces—in the kitchen the crane and hooks had been bricked in just as they hung—were already restored to their old uses. The roof would bear a discreet pair of dormers, and a wide veranda would in no way hurt the solid and primitive dignity of style. Then, with the cellar cemented and the water brought up from the brook with a ram, there seemed little left in this world for a man's desire, particularly when one ranged in the foreground of these possessions the five pretty faces which belonged to Harkness—the prettiest of the five being that under the busy sunbonnet in the berry-patch, whither Mrs. Harkness had departed after administering the julep.

The changes were now progressing, the noise of them having but just subsided for the day.

Blaisdell, having lit a cigar, nestled deeper into the hammock like a tired child and drowsily repeated his placid declaration of envy.

To his surprise, Harkness, after drawing on his pipe for a moment in silence, blurted out, "Well, I don't know—"

Blaisdell raised himself on his elbow and stared.

"Not a fly in the ointment so soon?"

"Flies have a way of getting into ointment," grumbled Harkness. "One must expect it, I suppose."

Blaisdell studied his downcast face anxiously. "The title's all right." That was his first thought, the responsibility of searching it having lain upon his own shoulders.

"Legally, yes. Practically, there seem to be two opinions, and if old Van Ander pesters me much more, he'll have me doubting whether I've any moral right to the place at all."

"Van Ander? What kick has he got? You paid him in full."

"He wants to eat his cake and have it too. He offered to buy it back the day the men began to rip things open; but, hang it! I'd signed the contract for the repair-work — even if I'd been willing otherwise to give it up. You have to draw the line at altruism *somewhere*, and he didn't even have the full sum that I'd paid him. His daughters — a sort of

Goneril and Regan pair—had already got away with about a third of it. He lives with Goneril, down the hill a bit. You can see the chimney and the window of his little attic room." He pointed with the stem of his pipe. "There, between the cedars. It wasn't visible when we first came, but he had a big cedar cut down so that he could watch us better. He has a spy-glass. It's trained on us now, unless he's sneaking around the farm, mourning over weeds in the corn and potatoes."

In the far-away black eye of the window Blaisdell fancied he detected some kind of movement, a lighter blur the size of a face, and then, like the light in the pupil of an eye, a gleam as of sun striking on glass.

"Comes here and snarls at the workmen for spoiling the house," mourned Harkness. "A dozen times a day I'll hear him tune up, always beginning the same way—'It's none of my business.' For instance: 'It's none of my business, but you never can keep warm at them fireplaces in winter. We had 'em bricked up a-purpose. I done it myself, me an' the hired man, thirty year ago, come Thanksgiving. You'll be mighty glad to come back to stoves, I can tell ye.' Or: 'It's none of my business'—this was when the furnace came—'but I wouldn't have one o' them infernal machines in my cellar for a thousand dollars. Forget to put water in 'em some day, and then where'll ye be? Powder-mill blew up, over yonder, ten year ago; killed two men. You could see the smoke twenty mile.' And if it's all *I* can do to keep civil, you can imagine the effect on the workmen. One of them came down from the roof the other day and stuck his chin in the old man's face. 'If it's none of your business, dry up an' go home! Your mother oughtn't to let you out.' Van Ander got white and turned tail. But the carpenter repented, being Irish, and next day, when Van Ander came slinking up, they sat on a pile of lumber, smoking sociably through the noon hour. What the old fellow said I don't know, but as the Irishman climbed up to the roof again, I heard him say, 'Looney!' Maybe he's right. *I* don't know. Van Ander thinks I am. He spreads accounts of my insanity through the neighborhood, helps himself to my fruit, prowls around the house at night—I've often looked out and seen him in moonlight or early sunrise sitting all huddled up on a pile of lumber."

"Have you threatened to arrest him for trespass?"

"Oh no; you couldn't, you know."

"Shucks! Tell him to go and buy another farm. You can't blame yourself for anything."

"I don't blame myself, exactly. Yes, why *doesn't* he buy another farm? That's what I asked him. He says he's too old to begin over again. Seems to blame me for *that*. Yet he's only fifty-five."

"But—fifty-five— I'm forty-nine myself. Fifty-five isn't old."

"And I'm forty-five. No. You'd think he could begin again."

"Fifty-five! That isn't old. You're just ready to settle down and enjoy things at fifty-five. At fifty-five you ought to have done enough drudgery so that you can sit down with a good appetite to the—well, the essential things that one can only give half an eye to while one is hurrying about on the business of daily bread. For instance, I've been planning—how would you like me for a neighbor? I just ache to scratch around in the dirt and make things grow. And we could get up golf-links and a tennis-court for the kiddies, and winters I'd put in writing law-books—"

He had wandered from the Van Ander problem, his enthusiasm having broken away coltishly into imaginary green pastures. He sat up astride of the hammock and looked about at the landscape, now taking on the vague yellow and purple bloom of late afternoon. "What's the use of staying shut up in an office when you can have all this? 'Go out and possess the land.' I thought I'd build a lodge of about four rooms with a big fireplace. I suppose I could get a native female to come in and clean up."

Harkness brightened, then grew doubtful. "It sounds good, and your headpiece is enough better than Van Ander's, so you might stand it all right, but—giving up one's occupation—for myself, I'd be afraid to stop painting."

"But you artist fellows—that's different. That's the way your brain is made in the beginning. You can't stop. But



Drawn by Harold Matthews Brett

Half-tone plate engraved by L. C. Faber

"YOU CAN NEVER KEEP WARM AT THEM FIREPLACES IN WINTER"

a profession, like law, is accident and environment."

"Maybe. It would be great luck, having you for a neighbor. But Van Ander was so chipper at the idea of quitting work. Said he was being turned out to grass. Always believed in turning old horses out to grass when they'd worked hard all their lives. His children were married, and he was lonesome all by himself. He'd board around with them. They could take care of the old man, he guessed, seeing as how he'd made 'em each a present of a house and lot when they got married. Well, he has stayed with Goneril ever since. Her attic window gives him a view of *us*."

"Goneril and Regan—are they so terrifically Shakespearian as all that?"

"Shakespeare knew most things—among others the singular effect which somebody else's money has on the primitive mind. The Van Ander Goneril and Regan aren't good-looking, as one imagines the Misses Lear to have been. Regan—who might not be so bad if he'd give her a chance—is fat and snubby, and has eight or ten children. Her real name is Lyddy Ann. Goneril's name is Claribel, and she's built like a hat-rack. She hasn't any children, only a cat, who comes up here now and then after a chicken. She called on Lucy when we first came, and stayed all the afternoon. Lucy nearly went crazy trying to entertain her. She kissed Lucy when she went away. Lucy said it was like being caressed by a file or a dried herring, except that it was slimy as well as dried up.

"She wears a very blue silk shirt-waist, and a picture-hat with pink roses, and white cotton gloves, and sings in the choir. Hereabouts she's considered quite stylish. And she's a good housekeeper, with all kinds of mats to wipe your feet on; and she wouldn't let poor old Van Ander take Moses, his dog, to her house, because dogs clutter 'round. You'll remember Lear's daughters wouldn't let him have followers, either. I've been reading *Lear* lately; thought I might get points from it. That's what they finally split on—the followers. Goneril thinks her cat is enough pets for the family, and doesn't see why her father needs his dog around, when the cat is willing and ready to sit in his lap at any time. He came up here and gave me the dog and told me his troubles. That was before he went back on me. He was grateful to me then for taking the beast. Now he seems to think I won him away by craft and guile. Strange thing, a point of view! Perhaps digestion affects it a good deal. They live on coffee and ham and canned tomatoes down at Goneril's."

A long and elaborate peal upon a Japanese gong—this manner of announcing dinner was the familiar task of a small Harkness—called them into the house. The glow of sunset struck across the dinner-table, emphasizing the shining chafing-dish and the large glass dish of red and yellow raspberries. The children kept up an incessant chirping, while Mrs. Harkness, busy and content, extended her motherly care even to Blaisdell and to the dog Moses, who watched from the doorway.

Remembering how pale and winter-killed those ruddy faces had been before the farm was bought, Blaisdell rejoiced in the clear tan which now masked them all. Even the pink and white of the two-year-old had taken on a golden tinge. He was a quiet person, but with a tendency to put his fist in the sugar-bowl.

The air was hot and dry; plants, even weeds, were dying of the drouth, but the pressure at Blaisdell's neck was gone, and that terror of ambulances, hospitals, and the "Death List for the Day" had departed.

"We've lost our blackcaps," said Mrs. Harkness. Her face was burned more richly than the children's, particularly the capable-looking nose. "The heat has withered them on the bushes—little dried-up mummies. But the yellow raspberries do very well, and some red ones are left, and next week there'll be blackberries—monsters! There's simply no end to the fruit. Have you seen the quince-orchard? We'll have to sell some. It would be a sin to let it waste, and if I put it all up, there'd be enough for a regiment. I'm going to start a cannery—home-made jams, you know, and that sort of thing. I've read of women who made money that way, and paid off mortgages and things—"

She stopped and blushed, not having meant to mention mortgages before Blaisdell, since it was he who held the mort-



Drawn by Harold Matthews Brett

"THERE'S THE MOON," SAID HARKNESS

gage on the house, and she suspected (but Blaisdell knew) that the likelihood of its early payment was small.

After dinner Harkness suggested: "There's some mint up the road. We might have another julep before going to bed." So they started out with their pipes and Moses. By that time the stars were coming out above the pale remnant of sunset. The small insect noises sounded thirsty and faint. So long had the drouth and heat continued that there was no dew. The dusty white ribbon of road wavered up a hill so that by degrees one came to a view of the valley, where the window lights twinkled, much like the meadow of fireflies nearer at hand.

Having reached a spot where the fragrance of mint hung like an invisible cloud, they sat on a fence with their feet dangling in the leaves, waiting for moonlight to show them the plants; but Moses went over to the other side of the road, where the slim cedars stood like men in the darkness, and lay down with an odd whimper, his tail stirring up a cloud of dust as it brushed back and forth.

"You say Van Ander hasn't bothered Lucy yet?"

"No; I've managed to ward him off one way or another. I don't want her pity roused. She thinks he's a nuisance, but has missed the tragedy of it so far—and—she mustn't be worried—now."

A comprehending flicker of memory showed Blaisdell a small pink knit shoe, the needles still sticking in it, which had peeped at him out of a demure pink-ribboned work-basket. The Harkness two-year-old had outgrown the foolishness of pink knit shoes ages ago. Decidedly, then, Lucy must be guarded from worries.

For, once Blaisdell had a wife himself, and they two had lived in a suburban house with an acre of ground, where he had done great things with a garden. For a season she had been busy in that way, knitting little shoes. But they had never been worn. Instead she took the baby as soon as ever he came and went away with him into a sort of mist. If they had lived, Blaisdell would hardly have begun to think of retiring from business at forty-nine; there would have been too much to work for. Decidedly, Lucy must have no worries.

"There's the moon," said Harkness. "Looks like a fire, doesn't it? She'll be up directly. You can make out the rim now."

The great red bubble swelled up over the edge of the trees.

"You don't get tired of these things. If it weren't so dusty, the night would be perfect. 'Sh!—look there—by the fence—by gracious! Do you suppose he heard?"

In the faint shimmer of moonlight they saw that what they had taken for one of those slim graveyard cedars was a man leaning against the fence, his face turned toward the valley, while Moses curled about his feet.

"Good evening, Mr. Van Ander," called Harkness. "Fine night."

"Yes," came dully. "But we need rain."

"Have a cigar?"

"Oh,—it's you, is it?"

The figure hesitated, its head bent toward them, but it was too dark to see the eyes; then shambled away without further remark than a kind of weary grunt, Moses trotting silently after, forgetful that there had been a change of masters.

"I don't," said Harkness, "seem to find any further pleasure here."

"He couldn't be going to the house to bother Lucy?"

"He's never been inside yet. Still—let's get the mint and go back. I can smell it hereabout."

By the light of a match they made out to gather a few handfuls of the rough, fragrant leaves, and then turned back, the toads scuttling out of their way with a dry rustle and flop into the grass. On one side of them was the resigned, incessant lament of a whippoorwill, on the other the tremulous screech of an owl, and there was a furtive melancholy in the parched, sullen air of the midsummer night, which centred to their distressed imagination in the shambling figure ahead of them, whose way took him past lighted windows that used to be his own, past the perfume of an orchard where he might now enter only as a thief, though the trees were of his own planting.

They saw him on a rise of ground against the sky, plodding and sorrowful, heard his footsteps for a moment; then the wind took the leaves and with their insistent rustle obscured other sounds.

But when they reached the box hedge, there he stood with elbows on the gate, intent upon the shadowy bulk of masons' paraphernalia set out upon the disordered lawn. He pointed a finger that shook with anger.

"It's none of my business, but them fellows o' your'n got their bags of cement right onto my wife's lily-o'-the-valley bed. I don't care about flowers myself, but I supposed all proper womenfolks did;" and with this innuendo against Mrs. Harkness, whose pleasant profile at that moment passed the window, intent on some little fragment of household business, Mr. Van Ander took his dark way down the hill to his daughter's house and the hot, unsavory attic, whence the lights of his old house would be visible until he slept, and its roof the first thing he would see in the fresh gray and pink of the morning.

"We might move that cement," said Blaisdell, eying doubtfully the pile of twelve bags, each of them of the bulk and more than the weight of a man.

Harkness groaned. "No. It might as well be that as anything else. The drouth had killed the plants, anyway, and there's so little space just here to put things. They'll probably come up another year. The cement won't be there more than a week, anyway. Last week we had to take down a vine so that the men could break in for the dormer. We didn't hurt it any more than we could possibly help. It will be as good as ever in a year or two; but he came up and watched. 'It's none of my business, but I planted that creeper myself, thirty year ago, when I was first married.' I couldn't get it into his head that I wasn't hurting it."

"Why don't you send her to the shore or somewhere until this business is over? Perhaps he'll settle down when the building is done. Of course that keeps him riled."

"You couldn't budge her with dynamite. She's in love with the place, and thriving like a weed."

"I think, in your place, I'd budge *some*body."

But Harkness responded with the placidity of experience, "You don't know her."

The voice of a phonograph suddenly cut through the night, from the direction in which the old man had gone, dominating all the smaller raspings of insects like some brazen cicada:

"'Way down upon the Suwanee Ribber—"

"Yes," said Harkness, dryly, "they've been getting all the latest improvements down at Goneril's since Van Ander's money went to live there. The phonograph is new. Last week it was a crayon enlargement of her photograph. She wanted me to come down and give my opinion as an artist."

"You went?"

"Yes. You get to wondering where the old boy will bring up. You are unwholesomely attracted to the scene of his sufferings the way people are attracted to the house where there has been a murder; not that there is anything about it different from other houses of that class —a little grimmer and less homelike, maybe,—not much. The portrait was about what she deserved."

"All up an' down de whole crea-tion,"

snarled the phonograph.

When it had delivered all the verses of the "Suwanee River," it took up in succession "Home, Sweet Home," "Old Black Joe," and "My Old Kentucky Home"; and having sung them all, began at the beginning and went through them again. It croaked far into the night, for Goneril was entertaining company; and it was not until after eleven that it ended with a grand bray of "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

Blaisdell, kept awake by the clamor, lit a cigar, and sat on his window-ledge in the moonlight, considering with some wonder that country people were, after all, born to trouble as the sparks fly upward, just like city people. It seemed odd that it should be so, looking at the delicate glimmer of the moonlight on the stirring leaves. Did beauty make no difference, then? And if he fled the city, as he had planned, would Black Care follow on? Would he wish, like Van Ander, to buy back his humdrum content?

"O-oh, Nellie was a La-ady,
La-a-ast night she died,"

jeered the machine.

But silence came at last, and he fell



Drawn by Harold Matthews Brett Half-tone plate engraved by W H. Clark

"SHE'S IN LOVE WITH THE PLACE"

asleep. Once, toward morning, Moses lifted his voice and clanked his chain. But his alarmed threats changed quickly to appealing whimpers, a regular thudding indicating that his tail, in violent agitation, was whacking his kennel. "Van Ander," thought Blaisdell, sleepily, and drowsed off while wondering whether he had curiosity enough to get up and peep at this midnight colloquy between the old man and his dog.

"The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me,"

he quoted in his dream, and thought he was watching Lear on the stage, and that Goneril wore a blue silk shirt-waist, and objected to dogs.

Harkness's insistent hand on his shoulder woke him. At first he was indignant to see the sunrise color still in the sky, then suddenly became alert and cool, and very wide awake. Harkness was stammering and shivering.

"You've got to help me. I—I cut him down, but he was already cold, so I've locked the door—"

"What!"

"It's a way f-farmers have. I've read of such things, and I ought to have known. Th-they are always hanging themselves in barns."

Blaisdell dressed with speed.

"You're sure you locked the barn door? And Lucy?"

"She has waked up and will be getting breakfast. She'll want to go and hunt for eggs."

"I'll get the eggs," said Blaisdell, quickly, "and hitch up the horse at the same time. Keep close watch on the house while I get ready. I'll take her and the kids on a picnic for the day. You'll be free then to—see to things. The workmen will be coming—and Goneril and Regan, I suppose. To-morrow morning, by the first train, I'll take Lucy and the kids to the shore. I know of a cottage. And they needn't know—not for a long time, anyway—"

The farm looked as peaceful as ever when Blaisdell, anxious-eyed, drove up that evening with his happy carriageful of picnickers.

Harkness, pale and tired, nodded reassuringly. The barn door stood innocently open. The only thing not quite right was the strange humor of Moses, who sat chained at his kennel door, howling—long, strange, wild cries.

The next morning as Blaisdell sat in the train with the Harkness two-year-old, heavy and pliant with sleep, in his arms, and the rest of the two seats overflowing with jubilant Harknesses, he gravely considered, as he had done before, that Walter had too much artistic temperament to take care of such a handful of humanity as this without being supervised himself. Never in the world, no matter how famous he became, would he lay by enough to see them all properly through school and college and to steady them for their first bout with the world. The hermitage, therefore, must be put off for a while. What were childless old folk for, anyway? The post of uncle was an important one, and of much responsibility.

Moreover, since beholding that grim old bit of clay in the barn, he had somehow lost his eagerness to throw up his occupation. How could he know that he would take to a useless pasture life any better than old Van Ander had done, who had been so jolly a few months before about being turned out to grass? "Better wear out than rust out,"—the proverb sounded menacing. Content and idleness might not go together, after all.

That dusty office, ugly and tiresome—one might miss it badly. Who would feed the mouse that lived at the back of his lowest desk-drawer and had nibbled important papers until he had substituted worthless ones? The hoarse noise of Wall Street, the flock of pigeons making military evolutions above the tall buildings, the sinuous flight of ticker-tapes—was it for things like these that one might become very homesick, just as another had done for orchards and fields no longer his?

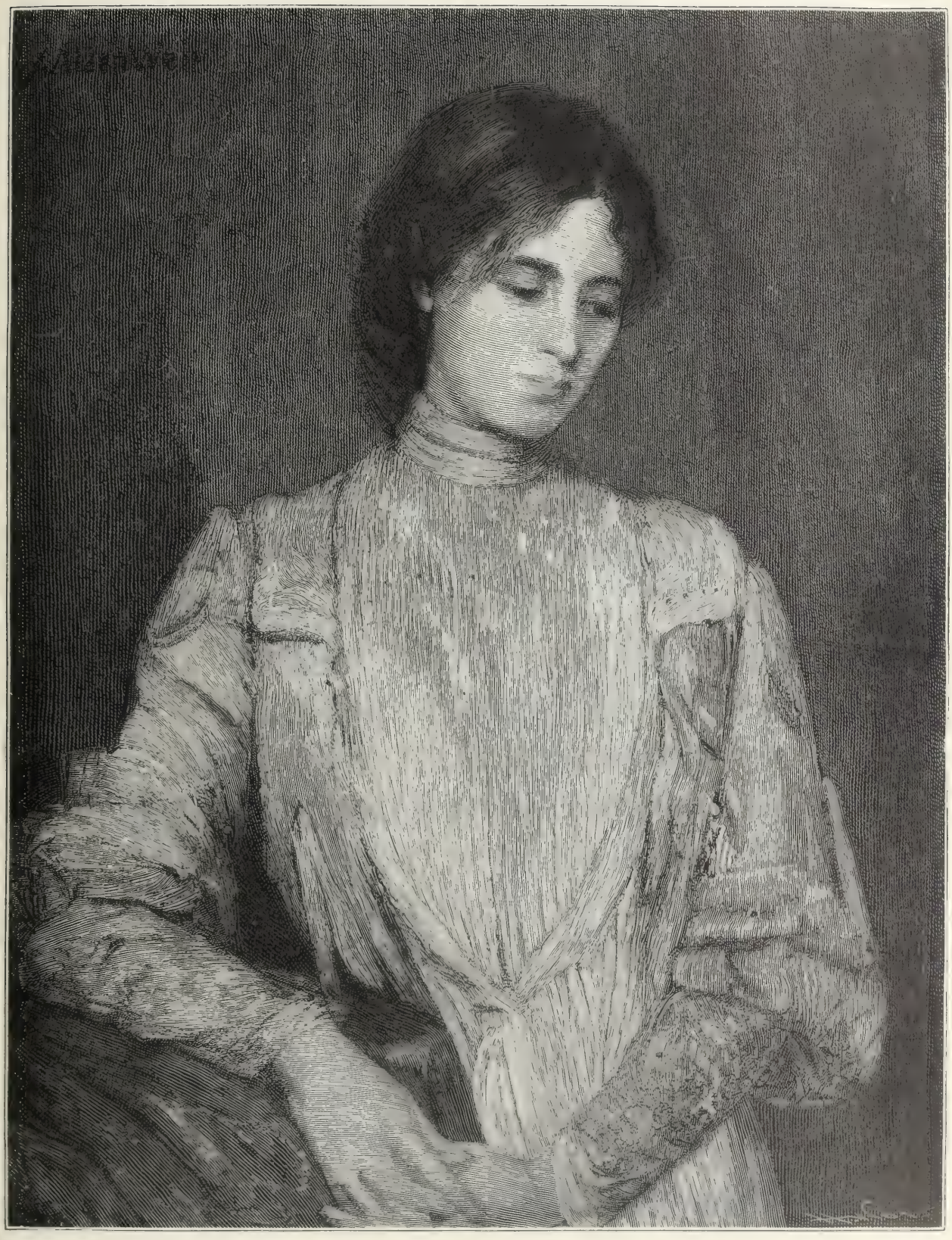
As the train began to be invaded by the more lifeless air of the town, he squared his shoulders and sat up straight. He was going back to harness and plough. Blessed be drudgery, that keeps a man's mind clean and sane!

A Portrait by J. Alden Weir

WHEN theories of impressionism began to be accepted, the palettes of painters were lightened for all time. Black shadows vanished under the new study of the complex action and reaction of light on objects, and with the new manner of seeing came a new mode of art expression. Returning from abroad while discussion of method was at its height, Mr. Weir's work for some years was more interesting for its technical sophistication than as an expression of his own personality; but it gave evidence of the new order of things that had come about, and carried an influence that was widely felt among native painters. In temperament he is very impressionable. Sensitive to the aspect of externals, his desire to record his impressions has tended to make him diffuse, and delayed the development of his interpretative powers. But with technical problems solved, came the eager searching for more subtle qualities, the self-torment for emotional expression—a side on which his work has gained enormously in recent years—his essays in landscape art particularly showing a lyrical suggestiveness and a note of idyllic peace.

In this study of young womanhood, one of his latest pictures, which is now in the gallery of William T. Evans, Esq., there is repose and a hint of the deep meaning of life hitherto seldom found in his work. A mood pervades the picture, and the sentiment and mystery of femininity are feelingly expressed. Instead of artistic precocity there is sober earnestness as well as much beauty of color, the author seemingly having found a style that accords with his temperament. The long experimental period seems over and the painter has come into his own. Where formerly he was interested in artistic modes, he now is bent on recording the dominant mood, and setting forth his perception of the emotional value of his theme, than which there is no higher aim.

W. Stanton Howard.



"A GENTLEWOMAN," BY J. ALDEN WEIR

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

New Letters of Washington

COMMENT BY GEORGE S. HELLMAN

THAT Washington was not wholly possessed of such excessive virtue of truthfulness is proved in a letter to Governor Clinton (August 16, 1777), wherein we find refutation of that tradition of superhuman honesty which the cherry-tree legend has served to foster. The italicized lines in the following excerpt prove that for the sake of his country Washington could tell, or at least countenance, a lie. Ticonderoga had in the previous month fallen before General Burgoyne, who then made his advance, confident that the loyalists would flock to his victorious banner. In this he was disappointed, and by the middle of August he and his Indian allies were threatened on all sides. The day before the date of this letter his German mercenaries were defeated at the battle of Bennington. Washington had not yet heard the good tidings when he wrote. This letter, overlooked by most historians, though not entirely unknown, contains the following paragraph:

"In addition to the two regiments, which are gone from Peekskill, I am forwarding as fast as possible, to join the northern army, Colonel Morgan's corps of riflemen, amounting to about five hundred. These are all chosen men, selected from the army at large, well acquainted with the use of rifles, and with that mode of fighting which is necessary to make them a good counterpoise to the Indians; and they have distinguished themselves on a variety of occasions, since the formation of the corps, in skirmishes with the enemy. I expect the most eminent services from them; and I shall be mistaken if their presence does not go far towards producing a general desertion among the savages. *I should think it would be well, even before their arrival, to begin to circulate these ideas, with proper embellishments, throughout the country and in the army; and to take pains to communicate them to the enemy. It would not be amiss, among other things, to magnify their numbers.*"

A little over half a century has elapsed since the Legislature of the State of New York purchased the papers of George Clinton, the first Governor. Missing, however, from these papers were the letters of George Washington, and it is now that nearly all of these, after a hidden existence of five decades, rest, together with numerous letters of Washington to General James Clinton, in dignified succession before the writer's gaze. A portion of a chapter in the never-ending volume dedicated to human liberty, these mute letters evoke memories of fateful days, and depict upon the canvas of the mind the shifting scenes of New York during the Revolution.

Here is another letter, never before published, in which Washington sought Governor Clinton's advice touching the possible capture of the British forces who had taken refuge in New York city after the disgraceful action of General Lee at the battle of Monmouth (partially retrieved by Washington's swift brilliancy) had made possible the retreat of the British from New Jersey. This letter, written on July 11, 1778, is one of those interesting missives whose absence from the Clinton Papers the editor specially regretted. The postscript, quoting from the letter from Benedict Arnold reporting the arrival of the French fleet, gave the first information to the Governor of New York of news that sent a thrill of new hope to the American people. The letter of Henry Laurens, President of Congress (dated the next day, July 12), to Governor Clinton, confirming the news, is printed in the Clinton Papers; but Washington's letter, here given in part and never before published, is missing:

"Dear Sir,—The first division of the Army moved from hence this morning, about four miles, to give room to the second. They will reach Kokiate tomorrow evening, and the North River the next day. I shall halt the remainder hereabouts a few days, to refresh the men. I am yet undetermined as to the expediency of throwing the Army immediately over the North River. I will state my reasons for hesitating, and shall beg to hear your sentiments upon the matter.

"Upon conversing with the Q. M. and Commissary-General and Commissary of Forage, upon the prospect of supplies, they all agree that the Army can be much more easily subsisted upon the West than upon the East side of the River. The country on this side is more plentiful in regard to forage: and flour, which is the article for which we shall be most likely to be distressed, coming from the Southward, will have a shorter transportation, and consequently the supply more easily kept up. We are beside in a country devoted to the Enemy, and gleaning it, takes so much from them. Was this the only point to be determined, there would not remain a moment's doubt; but the principal matter to be considered is (upon a supposition that the enemy mean to operate up the North River) whether the Army, being all or part upon this side the river, can afford a sufficient and timely support to the posts, should they put such a design in execution.

"Upon this point then, Sir, I request your full and candid opinion. You are well acquainted with the condition of the posts, and know what opposition they are at present capable of making, when sufficiently manned, which ought in my opinion to be immediately done. After that, you will please take into consideration whether any, and what advantages may be derived from the Army's being upon the East side of the River, and if there, what position would be most eligible. The neighborhood of the White Plains after leaving sufficient garrisons in our rear, strikes me at present. We have the strength of the ground, and we cover a considerable extent of Country, and draw forage which would otherwise fall into the hands of the Enemy. . . .

"We have this day a rumor that a French Fleet has been seen off the Coast, and that the English is preparing to sail from New York in pursuit of them. But it is but a rumor.

"P.S.—I have just rec'd a letter from General Arnold at Philad'a. in which is the following. 'An express is arrived to Congress from France by the way of Boston with intelligence that on the 15th of April a French Fleet sailed from Toulon consisting of 12 sail of the line, 7 frigates and "4xbecks"—which we may hourly expect to arrive in this or Chespeak Bay.—Admiral Keppel sailed the 24th April from St. Helens with 11 sail of the line.'

"The above fully corroborates the account from New York, but I do not know that it ought to be made public yet, I mean as to numbers."

This letter, as has been said, was written shortly after the battle of Monmouth. With it there lies before me the very map which Washington used throughout his campaigns in the Jerseys in 1777 and 1778.

This map, a section of which is here exactly reproduced for the first time, including a portion of New York as well as of the neighboring State, was not alone specially drawn for the commander-in-chief from surveys made by Lord Stirling, but contains numerous notes in Washington's autograph. That portion bounded on the north by the Shawangunk Mountains, on the west by the Delaware River, on the east by Morristown, and the south by Trenton shows many names in the handwriting of George Washington. (Fig. 1.)

On July 31, 1778, from his headquarters at White Plains, Washington sent the following communication of instructions to General James Clinton, who was operating around New York city. It is noteworthy not alone as one of those epistles in which Washington laid down general laws of the science of war regarding reconnoitring and manœuvring, but also because the entire letter, excepting of course Washington's own signature, is in the autograph of Alexander Hamilton, who was then aide-de-camp to the commander-in-chief. It is published here for the first time:

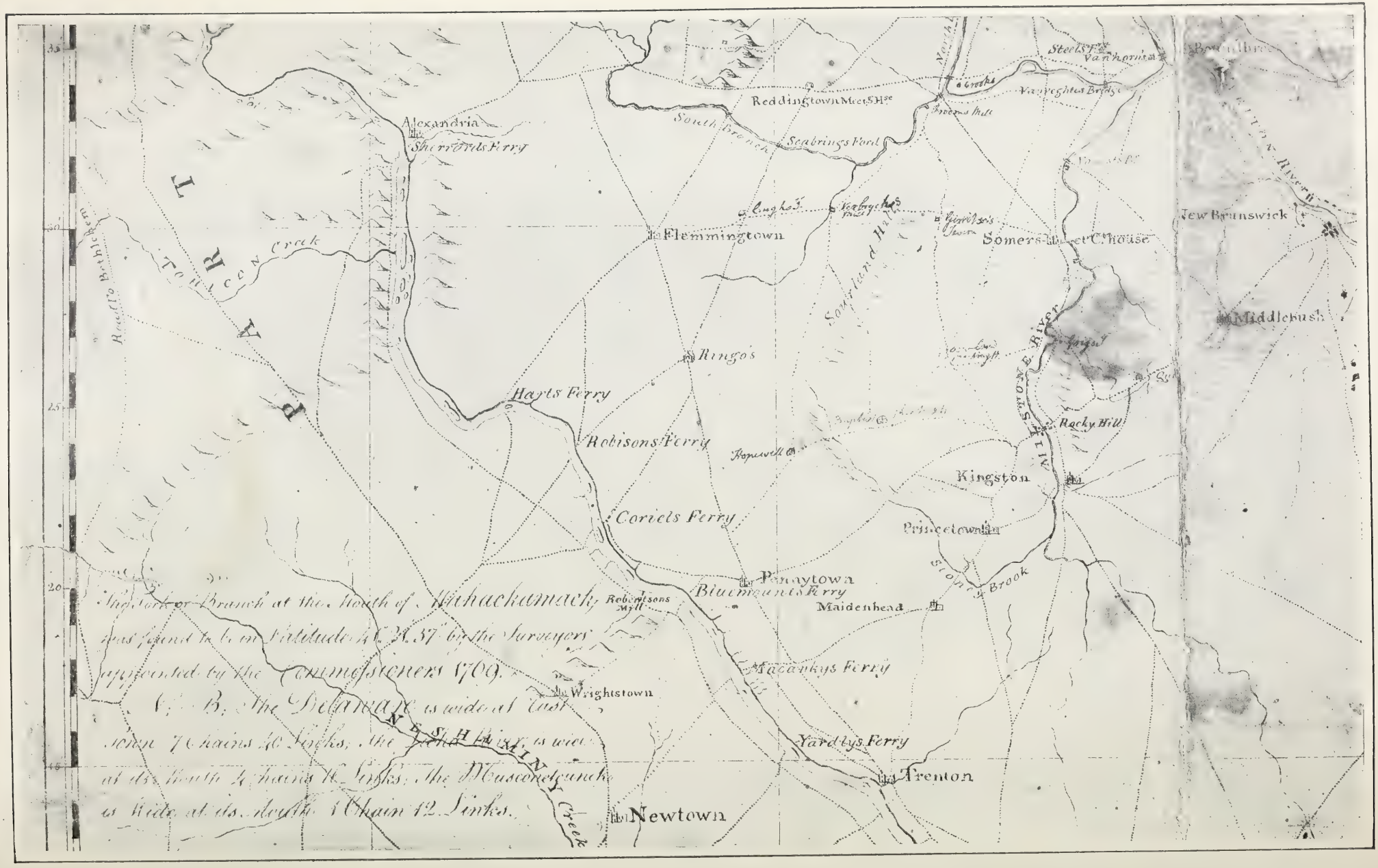


FIG. 1.—FACSIMILE OF WASHINGTON'S WAR MAP USED IN THE NEW JERSEY CAMPAIGNS

Additions and corrections made in Washington's handwriting

"Sir,—With the detachment under your command, which is to comprehend the Corps now advanced with Col'l. Morgan, you are to move towards Kings Bridge and the Enemy's lines thereabouts,—

"The principal objects in view are, to cover the Engineers and Surveyors, while they reconnoiter and as far as time will permit, survey the ground & roads in *your* rear, and in front of the Camp—to countenance and encourage that spirit of desertion which seems so prevalent at present—to discover, if possible, those unfriendly and ill disposed inhabitants who make a practice of apprehending, and conveying within the Enemy's line such deserters from their Army as happen to fall into their hands and with such witnesses as are necessary to elucidate the facts send them to the Head Quarters of this Army—and lastly to try what effect the detachments approach may have upon the Enemy.

"I do not mean, or wish, that you should encamp very near the Enemy of nights, but whenever you do Incamp, that you do it in proper order of battle, so that your officers and men may rise at once upon the ground they are to defend. Your flanks and front sufficiently advanced upon every possible approach; always remembering how disgraceful a thing it is for an officer to be surprised, and believing, that if the enemy are in force at the Bridge, they will certainly attempt it.

"When I speak of your flanks, I have an eye particularly to the North River, as the enemy can with facility move with both secrecy & dispatch by water, if they are provided with boats at, or near the Bridge, or even at the City, so as to be upon your right flank & even rear, without much difficulty, or notice.

"Have your Evening's position well reconnoitred before hand, and unless there are good reasons to the contrary, I would advise against kindling fires at night, as the weather is warm, & your position would be discovered, & advantages taken from the knowledge of it."

The conclusion of this letter may be read in facsimile on a succeeding page. (See Fig. 2.)

The following letters of Washington to James Clinton form an entirely unpublished series having to do with the Sullivan-Clinton campaign against the Indians. From the letter of December 31, 1778, with special instructions regarding General Schuyler, the gallant New York soldier whose trial before Congress was mainly due to the petty jealousy of General Gates, Washington's compassionate nature is manifest in the line, "I always hear of capital executions with concern":

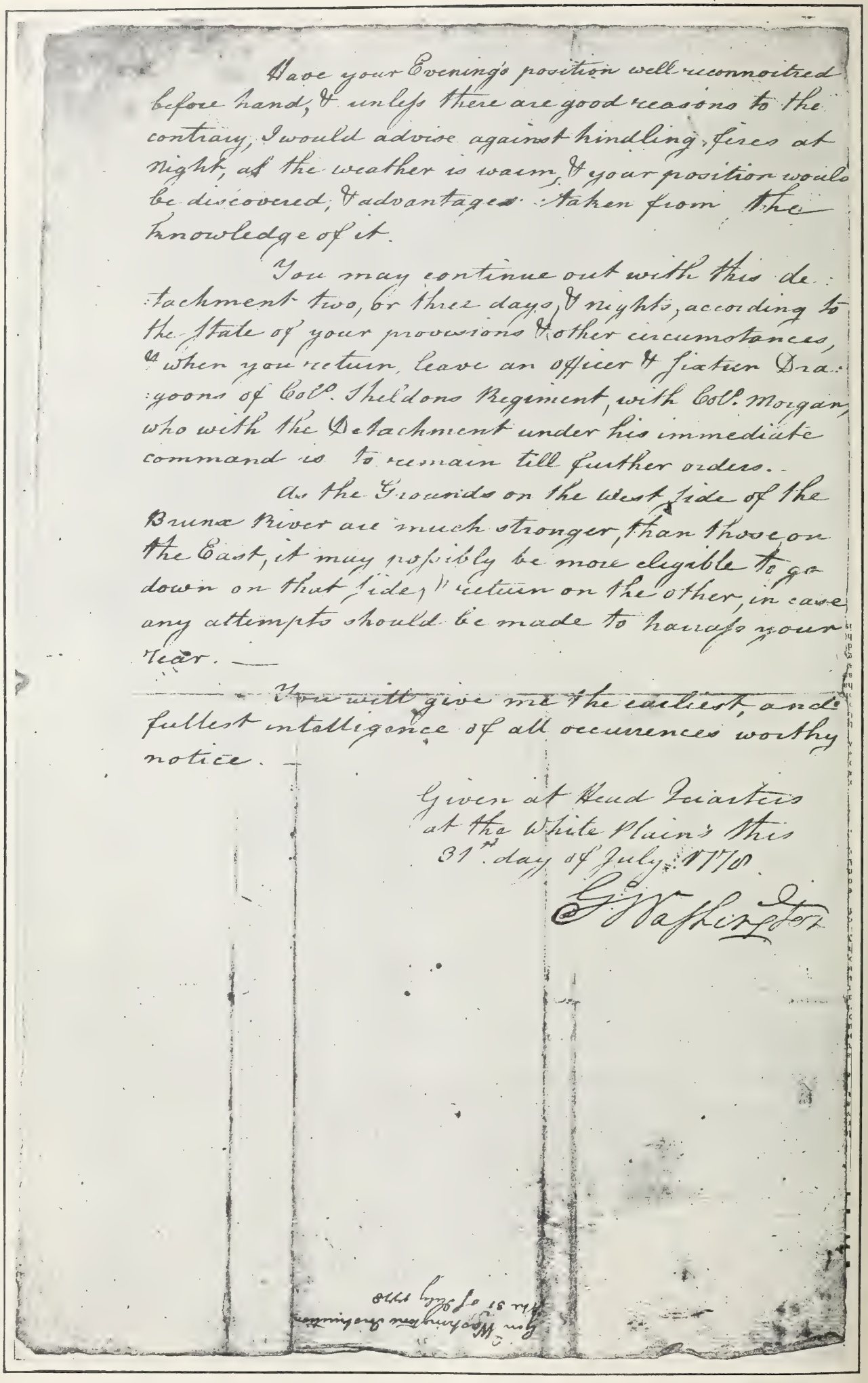
"As the impediments which suspended General Schuyler from command are now removed by an honorable acquittal I have written him a line upon the subject of his resuming it, in the Department where he now is for the present. If this event takes place, you will till some new arrangement or disposition is made consider yourself under his directions and receive orders from him accordingly. . . .

"I always hear of capital executions with concern, and regret that there should occur so many instances in which they are necessary.—Aaron Williams appears to have deserved the fate he met with—and the service, from the number of desertions you mention in the York line, to have pointed to his early punishment."

The succeeding letter sent by Washington a fortnight later to Governor Clinton was missing from the manuscripts purchased by the State of New York, but the enclosure which was sent with it and referred to in this letter was preserved and is printed in the Clinton volumes.

"Dr. Sir,—That I might be more convenient to the works at West Point, I removed my quarters to this place on Monday last. I have only to add upon this subject that I shall be happy to see your Excellency here, as often as your leisure will permit.

"There has been no official account received from Charles Town as yet that I know of; but I have no doubt but that there has been an action there, and that the issue has been in our favour. The inclosed is a copy of a letter I just received from General Greene, in which the affair is so particularly related that it is hardly possible it can be destitute of foundation. I trust we shall have in a few days the fullest confirmation."



have your Evening's position well reconnoitred before hand, & unless there are good reasons to the contrary, I would advise against kindling fires at night, as the weather is warm, & your position would be discovered, & advantages taken from the knowledge of it.

You may continue out with this detachment two, or three days, & nights, according to the State of your provisions & other circumstances, & when you return, leave an officer & fifteen Dragoons of Col. Sheldons Regiment, with Col. Morgan, who with the Detachment under his immediate command is to remain till further orders.

As the Grounds on the West side of the Bronx River are much stronger, than those on the East, it may possibly be more eligible to go down on that side, & return on the other, in case any attempts should be made to harass your rear. —

You will give me the earliest, and fullest intelligence of all occurences worthy notice. —

Given at Head Quarters
at the White Plains this
31st. day of July 1778.

G. Washington

FIG. 2.—FACSIMILE OF SECOND PAGE OF A LETTER FROM WASHINGTON TO GENERAL CLINTON
Dated at White Plains, New York, July 31, 1778

The next is a *rara avis*—a six-page entirely unpublished war letter from Washington to Governor Clinton. This lengthy missive from West Point was written during one of the most depressing periods of what John Fiske calls "a year of disasters." Washington's appeal to New York State for men and for commodities is strikingly made in this letter. The Count d'Estaing, with the French fleet, was off the coast of Georgia preparing to combine with General Lincoln in the attempt to recapture Savannah. The attempt failed disastrously (October 9), and Washington had to give up his idea of attacking New York with the aid of D'Estaing. Washington's communication to Governor Clinton of his plan to attack New York (occupied by Sir Henry Clinton) is interesting in connection with the special regret expressed by the editor of the Clinton Papers concerning "the absence of one or two letters in which it seems he (Washington) must have stated some grand movement against the enemy, but which is not disclosed in George Clinton's answers assuring him of hearty and strong cooperation." Clinton's reply to this very letter is in the Clinton volumes, but this letter is missing.

"Sir,—I have the honor to enclose your Excellency the Copy of a resolution of Congress of the 26th of September, by which you will perceive they expect the arrival of his Excellency Count D'Estaing, and that I am directed to pursue measures for cooperating with him, and to call upon the several States for such aid as shall appear to me necessary for this important purpose. In compliance with these directions, I have made an estimate of the force of Militia which will be indispensable, in conjunction with the Continental Troops and have apportioned this force to the neighboring States according to the best judgment I am able to form of their respective circumstances and abilities.

"The number I have to request of the State of New York is two thousand five hundred. In forming this estimate, I assure your Excellency I have fixed upon the smallest number which appeared to me adequate to the exigency, on account of the scantiness of our supplies, and I think it my duty explicitly to declare that the cooperation will altogether depend on a full compliance with these requisitions.

"If I am so happy as to attain the whole number demanded a decisive stroke may be attempted against New York with a reasonable prospect of success. If the supply falls short the disappointment will inevitably produce a failure in the undertaking. In this case, Congress and my Country must excuse a want of enterprise and success of which the want of means will have been the unfortunate cause. If the honor and interest of the States suffer from thence, the blame must not be imputed to me.

. . . . . .

"These difficulties were sufficient to deter me from the plan I mean to pursue, were I not convinced that the magnitude of the object will call forth all the vigor of the States and inspire the people with a disposition to second the plans of the Governors, and give efficacy to the measures they adopt. I doubt not our resources will be found fully adequate to the undertaking if they are properly exerted—and when I consider the delicacy of the Crisis—and the importance of the object to be attained—I cannot doubt that this will be the case. On one side—the reputation of our Councils & our Arms and an immediate removal of the War present themselves, on the other—disgrace and disappointment—an accumulation of expense—loss of credit with our allies and the world—loss of confidence in ourselves—the exhausting our magazines and resources—the precipitated decay of our Currency and the continuance of the War. Nor will these evils be confined to ourselves: our allies must share in them, and suffer the mortification of having accomplished nothing to compensate for withdrawing their operations from a quarter where they had a right to expect success and for exposing their own possessions to hazard in a fruitless attempt to rescue ours.

"From the accounts received we are hourly to look for the appearance of the French Squadron on this Coast—the emergency is pressing—and all our measures ought to be attended with suitable expedition. Every moment is of infinite value," etc.

A Full Day at Palomitas

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

SOME of them summer days in Palomitas was that hot they'd melt the stuffing out of a lightning-rod, and you could cook eggs in the pockets of your pants. When the weather was that way, things generally kind of quieted down—most being satisfied to take enough drinks early to make it pleasant to spend the rest of the day sleeping 'em off somewhere in the shade. But along late in the afternoon the wind always breezed down real cool and nice from the mountains—and then the boys would get a brace on, and whatever was going to happen would begin.

Being that sort of weather, nobody was paying no attention worth speaking of to nothing: and when the Denver train come in—being about three hours late after a washout, like it was apt to be—the place was in such a blister that pretty much all you could hear to show anybody was alive in Palomitas was snores. Besides the agent, who had to be on deck when the train got there, and the clump of Mexicans and pigs and Pueblo Indians—the pigs was the most respectable—that always hung 'round the deepo, there wasn't half a dozen folks with their eyes open in the whole town.

Santa Fé Charley was one of the few that was awake and sober. He run the faro-bank at the Forest Queen, Santa Fé did, and he generally made a point of being on hand when the train come in because there always was chances somebody might be aboard he could do business with; and he had to keep sober, mostly, or he couldn't have done his work so it would pay. He took it out—when he really couldn't stand the strain no longer—by knocking off dealing and having a good one lasting about a week at a time.

When the train pulled in alongside the platform it didn't seem at first there was anybody on it but the usual Mexicans with bundles in the day-coach—who all come a-trooping out, cluttered up with their queer duds, and went to hugging their aunts and uncles who was waiting for 'em in real Mexican style. Charley looked the lot over and saw there was nothing in it worth taking time to; and then he got his Denver paper from the messenger in the express-car and begun to walk away down the platform, going across to his room in the Forest Queen. Charley was well dressed, same as he always was, in a long-tail black coat and black pants, and a white shirt with a white tie, and he had on a toney black felt hat that touched him off fine. Wearing them real fire-escape clothes, folks was apt to take him for one; and he always met 'em half-way by letting on preaching was his business—till he got 'em on the other side of the table and could shake down what cards he needed from up inside them black coat-sleeves. Then they was apt to find out that maybe preaching wasn't his strongest hold.

Down he went along the platform—he was looking at his *Tribune* and wasn't paying no attention—and just as he got alongside the Pullman a man come off it and pretty near plumped into him. He was a little round friendly-looking feller, with a red face and little gray side-whiskers; and he was dressed up in black same as Charley was—only he hadn't a white tie and was wearing a shiny plug hat that looked extra onsuitable in them parts on that sort of a day.

"I beg your pardon, sir," says the little man, pulling up just in time to keep from bumping.

Charley bowed handsome—there was no ketching off Santa Fé when it come to slinging politeness: his manners was that gentlemanly he could a-give points to a New York barkeep—and says back: "Sir, I beg yours. Heedlessness is my besetting sin. The fault is mine." And then he went on, talking nice like he knew how to: "I trust, sir, that you are



Drawn by Stanley Arthurs

"IT'S HOTTER THAN SAHARA!" SAID THE ENGLISHMAN

not incommoded by the heat. Even for New Mexico in August, this is a phenomenally hot day."

"Incommoded is no name for it!" says the little man, taking off his shiny hat and mopping away at himself with his pocket-handkerchief. "I've never encountered such heat anywhere. It's hotter than Sahara! In England we have nothing like it at all." Then he mopped himself some more, and went ahead again—seeming glad to have somebody to let out to: "My whole life long I've been finding fault with our August weather in London. I'll never find fault with it again. I'd give fifty pounds to be back there now, even in my office in the City—and I'd give a hundred willingly if I could walk out of this frying-pan into my own home in the Avenue Road! If you know London, sir, you know that Saint John's Wood is the coolest part of it, and that the coolest part of Saint John's Wood—up by the side of Primrose Hill—is the Avenue Road; and so you can understand why thinking about coming out from the Underground and walking homeward in the cool of the evening almost gives me a pain!"

Santa Fé allowed that he wasn't acquainted with that locality; but he said he hadn't no doubt—since you couldn't get a worse one—it was a better place in summer than Palomitas. And then he kind of chucked it in casual that as the little man didn't seem to take much stock in Palomitas maybe he'd a-done as well if he'd stuck at home.

Charley's talking that way brought out he wasn't there because he wanted to be, but because he was sent: coming to look things over for the English stockholders—who was about sick, he said, of dropping assessments in the slot and nothing coming out when they pushed the button—before they chipped in the fresh stake they was asked for to help along with the building of the road. He said he about allowed, though, the call was a square one, what he'd seen being in the road's favor and about what was claimed for it; but when it come to the country and the people, he said, there was no denying they both was as beastly as they could be. Then he turned round sudden on Santa Fé and says: "I infer from your dress, sir, that you are in orders; and I therefore assume that you represent what little respectability this town has. Will you kindly tell me if it is possible in this filthy place to procure a brandy-and-soda, and a bath, and any sort of decent food?"

It always sort of tickled Santa Fé, same as I've said, when a tenderfoot took him for a fire-escape; and when it happened that way he give it back to 'em in right-enough parson talk. So he says to the little man, speaking benevolent: "In our poor way, sir, we can satisfy your requirements. At the Forest Queen Hotel, over there, you can procure the liquid refreshment that you name; and also food as good as our little community affords. As for your bath, we can provide it on a scale of truly American magnificence. We can offer you a tub, sir, very nearly two thousand miles long!"

"A tub two thousand miles long?" says the little man. "Oh, come now, you're chaffing me. There can't be a tub like that, you know. There really can't!"

"I refer, sir," says Santa Fé, "to the Rio Grande."

The little man took his time getting there, but when he did ketch up he laughed hearty. "How American that is!" says he. And then he says over again: "How American that is!"—and he laughed some more. Then he said he'd start 'em to getting his lunch ready while he was bathing in that two-thousand-mile bath-tub, and he'd have his brandy-and-soda right away; and he asked Charley—speaking doubtful, and looking at his white necktie—if he'd have one too?

Charley said he just would; and it was seeing how sort of surprised the little man looked, he told the boys afterwards, set him to thinking he might as well kill time that hot day trying how much stuffing that sort of a tenderfoot would hold. He said at first he only meant to play a short lone hand for the fun of the thing; and it was the way the little man swallowed whatever was give him, he said, that made the game keep on a-growing—until it ended up by roping in the whole town. So off he went, explaining fatherly how it come that preachers and brandys-and-sodas in Palomitas got along together first class.

"In this wildly lawless and sinful

community, sir," says he, "I find that my humble efforts at moral improvement are best advanced by identifying my life as closely as may be with the lives of those whom I would lead to higher planes. At first, in my ignorance, I held aloof from participating in the customs—many of them, seemingly, objectionable—of my parishioners. Naturally, in turn, they held aloof from me. I made no impression upon them. The good seed that I scattered freely fell upon barren ground. Now, as the result of experience, and of much soulful thought, I am wiser. Over a friendly glass at the bar of the Forest Queen, or at other of the seventeen bars in our little town, I can talk to a parishioner with a kindly familiarity that brings him close to me. By taking part in the games of chance which form the main amusement of my flock, I still more closely can identify their interests with my own—and even materially improve, by such winnings as come to me in our friendly encounters, our meagre parish finances. I have as yet taken no share in the gun-fights which too frequently occur in our somewhat tempestuous little community; but I am seriously considering the advisability of still farther strenghtening my hold upon the respect and the affection of my parishioners by now and then exchanging shots with them. I am confident that such energetic action on my part will tend still more to endear me to them—and, after all, I must not be too nicely fastidious as to means if I would compass my end of winning their trust and their esteem."

While Santa Fé was talking along so slick about the way he managed his parsoning, the little man's eyes was getting bulgier and bulgier; and when it come to his taking a hand in shooting-scrapes they looked like they was going to jump out of his head. All he could say was: "Good Lord!" Then he kind of gagged and said he'd be obliged if he could get his brandy-and-soda right off.

Charley steered him across to the Forest Queen, and when he had his drink in him, and another on top of it, he managed to get some of his grip back. But even after his drinks he seemed like he thought he must be asleep and dreaming; and he said twice over he'd never heard tell of such doings in all his born days.

Santa Fé just give a wink across the bar to Blister Mike—he was the barkeep of the Forest Queen, Mike was, and a wide-awake one—and then he went ahead with some more of the same kind. "No doubt, my dear sir, in the older civilization to which you are accustomed my methods would seem irregular—perhaps even reprehensible. In England, very likely, unfavorable comment would be made upon a pastor who cordially drank with members of his flock at public bars; who also—I do not hesitate, you see, to give our little games of chance their harshest name—in a friendly way gambled with them; and I can imagine that the spectacle of a parson engaging with his parishioners, up and down the street of a quiet village, in a fight with six-shooters and Winchesters would be very generally disapproved."

"It is impossible, quite impossible," says the little man, "to imagine such a horrible monstrosity!"

"Very likely for you, sir," says Charley, speaking affable, "it is. But you must remember that ours is a young and a vigorous community—too young, too vigorous, to be cramped and trammelled by obsolete conventions and narrow old-world rules. Life with us, you see, has an uncertain suddenness—owing to our energetic habit of settling our little differences promptly, and in a decisive way. At the last meeting of our Sunshine Club, for instance—as the result of a short but heated argument — Brother Michael, here, felt called upon to shoot a fellow member. While recognizing that the occurrence was unavoidable, we regretted it keenly — Brother Michael most of all."

"Sure I did that," said Blister, playing out quick to the lead Charley give him. "But your Reverence remembers he drew on me first—and if he'd been sober enough to shoot straight it's meself, and not him, would be by now living out in the cemetery on the mesa; and another'd be serving your drinks to you across this bar. I had the rights on my side."

"Precisely," says Charley. "You see, sir, it was a perfectly fair fight. Brother Michael and his fellow member exchanged their shots in an honorable manner—

and, while we mourn the sudden decease of our friend lost to us, our friend who survives has suffered no diminution of our affectionate regard. Had the shooting been unfair, then the case would have gone into another category—and our community promptly would have manifested the sturdy sense of justice that is inherent in it by hanging the man by whom the unfair shot had been fired. Believe me, sir"—and Santa Fé stood up straight and stuck his chest out—"Palomitas has its own high standards of morality: and it never fails to maintain those standards in its own stern way!"

The little man didn't say nothing back. He looked like he was sort of mazed. All he did was to ask for another brandy-and-soda; and when he'd took it he allowed he'd skip having his bath and get at his lunch right away—saying he was feeling faintish, and maybe what he needed was food. Of course that was no time of day to get victuals: but Santa Fé was a good one at managing, and he fixed it up so he had some sort of a hash layout; and before he went at it he give him a wash-up in his own room.

It was while he was hashing, Charley said, the notion come to him how Palomitas might have some real sport with him — the same kind they had when Hart's aunt come on a visit, only twisting things 'round so it would be the holy-terror side of the town that had the show. And he said as he'd started in with the preacher racket, he thought they might keep that up too—and make such an out-an'-out mix-up for the little man as would give cards to any tenderfoot game that ever was played. Santa Fé always was full of his pranks: and this one looked to pan out so well, and was so easy done, that he went right across to the deepo and had a talk with Wood—he was the agent, Wood was—about how things had better be managed; and Wood, who liked fun as much as anybody, caught on quick and agreed to take a hand.

The little man seemed to get a brace when he had his lunch inside of him; and over he went to the deepo and give Wood the order he had from the President to see the books—and was real intelligent, Wood said, in finding out how railroading in them parts was done. But when he'd cleaned up his railroad job, and took to asking questions about the Territory, and Palomitas, and things generally—and got the sort of answers Santa Fé had fixed should be give him, with some more throwed in—Wood said his feet showed to be that tender he allowed it would a-hurt him with thick boots on to walk on boiled beans.

Wood said he guessed he broke the lying record that afternoon; and he said he reckoned if the little man swallowed half of what was give him, and there wasn't much of anything he gagged at, he must a-thought Palomitas—with its church twice Sundays and prayer-meetings regular three times a week, and its faro-bank with the preacher for dealer, and its Sunshine Club that was all mixed in with shooting-scrapes, and its Friendly Aid Society that attended mostly to what lynchings was needed —was something like a bit of heaven that had broke out from the corral it belonged in and gone to grazing in hell's front yard!

When he'd stuffed him as much as was needed, Wood told him—Santa Fé having fixed it that way—there was a Mexican church about a thousand years old over in the Cañada that was worth looking at; and he told him he'd take him across on his buckboard to see it if he cared to go. He bit at that, just as Santa Fé counted on; and about four o'clock off they went—it was only three mile or so down to the Cañada—in good time to get him back and give him what more was coming to him before he started off North again on the night train. Wood said the ride was real enjoyable—the little man showing up as sensible as anybody when he got to the church and struck things he knowed about; and it turned out he could talk French, and that pleased the Padre who run it —he was French, the Padre was, and there wasn't a fly on him—so they got along well.

The wind had set in to blow down the valley cool and pleasant as they was coming home; and when they got about half a mile from Palomitas they begun to hear shooting—and it kept on, and more of it, the closer they come to town. Knowing what Santa Fé had set the boys

up to, Wood said he pretty near laughed out when he heard it; but he held in, he said—and told the little man, when he asked what it meant, that it didn't mean nothing in particular: being only some sort of a shooting-scrape, like enough—the same as often happened along about that time in the afternoon.

He said the little man looked queerish, and wanted to know if the men in the town was shooting at a target; and when Wood said he guessed they was targetting at each other, and likely there'd be some funerals, he said he looked queerisher—and said such savagery was too horrible to be true. But he wasn't worried a bit about himself, Wood said—he was as nervy a little man, Wood said, as he'd ever got up to—and all he wanted was to whip the mules up, so he'd get there quick and see what was going on. Wood whipped up, right enough, and the mules took 'em a-kiting—going at a full run along that bit of good road by the river, and not coming down to a walk till they'd crossed the bridge over the Rio Grande and was most to the top of the hill. At the top of the hill they stopped—and that was a good place to stop at, for the circus was a-going on right there.

Things really did look serious; and Wood said—for all he'd been told what was coming—he more'n half thought the boys had got to rumpussin' in dead earnest. Three or four was setting on the ground with their sleeves and pants rolled up tying up their arms and legs with their pocket-handkerchiefs; there was a feller—Nosey Green, it turned out to be—lying on one side in a sort of mixed-up heap like as if he'd dropped sudden; right in the middle of the road Blister Mike was sprawled out, with Santa Fé—his black clothes all over dust and his hat off—holding his head with one hand and feeling at his heart with the other; and just as the buckboard stopped, right in the thick of it, Kerosene Kate—she was one of the girls at the Forest Queen dance-hall, Kerosene was—come a-tearing along, with the Sage-brush Hen close after her, and plumped down on Mike and yelled out: "Oh my husband! My poor husband! He is foully slain!"

It was all so natural, Wood said, that seeing it sudden that way give him a first-class jolt. For a minute, he said, he couldn't help thinking it was the real thing. As for the little man—and he likely would have took matters just the same, and no blame to him, if his feet had been as hard as anybody's—he just swallowed the whole show. "Good heavens!" says he, getting real palish. "What a dreadful thing this is!"

Santa Fé let go Mike's head and got up, brushing his pants off, and says solemn: "Our poor brother has passed from us. Palomitas has lost one of its most useful citizens—there was nobody who could mix drinks as he could—and the world has lost a noble man! Take away his stricken wife, my dear," he says, speaking to the Sage-brush Hen. "Take poor Sister Rebecca home with you to the parsonage—my duties lie elsewhere at present—and pour out to her from your tender heart the balm of comfort that you so well know how to give."

Then he come along to the buckboard, and says to the little man: "I greatly regret that this unfortunate incident should have occurred while you are with us. From every point of view the event is lamentable. Brother Green, known familiarly among us because of his facial peculiarity as Nosey Green—the gentleman piled up over there on the other side of the road—was as noble-hearted a man as ever lived; so was Brother Michael, whom you met in all the pride of his manly strength only this morning at the Forest Queen bar. Both were corner-stones of our Sunshine Club, and among the most faithful of my parishioners. In deep despondency we mourn their loss!"

"It is dreadful—dreadful!" says the little man. And then he wanted to know how the shooting begun.

"The dispute that has come to this doubly fatal ending," says Santa Fé, shaking his head sorrowful, "related to cocktails. In what I am persuaded was a purely jesting spirit, Brother Green cast aspersions upon Brother Michael's skill as a drink-mixer. The injustice of his remarks, even in jest, aroused Brother Michael's hot Celtic nature and led to a retort, harshly personal, that excited Brother Green's anger—and from words they passed quickly to a settlement of the

matter with their guns. However, as the fight was conducted by both of them in an honorable manner, and was creditable equally to their courage and to their proficiency in the use of arms, it is now a back number and we may discharge it from our minds. Moreover, my dear sir, our little domestic difficulties must not be suffered to interfere with the duties of hospitality. It is high time that you should have your supper; and I even venture to ask that you will despatch it hurriedly—to the end that you may have opportunity, before the departure of your train this evening, to see something of the brighter side of our little town. After this sombre scene, you will find, I trust, agreeable mental refreshment in witnessing—perhaps even in participating in—our friendly card-playing, and in taking part with us in our usual cheerful evening dance. By your leave, Brother Wood, I will seat myself on the rear of your buckboard and drive along with you into town."

The little man was too jolted to say anything—and up Charley hiked on the back of the buckboard, and away they went down the road. The rest followed on after: with the Hen holding fast to Kerosene, and Kerosene yelling for all she was worth; and behind come some of the boys toting Blister's corpse—with Blister swearing at 'em for the way they had his legs twisted, and ending by kicking loose and making a break by the short cut back of the freight-house for home. The other corpse—seeing the way Blister was monkeyed with—stood off the ones that wanted to carry him, allowing he'd be more comfortable if he walked.

When the buckboard got down to the deepo the little man said he felt sickish—not being used to such goings-on—and didn't care much for eating his supper; and he said he thought likely he'd be better if he had a brandy-and-soda to settle his insides. So he and Santa Fé went across to the Forest Queen to get it—and the first thing they struck was Blister Mike, come to life again, behind the bar!

Santa Fé hadn't counted on that card coming out—but he shook one to meet it down his sleeve, and played it as quick as he knew how. "Ah, Patrick," says he, "so you have taken your poor brother's place." And to the little man, who was staring at Blister like a stuck pig, he says: "They were twin brothers, sir, this gentleman and the deceased—and, as you see, so alike that few even of their closest friends could tell them apart."

"It was worse than that," says Blister, following right along with the same suit. "Only when one of us was drunk and the other sober, and that way there being a difference between us, could we tell our own selves apart—and indade I'm half for thinking that maybe it's meself, and not poor Mike, that's been killed by Nosey Green this day. But whichever of us it is that's dead, it's a domn good job—if your Reverence will excuse me saying so—the other one of us has made of Nosey: bad luck to the heart and lights of him, that are cooking this blessed minute in the hottest corner of hell!"

"Tut! Tut! Brother Patrick," says Santa Fé, speaking friendly but serious. "You know how strongly I feel about profanity—even when, as in the present instance, justly aroused resentment lends to it a colorable excuse. And also, my dear brother, I beg you to temper with charity your views as to Brother Green's present whereabouts. It is sufficient for all purposes of human justice that he has passed away. And now, if you please, you will supply our visitor, here—whose nerves not unnaturally are shaken by the tragic events of the past hour—with the brandy-and-soda that I am satisfied he really needs. In that need, my own nerves being badly disordered, I myself share; and as the agonizing loss that you have suffered has put a still more severe strain upon your nerves, Brother Patrick, I beg that you will join us. The drinks are on me."

"Sure your Reverence has a kind heart in you, and that's the holy truth," says Blister. "It's to my poor dead brother's health I'll be drinking, and with all the good-will in the world."

They had another after that; and then Blister said there was luck in odd numbers, and he wanted to show Palomitas knew how to be hospitable to strangers, and they must have one on the bar. By the time the little man got 'em all down,

he said he was feeling better—but, even with his drinks to help him, when he come to eating his supper he didn't make out much of a meal. He seemed to be all sort of dreamy, and was like he didn't know where he was.

Santa Fé kept a-talking away to him cheerful while they was hashing; and when they'd finished off he told him he hoped what he'd see of the bright side of Palomitas—before his train started—would make him forget the cruelly sorrowful shadows of that melancholy afternoon. He was a daisy at word-slinging, Charley was—better'n most auctioneers. Then they come along together back to the barroom—where the cloth was off the table, and the cards and chips out, ready for business to begin. All the boys was jammed in there—Nosey Green with his face tied up like he had a toothache, so it didn't show who he was—waiting to see what was coming; and they was about busting with the laughs they had inside 'em, and ready to play close up to Santa Fé's hand.

Charley set down to deal, same as usual, and asked the little man to set down aside of him—telling him he'd likely be interested in knowing that what come to the bank that night would go to getting the melodeon the Sunday-school needed bad. And then he shoved the cards 'round the table, and things begun. The little man took it all dreamy—saying kind of to himself he'd never in all his born days expected to see a minister making money for Sunday-school melodeons by running a faro-bank. But he wasn't so dreamy but he had sense enough to keep out of the game. Santa Fé kept a-asking him polite to come in; but he kept answering back polite he wouldn't—saying he was no sort of a hand at cards.

About the size of it was, in all the matters he could see his way to that little man had as good a load of sand as anybody—and more'n most. Like enough at home he'd read a lot of them fool wild-West stories—the kind young fellers from the East, who swallow all that's told 'em, write up in books with scare pictures—and that was why in some ways he was so easy fooled. But I guess it would a-been a mistake to pick him up for a fool all 'round. Anyhow, Santa Fé got a setback from him on his melodeon-faro racket—and setbacks didn't often come Santa Fé's way.

It wasn't a real game the little man was up against, and like enough he had the savey to ketch on. For the look of the thing they'd fixed to start with a dollar limit, and not raise it till he got warmed up and asked to; and it was fixed only what he dropped—the rest going back to the boys—should stay with the bank. But as he didn't warm up any worth speaking of, and wasn't giving himself no chances at all to do any dropping, Santa Fé pretty soon found out they might as well hang up the melodeon fund and go on to the next turn.

The Sage-brush Hen managed most of what come next, and she done it well. She'd dressed herself up in the same tidy white clothes she put on when Hart's aunt come to town—looking that quiet and demure in 'em you'd never have sized her up for the gay old Hen she was—and she'd helped the other girls rig out as near the same way as they could come. Some of 'em didn't come far; but they all did as well as they knew how, and so they wasn't to be blamed. Old Tenderfoot Sal—she was the limit, Sal was—wasn't to be managed no way; so they just kept her out of the show.

When Santa Fé come to see faro-banking for melodeons wasn't money-making, he passed out word to the Hen to start up her part of the circus—and in the Hen come, looking real pretty in her white frock, and puts her hand on his shoulder married like and says: "Now, my dear, it isn't fair for you gentlemen to keep us ladies waiting another minute longer. We want our share in the evening's amusement. Do put the cards away and let us have our dance." And then she says to the little man, nice and friendly: "My husband is so eager to get our melodeon—and we really do need it badly, of course—that I have trouble with him every night to make him stop the game and give us ladies the dance that we do so enjoy." And then she says on to Charley again: "How has the melodeon fund come out to-night, my dear?"

"Very well indeed. Very well indeed, my angel," Charley says back to her. "Eleven dollars and a half have been added to that sacred deposit; and the



Drawn by Stanley Arthurs

THE SHAM FIGHT

contributions have been so equally distributed that no one of us will feel the trifling loss. But in interrupting our game, my dear, you are quite right—as you always are. Our guest is not taking part in it; and—as he cannot be expected to feel, as we do, a pleasurable excitement in the augmentation of our cherished little hoard—we owe it to him to pass to a form of harmless diversion in which he can have a share." And then he says to the little man: "I am sure, sir, that Mrs. Charles will be charmed to have you for her partner in the opening dance of what we playfully term our ball."

"The pleasure will be mine," says the little man—he was a real friendly polite little old feller—and up he gets and bows to the Hen handsome and gives her his arm: and then in he went with her to the dance-hall, with Santa Fé and the rest of us following on. It give us a first-class jolt to find all the girls so quiet-looking; and they being that way braced up the whole crowd to be like a dancing-party back East. To see the boys a-bowing away to their partners, while José—he was the fiddler, José was —was a-tuning up, you wouldn't have known where you was.

It was a square dance to start in with: with the little man and the Hen, and Charley and Kerosene Kate, a-facing each other; and Denver Jones with Carrots—that was the only name she ever had in Palomitas—and Shorty Smith with Juanita, at the sides. Them three was the girls the Hen had done best with; and she'd fixed 'em off so well they 'most might have passed for back-East schoolma'ams—at least, in a thickish crowd. Everybody else just stood around and looked on—and that time, with all the Forest Queen ways of managing dancing upset, it was the turn of the Palomitas folks to think they'd struck a dream! The little man, of course, didn't know he'd struck anything but what went on always—and the way he kicked around spirited on them short little fat legs of his was just a sight to see!

Like as not he hadn't got a good sight of Kerosene Kate while she was doing her killed-husband act before supper; or, maybe, it was her being dressed up so tidy made a difference. Anyhow, he didn't ketch on right away to her being about the freshest-made widow he'd ever tumbled to in a dancing-party. But he got there all right when the square dance was over, and José flourished his fiddle and sung out for the Señores and Señoritas to take partners for a valsa, and the Hen brought up Kerosene to foot it with him—telling him she was the organist who was going to play the melodeon when they got it, and he'd find her a nice partner as she was about the best dancer they had.

When he did size her up he was that took aback he couldn't talk straight. "But—but," says he, "isn't this the lady whose husband was—was—" and he stuck fast.

"Whose husband met with an accident this afternoon," says the Hen, helping him out with it. "Yes, this is our poor Sister Rebecca—but the accident happened, you know, so many hours ago that the pang of it has passed; and—as Mr. Green, the gentleman who shot her husband, was shot right off himself—she feels, as we all do, that the incident is closed."

And then Kerosene put in: "Great Scott, mister, you don't know Palomitas! Widows in these parts don't sit 'round moping their heads off all the rest of their lives. They wait long enough for politeness—same as I've done—and then they start in on a new deal."

The little man likely was too mixed up to notice Kerosene didn't talk pretty, like Santa Fé and the Hen knew how to do; and he was so all 'round jolted that before he knew it—Kerosene getting a-hold of his hand with one of hers, and putting the other on his shoulder—he had his arm 'round her waist kind of by instinct and was footing it away with her the best he knew how. But while he was a-circling about with her he was the dreamiest-looking one you ever saw. Kerosene said afterward she heard him saying to himself over and over: "This can't be real! This can't be real!"

What happened along right away after was real enough for him—at least, he thought it was, and that come to the same thing. He was so dizzied up when Kerosene stopped dancing him—she was doing the most of it, she said, he keep-

ing his little fat legs going 'cause she swung him 'round and he had to—all he wanted was to be let to set down. So Kerosene set him—and then the next act was put through.

Bill Hart and Shorty Smith come up to Kerosene right together, and both of 'em asked her polite if she'd dance. She said polite she'd be happy to; but she said, seeing both gentlemen had spoke at once for her, they must fix it between 'em which one had the call. All the same, she put her hand on Hart's arm, like as if he was the one she wanted—and of course that pleased Hart and made Shorty mad. Then the two of 'em begun talking to each other, Hart speaking sarcastic and Shorty real ugly, and so things went on getting hotter and hotter—till Kerosene, doing it like she meant to break up the rumpus, shoved Hart's arm 'round her and begun to swing away. Just as they got started, Shorty out with his gun and loosed off at Hart with it—and down Hart went in a heap on the floor.

The whole place, of course, right away broke into yells and cusses, and everybody come a-crowding into a heap—some of the boys picking up Hart and carrying him, kicking feeble real natural, out into the kitchen; and some more grabbing a-hold of Shorty and taking away his gun. Kerosene let off howls fit to raise the roof—only quieting down long enough to say she'd just agreed to take Hart for her second, and it was hard luck to be made a widow of twice in one day. Then she howled more. Really, things did go with a hum!

Santa Fé and the rest come a-trooping back from the kitchen—leaving the door just a crack open, so Hart could peep through and see the fun—and Santa Fé jumped on a bench and sung out "Order!" as loud as he could yell. Knowing what was expected of 'em, the boys quieted down sudden; and the Hen got a-hold of Kerosene and snuggled her up to her, and told her to weep on her fond breast—and Kerosene started in weeping on the Hen's fond breast all right, and left off her howls. The room was that quiet you could a-heard a cat purr.

"My brethren," says Charley, talking sad-sounding, and digging away at his eyes with his pocket-handkerchief, "Brother Hart has left us"—Hart being in the kitchen, that was dead true—"and for the third time to-day our Sunshine Club has suffered a fatal loss. Still more lamentable is the case of our doubly stricken Sister Rebecca—only just recovered, by time's healing touch, from the despair of her tragic widowhood, and at the threshold of a new glad life of wedded happiness—who again is desolately bereaved." (Kerosene give a dreadful groan—seeming to feel something was expected of her—and then jammed back to the Hen's fond breast again and kept on a-weeping like a pump.) "Our hearts are with Sister Rebecca in her woe," says Charley. "She has all our sympathy, and the full help of our sustaining love."

"If I know anything about the sense of this meeting," Hill chipped in, "it's going to do a damn sight more'n sling around sympathy." (Hill had a way of speaking careless, but he didn't mean no harm by it. He said you couldn't help getting into the way of using cuss-words when you made your living driving mules.) "That shooting wasn't a square one," says Hill; "and it's likely there'll be another member missing from the Sunshine Club for doing it. There's telegraph-poles," says Hill, "right across the way!"

"Brother Hill is right," Santa Fé went on, "though I am pained that his unhappy disposition to profanity remains uncurbed. The shot that has laid low Brother Hart was a foul one. Justice, my friends, exemplary justice, must be meted out to the one who laid and lowered him; and I reckon the quicker we get Brother Smith over to the deepo, and up on the usual telegraph-pole—as Brother Hill has suggested—the better it 'll be for the moral record of our town. All in favor of such action will please signify it by saying 'aye.'" And the whole crowd—except Shorty, who voted against it—yelled out "aye" so loud it shook all the bottles in the bar.

"The ayes have it," said Santa Fé, "and we will proceed. Brother Wood, as chairman of the Friendly Aid Society, I beg that you will go on ahead to the deepo and get ready the rope that on these occasions you so obligingly lend us from the Company's stores.



Drawn by Stanley Arthurs.

"YOU AMERICANS ARE NO BETTER THAN SO MANY WILD BEASTS"

Brother Jones and Brother Hill, you will kindly bring along the prisoner. The remaining Friendly Aiders present will have the goodness, at the appropriate moment, to render the assistance that they usually supply." And off Charley went, right after Wood, with the rest of us following on: Hill and Denver yanking along Shorty and flourishing their guns savage; the girls in a pack around the Hen holding on to Kerosene; and Kerosene doing her share of what was wanted by letting off groans.

The little man was left to himself a-purpose; and he was so shook up, while he was coming along with the crowd over to the deepo, he couldn't say a word. But he managed to get his stumps going, though they didn't work well, when we was all on the platform—waiting while Wood rigged up the rope on the telegraph-pole—and he asked Santa Fé, speaking husky, what the boys meant to do.

"Justice!" says Charley, talking as dignified as a just-sworn-in sheriff. "As I explained to you this morning, sir, nobody in Palomitas ever stands in the way of a fair fight—like the one you happened to come in on at the finish a few hours ago—any more than good citizens, elsewhere and under different conditions, interfere with the processes of the courts. But when the fight is not fair, as in the present instance—the gravamen of the charge against Brother Smith being that he loosed off into Brother Hart's back when the latter did not know it was coming and hadn't his gun out—then the moral sense of our community crystallizes promptly into the punitive action that the case demands: as you will see for yourself, inside of the next ten minutes, when you see Brother Smith run up on that second telegraph-pole to the left and kicking his legs in the air until he kicks himself into Kingdom Come!"

"Good Heavens!" says the little man. "You're not going to—to hang him?"

"We just rather are!" says Santa Fé. And then he says, talking kind of cutting: "May I ask, sir, what you do in England with murderers? Do you pay 'em salaries, and ask 'em out to tea-parties, and hire somebody to see they have all the drinks they want?"

The little man begun telling how English folks manage such matters, and was real excited—but nobody paid no attention to him: except the Hen—the Hen and Kerosene was standing close aside of him—turned round to him and said pleasant she always enjoyed most the hangings they had by moonlight (the moon was at the full, and shining beautiful) because the moonlight, she said, cast over them such a glamour of romance. And her looking at moonlight hangings that way seemed to give him such a jolt he stopped talking and give a kind of a gasp. There wasn't no more time for talking, anyway—for just then the train backed in to the platform and the conductor sung out the Friendly Aiders had got to get a move on 'em, if them going by it was to see the doings, and put Shorty through.

Being moonlight, and the shadows thick, helped considerable—keeping from showing how the boys had fixed Shorty up so his hanging wouldn't come hard: with a lariat run around under his arms, his shirt over it, and a loop just inside his collar where they could hitch the rope fast. When they did hitch to it, things looked just as natural as you please.

Shorty got right into the hanging spirit—he always was a comical little cuss, Shorty was—pleading pitiful with the boys to let up on him; and, when they wouldn't, getting a halt on 'em—same as he'd seen done at real hangings—by beginning to send messages to all the folks he ever had. Santa Fé let him go on till he'd got to his uncles and cousins—and then he said he guessed the rest of the family could make out to do with second-hand messages from them that had them; and as it was past train-time, and the distinguished stranger in their midst—who was going on it—had a right to see the whole show, the hanging had got to be shoved right along. When Charley'd give his order, Carver come up—he was the Pullman conductor, Carver was, and he had his points how to manage—and steered the little man on to the back platform of the Pullman, where he could see well; and so had things all ready for the train to pull out as soon as Shorty was swung off.

Wood, who'd had experience, had the rope rigged up in good shape so it would run easy over the cross-bar of the telegraph-pole; and Hill and Denver fetched old Shorty along—with Shorty

letting on he was scared stiff, and yowling like he'd been ashamed to if it hadn't been a bunco game he was playing—and hitched him to it, with the boys standing close round in a clump so they hid the way it was done.

The little man was so worked up by that time—he was just a-hopping: with his plug hat off, and sousing the sweat off his face with his pocket-handkerchief, and singing out what was going on wasn't any better than murder, and begging all hands not to do what he said was such a dreadful deed.

But nobody paid no attention to him (except Carver, he was a friendly feller, Carver was, kept a lookout he didn't tumble himself off the platform) and when Denver sung out things was ready, and Santa Fé sung out back for the Friendly Aiders to haul away, the boys all grabbed on the rope together—and up Shorty went a-kicking into the air.

Shorty really did do his act wonderful: kicking every which way at first, and then only sort of squirming, and then quieting down gradual till he just hung limp—with the kick all kicked out of him—turning round and round slow!

When he'd quieted, the train-conductor swung his lantern to start her, and off she went—the little man standing there on the back platform of the Pullman, a-grabbing at the railing like he was dizzy, looking back with all his eyes. And old Shorty up on the telegraph-pole, making a black blotch twisting about in the moonlight, was the last bit of Palomitas he saw.

The next day but one Carver come down again on his regular run, and he told the boys the little man kept a-hanging on to the platform railing and a-looking back hard till the train got clean round the curve. Then he give a kind of a coughing groan, Carver said, and come inside the Pullman—there wasn't no other passengers that night in the Pullman—and plumped himself down on a seat anyway, a-looking as white as a clean paper collar; and for a while he just set there, like he had a pain.

At last he roused up and reached for his grip and got his flask out and had a good one; and when he'd had it he says to Carver, as savage as if Carver—who hadn't had no hand in the doings—was the whole business: "Sir, this America of yours is a continent of chaos—and you Americans are no better than so many wild beasts!" Then he had another; and after that he went on, like he was talking to himself: "All I ask is to get out of this nightmare of a country in a hurry—and safe back to my own home in the Avenue Road!" And from then on, Carver said, till it was bedtime—except now and then he took another—he just set still and glared.

Carver said it wasn't any funeral of his, and so he didn't see no need to argue with him. And he allowed, he said, maybe he had some call to feel the way he did about America, and to want to get quick out of it, after being up against Palomitas for what he guessed you might say was a full day.





MAP OF NORTH AMERICA
Shaded portions show unexplored regions

Unexplored Regions of the Earth

BY CYRUS C. ADAMS

WE have been told that most of Africa is explored, and yet we see scores of African explorers now for every one afield in Livingstone's day. They are studying in detail what the pioneers revealed in outline. The meaning of the term unexplored depends upon the standpoint, and a writer who uses it should define what he has in view.

In this article we should not class the Maine woods as unexplored. A wise man will not risk his life in parts of them without a guide, and many years may elapse before they are tolerably well mapped; but in a general way the lay of the land and the geographical aspects are known. The Yang-tse head waters have been traced to the Tibetan plateau, and commerce floats on the river for fifteen hundred miles from the sea; but we know nothing of the intricate gorges through which long stretches of the river flow, and thus parts of the stream are unexplored. We are dealing here with regions of which we have no knowledge, or so very little that we can only guess at the forms of the land and the distribution of the water systems. The polar regions do not fall within the scope of this paper.

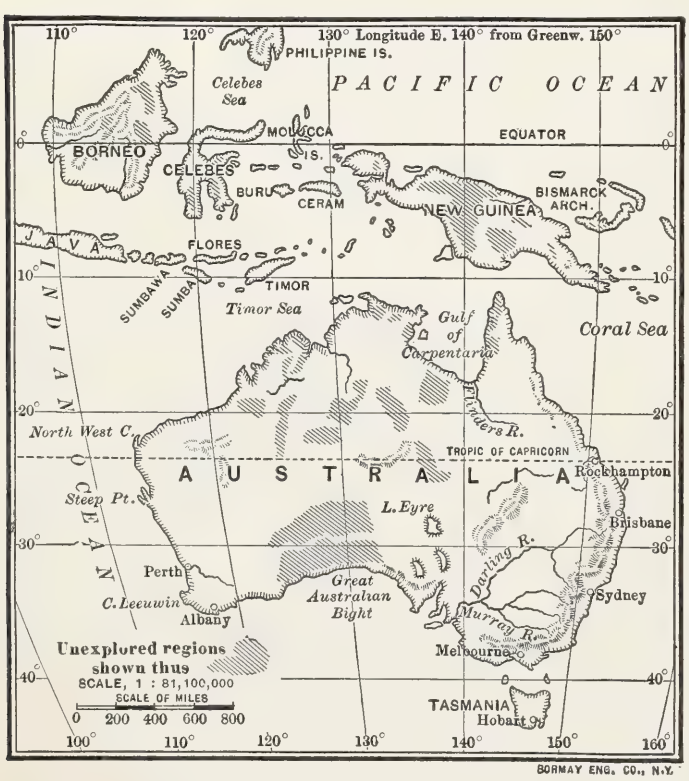
It is often unsafe to infer much knowledge of an unexplored region from what we know of its surroundings. Incorrect deductions were made from the phenomena which a few Saharan explorers observed along their routes. The present result is that recent French researches are changing our old notions of the central Saharan hydrography; and we now know that the Sahara, viewed as a desert, is much less extensive than we once believed upon the testimony of pioneer explorers. The

makers of a certain official survey-sheet inferred too much when they mapped the mighty ranges of the central Tien-shan. The German explorer, Merzbacher, who followed them, proved, three years ago, that Tengri Khan, the dominating summit, was misplaced on the map. This mountain is not the background of valleys, mistakenly represented as radiating from it; the ranges slope gently instead of steeply to the plain, and the drainage does not conform with its cartographic delineation. It is better to leave white spaces on the maps than to cover them with surmise.

It is not hard to find the unknown areas in the best atlases. These works are compiled from careful surveys and the best route maps and explorers' reports, and critical judgment is exercised as to the value of all the material for mapping. Sprinkled over these atlas maps of the continents we may find areas in which rivers or lakes are shown by broken lines, or mountains are faintly and indefinitely indicated, or incorrect information is stamped as such by question marks. Other areas may be left entirely white, showing that we have no geographical data concerning them. The boundaries of the unknown are thus outlined in a few authoritative atlases; and from these sheets maps may be made showing approximately the extent and distribution of regions still unexplored.

These unknown regions have wholly disappeared only from the map of Europe. Its entire surface has been scientifically explored, though much detailed research remains to be made. Its map is approximately correct, and we have a very large if not complete knowledge of its material resources. Europe may thus claim the first place in the earth's geography, for it is geographically better known than any other part of the world.

Many years will elapse before any other continent is as well mapped as Europe; and perhaps the era of perfected mapping all over the world may never come, because surveys are very expensive, and the five other continents have far larger expanses than Europe of comparatively worthless lands that do not call for the most detailed and refined cartography; but a large amount of pioneer work still invites the explorer, for many of the unknown areas have much territorial extent. In the Amazon basin, for example, three of these regions are each much larger than all of our New England States. One unknown area in Northwest Alaska is nearly as large as New England; and the Sahara has two areas in black that are each twice as large and another three times as large as New England. Asia still has several of these vast mysterious spaces, and the solid chunk of the unknown in New Guinea, the largest island in the world excepting Greenland, would swallow up New England and leave a black border all around it.



AUSTRALIA, BORNEO, AND NEW GUINEA
Shaded portions show unexplored regions

Many little patches of the unknown are not marked on our maps because they could hardly be seen on so small a scale. Traders in the Solomon Islands say that the natives come down to the coast by daylight to sell their cocoanuts to the white man and incidentally to ascertain the position of his bed, hoping to shoot him at night through the wall. Little faith is yet reposed in any of the Melanesians among their myriad islands from New Guinea to New Caledonia. Some

of the larger islands are absolutely untraversed. Map-makers are dependent for much information upon sketches and surveys made from the decks of vessels. The day seems late for explorers to be still looking wistfully towards the Kronprinz range of Bougainville and wondering if they will ever reach it. These little fields for virgin exploration are still numerous in the western Pacific and even in better-known parts of that ocean. The German island of Ponape, for example, is still *terra incognita* away from the coast, and little is known of the interior of Savaii (Samoan group), where violent volcanic outbursts were recently reported.

There is no rest for the cartographer. Late in 1905 the ninth edition of a great German atlas, after several years of labor, was placed on the market. In June this year the revision of sheet after sheet of this practically new work was taken in hand. Research of many kinds is in progress. Ethnologists are pushing new routes through the still unknown, as Theodor Koch has just done on the Rio Negro of the Amazon basin, where he has brought to light not only the head streams that form it, but also new tribes of Indians. The gold-hunters of western Australia have extended their quest into new parts of the northern desert, and the Survey Department at Perth is busy mapping fresh discoveries of ranges and of gold and water finds. Governments are making boundary surveys in many colonies, so that new frontiers are being exactly defined in regions hitherto unknown, the positions of many points are astronomically determined for the benefit of future mapping, and geographical discoveries of great interest are being made, such as the continual encroachment of the western Sahara upon the Sudan along the French-British frontier. As the French travel through the Sahara they find that many oases and wells were placed on the maps from fifty to one hundred miles out of their proper position. The place on the map of Lake Albert Edward, one of the sources of the Nile, must now be changed, because its correct position has only just been ascertained. The blunders of the past and the corrections and discoveries of the present are thus constantly affecting the world's geographical aspect; war, too, is making its great changes, and Japan instead of Russia is now the lessee of southern Manchuria. A map of the unexplored areas next year will not be quite what it is to-day, for men are pushing through these regions or whittling off their edges.



MAP OF SOUTH AMERICA
Shaded portions show unexplored regions

Scientific curiosity will continue to be a leading motive for these researches. The black space that breaks the course of the Brahmaputra on our map north of Burma was, in May last, the subject of an interesting petition from the officers and council of the Scottish Geographical Society. These geographers ask the Indian government to send an expedition in sufficient force to explore this unknown stretch, about two hun-

dred miles long, of the famous Asian river. Here the river breaks through the eastern Himalaya to descend to the plains of Assam, and as it drops through narrow and tortuous gorges, the mighty torrent is guarded against all comers by savage mountaineers. No explorers have ever intruded far within their domain, but years ago marked timbers set adrift in the Sangpo of Tibet were found in the Brahmaputra of India, proving that they are one and the same river. The waterfalls of great height that are said to mark this descent, the rock walls hemming in the stream and exposing a geological section through the ranges, the climatic gradients along this drop from the high plateau to the low plain, and the natives themselves, cut off by nature and their own will from their fellow men, provide problems whose investigation cannot much longer be delayed.

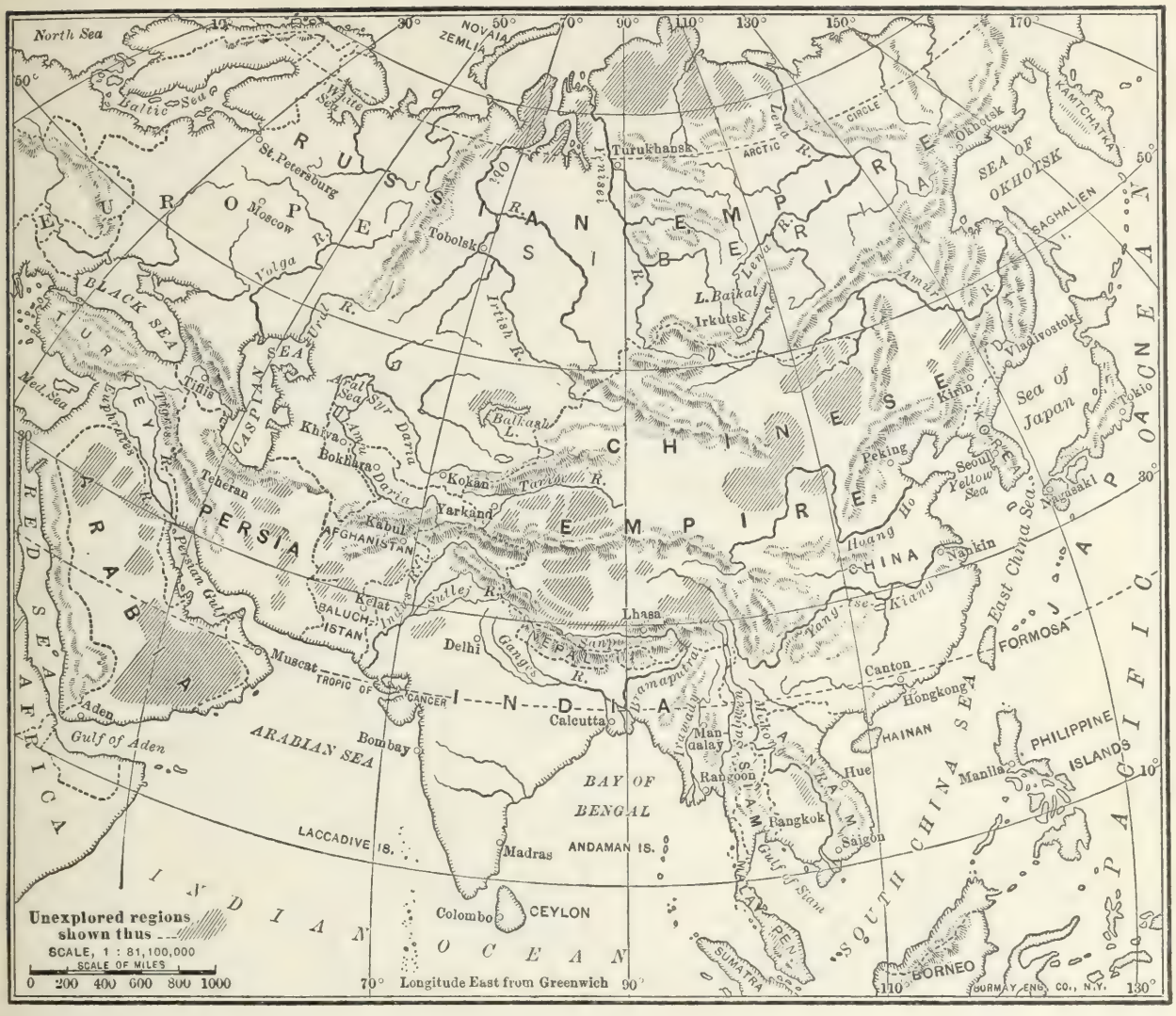
A mere glance at our maps impresses a few general facts upon us. We see that the largest areas of the unknown are now in lands that are too dry, as in the Sahara, the desert of Arabia, and the steppes of Mongolia; lands that are too wet and hot, stimulating almost impenetrable forest growths, as in parts of the Amazon and Congo basins; lands that are too cold and bleak, as portions of the northern areas of America and Asia. Even the characteristics of the inhabitants influence the extent of the unexplored. In proportion to total area there is more unknown surface in Liberia than in any other political subdivision of the world, because the Liberians, content to live along the coast, have scarcely entered their vast forest mazes, though they teem with rubber and other resources.

In spite of the wonderful energy that revealed Africa in sixty years, the unexplored is still more liberally sprinkled over this second largest continent than in any of the others. But the sum total of detailed geographical research now in progress in Africa greatly exceeds the volume of similar work in any other land, and with good reason. Here is a continent most of which in a generation has come into the possession of a few foreign powers. All the governments are eager to turn their new holdings to good account. Their civil servants and military officers were embarrassed at every step by lack of maps and paucity of information. The result is that most expeditions to quell a tumult, to man a station, or for whatever purpose intended, have been exploring parties. Hundreds of the government, trading, and missionary posts are centres of scientific observation and study. Scores of white men in the service are competent to fix the geographical position of places and to make good surveys and maps. One of the latest sheets of the large-scale map of German East Africa, now being made by officers in the East Africa service, is the result of sixty-three surveys by twenty-nine travellers, during which the latitude and longitude of 137 different points were ascertained. A rainfall map, published in April last, shows that climatic data are now being collected at nearly two hundred stations in tropical Africa. These many hundreds of workers are rapidly supplying the information that will soon take nearly all the unexplored areas out of the category of the unknown.

The Germans and French especially are filling new map-sheets with detailed information. There are parts of our own country which are not yet so well surveyed as the Togo Colony of Germany, whose map, on a scale of three miles to an inch, will soon be completed. White spaces appear on these sheets, as in nearly all African mapping; but, on the whole, it may be said that the average quality of the map-work now coming out of Africa is far superior to most that has hitherto been produced in newly explored parts of the world.

The largest unknown regions are in the Sahara, but we may look forward with confidence to the time now approaching when at least the central and western parts of the Sahara, the three-fifths belonging to France, will show no important unexplored areas. The last work of pioneer discovery in Africa will doubtless be done in the eastern Sahara, or Libyan waste, which is still little known, though many years ago Rohlfs travelled far into it.

In Africa, as well as in the subarctic, temperate, and torrid regions, there are two leading motives for the attacks that are everywhere being made



MAP OF ASIA
Shaded portions show unexplored regions

upon the scattered patches of unknown lands. One is the present impulse to search out every nook and cranny not yet permeated by the forces of our own civilization, that we may see what they have to add, if anything, to the wealth and opportunity of the world. The other motive, important though subordinate, is the desire to clear the ground everywhere for human activity by wiping the words *terra incognita* off the face of the globe.

Geography has been called the mother of science because it was exploration that brought to notice countless facts which stimulated the development and organization of geology, botany, zoology, chemistry, and other scientific specialties. These branches are conspicuously paying back to geography the debt they owe. The ethnology of most of the interior of New Guinea is still little known, and every party sent there to study the natives enlarges also our knowledge of the rivers, ranges, and plains. Archæologists say that their branch of science requires the exploration, from their special point of view, of most of western North America from Nevada to the arctic; but they cannot enter parts of this area without cutting into regions that have never yet seen an explorer. Meteorologists say that we have little definite knowledge of the climatic features of the entire northeastern part of South America from Argentina to the Caribbean because meteorological observations there have been so few and so far apart. Observing-stations are likely to be multiplied in those regions; and no branch of scientific inquiry will be established on a satisfactory footing over those high plateaus and lowlands and among those selvas and llanos without helping to reduce the size of the unknown regions so conspicuously shown on the map. At present the quest



MAP OF AFRICA
Shaded portions show unexplored regions

for rubber is the largest instrumentality through which the unexplored areas of the Amazon basin are becoming smaller.

We may not speak of rubber forests on the Amazon as we would of oak or pine forests at home. The trees that yield Para rubber are scattered among other kinds of timber and form only a small proportion of the forest growths. The demand for rubber has so largely increased that collectors are now going farther afield to hunt for new supplies; and as *Hevea Braziliensis* is scattered rather thinly over wide areas, considerable new territory is being roughly explored, and rubber collection is spreading out a little up the tributaries of Amazon affluents, and is thus cutting to a small extent into the unknown regions. Some new territory has thus been revealed in Bolivia as well as in Brazil. It is a slow process, for the dense tropical growths make penetration difficult; and the prospect that rubber-planting may be successful will not tend to accelerate the present phase of utilitarian exploration. Whenever ethnological or other scientific study or missionary work may profitably be pursued we shall expect more or less reduction in the unknown areas of the Amazon; but the larger parts of the gloomy and stifling woodlands with their tangled undergrowths are likely still to be untraversed after the characteristics and resources of most other continental areas have been brought into view.

If we were to cover with black such bits of the unknown as the tips of rivers in Texas, New Mexico, and elsewhere whose exact position is still involved in some doubt, it would be easy to make a larger showing of the unexplored in North America. But small maps can effectively call attention only to fields of considerable extent. The fact which our map makes prominent is that on our con-

tinent the really important opportunities for pioneer exploration are practically confined to Canada and Alaska.

The usual attitude of governments towards exploration was illustrated the other day by the reply of a Canadian official to the question whether the Dominion intended to survey the still unknown sections of the coasts of Baffin Land and to explore the interior. He answered that the government had no such purpose, in view of the greater importance to the people of large areas in the Dominion that are more accessible and are still unexplored. In other words, the primary geographical interest of governments relates to the discovery of material resources and new transportation routes. Official surveys in Canada have in fifteen years reduced the unexplored areas more than one-half, revealing the great forests south of Hudson Bay, the splendid waterways tributary to that bay through Chesterfield Inlet, new gold-fields in the Northwest, and some coal and copper on the arctic coast. They have also made contributions of the highest value to geology and other sciences.

Not less has our own search for material benefits widened, since 1898, the geographical knowledge of Alaska. It is believed that no mountain ranges remain undiscovered, the courses of all but two of the larger rivers are well mapped, the coast-lines have been surveyed, and perhaps nearly all of the larger geographical features are outlined. But although about half of the territory is now well mapped, there are still left in Alaska the largest unknown areas to be found in our domain. We may get a little idea of the work still before the pioneer explorer when we say that parts of Alaska aggregating an area six times as large as that of New York State are still unmapped and practically unexplored.

Geographers generally agree with Prince Krapotkin that the orography of Asia and the extent and distribution of its various land forms are now clearly discerned. The exploration of Asia has made great strides in the past twenty-five years, and Russia's part in the work has been preeminent. No other explorers have made a greater name than those of Russia for enthusiastic pursuit of geographical knowledge and accurate results. The Russian workers have been scattered from the Pamir heights that overlook their Turkestan domain to the frozen tundra of the arctic coast, and there is very little of Siberia which they have not made known, at least in outline, excepting some parts of the north, whose material value is still very small. The map of Australia shows the areas of the desert and the tropical north that still await investigation.

We see explorers as far back as the light of history may dimly be projected to us. Thirty-five centuries ago the Babylonians well understood the régime of the Euphrates and the Tigris; they had sent their vessels outside the Persian Gulf and had pushed westward to the deserts of North Africa. Myriads of explorers since then have outlined most of the world and studied a great deal of it in detail. But the best geographical information in time becomes antiquated. The forces of nature and of man are constantly changing the aspects of the earth's surface. The mountains, valleys, rivers, and coast-lines will not be to-morrow just what they are to-day. So in a broad sense exploration will never end.

Ultimately

BY MARY KNIGHT POTTER

WITHOUT knowing how he knew, Martin, the little old lens-maker, was quite certain that he was dead. Even that certainty, however, did not make him sufficiently curious to wonder much about his surroundings, though assuredly these were not in the least such as he had ever supposed could accompany death. But somehow everything seemed strangely natural in spite of its unexpectedness. The great arched hall with its gray walls nearly lost in the gray distance, the tiers of half-empty seats above and below him, even the majestic gray-robed figure on the raised platform opposite, — all adjusted themselves to his inner consciousness quite as though he had always been familiar with them; he, the late Martin White, of Steuben Row! He laughed softly to himself as he prefixed the "late," and wondered lazily what Dorcas would say to it all.

Dorcas! He sat up, startled. It was past comprehension, but that was the first time she had come into his thoughts. Dorcas, who was still at home, while he was here—wherever that here might be, with life and death between them. And for over thirty years even a city's length never once had separated them. Martin gulped, and all his placid acceptance was gone. Even the conviction that he need not worry about her, his brave, self-reliant Dorcas, did not greatly comfort him. His own longing was too deep. He wondered if, perhaps,—

"Your paths await you." Through the hall the voice rang with a penetrating insistence that pierced even Martin's absorption and roused him to sharp attention. It was the gray-robed Presence who was speaking, and the hush that followed his first words deepened into heavy silence.

"Over the Beyond," the clear tones went on, "this court has no dominion. It can but adjudge which path thither each of you shall take. Between here and there stretch many lands. Those of you who are ready, who have learned well your earth lesson, shall travel thence by the Straight Way that leads direct. For the others,—it is what you are that shall decide how long or short may be your journey."

For a moment, as he ceased, not a breath broke the intense quiet that seemed fairly to choke the hall. Then he opened a big bronze-bound book, and slowly turned its leaves, the soft crackle sounding to Martin cannon-loud. The gray-robed One swept his eyes over those before him, his fingers holding the open pages; and as he began again to speak, sudden terror griped Martin's heart. He hardly heard the actual words, but the meaning of them surged desperately through his mind. Everybody's name, his name, was written within that huge volume. And when your name was called there was no escaping. You had to answer the questions of the Gray One. The question, rather, for it was only one that really counted. "What are you?" Your answer to that would send you—how, Martin was not quite sure—but in triumph, straight and sure to the Beyond, or it would carry you by rocky, tortuous, inaccessible ways that must be impassable for any weak old Martin. And yet those were to be his paths. That was beyond peradventure. "What are you?" Over and over the words rang in his ears, till in a very deafness of despair he could hear nothing else.

He did not notice that the Presence had already called a name. He did not see the tall young man who rose at the summons. "What are you?" He did not need to look back over his sixty years to find his answer. He had known too long. Dorcas had known, — was there any one who did not know the wretched failure Martin White had been? A failure! Just a pitiful, hopeless failure.

It seemed to him there would be more chance if he had been guilty of black crimes. Wickedness forsworn, guilt repented, were they not steps towards salvation? But if one had only miserably, utterly failed, how could one atone?

"What are you?" Once more the words of the Presence swept aside his oblivion. It was the young man below who was being questioned, and gradually Martin's bewilderment gave place to understanding. What was he saying? He shivered at the displeasure on the face of the Presence.

"And that is all? With such gifts as yours?" The tones cut like jagged glass, and Martin marvelled at the composure of the young man.

"In the world"—the accused drew himself up proudly—"those gifts you prize only make it harder to remain a 'respectable citizen.' You may judge me as you choose. I am not ashamed of my record."

"You have pronounced your own verdict." As the Presence spoke, he motioned to some one behind the tribune. Martin cringed again with dread. To him the words simply roared with implacable doom. But the young man stood tall and straight. He hardly turned his eyes to the white-clad youth who came at the call of the Presence, and knelt.

"Messenger," said the Presence, slowly, "conduct this traveller to the winding Desert-Path, that leads across the Great Divide. As for you"—he looked sternly at the unmoved man,—"you shall not find the Gate that opens out to the Beyond until you know your own great need. Blazon his record, Messenger, that he may see it constantly before him. No heights were beyond his reach, yet, because he did no ill, he remains content with his achievement."

With strained, dread-struck eyes, Martin watched the young man, who, with shoulders still squared and head high, followed the messenger behind the tribune. Swift upon his departure other names were called, other records demanded. And Martin listened to their sentences with ever-growing terror. One, of whose high repute as judge he had often heard, was sent to the Beyond over climbing, boulder-blocked paths that would take all his strength to mount.

"He cared," said the Presence as he dismissed him, "for his own honor more than for the ever-living Justice."

Another was a great general, one whose armies were always victorious and who had led in a glorious cause. Martin had revered his name beyond all heroes. For him again were decreed the long Desert-Paths of Preparation, because—"It was not the rights or wrongs of the country he served that moved him. It was for his own aggrandizement and power that he fought."

A world-famed preacher was a third, who had told the way to heaven to thousands. He, of a certainty, Martin thought, would receive only words of commendation, and would be sent the shortest, easiest way to the great Beyond. But the face of the Presence was stern.

"Because you held one fragment of the Eternal Truth, you scorned those other fragments held by your differing brothers. You were more anxious to prove yourself infallible than to prove the unfailing love and wisdom of the Judge of All." And the celebrated doctor of divinity had gone with hanging head to the road that no reputation or éclat could make short or smooth.

Martin's brain whirled more and more. Citizen, general, judge, and preacher condemned. What was the standard here?

"Martin White," called he holding the bronze-bound book.

Scarcely knowing what he did, Martin scrambled down to the tribune steps. For a moment the gray-robed Presence gazed silently at the shrinking figure of the little old man. In spite of his utter self-abasement and self-condemnation, unclouded steadfastness shone from his mournful eyes.

"Martin White." The name came softly from the Presence. "For sixty years you were permitted on the earth. What have you done with all that birth endowed you with? What are you?"

So, it had come! Martin straightened his drooping figure, bracing himself.

"There's nothing happened since I got here," he said, slowly, "to make me any different from what I was on earth. And on earth I was a failure." He stopped as if everything had been said.

But the Presence questioned further. "How have you failed?"

"There is no way I haven't. I had chances enough for myself and others, and I threw them all away."

"Worldly success or non-success does not avail here." The voice of the Presence carried reassuringly. "Is it only commercially you have failed?"

"I said in every way." The despair came full. "If the money part doesn't count here, it helps to make all the rest there. And it was my own fault. Just because I was a weakling. That's what Dorcas has always said, and I know it's so."

"And 'Dorcas' is—"

"My wife." Martin did not try to hide his pride. "She's been my wife for over thirty years. And been faithful, and tried to make both ends meet, and worked like a slave, with nothing that makes life happy for a woman. Dorcas, who deserved the best there was! She expected great things of me when we were married. And I never did anything but disappoint her." His voice broke in utter wretchedness.

"But surely you have some good to your credit?" The Presence looked at him searchingly. "And for your blunders you must have some excuse. How can you expect to enter upon even the longest Path of Preparation if all your life shows nothing worthy?"

"I don't expect it. I haven't any right. Nor any excuse. It's no excuse to say I tried. I haven't any right." He clenched his hands to keep the hopelessness down as he gazed yearningly at the Presence. "I know I have no right to ask for anything. But—but—"

"You need not fear." The Presence spoke encouragingly. "What is your desire?"

Martin bent his head and said, so low only the gray-robed One could hear, "If it might be that I could see Dorcas when she comes. It's a great thing to ask, I know, but if I might only see how at last she will be repaid for all her goodness."

Before the Presence could reply a messenger knelt at the tribune's steps.

"Many witnesses wait for Martin White," he said.

The little lens-maker, unnoticing, still stood supplicating, his hungry, eager eyes fastened on the face of the Presence.

"If these shall testify aright"—the gray-robed One motioned to the messenger—"your wish is not impossible."

At the moment, to Martin's dumfounded amaze, a crowd of people suddenly appeared from somewhere behind the tribune. He stared in bewilderment, weakly wondering if it was part of his punishment to be condemned before so many. One among them pressed forward.

"I am allowed but little time," he said to the Presence. "When I heard that Martin White was here I begged leave to see his face once more. He is here?" He turned inquiringly and met Martin's eyes.

"John!" The two clasped hands as if they could not let each other go, while Martin cried "John" and "John," with vast comfort in the mere name.

"You knew Martin White on earth?" The Presence bent forward to the newcomer. "What sort of man was he?"

"What sort?" His voice swelled with tenderness. "The kindest, truest sort that ever lived."

Martin flushed deeply and tried to interrupt, but the other went on unheedingly.

"I ought to know. Didn't he believe in me and help me when every one called me thief? Wasn't it his aid and sympathy that kept me from being even worse? And there was no reason why he should have done it all,—nothing but the kindness of his heart."

"Nonsense, John!" Martin shook his head with affectionate disapproval. "It's his own kindness of heart that overvalues me," he explained, deprecatingly. "And exaggerates the little I helped."

But before he could say anything more a voice interrupted.

"Oh! Sir! Don't listen to Mr. White!" With hurried steps a young woman pushed to the front. "I can tell you truer. When the baby was dying and I was left alone it was he who persuaded the great doctor to come,—and paid him, though he had so little himself. It was he who sat with the child and made me rest. Oh! It was nothing unusual for him. He was always helping the widows and orphans, and only the widows and orphans knew."

Then Martin, whose efforts to stop the woman's words had been unavailing, turned to the Presence in desperation.

"You must listen to me." There was a sternness in the old man's tones that spread a hush about him. "I cannot let you think such praise true. There was no virtue in what I did for the baby. We—Dorcas and I—we had no children, and the little fellow held out his arms to me the first time I saw him. It was for my own self I wanted him to live. I wanted it so much I forgot the things I should have remembered. It was while I was with him the fire swept the workroom. And Dorcas had to drudge and go without again,—because of my selfish neglect."

His voice faltered, and while he tried to pull himself together, one who towered head and shoulders above the rest quietly moved those near him out of the way and stood, tall and grave, before the tribune.

"Bernard Brotherton." The Presence called the name in a greeting he had given no other.

Martin stared, fairly petrified with astonishment. What could the owner of that great name have to do with him?

"I had almost reached the end of my journey," the tall man began, without preamble, "when word was brought that Martin White had arrived at the Court of Entrance. I had searched for many years on earth for one Martin White. As fast as possible I have retraced my steps, hoping I might find him here."

"It has delayed you greatly." The Presence almost reproved.

"If it had delayed me twice as long, I should rejoice that I had turned." He stepped up to the wondering Martin and put both hands upon his shoulders and gazed down at him, infinite affection shining in his eyes. "So—you've forgotten Barney and the dog!"

Martin gasped. "Barney and the dog? . . . You—it isn't *you?*" Yet, as he stared into the face above, his incredulity gave way, and he fell to shaking the big man's hand, his own face one wide smile of joy. "To think! To think my boy Barney is Bernard Brotherton! I'd never dreamed it! Why didn't you let me know? It would have done my old heart good." Still shaking hands and quite oblivious of the Presence before them.

"At first things were so hard I knew you would be troubled. But afterwards I tried. I never stopped trying, Mr. White." The tones as eager and explanatory as if he were the boy once more. "But though I hunted for years, I never could find trace of you. I couldn't bear you should think me so ungrateful."

"Barney ungrateful!" The old man laughed and shook hands once more. "Well, well, boy! How proud I am! If Dorcas could only see you!" He was no longer the self-abased, humiliated Martin. He had entirely forgotten the Presence, where he was, and why.

Bernard Brotherton smiled quizzically. "I don't believe she'd like me any better than ever, Martin." Then, at the quick look of distress that flushed the old man's face, he gently put his arm over his shoulder and turned once more to the tribune. "Twenty-five earth-years ago a boy was found guilty of a grave crime. It was chance that he had not been condemned before. Surroundings and example had done their worst for him. It happened that a man—a man with no influence and no money—saw the boy and heard his story. Heaven knows why, but he persuaded those in authority to let the boy go free and took him home. And though money daily grew scarcer in that home and worries grew thicker, he kept him, and for five years was father to him. When, at the end of the five years, the boy went into the world, he was the work of the man's heart and hand. After that he never could go very far wrong." He stopped a half-moment, and then continued, softly: "I was that boy. The man was Martin White. Whatever good may be laid to my credit, whatever I accomplished in those after twenty years,—it is not I, but Martin White who is responsible."

Before Martin could recover from his embarrassment sufficiently to expostulate, others among the crowd of witnesses were urging their words.

"He gave me a smile and a good-day when no one else had anything but kicks for me."

The praises went on till Martin could only cling helplessly to Bernard Brotherton, feebly crying that it was all nothing,—these were his friends; they had all done more for him than he for them. And the tall man patted his shoulder as

he would a baby's, while his own face grew brighter and brighter with rejoicing love. The last to speak was one of the white-clad messengers of the Court itself.

"I went to earth, as you commanded," —he bowed before the tribune. "I saw the home and wife of Martin White and heard the words of those who knew him well. What I heard was such as has been told. But besides all else, for over thirty years he has been tender, loving, self-sacrificing, to a wife who was hard, bitter, and self-absorbed."

"Let me through! Let me through!" A woman's cry rose high and sharp, and while it still rang into the startled silence, a tumult at a far end of the hall grew rapidly louder and nearer. Through the crowd dashed a woman, stopping only when she had reached the tribune's steps.

"Great Judge, or whoever you are!" She threw herself upon her knees and clasped her hands wildly. "You must hear me."

"Dorcas!" Martin had heard the woman's cry and watched her as she swept by him, too stupefied to believe his ears or eyes. It was Brotherton's sudden grip on his arm that brought him to vivid realization. He flung off the hand as though he were twice the big man's size and started for the kneeling woman. "Dorcas!" All the rapture, love, and longing of a lifetime were in the cry. Her own words stopped him before he reached her side.

"You mustn't believe a word he says!" She importuned the Presence, wringing her hands in an agony of grief. "It's all true—what the other told you. But you must believe I didn't realize it. . . . We did have a hard time. Things never went right,—and all the people he kept doing for only did harm to him. And it made me furious to think he'd never see his own interest nor mine. And I never helped him. I never comforted him. I never showed I loved him. I thought I was the abused one, and I never tired telling him so. And through it all he bore with me like an angel, and loved me. Oh! That's the only comfort I have now, and yet that hurts worse than all the rest. But he did love me, always." Her weeping overcame her words, and Martin, his own voice broken by a mighty sob, started forward again.

"Dorcas! Dorcas!" he pleaded.

But she struck out her arms to keep him back, and controlling her voice, went on, to the Presence: "All the years I never knew. I never knew anything but my own selfish wants. It wasn't till he had gone and I knew I was never to have him again that I learned what he had been. And then—oh, the agony of it all! And then, after, I prayed. If I might only tell him that I understood at last, and that I would give all I'd ever thought I ought to have—to be able to show him how I love him. That was what I prayed —and I have told him." Her head sank upon her breast, but she stretched weak hands to her husband.

Martin looked at Bernard, at the crowd about, at the messenger, and at the Presence. Dreadful conviction was borne in upon him.

"You—you are going to separate us?" The words were torn from him in a gasp of agony, and he turned once more to Bernard. "Barney! Barney! Tell them, if they can't let us go together, to put me behind her, so I can see her each step of the way. That would be something,—oh! that would be a great deal. If they will think I deserve some good,—tell them that will be the most good to me. They mustn't, Barney, they mustn't take me away from her altogether!"

"You need no one else to plead for you, Martin White." It was the Presence, not Bernard, who spoke. "It is not these witnesses, it is you yourself who have disclosed yourself. And because of the height of the truth of your heart, you will go with Bernard Brotherton on that shortest path which leads to the Gate of the Beyond. And because of your love, and her final knowledge of her own great unworthiness, Dorcas, your wife, shall accompany you."

Dorcas slipped from her husband's arms and fell upon her knees and kissed his feet. "Together, Martin, together for this little while," she sobbed.

And Martin's face as he stooped and lifted her was shining with a glory that comes only to those who have learned all love can teach. "Together for this little while," he whispered, "and after,—surely for us both there will be only good."

Editor's Easy Chair

CONSCIOUSNESS of other nationalities is not apt to be a vice of the American nature except in those sad instances in which the American has been cultivated beyond the self-satisfaction so akin to self-respect that one is not willing to distinguish between the two, at least in one's own case. Even with the especially cultivated this consciousness refers rather to farther than to nearer differences, and the cultivated American who is keenly alive to the existence of a dominion bordering us beyond the seas, is comparatively dead to the presence of a Dominion bordering us beyond the lakes and rivers. From time to time he hears that its people desire or detest a closer relation with us; but mainly he keeps only a tradition of summer travel, and an impression of a long, implacable winter, as his associations with it. Now and then his morning or his evening paper appeals to his slumbrous patriotism with tales of a vast Western emigration to those hyperborean regions, and a welcome given the emigrants which might undermine a citizenship less deeply rooted than ours. It seems to him that he remembers rectifications of frontiers in which we have scarcely escaped bloodshed, and he vaguely recalls special despatches, noting the pursuit of American fishermen on the lakes by the navies of our neighbor; and there has been something about bait and the Gloucester mackerel-men. Apparently, there has also been something about reciprocity and nefarious attempts of our neighbor to get us to lower our Chinese Wall of a tariff, so that he can get over it with his timber, or what not. Then all again is silent, except for wintry rumor of ice-palaces, somewhere; and though five or six trains from New York and Boston and quite as many from Chicago leave daily for the metropolis of the Neighboring Power, the cultivated American shrinks from the thought of it as despairingly as if it were to be reached only by toboggan. Yet, we venture to think that if the cultivated American were the least little bit more cultivated, he might be brought to feel an interest as lively, if not as polite, in that neighboring power as, say, in some of the minor principalities of the European continent, or the larger republics of South America.

As long as we were part of Europe ourselves we were more intimately related to the neighboring power than we have ever been since, especially as long as the neighboring power was French. In that picturesque period, our ancestors were often tomahawked by its savage emissaries, or led captive over its borders, which we ourselves sometimes crossed carrying fire and sword into its fastnesses. But that period passed, and a sluggish era of adventureless peace set in, which some are so commonplace as to hope may last forever, and finally restore us, if on less picturesque terms, to the lost intimacy of our European date.

It was in the tranquillity of this period that the greatest of American historians, conceived the idea of a history, which should not only relate us in the knowledge and imagination of men to the founders of the neighboring power, but should make us equally with them partners in the annals of all the world, directly or indirectly. Before him, an American poet, the greatest of American poets, had written a poem which reunited us with that power in its earliest English phase, through one of the most pathetic episodes of the human story. We were thus already akin through the intellect and the spirit with the people beyond the Chinese Wall of our tariff, and whoever had the will could pass it in the summer's day that lured from Niagara down the lakes and the rapids to Montreal, and again down the seaward-widening river to Quebec. It is some such wanderer, some such bold adventurer from the spacious Julys and Augusts of

the past whom we would invite the cultivated American to accompany in his latest visit to the dominions of the neighboring power, made when the dead fields, now so deeply sheeted and sepulchred in these January snows, were yet in their September green, with the first leaves of autumn beginning to redden around and above them. If the cultivated American will come, he shall be shown some things, or at least told some things, which will not indeed surprise him, for nothing can surprise the cultivated American except his own cultivation, but which we hope will interest and possibly a little charm him. If he cares to see a capital in the making, and to meet a people in the process of nationalizing themselves on terms of novelty which we ourselves have won for them, and in a differentiation from both the Mother Country and the Elder Sister Country which it is the chief stroke of their genius to have imagined, the chance is open to him.

The anomaly of being an independent dominion in dependence on an inclusive empire, if not in its control, was an idea which would hardly have occurred to the neighboring power, if the Elder Sister Country had not made it practicable to throw off the guidance of the Mother Country, without apparently severing the political ties which one need not be so offensive as to call apron-strings. We had to go all lengths before the neighboring power could go all the lengths but one, and we had to begin Washington before that power could begin Ottawa. In both cases, nature had been before human nature in suggesting the site of a capital. Since the first political Christian founded his capital on the shores of the Bosporus, few if any states have had their main office in places so dignified. The accidental capitals, like London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Rome, have indeed the rivers that are apt to run by large towns, but they have none of them a scenic environment so noble as the capital of this Republic or the capital of that Dominion. Both these capitals began to set their future splendor in architecture worthy the nature about them, and it was not without significance that the republic framed its Capitol in the classic forms consecrated by the freedom of classic antiquity, and that the dominion shaped its official fane on the Gothic lines endeared to the race by the secular and religious shrines of the motherland. One is not obliged to choose between them, and say the first is more beautiful than the last; but one feels that the gray Gothic would have looked alien by the Potomac, and the white Greek would have seemed a false note in the symphony of the wintrier sky and the northerner landscape by the Ottawa.

A little while ago, say thirty years, the Capitol seemed pretty much all there was of Ottawa. But all of the Capitol now seems a little part of Ottawa, grown twice or thrice as large as then, and many times lovelier. They are so rather bouncingly pleased, those Dominion folk, to be just what they are in quite their own way, that one scarcely credits one's sense in hearing them speak of their capital as the Washington of the North, but one may at least believe that what has taken place at Washington, in some things, is taking place at Ottawa in the same sort of things. That is, the town is realizing itself in a constant consciousness of the capital, very much to the advantage of both. There is no tradition, or at least none that the more ignorant visitor knows, of a city planned, and as it were forecast, by an inspired engineer, in a prophecy discovered by a bold President of aftertime, who began to fulfil it, as President Hayes began to fulfil the prophecy of Major L'Enfant in the present and future Washington, after a wise, however wicked, Boss Shepherd had turned the town from a mud-hole into a paradise of asphalt. But Ottawa did not linger long in the hold of the original accident, which keeps its clutch so unrelentingly on the cities of greed and want. You see now, happy if ignorant visitor, how the capital is extending itself all through, and all around the city, in public offices more or less of the parent Gothic, amidst gardens taught to grow by the canals and rivers taught to flow at their feet, in drives that seek the splendid fields and pleasaunces beyond the streets and then come willingly back to them, in parks that the kind trolley reaches everywhere, and in the open spaces that allow the avenues to stretch themselves when they are tired of the stores and dwellings.

The official city is all new or newer, but the unofficial city is rather oldish here and there; sometimes shabbily old, and sometimes quaintly old. There is a wide market-place where the long, dense ranks of country wagons give an English, give a Latin effect to the buying and selling, and the gray stone shops and taverns overlooking the barter are mostly of a type unhappily obsolescent in a continent so fire-new as ours. Suggestions of Montreal as Montreal used to be, suggestions even of Quebec as Quebec used to be, breathe from these market-carts, and from the figures of comfortable farm-women bargaining with wary young housewives. That market-place is a charming touch; but whether the pervading sawmills, that heap their planks and scantlings, and slabs and shingles high in air and abroad beside the great river, are another charming touch must be left to the reader's taste. Sawmills, if rightly seen, or with the eye of fond recollection, are not unpicturesque, but in the nature of lumbering they cannot always hold their place. Here and there a vast boom of logs stretches far into the river, but the forests where the logs were lately trees are falling fast, and doubtless the capital will know how in time to restrict the sawmill and at last to efface it.

Outside of Washington we might be fearful of socialism in the public control keeping the streets so clean as those of Ottawa; and again and again we come upon evidences of administrational efficiency which give us pause in our conjecture that we are very like the Canadians. In the parts of their capital which we suppose we must call residential, no matter how we hate the word, the handsome, lawn-girt dwellings remind us of those in our smaller cities, all the way from Hartford to Buffalo, and as much beyond as you like to go. For the most part, the people of Anglo-Saxon race (which of course means the Scotch, Irish, and Welsh always) look more like the American Anglo-Saxons than the English Anglo-Saxons, but suddenly a face or a figure, far more frequently than in our towns, transports you to London, or Edinburgh, or Dublin, or Cardiff. Oftener than otherwise the accent is like ours, and there are no dropped or dislocated aspirates lying about. But they spell their American accent differently; a man of Honor could not be commonly honest unless he had a u in the last syllable, and the laborer would not be worthy of his hire without it. This is only the beginning of the voluntary differences from us in the neighboring power. Your Canadian is not an American if he knows it, but he does not know how much of an American he is. He thinks that in being full of the new wine of the new country—we speak figuratively, of course—he is being distinctively Canadian, and only we who recognize the tang of our vintage know better. Perhaps an Englishman, lately from Home, and peering anxiously and bewilderedly about on the flush of that ardor, would divine its true source. What is certain is that the ardor is there. The spirit of the West, of the Future, thrills eastward from the fertile fields of the friendly climates in the great Canadian grain-lands and fruit-lands, and from the Canadian gold-lands and coal-lands, and from the shores of the Canadian rivers and seas, as it does not even with us. It may be that it makes itself as much felt at Washington, that fine bold spirit, as it does in Ottawa, but we doubt it, and we are sure it does not in New York. We are apt to question it, to snub it here, but it seems welcome in Ottawa.

Or is this the error of a hasty observer? What seems certain is that you are in the presence of an effervescence which has more or less subsided with us. After all, the actual Canada, the eventual Canada, is a far newer country than ours. The historic Canada, the Canada of the priest, the soldier, the habitant, is far to the eastward of the fresh activities which are making the Dominion great, or as great as a country with so much winter against it can be. But these activities penetrate the whole body politic of the Dominion as they do not penetrate the body politic of the Republic; they qualify it, they characterize it; or if they do not, one fancies, no doubt from insufficient evidence, that they do. The forces there are visible and audible, and here they are like the rivers of their own West which when tired of flowing above-ground sink and flow underground, but flow quite as strenuously there.

Is it a fancy that the air, yonder, the pure air of a climate where it is as cold half the year as if liquefied, is less haunted than ours with the giant forms of the Trusts and Distrusts which threaten our peace? At least one does not hear so much of the mighty fortunes; really one cannot remember hearing, in a week's time, the word millionaire once pronounced; the word multimillionaire is apparently unknown to the happier vocabulary of the neighboring power, but no doubt it will duly form a part of the knowledge which rushes in while wisdom still lingers without. No doubt, if we could look into the heart of the neighboring power, we should see the like of the bitterness which stirs in our own, the commercial lust, the industrial unrest. The dream of a state caring as eagerly and jealously for those who earn as for those who pay, or underpay, is not a vision of that power, as it is of the great Pacific provinces which justly call themselves a commonwealth. The neighboring power came to its consciousness too early for that vision, as we came to ours too early to imagine the dependent independence which she has realized politically. This is something which teases the thought of the witness from time to time, and which he can only put aside by answering his own question with the fact that it works. How long it will work no one can say, for no one can calculate the lifetime of an anomaly. We had once our own anomaly, and a far worse one, and no one could calculate its lifetime. As it was said in our time of patience, a nation cannot exist half slave and half free, so it may begin to be said over there that a nation cannot exist half colonial and half imperial.

It is not said yet, and such whispering as there once was of another union has quite died away; there is really not a breath of that any more than there is a breath of the republicanism which once feebly gasped in England. The new times have their new cures for the old maladies, and we have taught, if we have not learnt, that republics can be unjust and full of the superfluity of the worst inequality, the inequality of life and the means of life. So the latest democracies do not seek salvation in republics or union with republics. They feel that the economic evil must first be economically attacked and destroyed. The most we can ask of the neighboring power is to remember that we made her and her opportunity possible through our suffering and revolt.

At present her two races and her two religions are bound together in a patriotism which shows no fissure to the alien eye. The Latin race, which has given the distinguished statesman for the first place in her ministry, seems in full accord with the Anglo-Saxon race which accepts his leadership. If these elements should ever mix, as they have not yet mixed, they ought in logic to offer the future a people such as the world has not yet seen. But apparently they are no nearer a racial than a religious union, and standing together for Canada, French and English, Catholic and Protestant seem set apart in perpetuity as to all other things. Which side is holding its own, or more than its own, it would be a bold alien who should say.

In the mean time, what you superficially note at Ottawa is the prevalence of neither the Latin nor the Anglo-Saxon, but of the Scot, whose eager visage imparts its physiognomy to the street crowd, not yet of a New York or London density. It is a very Scotch town, if not a Scotch town, and this may be why it is so Canadian, so American, so Yankee. Anywhere you can easily get out of the business streets, into the official spaces or the residential districts, which are so noble, so pleasing. You can even get into the country, with a foreground full of the gleams and wide reaches of the magnificent river, and beyond these, the fertile fields, rising in grandiose terraces, to the Laurentian Hills, too blue to lose themselves in the blue of the vast horizons. Can it be that in a little while, the mid-September visitor asks himself, those mighty extents, those lofty tops will be white as death under six months' snow? But perhaps this forced torpor of a half-year may be all that prevents the neighboring power annexing the States to the south of her. She may yet do this when she has imparted to her whole dominion the ever-vernal climate of her wonderfully isothermalized northwest.

Editor's Study

IN the history of literature no subject is more interesting or more pertinent to the whole course of development than that of periodical publication.

Our modern idea of publication is generally confined to the issue and circulation of printed works, excepting in the case of plays that have publicity only as they are acted, and of musical compositions which are known to the general public only as they are rendered by musicians. This exceptional form of publication was the original and only form in the most ancient times, when there was not even the written symbol, and publication was through oral tradition. It is, moreover, the only form which to-day reaches, as it has in all ages reached, the illiterate, transcending, therefore, by direct and universal appeal, the device of written word and of typography. Before these devices existed all speech was simply phonetic, and unembarrassed by orthoepic puzzles and ambiguities.

Such literature as there was before letters—in the martial and religious lyric, the heroic epic, the elementary drama, and the impassioned speech—was closely associated with religious ritual and with regularly recurrent festivals, themselves following the routine of Nature in days, seasons, years, and lustres, and was therefore to a large extent periodical in its communication to the people. The earliest folk-lore and poetry, as represented in Hesiod's *Works and Days,* were calendary, with near relation to agriculture, which, like the gathering of simples and the magical rites of healing, was carried on with a superstitious regard to the phases of the moon. Probably, as soon as printed publications began to circulate among the people, the most fascinating of periodicals was a kind of farmer's almanac.

We doubtless underestimate the number of readers before the invention of types; and the number was comparatively greater in some periods of ancient culture than at any time in medieval history before the Renaissance. It must have been so in the time when it could be said that "Of the making of many books there is no end." In Rome, even before the Augustan age, intelligent copyists were numerous. Julius Cæsar, who wrote his *Commentaries* to conciliate political favor, had probably no difficulty in securing for them a sufficiently general circulation to effect his purposes. In the next generation any writer who could command the services of hundreds of well-trained slaves could have put upon the market an edition of his latest work larger than the usual first edition of books issued to-day, and in less time. But for this cheap skilled labor the hand printing-press would have come into use. It would have been as easy to make metal types as to engrave signet-rings.

It was not alone the cheapness of labor that met the ancient literary need. Labor was cheap enough in the fifteenth century when types came into use. But there was at this later date no such abundant supply of intelligent servants who could read and write as that derived from the great body of slaves in the palmiest days of the Roman Empire. Æsop was a slave, and Horace the son of a freedman. It was largely due to the intelligence and fidelity of this ingeniously efficient class, whose dependent condition was its misfortune (as in the case of captives taken in battle), rather than its fault, that the stability of the Empire was so long maintained, despite the unworthiness of its masters.

The medieval monks were copyists, and there was a host of them; but they hardly served the interests of a free literature; they were not likely to copy the works of Chaucer, Dante, Petrarch, or Boccaccio, whatever share they may have had in the preservation of classic lore, which was quite entirely Latin. Printing was a forced invention, rendered necessary rather by the illiteracy of craftsmen than by the demand of a large

reading class. In fact, it was printing that first created any considerable general demand for books.

In this situation, which lasted for a century and a half after the invention of the printing-press, there was no call for periodical publications or even for newspapers. There was, indeed, no publication of anything to the people except in the ancient sense—through recitation, oration, the rubric and stage representation. The earliest newspaper printed in Europe was the *Frankfurter Journal,* a weekly, in 1615. A year after the landing of the *Mayflower,* followed a similar publication in London, called the *Weekly News,* and not until more than seventy years later was there an English daily paper. Caxton had printed books at Westminster more than two centuries earlier—an interval stretching from the Wars of the Roses to the Revolution of 1688, including the mighty literature produced by the great Elizabethan dramatists, with Shakespeare at their head, by More and Bacon and Sir Thomas Browne, by Spenser and Milton and Bunyan. Yet in all this glorious period no daily newspaper! The English language had come of age. Constitutional liberty, in theory at least, had been achieved. Yet for the great mass of the English people, lacking manhood suffrage, and having no direct responsibility for the conduct of public affairs, there had been developed no regular and organized channels of political expression.

The formation of something which may properly be called public opinion and the establishment of means for its expression rapidly progressed during the closing years of the seventeenth century, so that in 1703 daily journalism became a successful venture. Then began the era of the brilliant and effective publicist in England, nearly a century before there was anything like it on the continent.

There had been masterly pamphleteering as early as the middle of the seventeenth century, the most eminent examples of which were from the pen of John Milton, mainly in the service of the Commonwealth. This method of appealing to intelligent public opinion was the only one possible at that time, and it was pursued with still greater vigor after the advent of the daily press, because of the constantly increasing number of readers. Defoe and Swift showered pamphlets upon the British nation; but these distinguished writers with even more zest availed of the larger opportunities afforded by periodical publications. Probably no one man ever wielded the power of the press with such effect as Swift did in the *Examiner* during the time of his connection with it.

Defoe had, in 1704, started a periodical of his own, *The Review,* he being at the time a political prisoner in Newgate. He contributed all the matter—essays on politics and commerce—himself, and supplemented each number, of which three were published every week, with "The Scandalous Club," dealing with manners and morals—a precursor of the *Tatler* and *Spectator,* which appeared soon afterward. His *Robinson Crusoe,* after its remarkable success in book form, was published serially in *Heathcote's Intelligencer,* being the first instance of a feuilleton on record. The same fortune—that is, serial after book publication—happened in the next century to Thomson's *Seasons* and to Gray's *Elegy.* We have witnessed such a reversal of the usual sequence even in our own time in the case of several successful novels, some of which were originally published serially in first-class magazines, then in book form, and again as newspaper feuilletons. As in the case of *Robinson Crusoe,* these later instances indicate the diverse strata of an author's possible audience and help to explain the ever-increasing variety of periodicals.

The intimate association with the earliest periodicals of two such writers as Defoe and Swift, the authors of the two most popular tales not only of their own but of all time, has had its counterpart in every subsequent period of English and American literature. Dryden was the last of the illustrious writers since Chaucer who were denied such association, for though in his last days he was a frequenter of Will's Coffee-House, he did not live quite long enough to witness the triumph of coffee-house literature in the *Tatler, Spectator,* and *Guardian,* to which Addison, Steele, Swift, and Pope were contributors.

Before the eighteenth century a writer, however great, who did not produce plays

could not depend upon literature for a livelihood. By *The Beggar's Opera,* Gay made more than seven thousand pounds, while the "exquisite" Herrick, though he wrote immortal verse, would have starved but for the living of Dean Prior, given him by Charles I. Sufficient influence at court, or the substantial aid of an aristocratic patron, was necessary to enable the writer to pursue literature at all, and the politic conciliation of such favors involved corresponding obligations and sometimes humiliating compromises. The stage alone afforded profit, with comparative independence, and the widest possible publicity. Yet the ribald public at the time of the Restoration was an exacting tyrant, demanding of playwrights something worse than political accommodation — the prostitution of their art to a corrupted taste. Even Dryden, originally a Puritan, in the early period of his career as a dramatist submitted as supinely as Gay did to this degradation.

The dependence upon royal favor and political patronage was even more extensive in the eighteenth century, because there was a larger number of brilliant writers, whose wit and versatile talent were of such avail and so necessary to party leaders that the obligation was mutual and so equal that it lost its sting. Of all the postulants for official favor, writers like Addison must have been the most independent, such service as they rendered being genial and engaging their eager enthusiasm. Politics was the polite art of the time, and polite literature was willingly subservient to it, but never so absorbed by the service as to diminish its equally alluring offices in the cause of polite criticism and polite manners, which occupied a large proportion of space in the coffee-house periodicals. Here it was that Addison's critical appreciation of Milton established for his generation a just estimate of the old poet; but, for the most part, it was contemporary letters, as everything else contemporary, that engrossed attention in an age which, taking itself rather seriously in a stately fashion, is looked back upon as itself an elegant comedy, witty, satirical, and gayly self-complacent.

The *Tatler, Spectator,* and a hundred other publications of a like character, though most of these were political rather than literary, which sprang up before Johnson started his short-lived *Rambler,* a generation later, had the polite town for audience, including the women of society. The urban limitation was due to the urbanity of the literature. There was a considerable reading public in England to whom this kind of literature did not appeal, who were readers of Bunyan, and whose chief inducement to learn to read at all was a religious rather than any worldly motive. The interest in politics among the people was, as it had long been, keener and more general in England than in any other land. It was still largely met by tracts and pamphlets, but in the latter half of the century it was stimulated and abundantly nourished by the press. In no other country had there been established so many excellent schools, endowed with special reference to indigent students, for whom ample provision was made, unless they happened to be of Roman Catholic parentage. But literature, for its own sake, flourished only in London, or in such fashionable places as Bath and Deal, which in this regard, as in their social aspects, but reflected in the lustre of the metropolis.

The best essays of the early part of the century, those of the *Spectator* type, seem to us extremely modern rather than modish—modish as that time was. Simple and idiomatic in expression, they were quite free from the artificialities and affectations of contemporaneous verse. They sounded a new note, and had a lasting influence upon all subsequent English literature. Excepting as an instance of striking precocity, we do not wonder that Elizabeth Montagu, the "Queen of the Blues," had before her ninth year copied the whole of the *Spectator.* In few novels of our time is there so much of genuine character-making as there is in many of these essays. From Addison's Sir Roger de Coverley and Willy Wimble, and Steele's memoir of Dick Eastcourt, it is but a step to the novels of Richardson and Fielding.

We also easily pass from the periodicals which published these essays to the earliest type of a monthly magazine, appealing to a general audience through miscellaneous contributions in prose and verse. The germ of this type was Peter

Motteux's *The Gentleman's Journal,* established in 1691; but there was no complete or successful example of it until Edward Cave, under the name of "Sylvanus Urban," established *The Gentleman's Magazine* about a quarter of a century after Steele started *The Tatler.* This magazine has been continuously published for more than one hundred and seventy-five years.

Cave, whose publishing house at St. John's Gate was also his residence, offered prizes for poems on themes suggested by him—as high as £50 for the best on, say, such a subject as "Life, Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell." "Sylvanus Urban" had no literary distinction, and by all accounts was not especially "urbane"; but he succeeded in making a successful miscellany, one of the most striking features of which was the reporting of Parliamentary debates—a novelty in the journalism of that time.

The fame of the magazine had reached Samuel Johnson at Lichfield—where he had instituted an academy; and when, a few years later, he, with David Garrick, his most promising pupil, went to London to try his fortunes there in the literary field, St. John's Gate was to him like the candle to the moth, and he was used, shyly and afar off, to gaze upon the somewhat stately portal with the deepest reverence. In 1738, while he was yet unknown in that literary London of which he was afterward to be the most imposing figure, he became the coadjutor of Mr. Cave. Doctor Johnson was thus the first eminent literary man to become closely associated with a popular monthly magazine. Popular it might well be called for those days, having, according to Doctor Johnson, a sale of ten thousand copies. The *Spectator* in its best days, before its first series was paralyzed by the stamp tax of 1712, had a circulation of only three thousand.

The population of London at this time was six hundred thousand. How small a part of this was included in what may be called the polite town may be inferred from the limited audience which Addison addressed, but still more significantly from the fact that theatrical representations reached only about twelve thousand. It was therefore a feather in Johnson's cap that he brought the circulation of Cave's Magazine (1740-43) up to fifteen thousand by his version of the current "Parliamentary Debates," which was largely a work of the imagination, since, while he gave the veritable substance, he clothed it in his own magniloquent language. Cave celebrated his good fortune, according to Hawkins, "by buying an old coach and a pair of older horses." Johnson's tender conscience, when he learned that the Parliamentary speeches were taken for genuine, led him to discontinue the publication.

Light literature could hardly be expected from a magazine conducted by either Mr. Cave or Doctor Johnson; indeed, it is only within our own memory that the antiquarian features of this periodical were set aside; but it was lighter than could be found in any other miscellany of the time, and within its first years it had a score of imitators. Its scheme was original, and was known, Doctor Johnson said, "wherever the English language is spoken."

Thus was the monthly magazine, which has been for nearly two hundred years one of the most characteristic features of English literature, auspiciously started upon its career.

Periodical literature, in its very beginning, accomplished for the writer one very important result. It enabled him to secure at least partial independence of patronage without recourse to play-writing. The novel, which was its natural offspring, and which, from the first, was a profitable undertaking, helped to complete the emancipation. Richardson's *Pamela,* the earliest society novel, tedious as it may seem to us, appealed to the sympathies of every class in Europe, and established a new school of foreign as well as of domestic fiction. The novel and the monthly magazine emerged during the same generation. Together with the polite essay, they helped to abolish pedantry, and we may justly say that they brought the development of modern English prose literature to a stage of finished grace and elegance not hitherto reached even in the noble examples furnished by Bacon, Taylor, Milton, and Sir Thomas Browne, who wrote as men must write who have not been brought into intimate accord with the idiomatic expression of a general audience.

Editor's Drawer

Some Reflections

BY EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

THERE is Company to dinner; two kinds. A man, who left his cane by Father's golf-clubs, and a purple lady whose bonnet is on Mother's bed. I went and looked at the bonnet. It has ever so many little black beads on it. Black beads are not pretty. Nothing that is black is pretty. If I could sew better I would get my box of beads and sew up the Company's bonnet with lovely blue and red and yellow ones. When the purple lady came up-stairs she would see her bonnet all fixed up and she would be surprised. "What nice little girl has done this?" she would say.

I am coming down-stairs to see the Company. I have had my face washed. It didn't hurt much this time. It never hurts so much when you think you are going to see something different right after it. I have on my new slippers with the buckles. I am coming down sitting, so as not to wear the slippers out. If I could fly down it would be better. I asked the Gardener about flying. "If you were good for a hundred years," I said, "would you get so that you were able to fly like the angels?"

The Gardener said that he had been good for over a hundred years and he never saw anything come of it but death and taxes.

Then Mrs. Goodwin, that stays in the kitchen, said, "Shame to talk so to that poor child." And the Gardener said something with apples of eyes and other queer words in it. I didn't hear what apples of eyes were, because I went away to look for round stones.

I like Company because it is new, and wears more rings than Mother does, and has cologne on its handkerchief: I can see it in the sitting-room. I would like to get a little closer to smell the cologne, but I am afraid to come down off the stairs and walk through the hall because the Company's cane is standing by the golf-sticks looking at me. It is a very horrid cane. There is a big white egg on top of it and an alligator coming out of the egg. I don't want to go past it. Maybe, if I did, the alligator would crawl out and get me. I will just stay on the stairs where there is nothing wild and where I can see the Company.

Mother has on a white dress. Father is sitting up straight and being nice and funny. Every one's voice is different from the way it is when they talk to me. The purple lady has more black beads on her back. I should like to count them to see if there are as many as the Children of Israel. There are quite a good many Children of Israel. I have a picture of them doing hard work and getting whipped for being good—



THE GARDENER SAID HE HAD BEEN GOOD FOR OVER A HUNDRED YEARS

only they are not all children; most of them are as old as Father. . . . Just now the purple lady pointed at the brass teakettle. I waited to hear Father tell her "You mustn't point," but he didn't; she went on pointing. In a few minutes Father will take hold of her hand and keep it until she promises not to point any more. . . . He didn't do that either. Perhaps she doesn't know any better. . . . I can't see the purple lady's face, but I think she is the same one that brought me a chocolate rabbit the last time she was Company. The man never brings me anything. Mrs. Goodwin says he doesn't like children. When I asked her what he did like she laughed and said, "Rare rows for medlars." I didn't know what kind of a rose that was. I went and asked the Gardener. He didn't know either, but he showed me a marble lying on his spade. It was a blue marble. The Gardener told me he had been digging and had broken through to China without meaning to, and the marble was the first thing he hit. I had to kiss him before I could have it. When he kisses me he gets cross and won't talk afterward. Mrs. Goodwin says it is all on account of his own little girl who died.

I wish I could get by the purple lady to see if she has those little voices in her breathing that she had last time. I sat on her lap and heard them while she was talking. They called out to each other, "Say, say, say! Come up here and play. Why? Why? By and by! Don't go away, don't go away, come and play!" I asked Mother what the little voices were. She said, "It is Asthma, you mustn't talk about it." I asked Mother if I might think about it. She said I might if I was sure to think kindly and if I took care not to hurt the lady's feelings.

Pretty soon, when the pudding comes in, I will shut my eyes so that I can get past the alligator without his seeing me, and I will go and sit on the purple lady's lap. I want to ask her if she likes black beads better than colored ones, or if she only wears them because her mother wants her to and knows what's best for her. Then when she talks I will hear the little voices calling: "Say! say! Come up here and play, don't go away!" The little voices are her feelings. They are called *Asmers*. I will think kindly about them and not hurt them.

Mrs. Bingley is here. She brought the new baby. The baby yawns and doesn't care for anything. I took him my rubber lamb that I am too big for. He hit it. He cries so much that everybody is ashamed of him, and poor mother has to stay in bed so she can keep him hidden. Father told me that he was my little brother. A baby cannot be a little brother. A little brother wears a red hat and takes hold of your hand and runs with you. I saw one once.

Mrs. Bingley sews and looks at me when she bites off her thread, and sings long songs with her spectacles on her forehead. Her songs have "Beseech" and "Grace" and "Thy Spirit" in them. I asked her if "Beseech" was a place where you pick up shells and go barefoot on the sand. She said "No, it was more like hankering after a thing and taking on to get it once you didn't have it." Then I said, "Do you know more than my father, Mrs. Bingley?" and she stopped sewing and looked at me and said I was "comical." Then her spectacles fell off and she polished them on her dress; watching her do that made me forget to ask her about "Grace" and "Thy Spirit," but I think "Grace" is a little girl with a white apron and brown curls, and "Thy Spirit" is a pigeon with red eyes and a little letter in his mouth, who comes on valentines and is in church windows and funerals.

Since that baby has come to live with us nobody lets me do anything. I have to stay with Mrs. Bingley all day. I get tired looking at her. When I ask her about things, she sort of groans and says "I dare say."—and then she doesn't dare say it. When I asked her to please explain the pictures on her needle-book, she got cross and said "As plain as the nose on your face 'Scene in Italy' on one side, 'Home of the Eskimo' on the other." Then when I asked her to please explain them a little longer she said I "made her creep." The windows are open and the honeysuckle is trying to come in the



WHERE I CAN SEE THE COMPANY

room. I can hear the Gardener with the grass-cutter, and I can smell the cut-down grass. The cherries on the tree by the swing are ripe. I think I will get under the bed so that none can see me if I should happen to cry. It is not very nice under the bed, but it is better than having to look at Mrs. Bingley. If I was out where the Gardener is, I would ask him to make me some earrings out of cherries and a basket out of ribbon grass. If I was only out there I could sit on the grass when it was all raked up in a haycock and play house. I asked Mrs. Bingley if I could go out and help the Gardener, and she said "No, it would worry your Ma." I told her not to call my mother a Ma—as if she was a horrid mother—and she laughed. It is not nice of her to laugh. . . . When I cried just then, all the slats of the bed spread out and ran into each other like one big slat. I stopped crying to watch them do it, then they stopped doing it. I tried to cry some more to see them do it again, but then I couldn't cry. Father came and opened the door and asked if it was a wild animal howling. I came out from under the bed, and he said something to Mrs. Bingley with long words in it, and told me I could go out and be a perfect little savage if I wanted to. I didn't want to be a perfect little savage; I only wanted to go out and help the Gardener.



SHE BROUGHT ME A CHOCOLATE RABBIT LAST TIME SHE WAS COMPANY

He has the Earth

SOME months ago excavations were being made for new tracks on the line of a certain famous railway. At one point a near-by resident obtained permission to remove a quantity of turf to resod his premises, the section boss being instructed to notify the excavating "gang" when the resident should have secured all he desired.

The "Hibernian's" report is as follows: "The man that wanted the earth has got it."

Scant Measure

AN eccentric North Carolina woman greeted her new minister with, "Oh, Dr. Mason, I am so glad to hear a good preacher once more; we have certainly been feeding on the nubbins of the Gospel."

Lucky

A CENSUS-TAKER, while on her rounds called at a house occupied by an Irish family. One of the questions she asked was, "How many males have you in this family?"

The answer came without hesitation: "Three a day, mum."

A Reprimand

MRS. STILES was on her way to prayer-meeting. As she passed the Brown house, she looked in and saw Donald sitting on the porch.

"Aren't you afraid alone out here, Donald?"

"I'm not alone."

"Oh! Who's with you—Ellen?"

"No. If you was a good woman, Mrs. Stiles, you would *know* who was with me."



"Yes, Katrina, it is a pretty-lookin' rose, but it smells most like my old pipe."

Natural Cause

A SCIENTIST, in the employ of the government at Washington, recently met his physician in the street.

"I don't know what's the matter with me, Doctor," said the man of science. "I am limping badly to-day. Do you think it's locomotor ataxia?"

"Scarcely that," replied the physician. "You are walking with one foot on the curb and the other in the gutter."

Faith-Cure in the Quarters

A YOUNG doctor had a sick negro woman on his hands. She never tired of talking of her ailments; so, to keep her quiet as well as to really know her temperature, he put his fever-thermometer in her mouth, telling her to keep very still, and not to move until he took it out again.

He went on fixing some medicine for her, gave his instructions to her daughter, and left, saying he would be back again in the morning.

The thermometer he entirely forgot, until he was too far away to return for it.

The next day the woman greeted him with smiling face and said:

"Doctor, you knows dat dar funny thing you put in my mouf? Well, sir, I kep' it dar pretty nigh all night, and it sho did do me a *sight* o' good!"

Pretty Peggy

HIS gold beams a-spinning, I asked of the sun
If he ever had any to spare;
"Only once," he replied, "too many I spun,
And I gave them to Peggy for hair."

I asked of the sky if his stars were all right,
Or if he had over-supplies;
He said, "I had two which were rather too bright,
So I gave them to Peggy for eyes."

I asked of some fays who were cutting out flowers,
If they had any remnants or snips;
They said: "We had scraps of these poppies of ours,
But we gave them to Peggy for lips."

I said to the rain, "What becomes of the drops
That you may not have used when it clears?"
He said, "If there are any left when it stops,
I'll give them to Peggy for tears."

I artfully coaxed him to spill them all out,
And scatter them over the miles,
And that is the reason, I haven't a doubt,
That Peg's always dimpling with smiles.

CAROLYN WELLS.

His Platform

A PROMINENT Chicago politician, when a candidate for an important municipal office, related the following story to illustrate why he should be elected instead of one of his opponents:

"Once I told three negroes that I'd give a big turkey to the one who'd give the best reason for his being a Republican.

"The first one said, 'I'se a 'Publican kase de Publicans sot we niggers free.'

"'Very good, Pete,' said I. 'Now, Bill, let me hear from you.'

"'Well, I'se a 'Publican kase dey done gib us a pertective tariff.'

"'Fine!' I exclaimed. 'Now, Sam, what have you to say?'

"'Boss,' said Sam, scratching his head and shifting from one foot to the other—'boss, I'se a 'Publican kase I wants dat turkey.'

"And he got it."



My kitten isn't a reg'lar cat,
But you just ought to see
How much faster she can lap
Milk from a dish than me.



MR. CENTAUR. "*Great Zeus! this custom of throwing old shoes is a relic of barbarism.*"

"For Parents and Others"

BY JOHNSON MORTON

THERE should be money in my Bank
That stands upon the shelf.
Pennies and dimes for many times
I've dropped them in myself.
Some I have earned by doing tasks
And errands for Mamma,
Some handed me most generously
As gifts by my Papa.
And Grandmamma and Uncle Tom
Have made me presents too,
In various ways, on holidays,
Bright silver pieces new.
"Don't spend this, Son," they always add,
"But let it safely lie
Until you find you know your mind
And what you want to buy!"
So I have done as I was told,
And put the coins away.
"A prudent boy will wealth enjoy
Some time," the grown-ups say!
But all the while I think and think
Of what I really need,
When suddenly it comes to me—
A *New Velocipede!*
I tell them, then, at breakfast-time
Just what I mean to do.
To my surprise they all advise,
"We'd wait, if we were you!"
But I've resolved to have my way
(The money's mine, you see),
To spend it all, the big and small,
Whatever there may be.

. . . . . .

Now, it's the very queerest thing,
I find no money there;
For, when I take my bank and shake,
Nothing comes out but *air!*
Of course I cry. Mamma is stern.
"Don't be a silly, lad."
But Pa gets red and turns his head.
"Old Man, this is too bad."
And Grandmamma and Uncle Tom
Both hurry from the table;
With pain immense, to raise twelve cents
Between them they are able!
The fact that all the money's gone
Is not so very strange,
For, bit by bit, they've taken it,
Those grown-ups have, for *change!*
Of course they pay it back that night
In dollar bills and gold,
Silver and such to twice as much
As any Bank could hold.
"You can buy *three* velocipedes
To-morrow!" they all say.
But they don't see what troubles me.
I wanted *one* to-day!

Her Reason

THE Bishop of Norwich, while walking in the suburbs, met a little girl of about eight or nine years, who asked, "Oh, please, sir, will you open this gate for me?" The Bishop held back the gate for the little maid to pass through, and when she thanked him he asked her if she was not big enough to open the gate herself. "Oh, yes, sir," she replied, sweetly, "but you see the paint is wet, and I should have soiled my hands."

Sympathy

A WASHINGTON couple, recently married, had just entered the train that was to bear them North on their honeymoon, when they became aware of the close scrutiny their "new clothes" attracted from a German woman in the car. Evidently she had correctly "sized up" the couple as bride and groom. When the young woman, on opening her hand-bag, caused some rice to fall to the floor, the German woman smiled in a satisfied way as if convinced of the correctness of her surmise.

The bride soon became conscious of the attention she attracted from the German woman, which attention was augmented by that bestowed upon her by other passengers who took their cue from the Teutonic person. Seeing that the bride was every moment becoming redder and more uncomfortable by reason of this scrutiny on the part of the passengers, the German woman, in the goodness of her heart, leaned across the aisle and said in a soothing way:

"Ach, nefer mind, my dear! I'm a vidder voman now, but by dis time next veek I'll be in de same fix myself!"

A Barrier to Correspondence

TWO little girls, having met for the first time at a summer resort, speedily became fast friends. By bedtime of that first eventful day both were deploring the fact that Elizabeth was to return to her own home very early the next morning.

"But," consoled Elizabeth, "we can write to each other. What's your address?"

"Just Ontonagon, Michigan."

For a moment or two Katherine looked deeply depressed. Then she brightened.

"Well!" said the little girl, "I guess I'd better write the first letter right now and hand it to you. I can't spell that word."



Newspaper Item

"Mr. Bubble's automobile ran into a washout in Spring Creek."



The Storks' Busy Day

"When I was a Boy"

A BOY who had been spending his summer in the mountains was unexpectedly joined by his father, and took the opportunity to ask for a new tennis-racket.

"What!" cried his father, "a new tennis-racket? Why, I just bought you one a month ago. No, sir, you can't have it. Why, when I was a boy I didn't have tennis-rackets and all those things, let alone having new ones every month. This can't go on. Look here, what are you going to do about it yourself? Some day your sons will want to have a new tennis-racket every five minutes. What are you going to do about it?"

"Aw!" said the boy, calmly winking at his father, "I'll put up the same old gag, I'll tell 'em about when *I* was a boy."

Scholars' Humor

WHILE the late Sir Richard Jebb was still Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow, his lecture-room was directly under that of Veitch, the Professor of Logic. Veitch always made a point of finishing his lectures some few minutes before the end of the hour, and of winding up with an oratorical peroration frequently concluded by a quotation from one of his favorite poets, Shakespeare or Wordsworth. This was always greeted by his students with tumultuous applause of hands and feet. Jebb, who always found the academic hour too short for his lectures, was often interrupted by the final applause from the domain of Logic overhead. One day its vigor was so mighty that a piece of the plastered ceiling was dislodged, and plumped down squarely upon Jebb's outspread book. He cast a quizzical glance upward, and calmly remarked, "Gentlemen, it is evident that Professor Veitch's conclusions do not agree with the premises."

He Knew

A WELL-KNOWN Congressman, from Virginia, leaving his house one morning, forgot a letter that he had meant to mail. That afternoon something called it to his mind, and as it was of considerable importance he immediately hurried home. The letter was nowhere to be found. He summoned his faithful old darky servant.

"Zeke," he asked, "did you see anything of a letter of mine around the house?"

"Yessuh. Yo' lef' it on yo' table."

"Then where is it now?"

"Ah mailed it, suh."

"Mailed it! Why, Zeke, there wasn't any name or address on the envelope!"

"Jus' so, suh. Jus' so. Ah thought it mus' be in answer to one of dem 'nonymous letters yo've been gettin' lately."



LAWYER. "*What did you say when he called you a liar?*"
GIRAFFE. "*He left before I had time to clear my throat.*"

The Sure Haven

BY EDITH HARMAN BROWN

I'M a very cultured baby,
For I've always had a nurse,
And my temperature is taken every night,
But the lady who's my mother
Does not fondle me at all,
For to rock me would be apt to hurt my sight!

I am left to howl for hours,
It's my exercise, they say,
Though I fancy *I* can tell when I'm in pain;
But there's no use in complaining,
It's a simple waste of breath,
For I've squirmed and cried too often and in vain.

And although my father loves me,
(I can see it in his eyes),
He must leave me when the trained nurse says to go.

Oh, I wish I'd been a baby
In the good old-fashioned days
When development of theories was more slow!

Yet there comes one happy hour
When the nursery's dark and still—
Nurse is dining, mother's gone to take a rest;
In then steals a gentle figure,—
Oh, I know that face so well,
And the feeling of my head against her breast!

When I'm safe at last with grandma,
See her healthy, rosy face,
As she folds me in her strong old loving arms,
I am sure I'd be quite happy
To be nurtured as she was,
If, at her age, I possess one-half her charms!



Illustration for "A Sense of Scarlet" See page 399

A FIGURE TO PROVOKE TEARS

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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THE FLAG AT 87° 6 N. LAT., APRIL 21, 1906
Within 200 miles of the north pole. The nearest approach ever made by human beings. Photographed by Commander Peary during a momentary lull in a blinding storm of ice dust

Nearest the North Pole

FIRST COMPLETE REPORT OF THE PEARY ARCTIC CLUB'S LATEST EXPEDITION

BY COMMANDER ROBERT E. PEARY, U.S.N.

DURING the past eighteen months, a new line of trench has been advanced in the long siege of the mystery of the North, an additional degree added to the polar record, and the Stars and Stripes again placed in the lead in that centuries-long international test of determination, endurance, and experience known as the Race for the Pole.

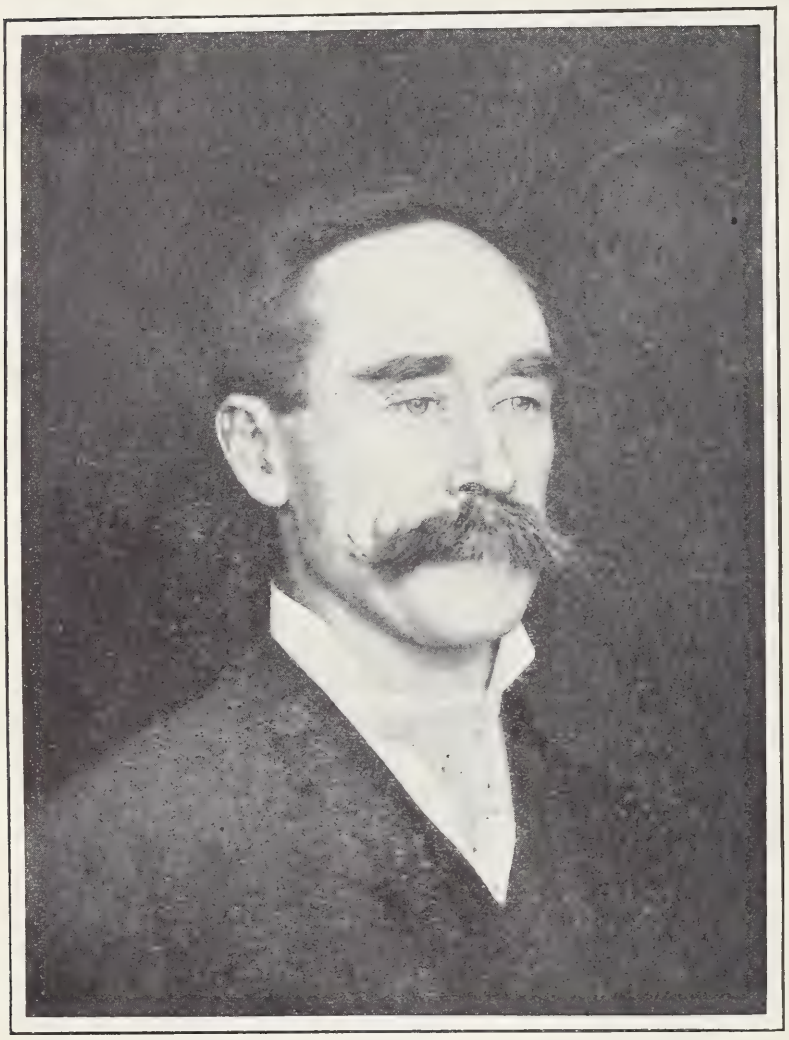
This fact possesses naturally the principal popular interest; but distinct additions have also been made to our knowledge of the inner arctic regions.

Ice conditions in the western half of

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the central polar sea have been found to be pronouncedly different from preconceived theories.

The unknown portion of the Grant Land north coast, between the farthest



COMMANDER ROBERT E. PEARY, U.S.N.

west of Aldrich in '76 and the farthest north of Sverdrup in 1902, has been traversed and delineated, thus closing the gap and making the explorations from Robeson Channel westward continuous.

The existence of new land in the vicinity of the one-hundredth meridian and the eighty-third parallel has been practically determined Soundings have been made along the north shore of Grant Land west to the eighty-fourth meridian, and in Kennedy Channel and Kane Basin, and samples of the bottom secured.

An additional series of tidal and meteorological observations have been taken on the shores of the polar ocean.

A third progressive census has been obtained of the Whale Sound Eskimos (the most northern people in the world).

The value and effectiveness of present methods and equipment for rapid and continuous arctic and antarctic work have been strongly accentuated.

Finally, it is believed, the ideal type of ship for arctic and antarctic work has been evolved.

That these results have been accomplished is due entirely to the generosity and public spirit of the Peary Arctic Club of New York city, which numbers among its members Henry Parish, Anton Raven, George Crocker, General Thomas Hubbard, Jacob Schiff, Randolph Kleybolte, Herbert Bridgman, James Colgate, John C. Phillips, and others; and particularly to the unflagging interest and personal efforts of the president of that club, Morris K. Jesup.

On the 16th of July, 1905, the club's steamer *Roosevelt* left New York Harbor for her northern voyage. This ship, built by the club (the contract signed and guaranteed by Mr. Jesup a year previously, before the subscriptions to the club were sufficient to pay for her), is the first American ship built for arctic exploration. Constructed of American timber, in an American shipyard, upon plans which were the result of American experience, fitted with American machinery, and in command of an American, who hoped to attain the pole by what is known as the American route, the *Roosevelt* went north as a typical American entry in the great "International Race."

Her course from the anchorage in the North River to Sandy Hook was noisy with the friendly greetings of every shore and passing whistle; but at the *Roose-*



THE "ROOSEVELT" FIGHTING A WAY ACROSS ROBESON CHANNEL, THROUGH THE HEAVY ICE

velt's masthead only a single flag, the Stars and Stripes, fluttered in the wind, embodying not only the American idea, but my own deep sense of responsibility, and the feeling that while it seemed as if such a ship, combined with years of experience and most fixed determination, must achieve success, yet those same long years of experience had taught the possibility of so many hostile contingencies, that now was no time for a holiday display of bunting. And here it may be said that, uniting the sail plan, sheer, and above-water model of our best Maine coasting-schooners with the under-water model which my own years of experience in arctic navigation, combined with the long years of constructive experience of her builder, Captain Charles B. Dix (who put his whole heart and soul into the work), this was and is the strongest ship for arctic work afloat to-day, and one that can force a passage through heavy ice which, I believe, no other ship could negotiate. In addition to this the *Roosevelt* possesses weatherly qualities in the open sea equal to the handiest of sailing-vessels.

From New York we proceeded to Bar Harbor to take leave of Mr. Jesup; and if anything were needed to strengthen my determination, it was Mr. Jesup's firm hand-grasp (the last as we got under way) and his final words—"Peary, I believe in you and the ship." From Bar Harbor to Sydney, Cape Breton, where every available space on board was filled with coal, thence northward through the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Strait of Belle-Isle; then lying to for half an hour off Domino Run, on the Labrador coast, to send letters home; then up the North Atlantic, through Davis Strait and Baffin Bay to Cape York, twelve days from Sydney, the *Roosevelt* pushed her way. Here for the first time since the day that Mrs. Peary, smashing a block of ice against her iron-clad stem, had christened her *Roosevelt*, the ship felt the shock of arctic ice, and in the first preliminary round showed that she would be equal to her work.

From my Eskimo friends at Cape York I obtained the present distribution of the entire tribe, and began immediately the round of the Eskimo settlements to pick up the tried and trusty men whom I had in mind to form my Eskimo contingent. Numbers of these were located in Melville Bay, and we drove eastward into the depths of this terror of the whaling captains as far as Meteorite Island, from which, eight years before, I had borne away the



TYPES OF PEARY'S ESKIMO ASSISTANTS
Oo-Bloo'-Yah and Ach-a-Ting'-Wah; man and wife of the most northern peoples

great Ahnighito Star Stone, the largest of all known siderites. Four Eskimo families were gathered in here; then we turned northward, visiting all Eskimo settlements, even to the depths of Inglefield Gulf (in some cases depopulating entire villages), and finally rendezvousing at Etah, the most northern Eskimo settlement, with the auxiliary ship *Eric*. Here our coal-supply was replenished from the *Eric*, our machinery thoroughly overhauled, and all preparations made for our battle royal with the ice, which could be seen lying in wait for us a few miles off the harbor.

In the earliest hours of August 17, the *Roosevelt* swung out from the harbor of Etah and severed all communication with the civilized world. Below decks the ship was filled with coal until her plank-sheer was nearly to the water; on deck were over two hundred Eskimo dogs, and on the topgallant-forecastle and the tops of both forward and after deck-houses were over half a hundred Eskimos — men, women, and children, and their belongings. The heavy pack-ice surging down Smith Sound gave me an opportunity to see what good work the ship could do, even with boiler-power reduced one-half, as it was by the failure of the water-tube boilers. On the western side of the sound from Cape Sabine southward the ice was packed so densely as to be entirely impenetrable to any human effort. This made it impossible for me to establish a depot at Payer Harbor (my winter quarters in 1901 to 1902), which had been selected as the site of my sub-base, lying as it does at the head of certain summer navigation in Smith Sound and at the entrance to the prolific game region of Buchanan Bay.

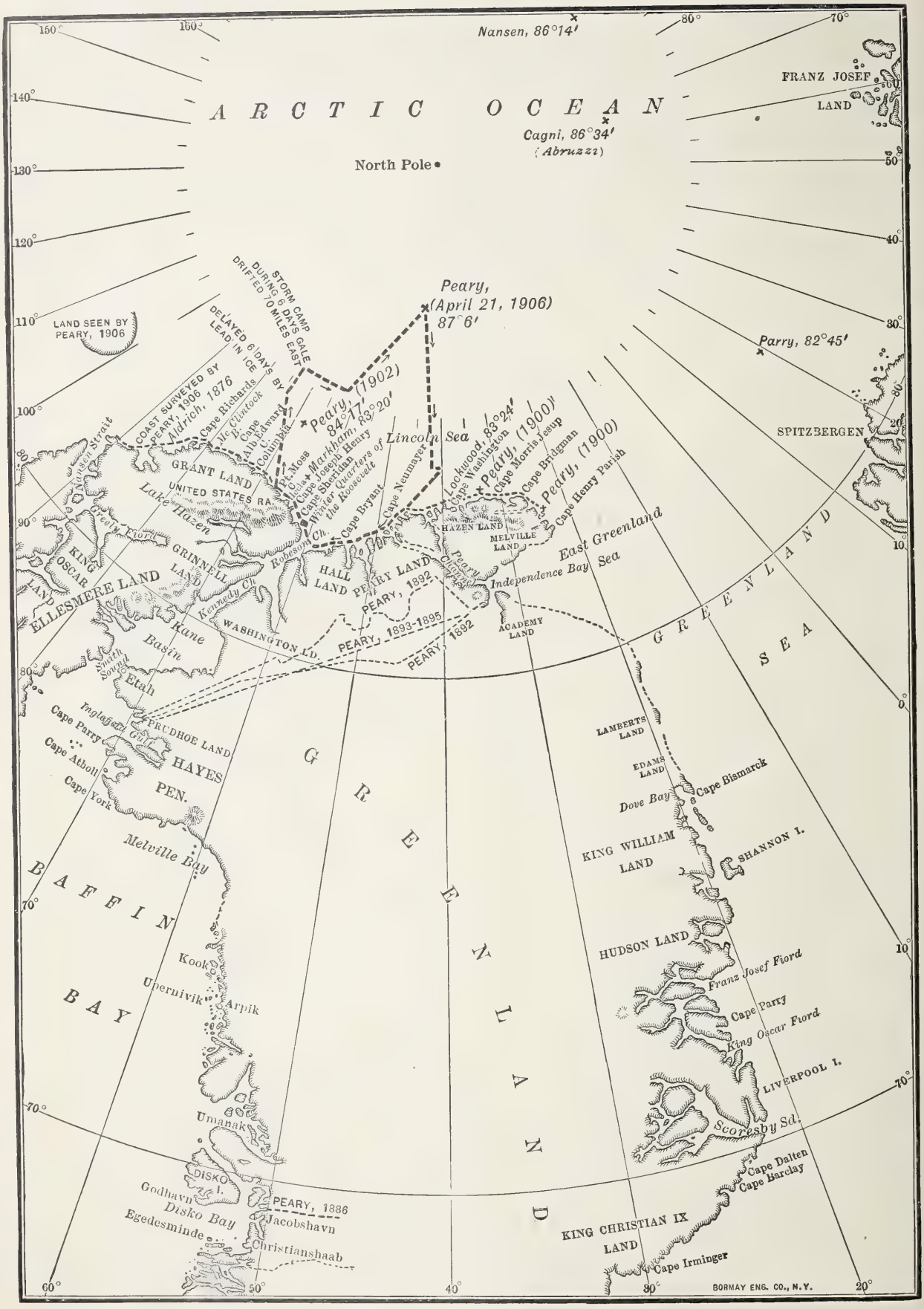
Barred out of Payer Harbor, we forced our way to Victoria Head, the northeastern headland of Bache Peninsula, another desirable site for a sub-base. Here a large cache of provisions, boats, coal, sails, and spars for the construction of a house, etc., etc., was landed, the work consuming some ten hours. While this was in progress I went ashore with two or three Eskimos to a neighboring valley where I had hunted seven years previously, and secured three musk-oxen. The arrival of this supply of fresh meat on board created a very agreeable impression upon every one, and especially upon the "tenderfoot" members of the expedition and crew.

From Victoria Head nearly to Cape Fraser almost continuous open water was encountered; then we were driven to cover in Maury Bay to escape the large fields of very heavy ice which were moving rapidly southward before a fresh northerly wind, crashing with savage



AN EXPANSE OF POLAR ICE

Submitted for the consideration of believers in automobiles for Arctic work



LATEST AUTHORITATIVE CHART OF NORTH POLAR REGIONS

Drawn from data secured by Peary on his latest expedition Indicating new land seen, and surveys of coast-lines hitherto not mapped

fury against the iron bastion of Cape John Barrow, under which we lay. With the cessation of this wind we squeezed and hammered our way up to Scoresby Bay, and thence to Richardson Bay, working the shore lead and seizing every opportunity afforded by the changing tides. From here northward the aspect of the ice was so extremely unfavorable that I determined to test my belief, gained in my last four years of work in this region, that the Greenland side of Kennedy and Robeson channels offers, as a rule, more favorable opportunities for navigation than the Grinnell Land side.



AH'-WEE-AH-GOOD'-LOO
Little Eskimo child of four years

Firm in my confidence in the capabilities of the *Roosevelt*, and against all the so-called canons of arctic navigation in this region, the ship was headed eastward and driven into the thick of the channel-pack. The ice encountered was very large and heavy, and its southward drift inevitably swept us down. Still, we made fair progress eastward, and after a severe and protracted struggle, during which Bartlett and the mate remained continuously in the fore-rigging and I in the main-rigging, we broke out into loose ice off Cape Calhoun and swung directly northward. From here to Newman Bay our course lay close along the Greenland coast, and we encountered much open water, with only temporary barriers (noticeably at Franklin and Joe islands), which in each instance a few hours of hard and skilful battering were sufficient to overcome.

From Joe Island to Cape Lupton we steamed through completely ice-free water, in the teeth of a stiff northerly gale, across a swell which caused the *Roosevelt* to pitch perceptibly. West along the Grinnell Land coast the ice lay densely packed and without a break. Just beyond Cape Lupton, while smashing through a narrow tongue of ice, a sudden swirl of the current—which at times runs like a mill-race in this deep channel—swept the ice together in a way that I can only liken to the sudden scurry of fallen leaves before an autumn breeze, pinched the ship between the big cakes, and smashing her against the ice-foot, ground her along its vertical face with a motion and noise like that of a railway-car which has left the rails and is bumping along over the ties. Fortunately for us, she scraped into a shallow niche in the ice-wall, and was hastily secured with every available line.

The entire flurry lasted less than five minutes, but in that time the steering-gear was almost disabled. The back of the rudder was twisted on the stock, the heavy iron head-bands and fittings broken, and the steel tiller-rods snapped. Temporary repairs were effected, and as soon as the ice pressure relaxed, we steamed on round Cape Sumner and tied up to the fast ice in Newman Bay, to await the opening of a lead across Robeson Channel to Cape Union or vicinity. During six days we remained in Newman Bay waiting for an opportunity to get across to the Grinnell Land shore, the northern ice

gradually filling the bay and the channel, until no open water was to be seen from the top of Cape Sumner. At the end of this time, impatient of the delay, and encouraged by our success in crossing the channel at Cape Calhoun, fires were cleaned, machinery thoroughly inspected, and the *Roosevelt* driven out for another contest with the channel pack, in which, at the time, no pool or lane of water was visible.

Just off the point of Sumner a brief nip between two big blue floes, which the swift current was swinging past the cape, set the ship vibrating like a violin string for a minute or so before she rose to the pressure. This was the beginning of a thirty-five-hour struggle through ice almost continuously up to the *Roosevelt's* rail, and frequently of such height that the boats hanging at the deck-house davits had to be swung inboard to clear the pinnacles. The battle was won by sheer brute insistence, for rarely was there slack enough between the floes to enable the *Roosevelt* to butt with any effectiveness. On the few occasions when this could be done, the steel-clad bow rose on the ice at which we charged like a steeplechaser clearing a fence. At the end of the thirty-five hours, we forged out into a small pool of water under the shelter of the northern cape of Wrangel Bay fifteen miles from Sumner. During our passage we had been swept up and down the channel by the changing tides.

In Wrangel Bay the heavy ice damaged the rudder again, but did not keep us from forcing our way to Lincoln Bay. Here we were delayed and three times forced ashore by the rapid and vicious movements of the ice. Finally, escaping and gaining shelter in a shallow indentation just south of Cape Union, the last rush was made, and after several anxious episodes between the heavy floes which were crowding into the mouth of Robeson Channel on the flood-tide, we rounded Cape Rawson, and steaming at full speed, fairly hurled the *Roosevelt* into a shallow



A LONELY TOMB IN THE ARCTIC

Grave of Peterson, Danish interpreter of the Nares (English) Expedition, who died in the far north thirty years ago

THE SHIP JUST ARRIVED AT CAPE SHERIDAN. WINTER QUARTERS 1905-6

nook in the face of the ice-foot under the point of Cape Sheridan, just as the polar pack closed in compactly against the shore.

It was now 7 A.M. of September 5, and as I jumped over the rail upon the ice-foot, on my way to the summit of the nearest hill to reconnoitre the ice northward towards Cape Joseph Henry, few can realize my feeling of release from the ever-present fears and anxieties which had been my companions during the upward voyage. I felt now that the risks and chances of the northern voyage were past. My ship might be lost by being forced ashore, as our present position was an extremely exposed one, and the shore northward from here offered absolutely no shelter, but we were not likely to lose provisions and equipment, and possessing these, the remainder of my programme could be carried out even should the ship get no farther north or never return south. Twenty-four hours later two hunting parties of three Eskimos each with supplies for ten days were sent out, one to scour the country to the southeast, the other to the southwest; and a day or two later another party was sent to reconnoitre Porter Bay under Cape Joseph Henry, some twenty-seven miles to the north, which I had in view for our winter quarters, having been impressed by the advantages of the bay during my sledge journey of 1902.

In the following days no opportunities offered to get farther north, and on the evening of September 16, with the turn of the flood-tide, a large floe pivoted around Cape Sheridan, crushing everything before it, until at last it held the ship mercilessly between its own blue side and the unyielding face of the ice-foot. Its slow, resistless motion was frightful, yet fascinating; thousands of tons of smaller ice which the big floe drove before it the *Roosevelt* had easily and gracefully turned under her sloping bilges, but the edge of the big floe rose to the plank-sheer, and a few yards back from its edge was an old pressure ridge which rose higher than the bridge-deck.

For an instant, which seemed an age, the pressure was terrific; the *Roosevelt's* ribs and interior bracing cracked like the discharge of musketry. The main-deck amidships bulged up several inches, the main-rigging hung slack, and the masts and rigging shook as in a violent gale; then, with a mighty tremor and a sound which reminded me of an athlete intaking his breath for a supreme effort, the ship jumped upward. The big floe snapped against the edge of the ice-foot forward and aft and under us, crumpling up its edge and driving it inshore some yards, then came to rest, and the commotion was transferred to the outer edge of the floe, which crumbled away with a dull roar as other floes smashed against it and tore off great pieces in their onward rush—leaving us stranded but safe. This incident, of course, put an end to all thoughts of farther advance, and to provide against the contingency of a still more serious pressure rendering the ship untenable, all supplies and equipment, together with a considerable quantity of coal, were landed, officers and crew and Eskimos, including the women and children, working almost without interruption for the next thirty-six hours.

After this the principal energies of the party were devoted to the hunt, which my previous acquaintance with this region rendered satisfactory beyond my expectations. A very considerable number of arctic hare were obtained along the coast from Cape Rawson to the western side of Black Cliffs Bay, but after a time these were nearly cleaned out by my Eskimos. Musk-oxen were to be our mainstay, and while my confidence that we should find numbers of these animals within a comparatively short distance of the ship was justified by events, I still recognized that our main source of supply must be the drainage basin of Lake Hazen, the northern portion of which, covering the southern slopes of the United States Range, had not been drawn upon by me while at Fort Conger between 1899 and 1902. This region was tapped with great success by parties travelling directly overland to Lake Hazen, and by the first of November some 250 musk-oxen had been secured. The unexpected discovery in this region of considerable numbers of the new species of the arctic reindeer,* five skins of which I had brought home in 1902 from Buchanan Bay region, lent

* *Rangifer pearyi,* Allen.



DURING THE ARCTIC NIGHT

Through all the months of darkness a bright light, the ship's "Eye," peered steadily northward. Dr. Wolf made this photograph by moonlight at the time of the December full moon

special interest to our hunting expeditions. The first specimens of this magnificent snow-white animal were from a fine herd of eleven surprised in a valley close by Cape Joseph Henry. Seven of the herd were obtained, including the wide-antlered buck leader. These beautiful animals, in their winter dress almost as white as the snow which they traverse, were found scattered over the entire region from Cape Hecla to Lake Hazen, and later westward along the North Grant Land coast, over fifty specimens in all being secured.

On October 12, from the summit of Black Cape, I saw the sun set for the last time, down the misty ice-filled lane of Robeson Channel. Soon after this, with almost the suddenness of lightning from a clear sky, I faced the possibility of the complete crippling of the expedition by the extermination of my large pack of dogs. Some eighty of these indispensable animals died before the cause was traced to poisoning from the whale-meat which I had taken for dog-food. This meat, to the amount of several tons, was thrown away, and I found myself confronted, at the beginning of the long arctic night, with the proposition of subsisting my dogs and most of my Eskimos upon the country. Without my previous famili-



RETURN OF HUNTING PARTY FROM CAPE HENRY
In September, 1905, was made the first kill of these peculiar reindeer, originally discovered by Peary during a former expedition. For this reason Professor Allen has classified them as *Rangifer Pearyi*

arity with the region, this would have been an impossibility; even as it was, it possessed elements of uncertainty; but with the satisfactory start already made in obtaining musk-oxen in September and October, and knowing that these animals could be killed, by those who knew how, even in the depths of the great arctic night, I believed there was something more than a fighting chance for success; and in three days one hundred and two dogs, together with twenty adult Eskimos, men and women and six children, went into the field in addition to those already out, leaving the ship almost deserted. From this time until the 7th of February, the dogs and the greater portion of the Eskimos remained in the Lake Hazen region, a portion of the men coming to the ship during the full moon of each month with sledge-loads of meat, and returning with tea, sugar, oil, and biscuit.

The winter was the direct antithesis of that experienced by the *Alert* in this region. Temperatures were comparatively high, and every few days we had violent winds from the south—sometimes in the shape of squalls of a few hours' duration, sometimes continuing as furious gales for two or three days. At these times leads from a hundred yards to two or three miles in width invariably formed, extending from Cape Rawson to Cape Joseph Henry and doubtless farther in both directions. The ice was in more or less active motion practically all the time.

On Christmas night the ice suddenly broke completely away from the shore, from Cape Rawson to beyond Cape Sheridan, and disappeared in the inky darkness, leaving the starboard side of the *Roosevelt* exposed and unprotected. Simultaneously a violent southerly gale began which threatened to tear the ship from her moorings, though the



Eskimo Women and Children living on Peary's Ship at Cape Sheridan

port anchor and cable and every steel and manila cable on board were made fast to the ice-foot. The swell heaving around Cape Rawson from the mild sea in Robeson Channel rocked the *Roosevelt* pronouncedly.

The next three weeks was a period of constant anxiety, the ice-pack surging back and forth along the shore on each tide, and liable to crash in upon us at any time. Every one slept in his clothes, all lanterns and portable lights were kept filled and trimmed, ready for immediate use, and provision was made for the instant extinguishment of all fires. On February 7, Marvin came in with the last of the field parties, and on rounding up my dogs I found that I had one hundred and twenty left, just enough for twenty teams of six dogs each. A few days later Captain Bartlett, with Dr. Wolf, fireman Clark, and assistant-steward Percy, with twenty Eskimos and sledges, went to Hecla with advance loads of supplies and to reconnoitre the ice to the northward. Bartlett's report, although disagreeable, was not unexpected. From the summit of Hecla, 1600 feet above the sea-level, he observed leads (or open lanes) of water extending as far north as could be seen with a powerful telescope, while leads and pools were numerous to the northeast. From February 19 to the 23d the entire northern party left for Cape Hecla in four successive divisions, Captain Bartlett going with the first division, and I with the last.

When I left the *Roosevelt* there was a lead of open water extending from Cape Joseph Henry past Capes Sheridan and Rawson. The northern part of Robeson Channel was open. There was open water along the Greenland coast as far as the Black Horn Cliffs and apparently to Cape Bryant, with numerous pools and leads in the sweep from Cape Henry to Cape Bryant. Two days were spent at Cape Hecla resting the dogs, overhauling harnesses, traces, sledges, cloth-

ing, and all other equipment, readjusting teams and loads where necessary.

Then on the 28th of February the first party drew out for the northern journey, following a route *viâ* Point Moss, about twenty miles west of Hecla, which I had selected for our departure from the land, as likely to carry us clear of the leads extending north from Hecla. From Hecla, as from the ship, the party drew out in divisions on successive days, in order to prevent the confusion incident to large parties, and to economize the time and labor of building snow houses, one snow igloo at each camp sufficing for the entire party, each division occupying it one night.

My plan of campaign contemplated dividing the route, for a distance of 250 to 300 miles north of the land, into sections of about fifty miles, each section to be in charge of a member of the party with two or three Eskimos and their teams and sledges, who, after reaching their section, should continue to traverse it back and forth, continually advancing supplies, and in this way forming as it were a post-road, which I hoped would give me a final base or point of departure for the last stage of the journey in a latitude as high or higher than Abruzzi's "farthest." The frequent traversing of each section under this arrangement would result in keeping the trail intact, even in spite of considerable movement of the ice. The order of march contemplated a pioneer party, with picked dogs and very lightly loaded sledges, to select the best route through the rough ice, and break a trail which the heavily loaded sledges of the main parties could follow.

When the northern end of the first section was reached, the sledges assigned to this section would transfer their loads to the other sledges, depositing any surplus in a cache, then return to Point Moss, reload, and go out again to the end of the section, and continue to repeat this operation. At the end of the second section the sledges of this section



A Pressure Ridge



The Camp at the Big Lead

would return to the northern end of the first section, and taking over there the loads brought out by the sledges of the first section, again turn northward. This arrangement, with myself in the rear, where I could be in touch with everything going on ahead of me and meet any contingencies arising, presented, I felt positive, the most effective arrangement possible, and one susceptible of pronounced and speedy modification in the event of unexpected conditions. Such organization of parties is the ideal one wherever there is a fixed surface upon which to travel, and would, had not the delay at the big lead and the closely following six days' gale occurred at just the most unfortunate psychological moment, have been susceptible of such adjustment as would have enabled me, in spite of the abnormally open season last year, to reach the pole.

On my second march from the land the movement of the ice was so pronounced that I was compelled to hurriedly assemble my sledges upon an old floe and wait until the commotion ceased. Farther on the doctor's party was delayed by open water and obliged to camp. Beyond this the captain's party was delayed for a day by an open lead, and other leads necessitated détours before they could be crossed. This and the extreme roughness of the ice, a very considerable portion of the trail having to be cut out with pickaxes, made our progress slow.

Our first glimpse of the sun was obtained March 6.

Some eighty miles from land the character of the going greatly improved, and I began to hope that we were through the shattered ice near the land and on the less rugged surface of the central polar area. Leads, however, were more frequent and wider.

At 84° 38′ north latitude I came upon Captain Bartlett, Henson, and Clark, with their parties, stalled by a broad lead extending east and west as far as could be seen. A careful reconnaissance showed no immediate prospect of crossing, and I sent Captain Bartlett and

Clark, with their sledges, back to bring up more supplies, remaining with my own party and Henson's to get across the lead at the first opportunity. At this time the parties of Marvin, Dr. Wolf, and Ryan were bound outward from the land on their second trip.

The lead slowly widened, keeping an impassable strip of water constantly open. After a delay of six days the lead (now about two miles wide) was crossed on young ice, which bent beneath our weight and necessitated half-loads on the sledge. Henson's party proceeded north immediately, while I remained a day longer to establish a cache on the north side of the lead, and leave instructions for the supporting parties, which I hoped would arrive in two or three days. When I started north from the lead the weather was so thick it was almost impossible to follow Henson's trail, and a westerly wind was blowing, which set the ice groaning.

At the end of three marches I overtook Henson at 85° 12′ north latitude, camped in a dense fog. My own igloo was hardly completed before it began to blow heavily. The ice quickly responded to the wind pressure. Henson's igloo, built too near the edge of the floe, was destroyed. The gale, accompanied by snow, increased in violence, and continued without interruption for six days. At its close my observations showed that we had been driven some seventy miles to the eastward.

Henson's party was immediately started northward, and two Eskimos with empty sledges were sent back on the trail to meet any supporting parties that might possibly have crossed the lead before the storm, or if none had done so, to bring up the cache at the lead. These men returned inside of twenty-four hours, saying they had been able to get less than half the distance back to the cache, when they had encountered open water and completely shattered ice extending as far as they could see from the highest pinnacles. It was evident that I could no longer count in the slightest degree upon my supporting parties, and that whatever was to be done must be done by a dash.

At Storm Camp we abandoned everything not absolutely necessary, and I bent every energy to setting a record pace.

The first march of ten hours, myself in the lead with the compass, sometimes on a dog-trot, the sledges following in Indian file with drivers running beside or behind, placed us thirty miles to the good — my Eskimos said forty. Four hours out on the second march I overtook Henson in his third camp, beside a lead which was closed. When I arrived, he hitched up and followed behind my hurrying party. I had with me now seven men and six teams with less than half a load for each.

As we advanced, the character of the ice improved, the floes becoming much larger and pressure ridges infrequent, but the cracks and narrow leads increased, and were nearly all active. These cracks were uniformly at right angles to our course, and the ice on the northern side was moving more rapidly eastward than that on the southern.

As dogs gave out, unable to keep the pace, they were fed to the others. April 20 we came into a region of open leads, trending nearly north and south, and the ice motion became more pronounced. Hurrying on between these leads, a forced march was made. Then we slept a few hours, and starting again soon after midnight, pushed on till noon of the 21st.

My observation then gave 87° 6′. So far as history records, this is the nearest approach to the north pole ever made by human beings.

I thanked God with as good a grace as possible for what I had been able to accomplish, though it was but an empty bauble compared with the splendid jewel for which I was straining my life out. But, looking at the skeleton forms of my remaining dogs and the nearly empty sledges, and bearing in mind the drifting ice and the unknown quantity of the big lead between us and the nearest land, I felt that I had cut the margin as narrow as could be reasonably expected.

My flags were flung out from the summit of the highest pinnacle near us, and a hundred feet or so beyond this I left a bottle containing a brief record and a piece of the silk flag which six years before I had carried around the northern end of Greenland.

Then we started to return to our last igloo, making no camp here.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN MARCH.]

The Glass Door

BY MARY TRACY EARLE

CHARLOTTE and Emory Blake lived at the old Blake place, on the little plateau at the foot of the Colton hill, in a vine-covered stone cottage. The place had belonged to old George Blake. When it came into Emory's hands he sold it to Uncle Billy Kerr, and used the money for a course in a school of pharmacy. Later, Charlotte, who was then Charlotte Hastings, bought it, and, after her marriage, finished paying for it out of its own products, while her husband talked politics or played chess in his drug-store. It was said that when Blake was doing either of these things he was as likely as not to keep a customer standing a half-hour before waiting on him,—and this not so much out of interest in his discussion or his game as from complete lack of interest in the business of selling drugs.

North Pass correctly interpreted this general nonchalance of Blake's as a sign that he was an unwilling partner in the matrimonial venture he had undertaken. Indeed, it was known that the engagement had hung fire for years through no fault of Charlotte's, and everybody had noticed that such mildly loverlike enthusiasm for her society as Blake had shown before he went to the school of pharmacy had disappeared from his manner when he returned. Charlotte had told people that they should marry as soon as he came home, yet the wedding did not come off for two years. During this time it was noticed that although she held her head high and was fertile in good reasons for the delay, her girlish look left her, her features sharpened, and her speech developed an acid reaction; it was at this time, too, that she bargained with Uncle Billy Kerr for the old Blake place, and also borrowed money from the old man to put up a new house. When people saw the house going up it was generally supposed that she was preparing either to rent it or to live in it as an old maid; but when it was completed, to the surprise of every one, Charlotte and Blake were married and moved in.

The morning after the wedding Blake was in his drug-store playing chess as languidly as ever, but Charlotte spent her whole day planting a vegetable-garden, in a mood of unreckoning exaltation such as rarely comes to a woman of her nature, and never comes to her but once. She had felt no such blissful security when Blake and she were first engaged. Blake was weak. She had felt it intensely even when her infatuation for him was too fresh to permit her to reason, and a weak man while unmarried is peculiarly liable to changes of affection. But, on the other hand, a weak man once safely married is completely in the power of his wife; during the last two years of their engagement certain illusions regarding herself and Blake had fallen from her eyes; she had stated both those facts plainly to herself, and they had helped her to decide upon a course of action. There had been moments when she had despised herself for using her stronger will to coerce Blake into the fulfilment of his engagement, but on the morning after the wedding these moments were forgotten, and, as she hoed and raked and planted in the brisk air and the bright spring sunshine, her whole existence seemed uplifted by the knowledge that she and Blake at last belonged unquestionably to each other; that every output of her strength was for their common comfort, and would continue to be as long as they both should live.

As the first year of married life goes, Charlotte's first year was fairly successful. She knew Blake's faults already, and had made up her mind to them, and if there was a frank indifference in his quiet languor, she had made up her mind to that, too. He was never unkind, and there were times when some fresh evi-

dence of her devotion to him would touch him into an appreciation that was almost responsive. And there were other times when she would find him looking at her with an expression which any other observer might have classed as pity, but which she counted as tenderness. On the whole, it seemed to her that time was bringing them together, as she had counted that it would, and with this hope her face lost its sharp outlines.

Her first heavy chagrin was at the time of her baby's birth. When Blake came into the room to inquire for her, and she turned down the bed-cover to show him the little bundle at her side, a look of pain and aversion flashed across his face, and he moved away, begging her not to show the baby to him until it was older. On another day she tried to make him select a name for it, and he refused.

"Call it anything you please," he said at first, but she would not let him go at that.

"I've been thinking," she suggested, with a hesitation that was foreign to her,—"I've been thinking of calling her for your mother—Dorcas."

They were alone in the room, and he was sitting by her bed, but looking away from her into the corner of the room, while she looked anxiously at him. At her words he started, flashing a keen glance at her. "Why should we name her that?" he asked.

There was something so sharply disturbed in his manner, and his distaste for the idea was so evident, that Charlotte flushed in extreme embarrassment.

"I thought you might like to," she explained.

"Well, I wouldn't,—I—I don't think the name's pretty in itself," he declared; adding, with a great effort to speak naturally, "I'd rather name her for you."

Charlotte's lips came together so closely that all the unpleasant lines showed around them. "I certainly shall not name her for myself," she said. "You must think of some other name."

Blake got to his feet. "That's the only one I can think of," he said. "If you don't like it, you can take some other. It's your affair, not mine."

Charlotte's eyes flashed and then filled with tears, for she was very weak. "If I were asking you to father some other man's child, you couldn't act more as if you despised me," she sobbed.

He turned as he was leaving the room and gave her a long look full of exasperation, repugnance, and despair. "You are quite mistaken," he said. "I don't despise you. I despise myself."

For half an hour Charlotte sobbed, her hands clenched at her sides, her tears flowing unchecked; then, quite suddenly, she was calm, and, drying her disfigured face, she began to take account of stock. All that she had before, she reasoned, she still had. The gains of a year might seem to be lost in the outbreak of a moment, yet they still existed as a solid foundation to build upon. There would be constraint at first, but the effort of daily patience would overcome it in time; moreover, there was the baby. Blake might refuse to look at her now, but as she grew and acquired the irresistible graces of a healthy babyhood he would be obliged to see and to yield to her. A man of his nature could not live in the house with a child and not love it. She touched the small form at her side, as if to assure herself that this ally which she had so suffered for had not deserted her. Yes, she had more hope now than ever before, she told herself, and her eyes shone with a passionate tenderness, though her lips were set in a hard line. Suddenly the line broke into a smile.

"I'll name her Hope," she said.

When Hope was two months old she began her mission, and when she had reached six months Blake was vying with Charlotte in his devotion to her. He even plucked up a little interest in his business; sometimes he talked over his place with his wife, and the words which had passed between them over the naming of the child, though unforgotten, seemed so far in the past that Charlotte's courage strengthened with each day. The sense of security which had marked the first months of her married life did not return, but she could feel herself making a strong fight against fate to hold what she had, and, if she were never entirely certain of the issue, at least she fought with the obstinacy which has no knowledge of yielding. Sometimes even her love for Blake seemed to lose itself in this obstinacy, and her tenderness towards her child seemed the only womanly

sentiment left in her; but more often her love for her husband mounted high and unmixed above the other feelings as the tremendous, inexplicable passion of her life.

Hope's attainment of six months was marked by an unusual display of energy on the part of Blake. The first cold weather of autumn had come, and when the house doors were closed, Charlotte was surprised to hear her husband declare that the sitting-room, where the baby would spend most of her time in winter, was poorly lighted, and needed to have a glass door substituted for the wooden one which opened on to the front porch. Still more to her surprise, the door was delivered from an adjoining town the next day, and on the following morning Blake rose earlier than usual and hung it before going down to his store. It was the first time he had lifted his hand towards the improvement of Charlotte's house.

He whistled boyishly while he measured and fitted in the hinges, and when it came to holding the door while the hinges were screwed in place, he called to Charlotte. She came, with lips as usual closed very tight, but with cheeks flushed very pink, and when the work was finished she was so atremble that she had to sit down for a moment before she could put breakfast on the table.

To give a reason for the delay, she kept looking at the door. "The room is perfect now," she said.

Blake swung the new acquisition back and forth, and latched it once or twice to make sure that it was perfectly adjusted. When he was satisfied he glanced at his wife.

"It will give our baby the sunlight," he said, and their eyes met for a moment.

All that day, whenever Charlotte could bring her work into the sitting-room, she sat facing the glass door. She was not exactly happy; she was too strangely excited for happiness; but she was keenly awakened and alert. Every nerve in her seemed keyed up to its ultimate tension, and if the shadow of a cloud passed, even if a red leaf fell outside, she looked out expectantly through the door.

It was middle afternoon when, on looking up, she saw a young woman crossing the porch, leading a little child. Charlotte jumped to her feet, then reseated herself and waited for the tap on the glass. The visitors were strangers to her, and though she could not have told why, as she sat staring at them through the door, her mouth suddenly set into the lines of indomitable obstinacy which had grown so deep around it in the past three years. When she finally crossed the room to open the door, she walked slowly and deliberately, as if she had some definite purpose in mind and meant to accomplish it.

The woman on the outside was the first to speak. "Does Mr. Emory Blake live here?" she asked.

"He does. I am his wife. What can I do for you?" asked Charlotte.

The woman gave a little cry and drew back. "Oh no!" she said, breathlessly.

Charlotte stood, white and stiff and silent, while the other looked about her in a despairing helplessness. She was a frail-looking woman, worn with fatigue and the excited emotions with which timidity spurs itself to action. She looked as if she longed to sit down somewhere, and as if perhaps she could have more courage seated, but Charlotte made no motion to invite her to enter. After a while the newcomer brought her frightened eyes back to the set face in the doorway.

"I am so sorry for you," she said, timidly. "I am his wife."

A shiver of resentment ran convulsively through Charlotte's muscles. "You can be sorry for yourself," she said, roughly.

"But he married me while he was at the school of pharmacy," the other cried, weakly. "I was Nettie Trent. I clerked, and I boarded where he did, and we fell in love and married. He told me about you. You are Charlotte Hastings, aren't you, that wanted to marry him before he left home?"

Charlotte moved her dry lips soundlessly once or twice before she could speak. Then her masterful spirit rose to a new task. She drew herself up and looked down gravely, almost compassionately, upon the woman who had been Nettie Trent.

"I was Charlotte Hastings before my marriage," she said. "I am sorry to be the one to hurt you, but you have been

cruelly treated. I was married to Emory Blake before he left home for the school."

The smaller woman gave a little gasp and stood silent, while Charlotte, with the fire in her veins scorching her cheeks and eyes and almost smothering her breath, waited for her to offer some resistance, to assert her own claim, or to ask for proof of the statement which denied it; but Nettie said nothing, and after a moment her gaze dropped from Charlotte's and she began to sob. Charlotte took her by the hand and led her into the room.

Neither of them spoke for a long time. Nettie sat with her face buried in her hands. On one side her child tugged at her dress; on the other, little Hope slept in her cradle. Charlotte stood pale and tall, watching all three.

At last Nettie looked up. "I suppose you think I ought to hate him—now I've found out," she said, "but I don't; I just can't. When we were together he was so sweet to me. I don't think he meant to harm me. He must have thought it would come out all right somehow."

"If I were in your place," Charlotte said, slowly, "I should hate him."

Nettie wiped her eyes and drew her child up into her arms. "But what he did was almost as bad for you as it was for me," she urged, "and you don't hate him."

Charlotte turned suddenly and walked to her own baby's cradle. "Oh, I don't know," she said, in a low voice.

After a moment she came back and sat down. "I must ask you some questions," she said, gravely. "Is this your only child?"

The young woman nodded. Her lips were quivering. "Named Dorcas," she said, brokenly,—"for his mother."

Charlotte flushed and the lines about her lips deepened. "Does he—provide for you?" she asked.

The other nodded once more. "He sends me money once in a while. I wrote him not to worry when he didn't have it. I'm clerking again."

Charlotte made no comment. She was thinking how strange it was that this other woman, who was a frail, poor-spirited thing, should be ready to support herself and child out of love for Blake. In Charlotte's mind, which was pitilessly clear and active, there was room for a passing wonder at the mysterious power which so weak a man could exert over women, even without his will. She was wondering, too, if her own passion for him would ever rise again. At present she was far from loving him; she felt only a bitter resentment, a desire to punish him by holding to him, and a towering obstinacy and pride which refused to be set at fault and put to shame. While she was boldly examining and analyzing herself she glanced at the clock to see how long before he could possibly return; the time was ample, and she continued to sit silent. Presently her baby woke, and she rose and went to it.

As she lifted it from its cradle, Nettie started up and came towards her. Hope hid her face against her mother's neck, but after an instant turned shyly to steal a glance at the stranger.

Nettie sat down again, trembling. "Your baby is like him," she said.

"Very like him," Charlotte answered, and as the baby nestled up to her again, she dropped her cheek against it and tears came into her eyes—scalding tears that seemed to sear their way up from the depths of her heart.

Suddenly the other wife leaned forward, eagerly suspicious. "You have no other children—*older?*" she asked.

Charlotte looked round blankly, her eyes still wet. "*Other* children?" she echoed, but Nettie's sharpened face brought her to herself. She wiped her eyes on Hope's dress. "I lost—a child," she said.

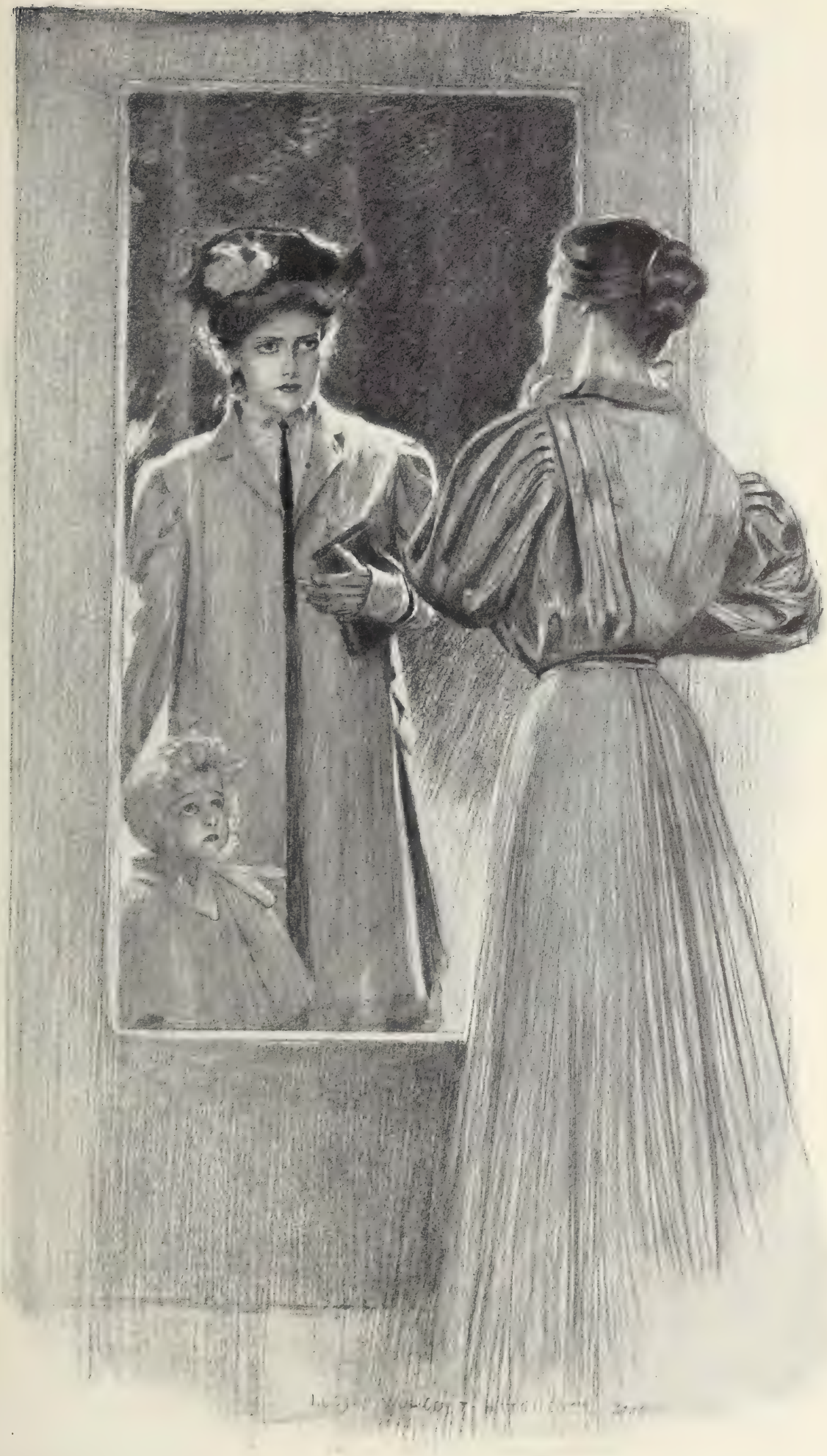
"Oh," Nettie murmured, "I'm sorry I asked you. It was older than Dorcas?"

Charlotte stood at bay, with her child strained close to her. She nodded.

"Oh!" Nettie murmured again, in a shaken voice. She looked at Charlotte in despairing envy. "What is this baby named?" she asked.

"This one," Charlotte answered, "we call Hope."

She seated herself and began trotting the child to a slow measure. There were still a few questions which she wished to ask, but the other's simple acceptance of all she said inspired her with cool deliberation. There was plenty of time, and she wished to make no mistake. She



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

THE WOMAN OUTSIDE WAS THE FIRST TO SPEAK

must be sure of her own safety, and after that she must do anything she could for the comfort of the other woman. It would probably be very little.

"How did you get here?" she inquired, finally. "You must have asked somebody where Mr. Blake lived."

"No, I didn't have to ask. He'd written me he was boarding with a woman that lived on his old place," Nettie said, "and I knew where that was because he'd often told me all about where he grew up and just the road he used to take from the station to the house, and I remembered every word of it. I didn't like to go to him at his store for fear there would be loafers around, so I came right to his house. I thought I wouldn't mind telling the woman that I was his wife, if she asked me any questions while I waited for him."

"You were very wise," Charlotte said, dryly.

Nettie settled back in her chair, rocking her little girl, who had grown restless and impatient, and as she rocked she began to pour out her heart. "You must think queer of me to sit down here with you like this and not to be in a rush to go," she began, "but I feel like I've got to sit still and—and kind of get my breath before I can start out. I've been so afraid of it that it doesn't seem like I ought to be surprised, but I tell you it pretty near kills me now I know it for sure." She paused and stroked a stray lock of hair away from her child's eyes. "My baby's like him, too," she said, irrelevantly. "My baby's just as like him as yours is."

Charlotte glanced again at the clock. "How do your friends treat you?" she asked, abruptly. "Do they believe you were really married or not?"

A bright flush sprang over Nettie's face. "They believed it at first, of course, just the way I did," she answered, quickly, "but lately they've been suspecting something. It was what they said made me get uneasy. I don't distrust folks right quick myself."

"And none of them tried to make inquiries for you?"—Charlotte put the question seriously, all her nerves tight strung.

"Oh no," Nettie said. "I don't have any family or any friends close enough to me to take trouble like that."

"And I presume you're glad now that they didn't," Charlotte said. "In your place I'd rather find it out for myself."

"Oh, I'd much rather," Nettie answered. "I couldn't have stood having other people find it out, and I'm not going to give anybody that knows me a chance to find out now. You see, I've been afraid of this so long that I've had time to make my plans and to save up money a little. Before I came here I gave up my place and told folks I was going to join Mr. Blake; so I'll not go back. I'll go to New York and get work there."

Charlotte looked at her keenly. "I suppose you're depending on Mr. Blake to help you?" she said.

Again the color sprang into Nettie's face. "Oh no, ma'am," she answered. "I couldn't let him help me now. I did wrong to live with him, but I didn't know he was married, so I don't feel like one of that kind of women; but if I was to take money from him now, I—I shouldn't feel that I was raising my child honest."

Charlotte lifted her baby so that it hid her face. "For him to help you would only be right," she said, from its shelter. "He owes you—money, at least."

The other shook her head. "I couldn't bear it," she said, chokingly. "Oh, you can't understand—nobody could understand unless she'd been through what I have, being left before my baby came, and having people ask me close questions, and then, little by little, losing my own faith. You can't see why, but if I was to take money from him now, it would make me feel my shame, and I don't want to,—I want to feel honest."

Charlotte lowered Hope to her knee. "Perhaps I can understand that—in a way," she said, with twitching lips.

Nettie looked into her face with a helpless, childish perception of the suffering shown in its drawn lines. "You're so good to me—I believe you feel 'most as bad as I do," she declared; "and if I were you, I wouldn't say a word to anybody about my having been here. Nobody knows it. I didn't have to ask my way. There aren't many women would treat me the way you do, and I won't stay here any longer making you feel bad." She rose, still holding her heavy

child in her arms. "There isn't anything more we've got to say to each other, is there?" she asked.

"Wait a moment," Charlotte said. She, too, rose, and as she stood looking at the other woman, so much smaller, so much weaker, so blindly trustful, and so patient, her heart, which had sunk in shame, rose suddenly in pity; at that moment if she had opened her lips the truth would have escaped from them, but her stubborn will held her lips closed.

Nettie eyed her with troubled uncertainty, but after a moment moved towards the door.

"Well, I must go," she declared.

"Wait a moment," Charlotte said again. Her voice was so dry and strange that after she had spoken she paused to moisten her lips. Her limbs trembled, and in the glass door which she had opened against the wall she could see the ashen whiteness of her face.

Nettie turned once more and the two women confronted each other, each holding her child.

Charlotte put a hand up to her throat. "I have money I could give you," she offered. "Not his, my own."

The other shook her head. "Oh, I couldn't," she exclaimed. "Anyway, I don't need it. I've saved up a good deal. And you've done better than give me money; you've been kind to me." She put out her hand with a little appealing gesture and took Charlotte's, which lay cold in it.

"You'd better go," Charlotte broke out. "You'll meet him coming home if you wait any longer. Here; I'll tell you how to go a roundabout way."

She walked out on to the piazza and led the way down the steps and round to the back of the house, where she stood giving short, sharp directions, when across her hurried words came Blake's voice calling from the front:

"Charlotte! Charlotte! Where are you and Hope?"

For the first time since they had lived together Blake had come home before his hour.

The two women looked at each other. Charlotte pointed to the path which hid itself quickly in the shelter of an orchard. "Run," she whispered. "I'll keep him in the house."

But Nettie stood as if paralyzed, her eyes widening and filling with tears. "Oh, you've been so good—mayn't I see him—mayn't I bid him good-by?" she begged.

Charlotte lifted her voice to answer Blake. "Yes, Emory; stay where you are; I'm bringing Hope," she called. "Hurry!" she whispered to the other woman. "It won't do you any good to see him. Think of what he's done. Hurry, I say!"

Nettie put her hand up to her head. "I—I can't," she murmured. She swayed a little, and before Charlotte could reach out to catch her she had slipped to the ground.

At the same moment Blake came out of the back door of the house. For an instant he stared in bewilderment. Then he was at Nettie's side and had lifted her in his arms.

Charlotte saw his face as he kissed her. A moment later she was indoors on her knees beside her bed, with her face buried in the cover and her hands clutching it.

A cold wind swept through the house. Front and back the doors stood open. The sun was already low in the west and the evening promised to be chill. Presently Charlotte rose. She closed the front door carefully, wrapped Hope in a cloak, and, with her child on her arm, passed out at the back.

Blake had stretched his wife on the back porch and was bending over her. He looked up, and at sight of Charlotte's face he straightened himself.

She paused an instant. "I'm starting to harness the horse," she said. "You can catch the night train at Antioch if I drive fast."

He stood silent, his face working. It was as if strength were being born in him to say something in his own defence.

"She has plans," Charlotte added. "You'd better pick up some of your things in the house."

She passed on, and laying Hope in the bottom of the wagon, harnessed the horse with swift, shaking hands. The sun was out of sight when she drove back to the house. Nettie sat on the steps staring dazedly around her. Blake was not in sight.

"Are you ready?" Charlotte called.



THE RIDE WAS LONG AND COLD

He came out, carrying an old hand-bag. At the step he hesitated.

She pointed silently to the back seat, where he was to sit with Nettie and the child, and after an instant he helped them in.

The ride was long and cold. Night fell, and the stars came out in remote, hostile legions. The children slept. Occasionally Nettie and Blake advised together in hushed voices. Charlotte whipped the horse.

As they drew near to the end of their journey Blake leaned forward and touched her arm.

"What about the store?" he asked.

Charlotte broke her long silence harshly. "Your stock will cover what you owe on it, I guess."

At the station she stayed in the wagon. Blake took his wife and Dorcas into the waiting-room and came back for his bag. Charlotte had it ready for him, resting on the wheel.

He did not offer to take it at first, but stood in the beam from the station window, trying to speak.

"Well?" she said.

"I guess there's not much I can say," he choked out.

For a long time she made no answer. Then her breath came with an unexpected gasp. "It wasn't your fault—I made you do it," she said. For a moment more they were silent. Then she shifted the sleeping baby towards him.

"Don't you want to kiss her?" she asked.

He bent his face to the child with a sudden passionate tenderness. As he looked up, his wet eyes met Charlotte's, which were full of tears.

She put out her hand to him. "I guess I've been hard on you," she said.



In the Heart of Manhattan

Manhattan Lights

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

WHEN the twenty-four-hour-day man has been evolved and perfected he will pass his summers, maybe, near the north pole, where the sun is visible and radiant half the year at a time. For by that time, no doubt, the arctic end of the world will be easily accessible, and better equipped than now to furnish steady work or entertainment to an energetic person. But his winters at least he can spend in New York—a city which darkness invades only to a limited extent, in which night as well as day has its full quota of shining hours, and human activities improve every one of them.

All American cities are comparatively well lighted nowadays. Even the quietest country villages have their rows of coal-oil lamps filled to last during the hours of darkness and to go out automatically for lack of kerosene some time about



On Riverside Drive—Grant's Tomb in the Background

dawn. Protection as well as convenience demands light, and when something happens, like the San Francisco earthquake, to put a great city's lighting apparatus out of commission, there is immediate alarm for fear of crimes that marauders and thieves may be tempted to undertake under cover of the unaccustomed darkness. Travelling at night and looking out of the car window, one notices all the degrees of nocturnal effulgence with which the various grades of towns and cities provide themselves. Arc-lights are the common sentinels of the larger towns and big suburban villages. Following them come the long stretches of street lights slanting out into the distance, and then the obstreperous combination of street lights, saloon lights, shop lights, and advertising signs joining in boisterous exuberance at the centre of evening traffic. Coming from the north or the east through Westchester County into New York, the last half-hour or more of the journey is through a succession of suburban towns whose lights merge into a continuous illumination. Miles above the Harlem River the city blocks begin, and at the river itself spring out graceful rows and stretches of lights regularly spaced on the bridges and viaducts that span the river and cross the big gully that gashes the metropolitan end of the Bronx. By whatever route you reach or leave Manhattan Island in the evening, the river lights are beautiful. On the North River the spectacle varies according to the hour and the season, for the down-town lights in Manhattan are more numerous when the days are short and the tenants of the great office-buildings have to light up to finish their day's work. Across from the lower Jersey ferries late in the afternoon of a winter day glow and sparkle the great company of tall shafts grouped against the sky, each one pierced to the top with regular rows of shining windows. A memorable sight they make, those shafts and huge blocks of gleaming holes, reaching far above



FIREWORKS ON THE NIGHT OF THE OPENING OF THE NEW BRIDGE OVER THE EAST RIVER



A MEMORABLE SIGHT THEY MAKE FROM THE HUDSON—THOSE HUGE BLOCKS OF GLEAMING HOLES

their neighbors that come between them and the river. There is much in that spectacle to recompense a tired man for being a commuter, and nowhere else on earth is there the like of it.

And besides the tall shafts and the intervening lower lights, and the glow of the streets that run to the river and border it, there are all the river lights—the ferry-boats, with their long rows of bright windows, hurrying on their various courses; the Sound steamers going out; other steamers coming in; all manner of lights more sober on all manner of shipping; the street glare and the ferry-house and wharf lights ashore; and higher up, here and there, the obtrusive and commercial, but none the less radiant, advertising signs.

The down-town office-building lights go out early—most of them—but up the river some of the tall up-town hotels continue, all the evening and in spite of curtained windows, to be lighthouses.

On the East River, besides the city lights and the river lights, are the high, curving bridges, very striking and beautiful, with their unobstructed outlines marked by the glow of the electric bulbs.

There is poetry in these river lights, bordered and framed by the dark shining water and reflected in it. Travellers and the winter commuters see the most of them. The hundreds of thousands of people who cross the bridges see something of them, and so may the crowds that throng the recreation piers on summer evenings. And the piers, like the bridges, are part of the spectacle. When Blackwells Island is turned into a park, as surely it will be some day, it will be, in its way, the most interesting park New York will have, and will be an admirable place wherefrom to watch the river lights. The night views from Corlears Hook Park, with both the bridges in sight, must be charming, and the far-down East-Siders doubtless profit by them; but for dwellers in mid-Manhattan, Corlears Hook is farther away than London and less often visited. When the twenty-four-hour man comes, no doubt he will go down there and see the night sights on the East River, for possibly he will have time to spare.

We sixteen-hour people, who have to go to bed for a little while even in New



LOOKING UP WALL STREET TO TRINITY CHURCH

York, travel, as a rule, on definite beats. If we live in New York, we see by daylight certain streets and by nightlight certain others; the same ones year after year and no others, except when some unwonted enterprise diverts us from our usual course. If we spend our summers, or part of them, in town, we may come to know the Claremont and the Hudson River lights as one looks north from there, and the lights on the Jersey shore opposite. Newspaper men, newsdealers, and all who are concerned with the publication or distribution of morning newspapers, know the City Hall Park, still the most important centre of newspaperdom and still one of the liveliest all-night centres in New York. Wall Street is dead at night, but it never is dark. It is always there, usually solitary except for policemen, but almost as carefully lighted as Fifth Avenue. Dark streets are not favored in the banking districts, and nowhere in New York is there a stronger contrast than Wall Street by day and Wall Street by night. Nobody sleeps there except janitors and their families. Nobody works there at night except scrub-women, though in very busy times the clerks of the brokers and the bankers and the lawyers work until very late. Usually six o'clock finds Wall Street all but deserted, and at midnight the whole district is dead, and the lights that burn so faithfully are like so many candles burning to the better repose of Business, dead and laid out in a great narrow high-walled church.

Farther down-town, around the Battery and the ferry-houses and the Elevated Railway stations, there is activity all night long. Within easy walking distance in other directions are streets so crowded with humanity that there is no hour when all the people are abed. Any one who pictures in his mind the down-town residence and shopping streets as dismal or murky will gain a very interesting readjustment of his ideas whenever he goes to see them. The soberest and dimmest lighted streets in town are very respectable ones, like those that run east and west of Fifth Avenue, and are still uninvaded by business. They are quiet at all times, and at night are lighted just enough for protection and convenience.



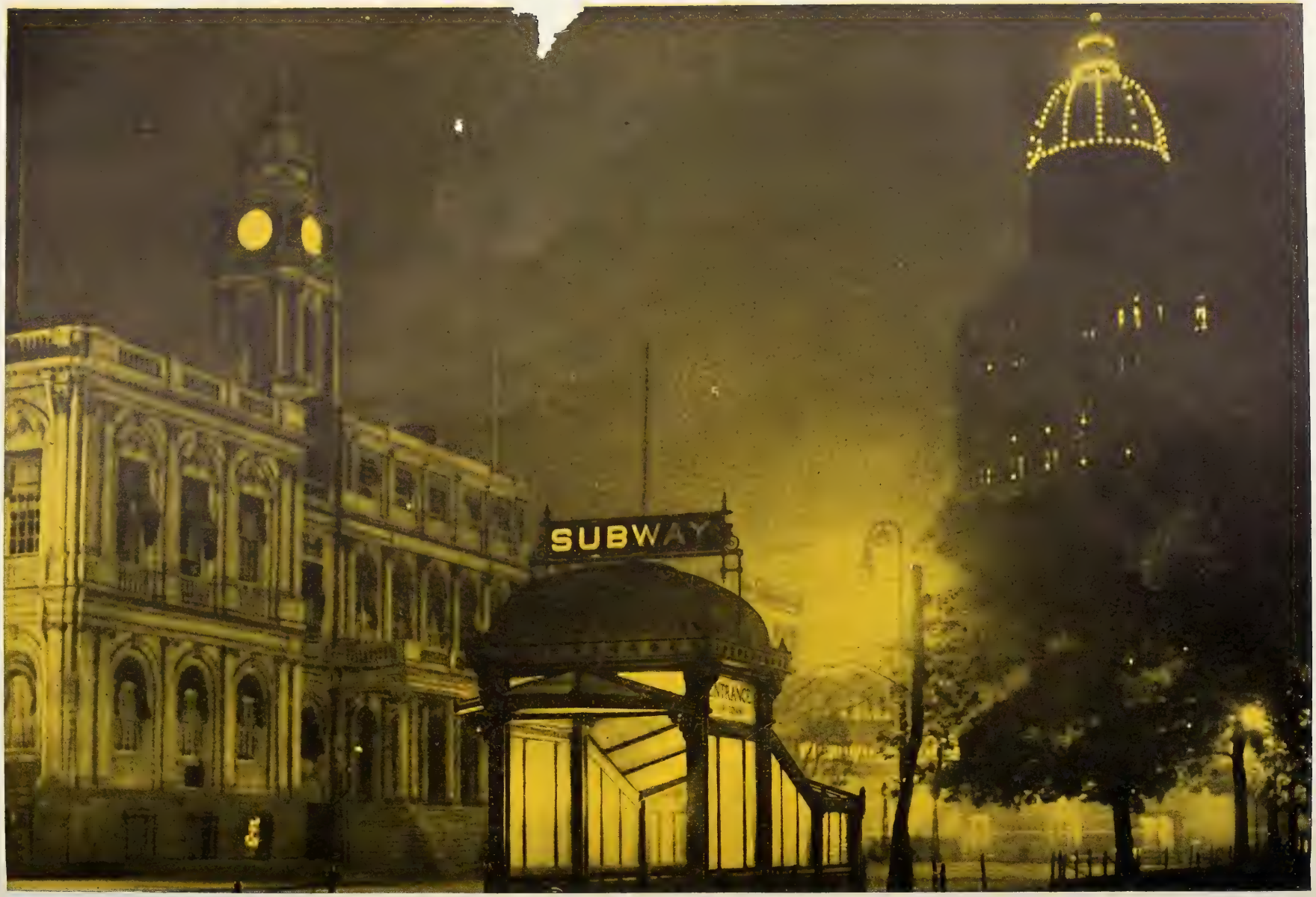
THE RECREATION PIERS ARE BRILLIANT SPOTS ALONG THE SHORE



THE SHERMAN STATUE AT THE ENTRANCE TO CENTRAL PARK

To go from one of them in the evening to one of the populous thoroughfares of the East Side is like coming out of a dusky wood into daylight. The East Side and every great tenement-house district spends its evenings, in good weather, as far as possible out-of-doors. That means in the street, and the streets are lighted according to the use that is made of them. The street lights are many and bright; the shops shine, the billiard-rooms glitter, the saloons blaze. Coming back from them to the blocks where richer people live, a whole house to every family, curtains closely drawn, and no shops or saloons, is a return to twilight from noonday.

But not all up-town New York is soberly lighted of an evening. Go to the pleasure centre, and you will find a nightly illumination which, they all tell us, no other city in the world can quite hold a candle to. That is what they say about Broadway between Twenty-seventh Street and Forty-sixth. In no other city, we are assured, is there so brilliant a stretch of artificial evening radiance. It is the theatre district, as every one knows, and also the before-and-after-theatre district, much frequented by persons who dine in restaurants, and by others, or the same ones, who have the curious habit of wanting supper after the play. Resident in New York and the ter-



ON THE LEFT THE VENERABLE CITY HALL STANDS DARK AMONG ITS BRILLIANT SURROUNDINGS

ritory immediately tributary to it is a very imposing number of people who go often to the theatres. Stopping in New York there are at all times somewhere between fifty and a hundred thousand people, a large proportion of whom go to the theatre in the evening. It is this enormous money-spending crowd that has caused the theatre district in New York to become a world-famous curiosity in electrical street illumination. All day long this part of Broadway is a crowded and busy district, full of shops and restaurants, and a great thoroughfare of a great city; but at eight o'clock of an evening in the theatre season it is deluged with a crowd which quickly disappears and is lost for three hours, when it surges out again, and fills the streets, the restaurants and lobster palaces, the carriages, the motor-cars, the cabs, the Subway, the Elevated stations, and the street-cars. A part of this crowd goes home immediately when the theatres let out; part of it disperses to various hotels and restaurants on Fifth Avenue or the cross-town streets, and part of it clings to Broadway, and eats and drinks in the light of its radiance. Wherever this up-town theatre crowd pauses, there the lights are bright and the streets are lively until after midnight. It is to catch the eyes of this evening crowd that the theatre section of Broadway has been so bejewelled with all manner of electrical contrivance. Advertisement is the motive. The result is somewhat blinding, but it is undoubtedly interesting, and, softened by due distance, it stirs the imagination and becomes even beautiful.

The most dazzling part of this show is still between Thirty-fourth and Forty-sixth streets, but the centre of greatest radiance is moving up-town, and Longacre Square is on the point of being the shiningest place in Manhattan. There, besides a theatre or two and some restaurants with profuse electrical embellishments, one sees to best advantage the pretty outside electric-light decoration of two great new hotels. Up Broadway is the distant glitter of the Columbus Circle; down Broadway, bordered by high buildings, is the blazing chasm of the theatre district. Out spring the cross streets on either side with their lights. Up and down speed automobiles with great glaring eyes, and here and there, a little way back, where a vacant roof invites, flame advertisements in white and colored lights, not especially edifying as to the wares they cry, but beautiful in their brightness, as well as, in some cases, in their color and design.

Up at the Columbus Circle there is another light centre, and looking from there, farther up Broadway, you see other centres still, and note the crimson letters flaming on the walls of theatre and hotel. All over Manhattan Island there are such light centres, all more or less party-colored and brilliant, and garish though they may be, all more or less beautiful.

For light itself is beautiful, and though indoors it is easy to have too much of it, out-of-doors it is hard to misuse it so extravagantly that it will not still please the eye. The long rows of white street lights—incandescent gas-lights and arc-lights tempered by ground-glass shades—are pretty as they stretch away; the orange globes of intense light that hang by the theatre doors and the colors of the signs and names and emblems are all pretty. But most beautiful and most stirring to the spirit are the lights to which distance lends its enchantments—the river lights, and the [illegible]e lights seen from the rivers, the bri[illegible]e lights, the tall shafts of buildings wi[illegible]n windows all aglow. The show in New York is provided every night and with profuse prodigality; the trouble is to get the perspective.

And, after all, that is a prevailing difficulty about life itself on the island of Manhattan. The show there is a lavish show in a thousand particulars, but the perspective is somewhat to seek. The people who see the Manhattan lights in which there is the greatest charm and which most inspire the mind that contemplates them are not those of the surging crowd in the theatre district, but of the army of travellers and late commuters who cross the river to go home. A degree of detachment, it seems, and of contemplative distance is favorable to full appreciation of Manhattan. Its lights are like its noises—stunning when too near, but soothing and inspiring from afar.

The Speech of Deeds

BY GWENDOLEN OVERTON

"I AM afraid you will find it dull," Mrs. Hardison forewarned, deprecatingly. "You must have met so many clever people. But I have done my best. There is to be the president of our club—such a handsome woman, and so brilliant."

"What has she done?" asked Mrs. Vanderlyn, with the civility which she felt to be required.

"It isn't so much what she has *done*. It's what she has read, what she knows. She is informed upon every subject it is possible to imagine. And she has your husband's writings simply by heart. She is one of his most ardent disciples."

Mrs. Vanderlyn smiled, the smile nicely balanced between a modest appreciative gratitude and a natural wifely pride, with which, for fifteen years, she had received the enthusiasms of that portion of the public which bought and perused the works of Thomas Vanderlyn.

"And then there is a young poet—Launcelot Lorimer?" The rising inflection and the look of expectancy asked if the name were not already known.

As the wife of Thomas Vanderlyn it had fallen to her daily lot to have every one tell of relatives or dear friends who had written, or who aspired to write. And by second nature she had at command the requisite expression of interest. She wore it now, tempered by a slight shadow of humility at her own remissness, in that she did not recognize a name which should have been familiar.

"Haven't you seen any of his work? It has been in the magazines. He is the greatest lover of Nature and flowers—wild flowers, of course. I was so glad to get those two. They are very much engaged; but they wanted to meet you. I explained that it was to be most informal, just six of us—because you were still in mourning for your husband."

"And the sixth?" inquired Mrs. Vanderlyn, suspecting a detrimental.

Mrs. Hardison's voice fell to a tone of apology. "It's a friend of George's whom he simply *would* have, though I told him that he would be completely out of place. But George insisted. He thinks there is no one quite like Mr. Matheson. I must say I didn't suppose he'd come. He almost invariably refuses invitations. He is one of the most occupied men in New York. It isn't only business; he does a great deal of charitable work besides—though he hates to talk of it. But as I was saying—I thought I'd please George and then be able to ask some one else anyway. So I wrote to Mr. Matheson. I was never in my life more surprised than to receive his acceptance. I can only suppose that you were the attraction. I am sure I hope you will like him, for George is bound he shall sit on your right. I wanted to put Mr. Lorimer there, but George said you wouldn't care about a poet who does verses to the moonlight and the lilies. You know George is the best soul in the world, but he doesn't care for poetry. So"—Mrs. Hardison summed up the situation in the tone of one who has resigned herself to it—"I am afraid you will have to have Mr. Matheson. If he doesn't talk—sometimes he simply won't—you will have George on the other side, and you two seem to get along remarkably well. I must say it surprises me a little, because George really isn't clever."

"Isn't he recognized as one of the leaders of his profession?" Mrs. Vanderlyn ventured, in the depreciated husband's defence.

"Oh! of course he knows about bridges and lighthouses, and that sort of thing." Mrs. Hardison's rating of it was evidently not very high. "But then," she reverted, "you yourself are so sweet and adaptable that you can manage with any one. Perhaps you and Mr. Matheson will get along famously." She rose to

take her leave, but on the threshold she turned. "By the bye—I forget that you haven't been in this country since your marriage. But you know whom I mean, do you not?—Henry Matheson, of Matheson and Company—that huge dry-goods firm."

"I supposed it was he," said Mrs. Vanderlyn.

She went back into the sitting-room of the hotel suite in which she had taken up her abode a month before, when she had returned to the land of her birth.

"You know which Mr. Matheson I mean, do you not?" She smiled over the recollection of the question and of the persistent flow of words, which had permitted only an occasional brief phrase upon her own part. How disconcerted her prospective hostess would have been to learn that only by reason of an abrupt alteration in the course of past events had she been chattering to Mrs. Thomas Vanderlyn — and not to Mrs. Henry Matheson.

It would be worth while to watch her when there should begin to work into her mind the possible explanation of Mr. Matheson's unlooked-for acceptance. It would probably be the most amusing episode of a dinner which otherwise promised ill.

The president of the club who had *done* nothing in particular, but who knew everything, who was one of Thomas Vanderlyn's most ardent disciples! How was one to be a disciple of Thomas Vanderlyn? What, after all, had been his faith? What had he stood for? What was his philosophy? What one helpful lesson was to be gleaned from all his volumes? The disciple of Thomas Vanderlyn—it could only mean that one sought to see life through the medium of involved epigrams which would not bear the test of fundamental stress and passion.

But the habit of the years through which she had checked herself in her thoughts of the man she had married made her do so now. She had trained herself to it, lest she should become morbid, lest by dwelling too constantly upon her dislike it should come to be a possessing, embittering detestation. And it was a poor thing to spend one's days despising the dead.

She put her mind resolutely upon something else. What would Henry Matheson have to say to her? At fifty would he bear any resemblance to the man of five-and-thirty who had loved her? In many ways, to judge from Mrs. Hardison's estimate, he must be unchanged. Did he love her yet? He had not married, and his was no unstable character whose passions flamed up and went out.

His place in her thoughts was dominant the next evening when she took a final look at herself in Mrs. Hardison's mirror. That which she saw was not unsatisfactory. At the time when she and Henry Matheson had parted she had not been beautiful. But she had been called the charming Leslie Ilchester. And she was charming still. It was one of the beliefs with which she had deliberately striven to keep alive her self-esteem, her self-respect, that had she not been known as Thomas Vanderlyn's wife, she could have been reputed for her own attractions. Something had been needed to sustain a normal and healthy egotism, that she might not wilt utterly under the blight of disenchantment and repression.

Yes, dispassionately looked at, time had taken little from her and had given much. But what of Henry Matheson?

Immediately upon entering the drawing-room she saw. In his own case it was not only that he had not lost. He, too, had gained—and greatly. He looked all his years, but they were an added distinction. He had reached middle age with every promise more than fulfilled. Coming up to her now, he held out his hand, speaking her name with a grave directness which made her forget to watch Mrs. Hardison's face that she might enjoy its bewilderment. But she was recalled.

"Why, Mrs. Vanderlyn! You let me talk about Mr. Matheson for half an hour. You never once gave me the slightest idea—"

"I don't think you offered me much opportunity."

Mrs. Hardison took it amiably, with a laughing pout. "I suppose I *did* chatter," she confessed.

Matheson stood smiling down into Mrs. Vanderlyn's eyes. "What did Mrs.

Hardison have to say about me?" he asked. It was the subject of the question who answered for herself.

"I told her that you had refused almost every invitation I had ever sent you, and that my astonishment knew no bounds when you accepted this one."

"You understand now, I suppose?"

It was presumably to his hostess that he spoke and in half jest. But it was at Mrs. Vanderlyn he looked, and to her that some more serious ulterior meaning seemed addressed.

The president of the club recalled an observation of Thomas Vanderlyn's, which by reason of its ambiguity fitted the present situation as it might have a number of others. She quoted it. The widow's face—unconsciously to herself—took on the expression appropriate for meeting the tribute; but she was observing that Matheson's, whether purposely or no, assumed a blank and stolid aloofness. Was it that he disliked Thomas Vanderlyn's productions?—or the lady president? Conceivably both. But either would be a bond.

It was hardly to have been called a successful dinner. There were too many conflicting aims. Fortified by the unpliant personality of the man upon her right, Mrs. Vanderlyn allowed herself the unwonted luxury of refusing to be adaptable. No doubt it was failure in duty to her hosts, no doubt it was even in questionable taste. But it was a deep, inexpressible relief. She did not want to listen to the president's always available views, and she made little pretence of doing so. She met two or three quotations from the novels of Thomas Vanderlyn with a change of subject. She made no smallest effort to flatter the poet—to whom flattery, she judged, was necessary. Nor did she return the somewhat too persistent and palpably admiring gaze which he kept fixed upon her.

A man who had nothing more virile to do than to write sonnets upon the lark and lyrics on the daisy—! It was to the simple Hardison that she devoted herself—Hardison, who could talk best on lighthouses and bridges, and whose knowledge of literature was confined to Dickens, Thackeray, and Scott. Her husband, had he been living and here, would have looked upon Hardison as mentally a negligible quantity. Yet who had done more good, the stylist who had made his life-work the analysis of unfecund human motives, or this builder of lighthouses which had saved the storm-tossed and the fog-bound, of bridges which had carried commerce and civilization into new fields?

Within the bounds of courtesy she left Matheson to himself. But she was always well aware that he was sitting there beside her, self-contained, powerful, imparting by contrast something of triviality to all the rest of them, even to Hardison, who was allowing himself to be made nervous by his anxiety to live up to the club president's knowledge.

It was only at the last moment before they left the table that she turned pointedly to Matheson. "After the cigars, will you come and talk to me, monopolize me?" she said. "Out of pity, don't leave me to a man who does verses and a woman who is well informed."

He obeyed. When he came from the dining-room he went directly to her, putting aside the poet, whose obvious intention it had been to forestall him.

He asked her regarding the past fifteen years. "You were in England for the most part, I suppose. Your home was there?"

"More exactly, it was there that we rented other people's homes. We never had one of our own." Something in his look recalled to her that she had long ago given it as one of her reasons for preferring to pass her days in England that there was more of home life there than in her own country, and that her tastes were essentially domestic.

She colored now at the self-betrayal. "Mr. Vanderlyn was obliged to go to the Continent so often," she offered, "for rest and change of scene. He needed it for his work."

She thought of what had been her own impatience with those frequent migrations in search of refreshment for a body and brain exhausted to querulousness and irritability by the strain of trying to produce much from a temperament which had little to give.

It had been so exasperating to have to break up her household time and time again, just when she had begun to feel



Drawn by W. D Stevens

SHE COLORED NOW AT THE SELF-BETRAYAL

that she was making the hired domicile in a measure their own.

"Next to England we were most often in Italy. My little son died there." Her voice had dropped.

"Was it the only child?" he asked.

She could feel the sympathy he did not put into words.

"The only one," she answered. There was a brief pause, which he made no attempt to fill. "Of course we met all manner of delightful people," she felt it incumbent upon her to assert. He should not guess at the failure it had all been. He should not say to himself that she might better not have sent him away.

It was no desire to protect the memory of her husband. Beyond the bare semblance which convention required she made small pretence of loyalty. But she defended her own pride.

"And you have never been back in your own land until now?" Matheson questioned.

"No. Mr. Vanderlyn was not fond of his native soil, you know. His talent flourished better in that of an older civilization."

"And you—did you never want to return?"

"Yes," she confessed, "I did; especially at first. I was very homesick for mine own people. But of course Mr. Vanderlyn wanted me with him. He had the English husband's belief that a wife's place is with her lord."

"The Court of Equity and Parliament have only altered the Common Law view of wives on the books—not in the hearts of the populace," he observed.

She laughed irresistibly, more amused than she perhaps should have been by this bit of ironic subtlety, so unlike his ordinary blunt methods.

"The *lex scripta* hasn't yet become exactly a habit of thought," she owned. "But now," she suggested, "you must tell me of yourself."

"I have made money. And I have attended to business. You remember that Mr. Vanderlyn once wrote to the effect that that was the whole existence of the American man. He held us fit for nothing else."

She surveyed him critically. "I should say that *you* were fit for whatever you might undertake."

"Only, my dear Leslie, because I should never undertake that for which I was not fit."

"You are epigrammatic," she told him.

"Heaven forbid!" he ejaculated. And she laughed again.

Was he perhaps a little jealous still?

Once in the course of the evening he said to her that he had never read but one of her husband's novels. "I went through that to the end. But I am bound to admit that I couldn't understand it. I myself have never but two reasons for doing things—because I want to or because I must."

"Will you come to see me?" she asked, as she prepared to take her leave.

"I had intended to," he answered. And she felt sure that he *had* intended to whether she had extended the invitation or not.

As she drove back to the hotel she asked herself if he were still in love with her? It was not easy to say. But was *she* in love with him? Had she ever really ceased to be so? Though at the time she had not known it, she had long since realized that it was flattered vanity which had made her break her engagement to Matheson and marry Vanderlyn. The latter had been a man much older than herself, and already of established reputation. He had come to revisit his own land, which he had abandoned in his early youth. For two decades he had been away from his countrymen, purposely out of touch with them. And he had found that relations were not to be renewed.

From the remoteness of his standpoint he had judged them. They were uninformed, material-minded, they were business machines devoid of higher aspirations. They had no speech save that of finance and affairs. And, since money was all their thought, no need for another.

Yet for his countrywomen his admiration had gone to the other extreme. They were immeasurably the superiors of the males who provided for them. They had all the soul and intellect which their gross lords lacked. They appreciated the subtle, the refined. His opinions had been published, commented upon, attacked, agreed with. They had formed the topic of the hour. Scoffers

had said that for once Thomas Vanderlyn had expressed himself comprehensibly. If the men, in their financial absorption, had shown themselves prone to go on their way ignoring his verdict, the women, whom he had eulogized, were ready to do all homage.

He had been sought after, entertained, honored, quoted. And full in the glare of this publicity he had courted Leslie Ilchester. Had it not been enough to unsettle the judgment of any young girl? To marry this distinguished, self-expatriated *littérateur* had seemed so brilliant a destiny compared with becoming the wife of a prosperous business man. And the influence of Vanderlyn's opinions had been such as to give her no little contempt for those of Matheson's kind, no slight estimate of her own vast superiority.

But how had Thomas Vanderlyn ever come to do anything so definite, so natural, as to marry? In nothing else had she ever known him to be simple, resolute, unwavering.

He might have found to his hand one of those studies in which he delighted, had he been able to read her heart—had it ever occurred to him to think her feelings worth considering. At all times he had been ready enough to analyze his own mental processes for her benefit, but never once had he suspected the conflict which went on in his wife's mind as she tried to put away the memory of Matheson, that it might not furnish a contrast such as to make her husband intolerable.

No, she had never ceased to love Henry Matheson. She had only obliged herself to cease thinking of him. But could she do even that now? Was there any reason why she should? Or did he intend to let her?

Certainly not at once. A few days later he came to her hotel. And after that, for a man of such multitudinous interests, he appeared to have a good deal of leisure at her disposal.

Upon an evening which they spent together she brought herself to make a request. He sat in a big chair across the hearth from her—the hired hearth, like all she had known since her girlhood, the property of whosoever paid.

"I have been warned," she began, "that there is nothing which will send you away so quickly as to try to make you talk of your charities."

"You can't send me away," he answered, composedly.

"Do you really dislike to speak about them?"

"That depends. But there is not a great deal to tell. Like every one else, I have a few little private charities here and there—deserving cases which come up and need attention. And I subscribe to a number of 'causes.' Nobody escapes that. The size of your bank account is always most accurately known to the directors of the organizations, and the subscription is proportioned to it."

"But the model tenements? You see, I have details."

"Those are not charity. It is a mistaken impression. They are a business proposition. They pay me a percentage on my investment."

"How much?" she asked.

Matheson reddened. "Enough to make it better than having the money idle."

"As if your money were likely to be idle! How much do they pay you?" She insisted upon her point.

"What a business head you have developed! Well—about, say, one or one and a half per cent."

She smiled her comprehension. "Just enough to keep the tenants from being the recipients of charity. And not by any means sufficient to pay you for your time."

"It is a safe and sure investment, however," he insisted, "which is more than one can always say for higher interest rates."

"I want you to take me to see the two which are under construction at present," she told him.

"Why? Are you going in for model tenements?"

Her eyes lit with a flash of vexation. It was a little too reminiscent of her husband's delicate sarcasms. Yet, after all, had she not deserved it? As Henry Matheson had last known her, had she not been in a fair way to become a creature of fads? In those days she had been always "taking up" one thing or another.

She relapsed to humility. "I am not 'going in' for anything now—except for the duty or pleasure at hand." There



Drawn by W. D. Stevens Half-tone plate engraved by H. Lamonth

"IT WILL NOT BE A SINECURE, YOU KNOW"

was a touch of sadness which could hardly have escaped him.

"I beg your pardon," he said, quietly. "It is very kind of you to be interested in the subject at all. I will come for you to-morrow if I may—at ten o'clock. I think we had better drive. It is quite in the slums."

He kept her in the buildings much longer than she had expected, forgetting her in discussions with contractors and workmen. Going down the bare, well-lighted corridors, he would disappear into a room and leave her to her own devices. Then, remembering her, he would come back and civilly explain some matter of heating, of ventilation, of sewage. She knew that she was far from uppermost in his mind, that he was more concerned with anything else at hand. Yet she was enjoying listening to his short and succinct directions. He appeared to know his subject thoroughly. What a debt of gratitude hundreds of mothers owed him that he made it possible for their children to have air and warmth and light! For want of just those her own baby boy had died. A pestilential Venetian palace had taken her husband's fancy, and he had insisted upon living in it.

It was of men such as this one that Thomas Vanderlyn had spoken with contempt. But were these matters to be held less worthy the masculine intellect than devoting one's days to involved romantic treatises upon the ambiguous half-impulses of imaginary creatures? Did a man look better, his feet amid a pile of shavings, his hands formidably brandishing a length of lead pipe, his whole being absorbed in a discussion relative to elbows and joinings—or standing complacent to receive the homage of a galaxy of raptly admiring women? To whom did humanity owe more—to her distinguished husband or to this substantial merchant? And altogether apart from any question of the latter's benefactions, to how many thousands had the mere needs of his business given the chance to earn a livelihood? But had any one ever found himself aided, uplifted, by a line of Thomas Vanderlyn's works? Which was of the more value to a striving world—the intricate niceties of the written language, or this speech of deeds?

Yet Matheson was not without a verbal eloquence of his own, as he made apparent while they drove back up-town together and sat at luncheon in a window looking out upon the snow-covered park. He had forgotten his reserve. His thoughts were still full of the buildings and of improvements with which he was experimenting. He talked steadily and with a technicality which sometimes made it difficult to follow all his meaning.

"I wish," she put in once, in wistful contemplation, "that *I* had some way of being of service in the world. It seems to me that my life has been a useless one, frittered away and wasted."

He did not try to console her by denying it. Presumably he agreed with her. "The worst of all this," he summed up his own concerns in the end, "is that there is more than I can properly attend to without giving almost my whole time. The supervision isn't really over when the buildings are finished and the rooms rented. It is only beginning. There are a good many matters which need seeing to constantly coming up—in spite of the tenants' endeavors to keep them down. To be sure, I have an agent, but the arrangement isn't in every way satisfactory. At best he is only a man, and there is required, besides, a woman's point of view, a woman's handling. I have found it the same, too, with certain cases that happen now and then among the female employees of the store. And I have been considering trying to get some one who is capable of helping me out. But the difficulty has been to find a person answering the requirements. She should have an unusual combination of qualities—common sense, a very high order of tact and discretion, a pleasant personality, and, above all, a knowledge of human nature."

Mrs. Vanderlyn laughed. "I am afraid you will be put to it to discover this paragon of her sex."

"No," he told her. "I have such a woman in mind."

She was conscious of a sharp jealousy. It seemed to her that the light and vivacity must have faded visibly from her face.

Yet she forced herself to a smile. "Yes?" She indicated her desire to hear further.

"It has occurred to me within the last few days to ask you if you would consider undertaking it."

The light came into her face again, a glow of pleasure and of renewed, unfeigned animation.

"It will not be a sinecure, you know," he forewarned. "The more especially"—a restraint and hesitation seemed to take hold upon him, but he mastered them,—"the more especially, Leslie, as in this case I want the position to carry with it the additional duties of—my wife."

Mrs. Vanderlyn's eyes turned to the window and looked out. At the moment the middle of the street was almost empty, save for a toiling stage and a hansom which was coming directly toward her. In the latter were two people, a man and a woman, both young, both radiant with something more than youth—its fulfilment. Because her place in the window was at somewhat a higher level she could see that they held each other's hands behind the closed doors. The girl's whole look was that of the dreamy absorption of love; the man's told a possessing devotion.

And it was this which, for the gratification of an uneasy vanity, she had once sent out of her life. It was gone forever. No power could give it back. Yet there remained still affection, contentment, trust, respect, the ability to serve, and that for which her whole being yearned now with the intensity that might once have gone to passion—the right to be of use. She did not know that she gave a long and tremulous sigh.

Her eyes looked back to meet those of the man who waited. And there was in them a mist of tears for the irretrievable—a smile for what yet might be.

The Spirit Wind

BY GRACE STONE FIELD

THE Wind is a ghostly thing.
Have you heard him sing?
Have you heard him shout,
When the frost is about?
"Oho.—Oho!" Have you heard him pipe,
When the pumpkin's ripe,
For the leaves to dance?—
Have you listened, askance,
To a Voice, that cried,
When the old Year died?
Have you seen him ever?
Ah, never;—never!

Did you hear him whispering, soft and low,
Where the lilies blow?
Did you hear his lilting, witching tune,
In flow'r-sweet June?—
Listen!—He's gone.
He was here anon—
Where did he fly?
You may search; you may try
On the sea, in the heart of a rose;
Wherever he goes;—
Can you catch him ever?
Ah, never;—never!

Our Navy Fifty Years Ago

BY CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN, U.S.N.

NAVAL officers who began their career in the fifties of the past century, as I did, and who have survived till now, have been witnesses of one of the most rapid and revolutionary changes that naval science and warfare have undergone. It has been aptly said that a naval captain who fought the Invincible Armada would have been more at home in the typical war-ship of 1840 than the average captain of 1840 would have been in the advanced types of the American civil war.* The twenty years here chosen for comparison cover the middle period of the century which has but recently expired. Since that time progress has gone on in accelerating ratio; and if the consequent changes have been less radical in kind, they have been even more extensive in scope. It is interesting to observe that within the same two decades, in 1854, occurred the formal visit of Commodore Perry to Japan, and the negotiation of the treaty that brought her fairly within the movement of Western civilization.

When I received my appointment to the Naval School at Annapolis, in the early part of the year 1856, the United States navy was under the influence of one of those spasmodic awakenings which, so far as action is concerned, have been the chief characteristic of American statesmanship in the matter of naval policy up to twenty years ago; since which there has been a more continuous practical recognition of the necessity of a sustained and consistent development of naval power. This wholesome change has been coincident with and doubtless largely due to a change in appreciation of the importance of naval power in the realm of international relations which, within the same period, has passed over the world at large.

Between the day of my entrance into the service, fifty years ago, and the present, nowhere is change more notable than in the national attitude towards the navy and the comprehension of its office. Then the navy was accepted without much question as part of the necessary lumber which every adequately organized maritime state carried, along with the rest of a national establishment. Of what use it was, or might be, few cared much to inquire. There was not sufficient interest even to dispute the necessity of its existence; although, it is true, as late as 1875 an old-time Jeffersonian Democrat repeated to me with conviction the master's dictum, that the navy was a useless appendage—a statement which the work of the War of Secession, as well on the Confederate as on the Union side, might seem to have refuted sufficiently and with abundant illustration. To such doubters before the war, there was always ready the routine reply that a navy protected commerce; and American shipping, then the second in the world, literally whitened every sea with its snowy cotton sails. In my first long voyage, in 1859, from Philadelphia to Brazil, it was no rare occurrence to be becalmed in the doldrums in company with two or three of these beautiful semi-clipper vessels, their low black hulls contrasting vividly with the tall pyramids of dazzling canvas which rose above them; a distinctive mark at that time of American merchant shipping. They needed no protection then; and none foresaw that within a decade, by the operations of a few small steam-cruisers, they would be swept from the seas, never to return. Everything was taken for granted, and not least that war was a barbarism of the past. From 1815 to 1850, the lifetime of a generation, international peace had prevailed substantially unbroken, despite numerous revolutionary movements internal to the states concerned; and it had been lightly as-

* J. R. Soley. "The Blockade and the Cruisers," 1883, Scribner's *Navy in the Civil War.*

sumed that these conditions would thenceforth continue, crowned as they had been by the great sacrament of Peace, when the nations for the first time gathered under a common roof the fruits of their several industries in the World's Exposition of 1851. The shadows of disunion were indeed gathering over our own land, but for the most of us they carried with them no fear of war.

The political condition and balance of the world now is very different from that of the period of which I have been writing. Of this universal change and displacement the most significant factor —at least in our Western civilization— has been the establishment of the German Empire, with its ensuing commercial, maritime, and naval development. To it certainly we owe the military impulse which has been transmitted everywhere to the forces of sea and land—an impulse for which, in my judgment, too great gratitude cannot be felt. It has braced and organized Western civilization for an ordeal as yet dimly perceived.

I do not think there is error or exaggeration in this picture of the "environment" of the navy in popular appreciation at the time I entered. Under such conditions, which had obtained substantially since soon after the war of 1812, and which long disastrously affected even Great Britain, with all her proud naval traditions and maritime and colonial interests, a military service cannot thrive. Indifference and neglect tell on most individuals and on all professions. The saving clauses were the high sense of duty and of professional integrity, which from first to last I have never known wanting in the service; while the beauty of the ships themselves, quick as a docile and intelligent animal to respond to the master's call, inspired affection and intensified professional enthusiasm. The exercises of sails and spars, under the varying exigencies of service, bewildering as they may have seemed to the uninitiated, to the appreciative possessed fascination, and were their own sufficient reward for the care lavished upon them.

The result of all this had been a body of officers and of men-of-war seamen, strong in professional sentiment and admirably qualified in the main for the duties of a calling which in many of its leading characteristics was rapidly becoming obsolete. There was the spirit of youth, but the body of age. As a class, officers and men were well up in the use of such instruments as the country gave them; but the profession did not wield the corporate influence necessary to extort better instruments, and impotence to remedy produced acquiescence in, perhaps more properly submission to, an arrest of progress, the evils of which were clearly seen. The same conditions recurred afterwards. No administrative period of our naval history since 1812 has been more disastrously stagnant and inefficient than that which followed closely the War of Secession, with its extraordinary and in the main well-directed administrative energy. The deeds of Farragut, his compeers, and their followers, after exciting a moment's enthusiasm, were powerless to sustain popular interest. Reaction ruled, as after the war of 1812.

To whomsoever due, in the decade immediately preceding the War of Secession there were two notable attempts at regeneration, which had a profound influence upon the fortunes of that contest. Of these, one affected the personnel of the navy, the other the material. It had for some time been recognized within the service that, owing partly to easy-going toleration of offenders, partly to the absence of authorized methods of dealing with the disabled or the merely incompetent, partly also, doubtless, to the effect of general professional stagnation upon those naturally inclined to worthlessness, there had accumulated a very considerable percentage of officers who were useless; or worse, unreliable. In measure, this was also due to habits of drinking, much more common in all classes of men then than now. Even within the ten years with which I am dealing, an officer not many years my senior remarked to me on the great improvement in this respect in his own experience; and my contemporaries will bear me out in saying that since then the advance has been so sustained that the evil now is practically non-existent. But then the compassionate expression, "A first-rate officer when he is not drinking," was ominously frequent; and in the generation before, too little attention had been paid to the equally significant remark that with a

fool you know what to count on, but with one who drank you never knew.

But drink was far from the only cause. There were regular examinations, after six years of service, for promotion from the warrant of midshipman to a lieutenant's commission; but, that successfully passed, there was no further review of an officer's qualifications, unless misconduct brought him before a court martial. Nor was there any provision for removing the physically incompetent. Before I entered the navy I knew one such, who had been bedridden for nearly ten years. He had been a midshipman with Farragut under Porter in the old *Essex* when captured by the *Phœbe* and *Cherub*. A gallant boy, specially named in the despatch, he had such aptitude that at sixteen, as he told me himself, he wore an epaulet on the left shoulder—the uniform of a lieutenant at that time; and a contemporary assured me that in handling a ship he was the smartest officer of the deck he had ever known. But in early middle life disease overtook him, and, though flat on his back, he had been borne on the active list because there was nothing else to do with him. In that plight he was even promoted. There was another who, as a midshipman, had lost a foot in the war of 1812, but had been carried on from grade to grade for forty years, until at the time I speak of he was a captain, then the highest rank in the navy. Possibly, probably, he never saw water bluer than that of the Lakes, where he was wounded. The undeserving were not treated with quite the same indulgence. Those familiar with the Navy Register in those days will recall some half-dozen old die-hards who figured year by year at the head of the lieutenant's list; continuously "overslaughed," never promoted, but never dismissed.

But there were those also who, despite habits or inefficiency, slipped through even formal examination; commanders whose ships were run by their subordinates, lieutenants whose watch on deck kept their captains from sleeping, midshipmen whose unfitness made their retention unpardonable—for at their years to rebegin life was no hardship, much less injustice. Of one such the story ran that his captain, giving him the letter required by regulation, wrote, "Mr. So-and-so is a very excellent young gentleman, of perfectly correct habits, but nothing will make an officer of him." The midshipman answered his questions, however; and the board considered that they could not go beyond that fact, and passed him in the face of the opinion of a superior of tried efficiency, who had had his professional conduct under prolonged observation. I never knew this particular man professionally, but the general estimate of the service confirmed his captain's opinion. Twenty or thirty years later I was myself one of a board called to deal with a precisely similar case. The letter of the captain was explicitly condemnatory and strong; but the president of the board—a man of exemplary rectitude—was vehement even in refusing to act upon it, and his opinion prevailed. Some years afterwards the individual came under my command, and proved to be of so eccentric worthlessness that I thought him on the border-line of insanity. He afterwards disappeared, I don't know how. Talking of examinations, a comical incident came under my notice immediately after the civil war, when there were still employed a large number of those volunteer officers who had honorably and usefully filled up the depleted ranks of the regular service—an accession of strength imperatively needed. There were among them, naturally, inefficients as well as efficients. One had applied for promotion, and a board of three, among them myself, was assembled to examine. Several commonplace questions in seamanship were put to him, of which I now remember only that he had no conception of the difference between a ship moored and one lying at single anchor—a subject as pertinent today as a hundred years ago. After failing to explain this, he expressed his wish not to go farther; whereupon one of the board asked why, if ignorant of these simple matters, he had applied for examination. His answer was, "I did not apply for examination; I applied for promotion."

Basil Hall tells an interesting story in point. When himself about to pass for lieutenant, in 1808, while in an anteroom awaiting his summons, a candidate came out flushed and perturbed. Hall was called in, and one of the ex-

amining captains said to him, "Mr. ——, who has just gone out, could not answer a question, which we will put to you." He naturally looked for a stunner, and was surprised at the extremely commonplace problem proposed. From the general incident he presumed his predecessor had been rejected, but when the list was published saw his name among the passed. Some years later he met one of the examiners, who in the conversation recalled to him the circumstance. "We hesitated," he said, "whether to let him go through; but we did, and I voted for him. A few weeks later I saw him gazetted second lieutenant of a sloop of war, and a twinge of compunction seized me. Not long afterwards I read also of the loss of that ship, with all on board. I never have known how it happened, but I cannot rid myself of an uneasy feeling that it may have been in that young man's watch." He added, "Mr. Hall, if ever you are employed as I then was, do not take your duties as lightly as I did."

Sometimes Retribution does not assume this ghastly form, but shows the humorous side of her countenance; for she has two faces, like the famous ship that was painted a different color on either side, and always tacked at night, that the enemy might imagine two ships off their coast. I recall—many of us recall—a well-known character in the service, "Bobby," who was a synonym for inefficiency. He is long since in his grave, where reminiscence cannot disturb him; and the Bobby can reveal him only to those who knew him as well and better than I, and not to an unsympathetic public. Well, Bobby after long indulgence had been retired from active service by that convulsive effort at reestablishment known as the Retiring Board of 1854-5. The action of the board was afterwards extensively reviewed, and among the data brought before the reviewers was a letter from a commander, who presumably should have known better, warmly endorsing Bobby. In consequence of this and perhaps other circumstances Bobby was restored to an admiring service; but the Department, probably through some officer who appreciated the situation, sent him to his advocate as first lieutenant—that is, as general manager and right-hand man. The joke was somewhat grim, and grimly resented. It fell to me some time afterwards to see the commander on a matter of duty. He received me in his cabin, his feet swathed on a chair, his hands gnarled and knotted with gout or rheumatism, from which he was a great sufferer. Business despatched, we drifted into talk, and got on the subject of Bobby. His face became distorted. "I suppose the Department thinks it has done a very funny thing in sending me him as first lieutenant, but I tell you, Mr. Mahan, every word I wrote was perfectly true. There is nothing about a ship from her hold to her trucks that Bobby don't know; but"—here fury took possession of him, and he vociferated, —"put him on deck, and a trumpet in his hand, or handling men, and he is the d—dest fool that ever man laid eyes on." How far his sense of injury biassed his judgments as to Bobby's acquirements I cannot say; but a cruise or two before I had happened to hear from eye-witnesses of the latter's appearance in public after his restoration, as first lieutenant in charge of a deck. On the occasion in question he was to exercise the whole crew at some particular manœuvre. Taking his stand on the hawse-block, he drew from his pocket a small note-book, cast upon it his eye, and announced—doubtless through that fatal trumpet,—"Man the foreroyal-braces!" A pause, and further reference. "Man the mainroyal-braces!" Again a pause. "Man the mizzenroyal-braces—man *all* the royal-braces!" It is quite true, however, that there may be plenty of knowledge with lack of power to apply it professionally—a fact observable in all callings, but one which examination alone will not elicit. I knew such a one who said of himself, "Before I take the trumpet I know what ought to be said and done, but with the trumpet in my hand everything goes away from me." This was doubtless partly stage fright; but stage fright does not last where there is real aptitude. This man, of very marked general ability, esteemed and liked by all, finally left the navy; and probably wisely. On the other hand, I remember a very excellent seaman—and officer—telling me that the poorest officer he had ever known tacked ship the best. So men differ.

Thus it happened, through the operation of a variety of causes, that by the early fifties there had accumulated on the lists of the navy, in every grade, a number of men who had been tried in the balance of professional judgment and found distinctly wanting. Not only was the public—the nation—being wronged by the continuance in responsible positions of men who could not meet an emergency, or even discharge common duties, but there was the further harm that they were occupying places which, if vacated, could be at once filled by capable men waiting behind them. Fortunately, this had come to constitute a body of individual grievance among the deserving, which counterbalanced the natural sympathy with the individual incompetent. The remedy adopted was drastic enough, although, in fact, only an application of the principle of selection in a very guarded form. Unhappily, previous neglect through a long series of years to apply selection had now occasioned conditions in which it had to be used on a huge scale and in the most invidious manner—the selecting out of the unfit. It was therefore easy for cavillers to liken this process to a trial at law, in which unfavorable decision was a condemnation without the accused being heard; and, of course, once having received this coloring, the impression could not be removed, nor the method reconciled to a public having Anglo-Saxon traditions concerning the administration of justice. A board of fifteen was constituted—five captains, five commanders, and five lieutenants. These were then the only grades of commissioned officers, and representation from them all insured, as far as could be, an adequate acquaintance with the entire personnel of the navy. The board sat in secret, reaching its own conclusions by its own methods; deciding who were and who were not fit to be carried longer on the active list. Rejections were of three kinds: those wholly removed, and those retired on two different grades of pay, called "Retired" and "Furloughed." The report was accepted by the government and became operative.

This occurred a year or two before I entered the Naval School; and, as I was already expecting to do so, I read with an interest I well recall the lists of persons unfavorably affected. Of course, neither then nor afterwards had I knowledge to form an independent opinion upon the merits of the cases; but, as far as I could gather in the immediately succeeding years from different officers, the general verdict was that in very few instances had injustice been done. But no such system can work unless a government have the courage of its findings; for private and public opinion will inevitably constitute itself a court of appeal. In Great Britain, where the principle of selection has never been abandoned, in the application the Admiralty is none the less constrained — browbeaten, I fancy, would hardly be too strong a word—by opinion outside. P. has been promoted, say the service journals; but why was A. passed over, or F., or K.? Choice is difficult, indeed, in peace-times; but years sap efficiency, and for the good of the nation it is imperative to get men along while in the vigor of life, which will never be effected by the slow routine in which each second stands heir to the first.

In 1854-5 the results of a contrary system had reached proportions at once disheartening and comical. It then required fourteen years after entrance to reach a lieutenant's commission—the lowest of all. That is, coming in as a midshipman at fifteen, not till twenty-nine, after ten or twelve years, probably, on a sea-going ship, was a man found fit, by official position, to take charge of a ship at sea or command a division of guns True, the famous Billy Culmer, of his Majesty's navy, under a system of selection found himself a midshipman still at fifty-six, and then declined a commission on the ground that he preferred to continue senior midshipman rather than be the junior lieutenant; but the injustice, if so it were, to Billy and to many others had put the ships into the hands of captains in the prime of life. Of the historic admirals of that navy, few had failed to reach a captaincy in their twenties. *Per contra,* I was told the following anecdote by an officer of our service whose name was—and is, for he still lives—a synonym for personal activity and professional seamanship, but who waited his fourteen years for a lieutenancy. On one

occasion the ship in which he returned to Norfolk from a three years' cruise was from there ordered to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to go out of commission. For some cause almost all the lieutenants had been detached, the cruise being thought ended. It became necessary therefore to intrust the charge of the deck to him and other "passed" midshipmen, and great was the shaking of heads among old stagers over the danger that ship was to run. If this were exceptional, it would not be worth quoting, but it was not. A similar routine in the British navy, in a dry-rot period of a hundred years before, had induced a like head-wagging and exchange of views when one of its greatest admirals, Hawke, was first given charge of a squadron; being then already a man of mark, and four years older than Nelson at the Nile. But he was younger than the rule, and so distrusted.

The vacancies made by the wholesale action of 1854 remedied this for a while. The lieutenants who owed their rank to it became such after seven or eight years, or at twenty three or four; and this meant really passing out of pupilage into manhood. The change, being effected immediately, anticipated the reaction in public opinion and in Congress, which rejected the findings of the board, and compelled a review of the whole procedure. Many restorations were made; and, as these swelled the lists beyond the number then authorized by law, there was established a reduced pay for those whose recent promotion made them in excess. For them was adopted, in naval colloquialism, the inelegant but suggestive term "jackass" lieutenants. It should be explained to the outsider—perhaps even many professional readers may not know—that the word was formerly used for a class of so-called "frigates," which intervened between the frigate class proper and the sloop of war proper, and, like all hybrids, such as the armored cruiser, shared more in the defects than in the virtues of either. It was therefore not a new coinage, and its uncomplimentary suggestion applied rather to the grudging legislation than to the unlucky victims. Of course promotion was stopped till this block was worked off; but the immediate gain was retained. Before the trouble came on afresh, the War of Secession, causing a large number of Southern officers to leave the service, introduced a very different problem—namely, how to find officers enough to meet the expansion of the navy caused by the vast demands of the contest. The men of my time became lieutenants between twenty and twenty-three. My own commission was dated a month before my twenty-first birthday, and with what good further prospects, even under the strict rule of seniority promotion, is evident, for before I was twenty-five I was made lieutenant-commander, corresponding to major in the army. Those were cheerful days in this respect for the men who struck the crest of the wave; but already the symptoms of inevitable reaction to old conditions of stagnancy were observable, to those able to heed.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the benefit of this measure to the nation, through the service, despite the subsequent reactionary legislation. By a single act a large number of officers were advanced from the most subordinate and irresponsible positions to those which called all their faculties into play. "Responsibility," said one of the most experienced admirals the world has known, "is the test of a man's courage"; and, where the native fitness exists, nothing so fits for responsibility as bearing it. The responsibility of the lieutenant of the watch differs little from that of the captain in degree, and less in kind. To early bearing of responsibility Farragut attributed in great part his fearlessness in it, which was well known to the service before his hour of strain. It was much that the government found ready for the extreme demands of the war a number of officers who, instead of supervising the washing of lower decks and stowing of holds during their best years, had been put betimes on the deck in charge of the ship. From there to the captain's berth was but a small step. "Passed midshipman," says one of Cooper's characters, "is a good grade to reach, but a bad one to stop in." From a fate little better than this many promising young officers were thus rescued for the commands and responsibilities of the approaching war.

The Bachelor and the Baby

BY MARGARET CAMERON

THE circumstances which led to Franklin Keene's being on that particular train were peculiar enough in themselves to warrant a word of explanation. He lived in San Francisco, and had intended to spend Christmas there, but the business which had brought him across the continent had been unexpectedly complicated, detaining him in New York. His one close friend in town, Dr. James Burleigh, the noted alienist, had vainly urged him to make his presence known to some of his many acquaintances in or near the city, but Keene maintained that Christmas was a day sacred to intimate gatherings, and that he should be much more comfortable with a book and an easy chair at the club than he could possibly be in a company where he must feel himself in but not of the circle.

Therefore the doctor, after putting his friend up at the club, had gone his appointed way, not without misgivings, and Keene was prepared to spend a solitary Christmas, when, on the morning of the 24th, he was called to the telephone and required to assure the possessor of a pleasantly modulated feminine voice that he really was Franklin Keene—*the* Franklin Keene, "from the beloved West." Knowing something of the clannishness of Californians in the East, and never having heard of B. Franklin Keene, of Chicago—it is doubtful whether in any event it would have occurred to the Californian that Chicago could properly be classified as belonging to "the West,"—he admitted his identity, and was warmly urged to dine on the following day with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Logan, in Macalac, a small New Jersey suburb. Mrs. Logan explained that she had just learned, from a man who had seen him at the club, of his presence in town, and while they had never actually met, she hoped he would share her feeling that the possession of so many friends in common constituted acquaintance, at least.

When he still seemed a little puzzled, she added: "Oh, perhaps you don't remember me as Mrs. Logan? Before my marriage I was Grace Bennett."

Keene had friends in San Francisco who spoke often of a Miss Bennett. He had been under the impression that her name was Laura, and had not heard that she had married, but reflected that certainly she was the best authority as to her name and state. In the mean time she was rapidly explaining that as neither she nor Mr. Logan had any relatives in the East, they had asked two or three equally detached friends to spend Christmas with them, and assured him that his presence would give the feast quite a family aspect to her, as it was so long since she had seen any one from "home." When he had accepted, she said that Mr. Logan would look him up during the day with a more formal invitation—she had 'phoned on the mere chance of catching him—but lest they should miss connections she gave him directions concerning the train he was to take, and said that her husband would meet him at their station.

Keene's business kept him down-town for the remainder of the day, so Mr. Logan's failure to find him was not surprising, and he set off for the suburbs, at midday on Christmas, with a sense of amused and adventurous anticipation.

This was still his state of mind when, as the train started after one of its many stops, he heard behind him a startled exclamation: "Oh! This is my station!" and turned to see a pretty, well-dressed young woman, a baby in her arms, already wrenching open the door at the back of the coach, which was the last of the train. He sprang after her and caught her shoulder when she had descended the first step.

"You can't do it!" he cried.

"I must! This is my station!"

"Impossible!" The train gained headway with every second.

"I tell you I *must!*" imperiously.

"Then give me the baby!"

Realizing that her reasons might be cogent and that there was no time for argument, he seized the child and swung himself from the now rapidly moving train. The effort to check the momentum thus acquired taxed his agility, and when, once sure of his own footing, he looked about for the young woman, it was to discover her still standing on the back platform of the departing train, alternately beating the hand-rail and stretching out her arms to the baby he held. In vain he thrust up his hand and jerked it wildly in futile effort to remind her of the bell-rope. She fell to pounding the rail again in helpless frenzy, and the train passed around a curve and out of sight.

"Well, I'll — be — hanged!" gasped Keene, for the moment conscious only of surprise — a comparatively tranquil emotion which he was not permitted to enjoy.

"*Yaa-a-a-a-a-ah!*" came a vigorous remonstrance from under his arm.

"Here! Hi! Suffering cats! what's the matter with you!"

Fearfully clutching the long and voluminous draperies where they seemed most solid, he eventually succeeded in bringing the now struggling infant to an upright position, only to be terrified by the increasing violence of its contortions and the rending strength of its screams. He was a bachelor of thirty-eight, "fond," as he afterward said, "of children of an intelligent age, but with no fancy for irrational, bellowing little animals like that"; and it seemed to him that no merely human mechanism could long withstand such strain as that baby now proceeded to put upon itself.

In vain he jiggled it, exactly, he was sure, as he had seen nurses do. The shrieks continued, and the little red face grew redder.

"There, there! Quit that! 'Sh-sh—'sh! Confound that woman! Why didn't she jump? What would she do with you now?"

A flash of memory showed him what she would probably do. He had seen other people do it, with astonishing results. Placing his hands firmly about the child's body under the arms, he lifted it high above his head, rolling it slightly to and fro. At the same time he assumed a determinedly cheerful grin, and engagingly gurgled: "Googly—googly—googly — goo! Keechery — keechery—tschk! Tschk! *Whee—ketchum!*" without apparent effect. The baby's vehemence in no wise abated, and Keene attempted once more to clasp the kicking, writhing little body against his shoulder.

"Here! Don't go on like that!" he begged, perspiration starting all over him as he desperately reversed the child's position, and felt it curl around his arm and spring into rigidity again. "Good Lord! Are you going to have spasms? What shall I do?"

Not since a Thanksgiving day, years before, when he had realized that nothing but his kicking could save his beloved 'varsity team from ignominious defeat on the gridiron, had he known anything so nearly resembling terror.

"*Yah! Yi! Yah!*" spluttered his charge, getting a fresh breath. Then, opening its toothless little mouth to an extent that Keene was certain must prove fatal: "*Yaa-a-a-a-a-a-aie!*"

He caught sight of a man leaving the otherwise deserted station, and called: "Hey! Hey, there! Stop a minute!"

The man paused, looking back.

"Are you the station agent?"

"Um-h'm!"

"Where are you going?"

"Home to dinner."

"Well—see here, do you know anything about children?"

"Nope." He would have passed on, but Keene intercepted him.

"Have you any idea whose baby this is?"

"No," suspiciously. "Ain't it yours?"

"It is not!"

"How'd you come by it, then?"

"A young woman was going to jump off that train with it. To save her a fall I took the child and swung off, and—she didn't. She was carried on."

The man grinned. "Done you to a turn, didn't she?" he observed. "Christmas, too!"

"Not at all!" indignantly protested Keene. "She was not at all that sort of

person. She was very much distressed. She stood on the back platform and cried. She'll be back on the next train."

"Oh, sure!" The man spat derisively.

"In the mean time—I don't know what to do with—with this." He helplessly indicated his shrieking burden. "There seems to be something the matter."

"Sounds colicky. Better take him in the station. There's a fire there."

"Well, but—see here, you're married, ain't you?"

"Um-h'm."

"Children of your own?"

"Nope."

"Don't you want to take this poor little beggar home, and—"

"You bet I don't!" The man started hastily on.

"Here! Listen! I'll pay you well, and the mother—"

"Not much you don't! That's your game, is it? Well, I'm on to *you* all right! And see here, you!" he added, threateningly. "Don't you go leaving that kid in the station and skipping out, neither! This here depot ain't no foundling asylum!"

"I certainly shouldn't desert the child," said Keene, with dignity.

"No?" The man leered unpleasantly. "Well, anyhow, you won't do it here, see? You're just a little too smooth!"

He turned to the door of the little building, closed it, and produced a large key from his pocket.

"What are you doing?" demanded the Californian. "Open that door! I'm going to wait for—"

"Oh no, you ain't! You're going to hit the pike. That's what you're going to do. It 'll be cold waiting around this here platform this afternoon."

"But I tell you that woman will be back on the next train, and she'll—"

"Oh, sure!" sardonically. "But there ain't going to be any more trains till night."

"What?"

"Nope. There's expresses, but they don't stop here. First north-bound train from this station, five-twenty-three."

"Jove!" Since his chivalrous adventure Keene had not before remembered the Logans and their dinner.

"First south-bound train, six-twelve."

"But—oh, she'll never wait for that! I tell you she was frantic! She'll walk back!"

"Oh, sure she will! Huh!"

"And I—see here, you've got to help me out of this! There's a good fellow! You take charge of this youngster until the mother—"

"Not on your life!" Keene produced a ten-dollar bill, but the man continued to back away, repeating: "No, sir, not on your life! I have trouble enough of my own!"

"But I'm due in Macalac—how far is that?"

"Next station. Five miles by the road, three by the track."

"I've got to get there somehow in a hurry. I'm expected there to dine."

"Oh, sure! Say, you're the real thing, ain't you? I wonder you didn't think of that before! Well, it's the pike for yours." He locked the door. "Now, skip!"



"I'M EXPECTED THERE TO DINE"



"NO, SIR! I HAVE TROUBLE ENOUGH OF MY OWN!"

Indignation, appeal, bribery, and threats proved alike unavailing, and the weeping child in his arms added to Keene's helplessness. He learned that the only telegraph-office in the village was in the station, and that the operator had gone to Newark for the afternoon. The station telephone was out of order and the "store" was closed. There was no livery-stable.

He resolved to appeal to some kind-hearted woman in the neighborhood to give the baby care and shelter until the mother's return, and accordingly betook himself to a near-by cottage, the sinister station agent lounging observantly behind.

The door was opened by a gaunt, middle-aged woman, whose holiday smile changed to an expression of suspicious doubt as he said:

"Madam, this child's mother has been accidentally carried on to the next station. She will return as soon as possible. Would you be willing to care for the child until she comes back?"

"You the father?"

"No; I—"

"Whose baby is it?"

"I—I don't know." The woman sniffed and partially closed the door, peering around its edge at him. "I saw this lady about to get off a moving train. To save her from a fall I took the child and jumped, and she—"

"When you'd never seen her before?"

"No, I never saw her before; but she's evidently a very nice woman, and she was coming to this place. Now, you are quite near the station, and if you would take the child until she returns—"

"You goin' to wait for her?"

"No, I—I can't. You see"—he hastily combated the growing distrust in the

woman's face—"I have an engagement in Macalac—and it may be an hour or more before the mother can get back."

"Yes, I guess it 'll be all that," said she, cynically, and was about to close the door.

"But, madam! It's very cold—and the child is crying."

"I ain't deef."

"Won't you at least let me have a glass of milk for it? I'll pay—"

"A glass o' milk! Land o' love! You don't think a young one o' that age *drinks* milk, do you?" Then, as he flushed hotly, she added with severity: "My advice to you, young man, is to take that poor, sufferin' child back to wherever you got it from, just as soon as the Lord 'll let you. I ain't makin' any accusations, but it's pretty clear to me that you've got enough to answer for now, 'thout addin' murder." With that she closed the door.

Keene turned away, wrath in his heart, but discovering the grinning station agent leaning on the fence, he proceeded to the gate with as much dignity as he could command under the circumstances.

"Didn't make it work, did you?"

"Your town doesn't seem remarkable for its display of Christian charity and good will to man," said the Californian.

"Oh, we've got charity enough."

"But it begins at home?"

"Well, we ain't no easy mark."

Keene shrugged his shoulders and passed on to a pleasant-looking house, well back from the street. He rang the bell and waited; the baby wailed and the station agent hung over the gate. Presently Keene rang again, and again waited.

"Might as well quit when you get tired," called his tormentor. "There ain't nobody home."

"Why in thunder didn't you say so!" muttered Keene.

When he reached the street, the waiting man confronted him.

"Now, that's about enough," said he. "You skip!"

"Step aside," said Keene, curtly, and would have passed him.

"No, you don't!" he objected, clenching an ugly fist. "You're mighty slick, comin' into a quiet country village with your high hat and your paytent-leathers, and your story about a distracted mother. Christmas, too! But we ain't such hayseeds as we mebbe look, and your story ain't good enough. You might find some soft-hearted woman to believe it—I believed some of it myself till you begun tryin' to work the kid off onto me—and you ain't goin' to get the chance to fool 'em. You're goin' to hike—*right now!*"

"All right," said Keene, after a moment. "I'm handicapped just now, but—I'll settle this with you later. I'm going up the track. If I miss the mother—if she comes back by the road, you tell her that I've taken the child— Why, of course!" he cried, jubilantly. "*That's* what I'll do! I'll take it straight to Mrs. Logan! Mrs. Edward Logan, of Macalac. Will you remember that?"

"I'll remember fast enough — when she comes."

So Keene turned his face to the sharp north wind and set off on his three-mile tramp up the track, plotting the downfall



"WHOSE BABY IS IT?" SHE ASKED

of that station agent as soon as he could get a letter to the division superintendent, but consoling himself that in walking to Macalac he should the sooner be able to return to the poor, anxious little mother the baby, who, exhausted by long outcry, had at last subsided into comparative quiet.

The station agent, after watching him out of sight, went to a neighbor's telephone and held a short conversation with Mrs. Edward Logan, of Macalac.

On the road, which lay, a part of the time, within sight from the track, Keene saw sundry vehicles, but from none of them came the eager signal for which, with each fresh approach, he hopefully watched. On the tracks nothing passed except an express-train, hurling itself southward, and he could not know that it had been flagged at Macalac, and was preparing to stop at the station he had just left.

Once he paused to fumble for the little hands under the white cloak, and finding them cold, he stripped off his heavy overcoat, wrapped it around the child, and strode on into the teeth of the bitter wind. Soothed by the warmth and lulled by the swing of his quick gait, the baby finally slept. The wind grew colder and Keene more ravenously hungry; and so, at last, they came to Macalac station, to find it entirely deserted. No frantic, waiting mother, no attendant, no message. Then, for the first time, Keene shared, momentarily, the suspicions of the pessimistic station agent, but immediately dismissed the thought as unworthy. Somehow he had missed her, and nothing remained but to throw himself and the baby upon the mercy of Mrs. Logan, whose hospitable Western heart would surely respond to the call.

Puzzled as to which direction to take from the station, he saw a phaeton coming down one of the roads, and walked toward it.

"I beg your pardon," he said, stopping as it approached, "but can you direct me to the house of Mr. Edward Logan?" The baby, aroused by the cessation of motion and the sound of voices, whimpered slightly, and the young woman in the phaeton turned bright, startled eyes toward the muffled figure in Keene's arms.

"Logan?" said the young fellow driving. "Certainly. It's the new house—the first to the left after you turn the curve yonder."

"Thank you," said Keene, starting on.

"*Yaa-a-a-a-aie!*" contributed the baby, thrusting a hand out through the air-hole Keene had left in the wrapping.

The boy in the phaeton twitched the reins, but his sister laid restraining fingers on his arm.

"Oren!" she exclaimed. "Listen! That sounds like Brudder!"

"Well, I've always told you and Ethel that all babes sound alike to me. Now you see the force of—"

"*Yaa-a-a-a-aie!*" came down the wind to them.

"That *is* Brudder!" cried the girl, throwing back the robe and turning to spring out.

"Oh, tommy!" He held her arm. "How could it be Brudder? Don't be an idiot, Florence! One in a family's enough, and Ethel's fairly daffy over the boy!"

"Well, you've nothing to say!" she retorted. "And I tell you that *is* Brudder! I saw his little hand, with the ring I gave him tied on. I *did!* I thought it might be a coincidence, but now—! Oren, *will* you turn around and follow that man? Or shall I get out?"

Meanwhile, Keene swung along at a brisk gait, enlivened by the prospect of food, warmth, and sympathy.

At the door he was told that Mrs. Logan was engaged; but he sent in his name, with the message that he had been unavoidably detained by an accident, and would be grateful for a few words with either Mr. or Mrs. Logan. The servant looked curiously at him, and eventually admitted him, rather doubtfully, he thought, to a reception-hall. He heard the light cadence of laughing voices in an adjoining room, and eagerly sniffed the mingled aromas of coffee and tobacco as he sank into a chair.

"Yah! Ya-ah! *Yaa-a-a-a-a-a-a-aie!*" demanded the baby, digging one fist into half-open eyes, and ineffectually trying to swallow the other. Sounds in the next room suddenly ceased.

"Has he come, Katie?" asked a woman's voice—the pleasant voice he had heard over the telephone. The maid's



Drawn by W. D. Stevens Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

"OREN!" SHE EXCLAIMED. "THAT SOUNDS LIKE BRUDDER!"

reply was lost in another outburst from his ward, whom he succeeded in quieting somewhat.

"What!" he next heard. "Oh no! Impossible! Ned, he's come, and he says his name is Franklin Keene."

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" replied a man. "Keene, eh? *Franklin* Keene? Are you sure, Katie?"

"No, no!" cried several voices at once. "Surely not!"

"You'd better see him, Ned," suggested Mrs. Logan.

The curtains parted, and a tall, clean-limbed, clean-featured man, a few years Keene's junior, entered the hall.

"Good evening," said he.

Keene arose, the whimpering baby still cradled in his arm, and extended his hand, which the other took, a puzzled look creeping into his eyes as he surveyed his guest.

"I owe you a series of apologies, Mr. Logan," began the Californian. "First for failing to notify Mrs. Logan that I should not be able to get here in time for dinner,—but there was no possible means of communication; and second, for appearing at this hour—and, as you see, not alone. It was like this: I took the twelve-twenty-five train—"

"From town?"

"Yes, of course, from town. We were just pulling out of the station below here, when I discovered a young woman with a baby—this baby—about to jump from the moving train." He told briefly the story of his leap from the train, and its results, humorously touching the suspicions of the station agent and the discomforts of his long walk, concluding: "And in the end, having failed to find the mother, I could see but one solution of the trouble; and that was, to come here and throw myself and the baby on your hospitality."

"Y-yes," said Logan, reflectively rubbing his chin as he scrutinized the man before him. "We heard you were coming."

"You heard?"

"We know all about your efforts to dispose of the child down the line, and we were told that you were coming here. The station agent telephoned."

"But I wasn't trying—"

"Oh, weren't you?" Although Logan smiled pleasantly as he spoke, his eyes were steely. "Evidently the station agent judged by appearances. He said you were a smooth proposition, but I hadn't looked for anything quite as clever as this. You see, Mr.—er—Keene, the only flaw in your story lies in the fact that the real Mr. Keene—Mr. Franklin Keene—is already here."

"What's that?"

"Is already here," succinctly repeated Mr. Logan. "Keene, will you step into the hall a moment, please?"

There entered then a slender young man, with scanty hair and a lean, incisive countenance.

"*This* is Mr. Franklin Keene," affably continued Logan. "Now—one moment, please!—we knew that you were coming, we knew that you would attempt to leave the child here, but it would interest me very much to learn how *you* knew that we expected Mr. Keene here to-day."

"That happens to be my name." Logan's smile at this was politely incredulous. "And when Mrs. Logan telephoned me at the club—"

"She telephoned, certainly, but—" he turned quickly to the other man. "Didn't you talk to her over the 'phone yesterday morning?"

"No, certainly not."

Mrs. Logan—a pretty, graceful woman—pulled apart the curtains and entered, silent and startled.

"She didn't call you up, inviting you out here to-day?"

"Certainly not," repeated the lean one. "You asked me yourself when we met—"

"Yes, yes! But she had already telephoned—"

"Not to me. You didn't say anything about it."

"I didn't know it until I got home last night. So you"—to the Californian—"got that message, did you? Are you a member of the club?"

"Only temporarily. I am the guest there of Dr. Burleigh." The baby raised its voice again, and Keene mechanically tried to hush it.

"Of Dr. — ah!" — Logan's tone suggested that many things had suddenly been made clear to him—"Dr. James Burleigh?"

"Oh, that poor little baby!" Mrs. Logan impulsively took the child and

cuddled it, muffled as it was, in her arms, retreating with it to her husband's side.

"Thank you," said Keene to her, gratefully. "Yes, James Burleigh. We're old friends."

"Who's Burleigh?" asked Keene's namesake.

Logan drew a card and pencil from his pocket, upon which he scrawled, "Specialist mental disorders," for his friend's eye, while he continued, in a changed tone: "I see, I see. And you somehow got the message intended for Mr. Keene—"

"But I repeat, my name is Keene!"

The situation was growing irritating.

The door-bell whirred shrilly, and the maid slipped past the group to answer the summons.

"Certainly, certainly, that's all right." Logan's hasty reassurance failed somewhat of its soothing intent. "And you thought it was for you. And then, on the way out here—"

"I want to see Mrs. Logan!" demanded an excited girl's voice at the door. "I want to ask—I saw a man with a baby—"



"WHERE IS MY SISTER?"

Those in the hall turned at the interruption, Logan immediately exclaiming: "Hello, Faulkner! Come in."

"Thanks. I hope you'll pardon us, but my sister imagines—"

"It *is* Brudder! It *is* Brudder!" Florence had darted to the baby, thrust aside the heavy wrap, and now, clasping him to her breast, she confronted Keene, panting: "Where is my sister? What has happened to Ethel?"

The curtains screening the library were hastily pushed back, revealing the other guests clustered in the doorway, the men still holding their half-consumed cigars.

"Your sister!" repeated Keene, a little dazed at this fresh complication.

"This is her baby! Where is she?"

"Oh!" Infinite relief spoke in the tone. "Thank Heaven!"

"*Where is she?*"

"I haven't the faintest idea"—Keene smiled reassurance into the anxious eyes—"but I'm afraid she's somewhere between here and the next village—and I'm afraid she's frightened," he gently added. Then he told the story again, very quietly, to Florence Faulkner.

"Why, Ned," whispered Mrs. Logan, "he's very— Don't you find him attract-

ive?" Her husband nodded, never taking his observant glance from the Californian's face. "And you really think—?"

Again he nodded. "Unquestionably, I'm afraid."

"But he seems so sane!"

"They often do. But he's firmly possessed of this hallucination about the name,—and we know of his efforts to dispose of the child; and yet, you see yourself that, normally, he's not the sort of fellow to—" He paused, shaking his head.

"Oh, what a pity!"

"Oh, Oren—do you—do you think—?" faltered Florence, when the tale was told. "It doesn't seem a bit like Ethel. She's always so careful—especially with Brudder. Oh no! She never would have tried—"

"Perhaps," suggested Logan, "Mr.—Keene saw her standing near the door and fancied—"

"Look here," demanded the college boy, "are you telling this straight? Because if my sister"—he hesitated under the steady, blazing indignation of Keene's glance—"because if my sister—" he continued, brokenly, to the company, and stopped.

"I don't think you need be alarmed about Mrs. Gerard's safety, Faulkner," said Logan, quickly; "but if I were you, I'd lose no time in looking her up. It is doubtful whether Mr. Keene can tell us anything more about her. Have we explained to you that we have two Mr. Keenes here? One is a friend from the West, and the other is a guest"—significantly—"of Dr. James Burleigh."

"Oh!" gasped Florence. "Oh, mercy!" and clasped her nephew closer.

"Good Lord!" cried Keene, in sheer exasperation. "Of course I'm his guest! But I'm not his patient, if that's what you mean! We're friends. We were roommates at college. We played on the same—"

"Yes, yes, that's all right. You are just old chums. We all understand that perfectly. Now, don't let's get excited."

"Excited! Man! I'm as sane—yes, by Jupiter! I'm a whole lot saner than you are!"

"Of course, you're as sane as anybody. Now, that's all right, isn't it?" Logan laughed easily, with a restraining glance at the women, who were showing an inclination to huddle away. "Now we understand each other perfectly and everything's all right. Faulkner, you'd better leave your sister and the baby here, and go at once to find Mrs. Gerard."

"Oh, poor Ethel!" sobbed Florence. She turned a tear-wet face to Keene. "Tell me truly—*truly! Did* you get off that train with the baby to save Ethel?"

"Truly, truly, I did," said he, gravely and gently. "Do you believe me?"

For a moment she looked into his steady eyes. Then she laid her hands in his. "Yes, *I* believe you. Because—because, you see, you took off your coat to wrap the baby in. You wouldn't have done that if—if—"

"Bless your heart!" said he. "You're all right! Now, come on, Mr. Faulkner. We'll go out and find your other sister. That is—you're not afraid, I suppose?"

The college boy, himself a man of impressive inches, laughed a little at that. "Oh no," he said, "I'm not afraid."

"All right. And when Jim Burleigh gets back"—Keene addressed Logan—"I'll get him to give me a certificate of mental soundness, and then I'll be in a position to ask you what part of California *your* Franklin Keene comes from."

"California!" cried Mrs. Logan.

"Yes, California!"

"Oh, I'm not from the coast," said the lean one. "Chicago's my home."

Keene turned a bewildered face to the hostess. "You *said* California, didn't you?"

"Did I? Oh no, I couldn't! I must have said 'the beloved West.' That's what I call it."

Meanwhile young Faulkner had been muttering to himself: "California. Cali—Keene of California! Keene—of California?" and now he broke out sharply:

"See here; what was your college?"

Keene mentioned his Alma Mater.

"Why, say! You're not—you're never 'Kicking Keene of '92'!"

"Yes, I am."

"You are? You are?" The boy seized him by both hands. "Why, people, this man was one of the greatest football-players this country ever—why, he kicked five goals running—"

"No, I didn't," interrupted Keene. "It was only four."



"OF COURSE I'M HIS GUEST," CRIED KEENE, "BUT I'M NOT HIS PATIENT"

"I know all about him! Crazy nothin'! He's Keene—*the* Keene! Keene of California!"

Nobody but the maid had heard the door-bell, but they all heard the mother's cry as she ran to gather in her boy.

When the excitement had cooled a little, somebody discovered Keene's famished condition, and there ensued much rivalry to make him comfortable. The first thing they brought him was liquid, and he looked over the glass at young Faulkner, asking:

"What do you call that boy?"

"His small sister has dubbed him 'Brudder,' and that goes while the rest of us squabble over whether he shall be named Scott, after his father, or Richard, after his grandfather, or Oren, after his other grandfather and me. But I can tell you one thing. After to-night—and I know Florence and Ethel will back me up in it—after to-night my vote goes for Franklin Keene!"

"Well, here's to him, anyhow," said the Californian, laughing.

"How well it has all ended!" sighed Florence, happily.

"Oh, I don't know!" objected Keene, looking at her. "Why ended? Why assume that it's all over? Somehow, I'd rather you'd think of it as a good beginning."

And that is what it proved to be.

Doom

BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

TO see the sun no more,
No more to breathe the air;
To stand before an open door,
With sinking heart and slow—and then
Into the night to fare.



EGG-COCOON OF ORANGE ARGIOPE

The Story of a Spider

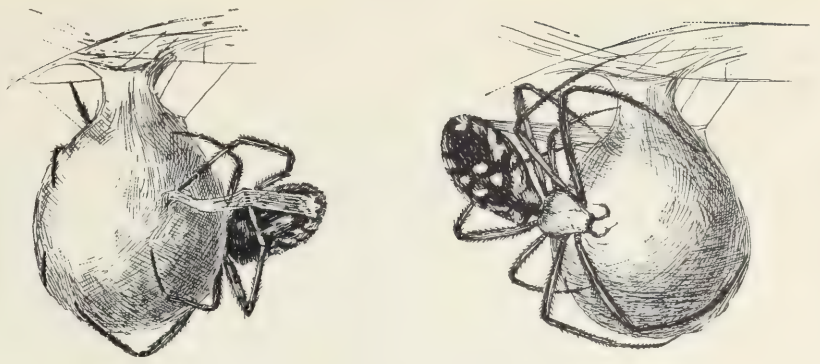
BY HENRY C. McCOOK, D.D., Sc.D., LL.D.

IF size and beauty and fair handicraftsmanship might give title to queenhood of Araneæ, the crown, without doubt, would go to Orange Argiope. And pray, who is she? She is a spider! Familiars of rural scenes often have seen her vast and shapely cobweb hung in divers sites, especially in low-lying places, which she chiefly affects, perhaps because they give the best foraging-grounds for her enormous appetite for insects.

True, she does come at times into our gardens and shrubbery-dotted lawns; mainly in the corners where clumps of bushes grow. There you may see her great snare hung amid the honeysuckles or evergreens. You will know it by the broad white shield that fills the centre, from which there reaches downward a fair zigzag of spinning-work that may well have been the model of the "winding stair" which in the verses of old-time reading-books led to "the dismal den" of that touching ballad "The Spider and the Fly." Argiope herself you will know by the orange-yellow pattern of circular and irregular spots upon her velvety-black abdomen, and her orange and black legs outstretched from her gray trunk.

But the garden is not her favorite haunt. She hears the call of the wild. Like a true pioneer, she thrives better outside the belt of highest culture. In yonder fallow fields that embosom our Brookcamp and Devon Runs and the upper waters of the Darby Creek you will find her in October or the closing days of September. She comes to her maturity in this season. Here is one individual

housed within a tuft of tall grasses whose feathery tops she has banded together with silken ligatures, and whereon by and by she will hang her egg-nest. Downward thence she has stretched her web where it is sure to ensnare frisking grasshoppers that thrive here undisturbed.



ARGIOPE WEAVING THE COCOON

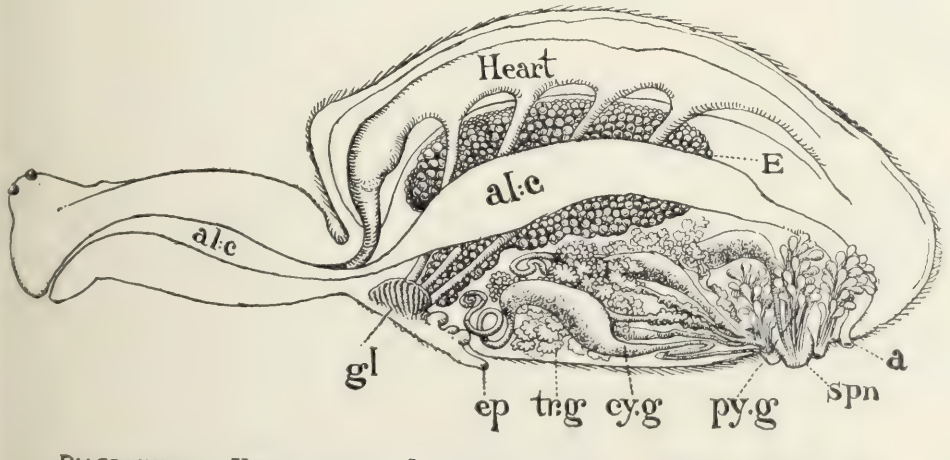
Hard by, another orb is woven between the stalks of a cluster of wild chrysanthemums, whose white flowers make a dainty bower above her. A third spinner has chosen the drooping heads of twin stems of goldenrod for the foundations of her snare. A fourth, nearer the stream, is encamped upon a copse of wild blackberries, whose leaves are already taking on that rich russet which heralds the coming autumn and the ripened year.

Your approach, signalled from plant to plant by the rustling foliage, has disturbed our spider, watching solitary, head downward, against her white silken shield. See! the web begins to move. Slowly it sways toward you—then away; forward and back, to and fro, faster and faster—until the whole orb seems in a whirl of motion, the centre of which is the silken shield. Curious! And how is it done? And why?

At first you can note the bending and straightening of the legs by which the web is drawn backward and forward. But soon your eyes cease to follow the movements, and you stand in amaze at these rare gyrations until the web gradually grows still. Perhaps the oscillating orb touches some thread of memory and recalls a vision of a rural picnic ground, with a swing hung to a high branch of a wide-spreading oak. And there comes a passing fancy that Argiope "works up" her oscillating orb, hung by its silken cables to the yellow drooping plants, somewhat as we were wont to do the big swing in those days upon which some of us already look through a far vista.

But why does the spider do this? We have often asked her that, in our silent naturalist way, and thus it seems to us the answer should run: The prime motive of animal life is food; and one comes to think that an insect, especially if it be a strong one, were it to strike that outspread net, would have less chance to break into freedom — scant as that might be—when involved more and more closely within the beaded meshes by the lassoing-lines as they sway back and forth around it. We may therefore count this swaying of her web as one of Argiope's tricks to secure her prey.

Next to gaining its food the animal's instinct looks to its safety. Many perils beset Argiope and her ilk besides the collecting-bottle of a naturalist, or the club of a

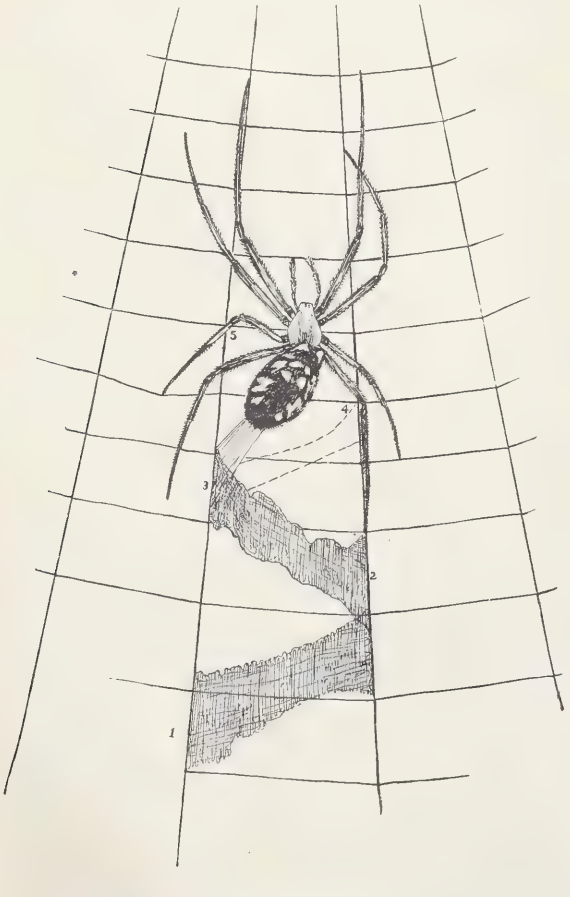


DIAGRAMMATIC VIEW OF THE LOCATION OF THE SPINNING ORGANS IN (ARGIOPE AURANTIUM) ORANGE ARGIOPE

Spn, spinnerets; py. g, pyriform glands; cy. g, cylindrical glands; tr. g, tree-form glands; ep, epigynum through which the eggs are deposited; gl, gills; E, eggs; al:c, alimentary canal; a, anus. The figure is a composite one.

thoughtless boy, or of a foolish man who still has the ill manner of "killing those who are sent unto him." Her tribe are cannibals, one is loath to confess, and must be watched and fended against. And then the raiding wasps! Of all merciless enemies, these are the most death-dealing, especially at their time of maternal activity in provisioning their egg-nests. Now, if you will observe closely, you shall find that this rapid swaying and whirling of the spider's orb must confuse the aim of a foraging foe, and tend to shunt it from her quarters, or even so entangle it as to verify in the raider's experience the adage "caught a Tartar." Here, confessedly, we are theorizing; and if the reader has an hypothesis that better pleases him, let him hold it stoutly.

But while we stand theorizing, a grasshopper comes our way. How gracefully he swings on yonder grass stalk! How gayly he skips! What an athlete he in jumping! Alas! he has made one jump too many, for his last leap —literally his last — lands him upon the fatal snare of the spider Argiope. Our spider, hanging there so placidly and seeming so lethargic, has instantly become a type of frenzied energy. She leaps upon the partly entangled insect. She seizes it with her sharp claws and strong, spiked legs. From her spinnerets pours forth a stream of silk ribbon which, dexterously drawn out by the hind feet, encompasses the struggling insect, which is meanwhile revolved by the captor's forelegs and palps. The motions are so rapid that one hardly follows them; and ere he has well grasped the situation the captive is swathed in a white silken bag, and hangs there in the gap in the broken web made by its struggles, like a canvas-covered ham hung to a cellar rafter.



WEAVING THE ZIGZAG OR SPIRAL STAIR

Poor grasshopper! — or, let us say rather, poor locust! For since the creature must die and be eaten, let it perish under its own name. And now, see how deftly Argiope swings her prey in its silken wrapping from point to point until she has reached her central shield! Thereto she lashes it and settles quietly to her feast. But scarcely has she well begun ere there is another ring at her door-bell. In other words, a large fly has struck another part of the orb and the news "thrills along the line" to the central shield. In a trice Argiope is upon it. It is enswathed, and hangs there by a short cord in a small silken sack—a trussed-up fly.

Admirably done! No cowboy ever flung lasso more effectively, or more thoroughly tied up and disabled his victim's limbs. And the creature manufactures her ropes as she goes. This done, Argiope returns leisurely to her feast, leaving the fly in reserve as a sort of dessert. One feels a touch of pity for these unfortunate insects. But consider, in a utilitarian spirit, what a vast service our Orange Argiope and her kind are conferring upon man by thus acting as nature's checks upon an increase of insect life that would soon make human life miserable.

Standing thus at gaze upon the masterly way in which our arsenead gets her food, one admires not only the tremendous energy of the animal, but the rare efficiency of the instruments with which she works. To begin with, there is her wide-spread net, with its radiating lines and spiral infilling. It covers at least

four square feet of surface, and any insect vaulting or in flight that shall strike it must surely be halted. In the momentary pause and shock of its arrest, even if not entangled, it gives the skilful operator the opportunity to seize it.

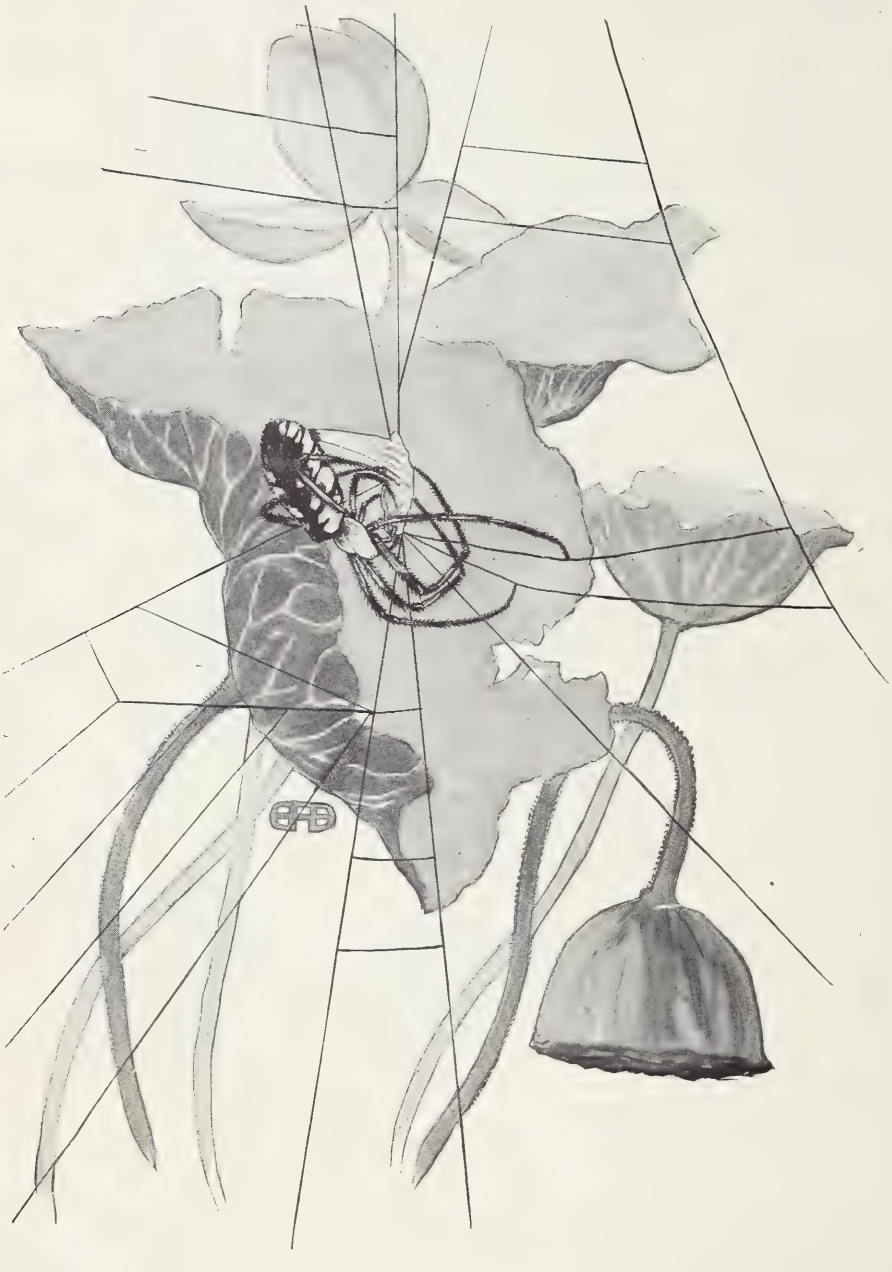
But that is not all. Look more carefully at these spirals that wind their way over the radii to the central shield. Scoop out a section thereof with this glass cup and examine it with your hand-lens as it is stretched across the mouth of the vessel. Every spiral thread is covered with minute beads! Touch your pencil to this spot. See! Your pearly beads have disappeared; and as you withdraw your pencil, you perceive that they have melted into a viscid liquid that has caused the silken threads to stick tightly to the pencil. You cannot release it without breaking a gap in the web. It is this armature of viscid beads that makes Argiope's web effective in so entangling insects within the lines that they are usually at her mercy, and escape only by uncommon vigor or a rare chance. The dews of summer gather upon these viscid beads and their connecting threads, forming strings of minute translucent spheres that in the changing lights of morning glisten like diamonds. It is not inept to compare such a dew-bespangled orbweb to a jewelled necklace; for truly fair lady never hung about her neck one more lovely in form or more artistic in construction. Thus seen, there are few objects in nature more striking and beautiful than Argiope's snares; but they are terrible engines of destruction to the unfortunates who fall into their embrace.



ORBWEB OF ORANGE ARGIOPE

Another feature of this remarkable structure, which we are studying here in the tall growth by the brookside, now catches our eye. The spider's silken shield or mattress is placed, as a rule, above the centre of her orb. On either side of it are thrown out strong inter-

lacing cords which form an open canopy that serves as fender or protective wings. Insects striking against these are suddenly arrested and are apt to flutter down into the orbweb, and so into the claws of the sentinel ogress. Or, should the insect be a raiding wasp, it may be fended off; or, at least, by the sharp contact it signals the alarm, and puts Argiope upon her guard for defence, or warns her to escape. The latter she often does by slipping dexterously behind her orb, thus putting her thick shield between her and her foe.



ARGIOPE SWATHING HER VICTIM

A few days later you are back in the aranead settlement, and miss Orange Argiope from her seat and snare. Mousing a bit through the bushes, you find her diligently swathing a silken ball the bigness of a walnut, swung to a small sheeted canopy well lashed to the surrounding stems and leaves of a high stalk of wild field-flowers. This is her egg-cocoon. She strides around and around it, changing her course at every round, drawing out, the meanwhile, ribbons of white spinning-stuff. These she eases up into half or quarter inch loops by slacking her abdomen, and beats them down and spreads them out with her spinnerets upon the surface. Thus she manages to enwrap her pretty casket evenly; and when it is done she leaves it hung amid a maze of crossed lines, and so balanced and stayed that it is like to outlive the winter with its snows and winds.

Had you come a little earlier, you would have seen the spider mother thrusting up against the wee silk canopy a round bunch of yellow eggs. There are a thousand of them, or thereabouts; good promise, one would think, for a full household in due time! But, like the orchard blooms of spring, there will be many a life-bud lost in Argiope's garden ere October comes again. Next the mother, still working upwards, had overlaid the egg-mass with a crinkled silken yarn of a brownish hue, which, as the eggs shall hatch, shall be cradle and commons for the spiderlings until the call of spring bids to their exode. Next to this

was placed a bright yellow floss, loosely spun between the eggs and the inner surface of the outer case at which the mother was spinning when you came upon her.

This she will closely wrap and pack, and, as it seems, finish it with a sort of varnish that makes it water-tight. At least, if you will visit it in midwinter you shall find that it crackles beneath your touch like oilskin. Indeed, the good spider matron has made canny provision for her children's future in this silk-spun, pear-shaped cradle home. How got the cunning and skill into her brain-cells? And did the first mother Argiope have the same? And if not, why not? And how did her houseful of baby spiderlings manage in those early days to get on without it?

One cannot know all this rare handiwork without wondering by what delicate machinery has it been done. Delicate indeed; and ingenious, and beautifully wrought beyond one's best powers to describe. There are few things in nature so well fitted to awaken admiration as the vital mechanism by which a spider's spinning-work is done. To dissect its various parts from an aranead corpus and mount them for study and exhibition is not difficult for one who has some skill with the microscope. The limitations of this article will not allow more than a general description here.

To begin with the manufacture of the raw material, we must go to the silk-glands. These lie in an orderly mass in the lower part of the apex of the abdomen, and consist of a large number of glands of several shapes and sizes. Many are pear-shaped (pyriform), some are "tree-formed," some are cylindrical or vermiform. Within these are secreted several kinds of liquid silk, and the substance that forms the viscid beaded armature of the spiral lines of the orbweb.

Argiope is able to secrete at least three colors of silk stuff—the white, which forms the web, and the enswathement of captives and the egg-cocoon; the brown mass that fills the cocoon interior; and the flossy yellow between that and the inside of the sac. The glands end in minute ducts which empty into spinning-spools regularly arranged along the sides and upon the tips of the six spinnerets, or "spinning-mammals," or "spinning-fingers," which are placed just beneath the apex of the abdomen. The spinnerets are movable and can be flung wide apart, or pushed closely together, and the spinning-spools can be managed in the same way.

The silk-glands are enfolded in muscular tissue, pressure upon which, at the will of the spider, forces the liquid silk through the duct, into the spool, whence it issues as a minute filament, since it hardens upon contact with the air. One thread as seen in a web may be made up of a number of the filaments, and is formed by putting the tips of the spools together as the liquid jets are forced out of the ducts. When the spinnerets are joined and a number of the spools are emptied at once their contents merge, and the sheets or ribbons are formed which one sees in the enswathement of a captive or the making of Argiope's central shield. This delicate machinery the owner operates with utmost skill, bringing into play now one part and now another, and again the whole, with unfailing deftness and a mastery complete.

Once more let us visit our favorite hunting-grounds in these open fallow fields. September is mellowing into October. We pause by the familiar sites where a few weeks ago our Orange Argiopes had encamped in the full swing of their activity. They are gone! Whither? Ah, here is one, a shrunken remnant of her former self, suspended in listless mood upon a tattered web. Here is another sluggishly striding around the margins of her orb, weaving-in her spirals as though spreading a table for the last banquet of life.

Still further, as one moves on, he sees fragments of the once beautiful snares stretched out at various points between the stalks of tall grass and low-lying shrubbery. The strands flutter in the breeze. The central patch of white silk flaunts like a tattered banner after a battle. The radii are snapped asunder. The spirals have been disarmed of their viscid beads, or keep only enough to capture helpless insects of the smaller sorts that expire without even the poor satisfaction of helping to rejuvenate exhausted nature by rendering their lives an offering to the vigor of another creature. The race of Argiope is gone for the current year.

The Brown Bird

BY ALICE BROWN

IS this a time to pipe of sorrow and loss,
When a fervid sun is climbing the eastern hill?
To blot out the bloom of dawn with the shade of a cross,
And poison the stream at its fount with a drop of ill?

Ah woe! for the brown bird there in his own home wood,
Dumb, stricken with wounds in the warmth of his mottled breast,
While the hunter hawk, savage with hunger and drunk on blood,
Tears, and feeds and pierces again, with a cruel zest.

Yet the will of the hawk is the will of the One who made
And feathered the innocent wings, that their ways might meet;
Who winnowed them forth, the betrayer and sore betrayed,
Who stilled one heart, for the conqueror heart to beat.

And the day in the wood was the day appointed of all,
As truly as fire and sword in the fields of men.
For the same fate measured the drift of the feathers' fall
That cancels a kingdom lost in a bloody fen.

But if in the changing web of the time to be,
Far off through the vista of mornings born to die,
The wronged brown bird lies void of his being's fee,
The sky still locked to the echoing of his cry,

Then is the weaving vain, and the shuttles' throw
Vain as the treadmill track by the weavers trod,
Where, sightless all, yet seeking the way, they go,
Marked out of old by the will of the living God.

Nay, it is not vain. The shriek from the riven air
Of the bird pursued by the beak and his own wild fear,
The fluttering flight, the moment of keen despair
When the savage hunter swoops and the clutch is near:

This shall be measured and paid, all, all, to the uttermost span,
That no lost balance hang in the ultimate wage,
When the eye of Eternal Justice bends to scan
And ponder, keen and close, on the open page.

"That hast thou done," says the page. "And thus it was done to thee.
Now the hidden ill at last hath worked out the open good.
And that life might live, did the brown bird lie, that day,
Dead, with a bloody breast, in the shade of the patient wood."

A Sense of Scarlet

BY MRS. HENRY DUDENEY

WOMEN leaned over the garden gates, men steadied themselves on the spade and straightened their backs, even the children stopped play—sobered by a vague suspicion of the unusual. They all of them, young and old, stared down the village street, to that point where the street ended, where it narrowed into a lane, a cart track, and led to the foot of the hills. For hills these simple folk cared nothing; in them they saw nothing. But the figure going so swiftly towards the hills, she awoke their sense of drama. She went without a glance; went with her eyes shining out at distance, with her small, roughened hands clenched on the bosom of her China-blue bodice.

It was dusk, and the month of May. The air was full of the sweet, dewy smell of growing things; moreover, fustian hung on it. Men home from the day's toil were tending their own gardens, while the women gossiped, and the little children straddled about in the road, their pinafores and their yellow heads making pale patches. Everything in the fading light was spectral. You were struck by the appalling ghostliness of a white broom-tree, by the languor of white lilac bunching at an open house-door.

The figure went down the street—went with dignity, with decision that nothing could brook, with misery that nothing could cure.

"She be goin' ter the hills," said an old woman. "'Twas on the hills they did use ter meet; all the sweetheartin' couples does." She looked after her tenderly, and added: "The gell be clean daft. Why, 'tis ten months since Stephen Ringrose went ter the war, an' three since we had news o' his death."

The statuesque figure was passing out of sight. The girl was red-haired, and the sunset rushed with joy into her thick braids, making golden cables of them. When she was quite gone, the neighbors emotionally collapsed and the women began to think of sane housekeeping. One picked her baby from the road, where it was peaceably employed in filling its rosy, podgy fists with dust and then letting it dribble over the plaited bosom of its checked pinafore.

"Day do dror out!" she said. "'Twon't be dark fer an hour or more. Git up, you naughty gell. Come along, sweet, come ter mother. I'll be gittin' indoors an' seein' about supper agenst my Jim comes in from the garden."

"Bide a bit." A neighbor clutched her arm. "Lookee now. Well, I niver did! What do you make o' thet fer a bit o' fun?"

It was Phœbe Arlott who spoke—and shrilly. She was a sharp woman—of nature and feature; a single woman, skilled with scandal and severe on sweethearting. She was the village dressmaker, and her spotted bodice was stuck all over—slantwise, straight, in rows or irregular—with cheerful-headed pins that winked, with the rather baleful slimness of pointed needles.

She put her hands on her hips, tossed back her head, and laughed. All the men looked up from digging, all the women caught their breath. A second figure was passing down the street.

It was a figure that must inevitably provoke tears, laughter, or both. It was instinct with the grotesque; with that intangible, unconscious something which is at once most mournful and most gay.

The figure of a man in an ill-fitting black coat and waistcoat and lavender trousers—all too big for him. They hung on him in folds, like the ruckled skin of an animal. He had a bowler hat, and a flower in his buttonhole; a gaudy May tulip this, scarlet and full, like a sweetheart's ready lip: the lip that is half sweet, half sulky—that is, coquetry condensed.

This second figure lifted the village

shoulder-high on the heights of emotion. It had become a feature of these early summer evenings to see daft Lizzie go down the street, to watch her melt, as it were, into the embrace of the maternal hills. But Stephen Coombs the tailor supplied a new ingredient. He had them all on a full new diet of utter amazement.

They watched, but none dared speak. There was mute agony in the nervous swing of his sickly bare hands; he was evidently fully alive to the heart-break and also the absurdity of the occasion. No human being ever born can escape the absurdity of clothes too big.

He went by the cottages with a swing that was almost martial. Yet he was but a tailor—a meek man, to sit crosswise on a board; a man who sewed and snipped, and was wise with a paper pattern. Phœbe Arlott curled her nose with contempt of his craft—it was twin with her own, and womanish.

Perhaps he had caught this new military manner from the clothes he wore; it was the wedding suit of a soldier.

He went quickly, as the girl had gone. And yet between them there was that subtle difference of bearing which makes the dividing-line between the distraught and the sane. This was no vague, sorrow-stricken fool. This was a man taking a strong course. He was in masquerade, yet there was the dignity of utter desperation about him. And the more imaginative of his neighbors, or the more tender, could guess in a measure at the agony which had half devoured him as he put on those garments—of a rival, dead.

He went along stolidly, yet going red and white like a girl. He would answer neither gibe nor greeting, yet he missed nothing. He was acutely alive to every nod, every smothered chuckle, every deprecating grin or puzzled scratching of a neighbor's head. The men stopped digging and watched him sheepishly—a fellow man making a fool of himself. The women were struck into unusual silence. They beheld an act—eccentric, yet ardent—which fired them. Women worship the romantic, and they guessed at once why Stephen the tailor was going in twilight after daft Lizzie, wearing Stephen the soldier's wedding suit. Each one wished that a man would do something extravagant for her sake. Women deprecate the prudent. They love a madman, a hero, or a rogue.

Something must be said to mark the occasion. Some one must seize the reins and drive bravely into this emotional moment. Phœbe Arlott felt this. She caught the tailor's glance as he passed her. It was mild, yet there was fire in it—and a tremendous demand for pity. She bent forward, her mouth spread, and as she did so he shrank back and lifted his hand—to strike her? to ward her off? She did not know. In either case she was afraid of him—and suffered him to pass. When he was out of range she took courage, and broke the eloquent silence by a long, cackling laugh.

"Ef thet ain't a rare good joke!" she said, wiping her eyes and shaking her sharp shoulders.

"A joke! Law! Phœbe Arlott! The pore chap's heart be broke."

"'Tis a crool trick fer any man ter play a simpleton," said a slow voice—and the carpenter looked over his fence; he was a large, flat-faced creature, with ruminative eyes.

"Crool, Richard Trent?" cried the women. "He be doin' it fer consolation."

"Them clothes"—Phœbe Arlott screwed up her eyes and stared down the darkening street—"be full three sizes too large, but he's put 'em on wi' care. A man not used ter needle an' thread would ha' looked worse. He've drawed in the weskit an' the trousers at the back. He made the suit hisself fer Stephen Ringrose ter wed Lizzie in. A bitter job—but business be business."

"Thet's true, Phœbe Arlott; you've made a many weddin'-gownds."

"An' niver sewed a stitch o' desire inter one," snapped the dressmaker. "I could ha' settled in life fower times had I the mind."

"Thet be the plea o' ivery single 'ooman as I ever knowed, love," returned the other, smoothly.

She was a little, old, white-haired woman; bent, rosy; of comfortable, bundled-up shape—and grandmother or great-aunt to half the parish. She and Phœbe Arlott were constant combatants in the matter of love, and the smooth-tongued matron always won.

"You'd niver think thet Stephen the

soldier and Stephen the tailor was cousins," said Phœbe, capitulating.

"As babbies," said the elder woman, who was bound to oppose her on any point, "you couldn't tell 'em apart. An' in manhood their eyes tells the same tale; blue eyes—good coortin' eyes be blue 'uns."

"Stephen the tailor be but a pasteboard figger aside what Stephen the soldier wur," persisted the dressmaker. "I can see un now as he went swaggerin' along in his fine red coat—a walk like a prince, an' a mouth allus screwed up fer a jest or a whistle."

"Or a kiss," added the grandmother, slyly, and with a secret, triumphant nod at all her married neighbors.

"I knows nowt o' kissin'."

"Nobbuddy niver done you thet discredit, Phœbe Arlott. We all marks you fer a downright plain, sober-livin' single 'ooman."

The sun dropped lower, grew redder, as they sparred and chattered, and Stephen the tailor passed clean out of sight.

One by one the neighbors went indoors. Lattices clicked to, lights gleamed. The drama of the hills unfolded.

Stephen the tailor strode on; he was completely martial—in his gait, in his eye, in his plunging bosom.

To-night was crisis; he rose beyond the sane happenings of day, forgot completely—a waxed thread, an iron, a board on which one sat cross-legged, unmanly. To-night he was a soldier—of the affections. He was stepping forth to fight—the eternal battle of the heart. Lizzie should wander daft on the hills no more. Life could not continue so for either of them. To sit and stitch each day, at dusk to see his loved one walk stiffly, distraught, past his window—it was insupportable. He had watched her many times and called her, but she flung him never a glance. Last night, frenzied, he ran out into the street and tried to stop her by force—it was then that she screamed and wriggled and wanted to bite his hand. He would never forget the square white flash of her teeth.

Well! To-night should see the end—or the beginning. He welcomed the idea of change; any change, however violent. He looked down at his loosely hanging, slovenly broadcloth coat. He recalled the silent protest with which he had taken the roll of cloth and cut the garment out, and marked it with chalk, and basted and stitched and pressed it until it was a perfect thing—according to the sartorial ideal of the rustic. He could not make it other than perfect; he had such a delicate zest in his effeminate calling. And yet he had never done a harder job in all his life, for Lizzie had been his sweetheart before Stephen the soldier came swaggering home. However, he had gone abroad to fight again, and got killed, and the wedding suit was left on Stephen the tailor's hands.

He approached the hills, and wondered if he would find Lizzie and just where. He had courted her on these very hills; a vague, tentative wooing—until the other Stephen came home, and stormed her with one bold kiss on the mouth, and won her. Their lips had been twin, those two—not a word needed; everything had been crystallized into lovely certainty.

As the living Stephen went through the village and along the lane to the foot of the downs, he noticed everything he passed with the morbidly acute observation of a man tuned to desperation. Everything he saw was martial—everything and everybody. The pins and needles on Phœbe Arlott's bosom had been weapons; he put up his hand to save himself from them.

The wonderful sunset he saw as he went along! It hung in the west—the red sun—like some watchful enemy: and it was all of blood, of battle, of slaughter, violence, and rapine. It lighted him; he saw blood upon his pallid hands, and blood was on his coat, turning it red. A red coat! He laughed.

There were soldiers all over the place. They pressed him hard—pygmy hordes in red and in green. He saw battalions of erect red clover in a field just over the gently swaying hedge; the new grass on the wayside bank stood up, each blade regular and distinct—a well-drilled soldier. And the tall white company of daisies, the florets of wild parsley—how military they were, how scrupulously turned out!

He began to climb the hills—round hills, sheep-cropped. He heard the sheep-bells, and the evensong of birds. Every-

thing around him was color, was music, was grief—the grief lying deep in his own sorely plagued heart.

He stood on the eloquent downs—a speechless, rich eloquence, which to-night he understood. To-night he would fight a greater battle than Stephen the soldier had ever fought—although he had died in the doing. Stephen the soldier had been but a piece, to be moved at will in the great game of juggling land, but Stephen the tailor was fighting for himself and for the woman he loved.

The downs arose, round upon round—a classical jostle of sweet shoulders. Presently shielding his eyes—indoor eyes, unused to space and sunlight,—he saw Lizzie sitting close huddled in a lap of the hills, her hands fast on her bosom. She was so close that he nearly stumbled on her; in his large sweeping ardor of search he had looked only to the horizon.

She was staring out at the stretch of sky, at the sun-torn hilltops, and down at the pastoral landscape and the homely village—yet not discerning. Her soul had withdrawn from her mournful eyes. Stephen stood watching, his heart protesting and ablaze. Why had his soldier cousin ever crossed their path?

He wore that dead man's clothes, and a clammy feeling of graveyards blew over him as he fingered the glossy broadcloth, stroked it, fondled it—with a professional joy in its quality—and asked himself what he should now do; how move, when to speak—and what? Lizzie had not seen him. He approached cautiously, gingerly, on tiptoe, as you go towards a bird you wish to cage. If he might only cage this bird, God bless her! and hang upon her every note for the rest of his life, and be her perfect slave, as she would be his willing prisoner!

"Lizzie!"

He stood close, set his hand on her shoulder. He knew he must be bold, with touch, with caress if need be. There had been nothing halting about Stephen the soldier. It was hard for a meek man of stitches to play fighter. Hard! Not a bit of it—Love would teach. Love makes the perfect actor, the incomparable artist.

"Come along home, Lizzie. Night drors in."

She put out her scarlet lip and smiled, then frowned. Did she pout that lip for kisses or for petulance? And what would Stephen the soldier have done? The tailor's courage failed him; an ardent part affronted his timid nature. His eyes burned blue in his head, yet he remained rigid, and marked the little flicker of returning sense in Lizzie's eyes die down. He angrily told himself he was a fool. Had he kissed her, the cloud might have rolled away.

And why not? She was his—or had been before a soldier tore her from him.

"Lizzie dear, the dew's a-fallin'."

She turned round and looked at him—looked for a long, long time. He hardly dared breathe; the little bells of pasturing sheep kept up a pensive tinkle, and far down in the village the sun flamed on the upper window of a plastered cottage. It was Phœbe Arlott's, and the tailor remembered how warlike that woman's breast had been. He could not forget. The dying sun burned through her window in crimsons, in tawnies, in passionate wine purples; it made of that window, under a brow of thatch, one vast bloodshot eye—to fling ferocious glances.

Lizzie was looking at him, and presently she unclenched one hand from her bosom. Ever since the news came that Stephen the soldier had been shot in Africa her hands had a trick of rising to her breast and staying there. As fast as her mother or the neighbors pulled them down, so she put them up again. Poor little hand! She spread it out, looked at it, stroked the sleeve of his coat. She stroked, and then she picked and clutched, making a moaning noise which tore the tailor's heart. The beat of this heart of his was a blacksmith's hammer to-night. He was afraid—of those flaming eyes, so sweet, so dear, so estranged; afraid of that loved hand, so crafty. It was a wild beast of a hand, that would pat in play or tear in fight. He felt all the passion and puzzle of it, the bewilderment and frantic struggle, through the black sleeve.

"You've got on your weddin'-coat, Steve," she said at last, looking dreadfully afraid.

"Yes, dear heart, all my weddin' clothes," he returned, stoutly.

"But 'tis a workin'-day. An'—an' be our banns called?"

"Not till Sunday, Lizzie; that 'ull be the fust time o' askin'."

He looked at her, he kept on his guard against her, God help them both! She looked so fierce and tender. The round sweat stood, a chaplet of twinkling stones, above his steady eyes.

"Theer be a summat—give—here," she said, suddenly, and pushing back the great loose loops of hair. "Maybe 'tis sunstroke; soldiers has it in furrin, red-hot lands. Likely I cotched it from a soldier, Stephen."

"Most like you've had a nightmare, love. Put it clean out o' mind, an' let's git along home."

"It wun't be druv out o' mind." She stared at him; a glance of fire, to burn through his pallid cheeks. "You ain't so brown as you was, Stephen dear."

What could he say to her?—a man never skilful at words. She fell to stroking his sleeve again.

"'Tis a pity ter spile a weddin' suit on week-days."

"It won't spile, Lizzie. Come along home."

Her hand stole up to her bosom again.

"I'll niver go home," she said.

"Lizzie, give me them hands; let me hold un—so." He forced them down and drew them near his knee, and chuckled, "'Tis—coortin'."

"Coortin'!" She caught the quaver in his voice, saw the terrified wink of his eye, and flung him a look of scorn.

He must be brave; an ardent lover, savage, masterful. He must be Stephen the soldier. He looked at the broadcloth suit—too large for him. He pushed back the bowler hat, also too large. No man ever appeared more grotesque or engaged in a more subtle struggle.

"Coortin'!" He laughed, looked at her boldly, and, in a sortie, took her lips.

They were close together, he and she, once more—at last, after falseness, death, and madness. Fate had given him this moment at last. Her red head fell heavily against his shoulder, and presently he saw the large tears falling, falling. They dropped unchecked; they made damp spots—of blood?—on her bodice. Everything that Stephen the tailor saw and did and felt to-night turned to battle. Weapons and blood! His mind was tuned to these. He was a soldier.

Presently, to his trembling relief and vague horror, Lizzie sat up. What would she do next? She wiped her eyes and laughed and showed her little teeth. They were not fierce; they were white and merry. She had a sane, sweet mouth; red lips—caressed. Was it possible that he had kissed her into sense?

"Come along home," he said, rising, helping her up. She seemed so happy, so clear-witted and docile. She looked deeply into his face—questioning—but simply said at last:

"I love your eyes, Stephen; coortin' eyes, so grandmother do say. An' you've got a gay flower in your buttonhole."

They went down the hill. Stephen thought the fight was over, but at the very foot she stopped, and drew her golden brows together.

"It wur a dream—or sunstroke?"

"A dream, a dream," he said, hastily—and was once more afraid. She knew he was; the terrible shadow of perplexity, hardly past, stepped back and stood in her eyes, making a pool of them.

"I dreamt," she said, "if it wur a dream," and looking at him piercingly through the vague, violent light of sun dying in deep purple, "thet you went fer a soldier an' got killed. It sent me crazed; I wur a foolish, wanderin' critter. The neighbors laughed, and when I come up here ter the hills, hopin' ter see you—a flesh-an'-blood man or a pore ghost, I warn't in no ways sure—the children tugged me by the skirt an' shouted. I went clean daft; I hit one little 'un—its mother niver seed."

She was looking very cunning, and tried to snatch her hands from his. They were standing still, and he held them both.

"I made ter bite a man what stopped me; nowt should keep me from my love. An' in my bosom I kep' the letter they sent ter say you was dead. You—you bain't a soldier, Stephen?"

The bright, large tears in her poor eyes, the quiver of her lip!

The tailor laughed; but it was cracked merriment and he a tinsel braggart.

"Me a soldier! Blesh ye, no! Thet's a good 'un."

"You bain't a-goin' fer one?"

"'Tain't likely, an' me a bridegroom—a'most."

"What be your callin'? I've clean forgot," she said, planting her foot firmly.

He could not move her.

"I tell 'ee I be a bridegroom—a'most," he returned, with a boisterous laugh. "Step out brisk, Lizzie; your mother 'ull be all on the fret."

"In my dream," she told him, solemnly, "I hit out at mother, acause she stole the letter from my bosom."

"A dream be ugly dwellin' on. Come home."

But she stood firm, and said, with new violence:

"I wun't go through the village fer them ter laugh at me. Tell 'ee I wun't."

There was silence on the hills—the hills that were looking on and waiting and wondering, and asking themselves was this man in a black coat too big for him a mere simpleton of snips and scissors and painstaking stitches, or was he really a warrior and crafty? Silence—for a moment; the grave hills asking!

Then Stephen the tailor, with tender brutality, with the mastery which woman demands, dragged her into his arms and crushed her against him and kissed her again; tamed her, bound her to him indissolubly. All his anguish, all his terrible emotions of the past few months, he packed into that long, throbbing pressure of the lip. In it he forgave and forgot; in it he got her fully back.

"I likes you ter be bold," said Lizzie, her sweet eyes dancing. "The soldier in my dream wur very bold."

"I wun't suffer you ter talk o' dreams."

"No, never no more, arter ter-night," she promised him. "And you—you've kissed it all out. I be gooin' ter forget. You're but a tailor, Stephen, but you'd fight ef needs be, I truly do b'leeve."

She looked at him proudly through the elusive light — thinking him beautiful, such a hero and perfect gentleman in the black coat and bowler hat.

For him? He thrilled. She had called him a tailor quite simply, so naturally. She had her wits back.

"I'd fight fer love," he said, after some ponder, "but niver fer land."

The Tree

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

OF old my tops took the first sunbeam,
The storm found me steadfast and stanch,
My root was spread out by the waters,
And the dew lay all night on my branch.

I hived in my stem the full honey
Of summers of heat and of light,
The song of the bird at the dawning,
The song of the wind in the night.

The sun and the sweet I surrender
When lost in the gyre and the flash,
In the rosy bloom, and the shadow
While the coal drops into the ash.

Now, but a fagot, I linger
For the sacrificial flame
That shall give me again the freedom
Of the unknown whence I came!

The Weavers

A NOVEL

BY GILBERT PARKER

CHAPTER XII

THE JEHAD AND THE LIONS

"*ALLAH hu Akbar! Allah hu Akbar! Ashhadu an la illaha illalla!*" The sweetly piercing, resonant voice of the muezzin rang far and commandingly on the clear evening air, and from bazaar and crowded street the faithful silently hurried to the mosques, leaving their slippers at the door, while others knelt where the call found them, and touched their foreheads to the ground.

In his palace by the Nile, Harrik, the half-brother of the Prince Pasha, heard it, and breaking off from conversation with two urgent visitors, passed to an alcove near, dropping a curtain behind him. Kneeling reverently on the solitary furniture of the room—a prayer-rug from Medina—he lost himself as completely in his devotions as though his life were an even current of unforbidden acts and motives.

Cross-legged on the great divan of the room he had left, his less pious visitors, unable to turn their thoughts from the dark business on which they had come, smoked their cigarettes, talking to each other in tones so low as would not have been heard by a European, and with apparent listlessness.

Their manner would not have indicated that they were weighing matters of life and death, of treason and infamy, of massacre and national shame. Only the sombre, smouldering fire of their eyes was evidence of the lighted fuse of conspiracy burning towards the magazine. One look of surprise had been exchanged when Harrik Pasha left them suddenly—time was short for what they meant to do; but they were Moslems, and they resigned themselves.

"The Inglesi must be the first to go—shall a Christian dog rule over us?"

It was Achmet "the ropemaker" who spoke, his yellow face wrinkling with malice, though his voice but murmured softly.

"Nahoum will kill him." Higli Pasha laughed low—it was like the gurgle of water in the narghile—a voice of good nature and persuasiveness from a heart that knew no virtue. "*Bismillah!* Who shall read the meaning of it? Why has he not already killed?"

"Nahoum would choose his own time—after he has saved his life by the white carrion. Kaïd will give him his life if the Inglesi asks. The Inglesi—he is mad. If he were not mad, he would see to it that Nahoum was now drying his bones in the sands."

"What each has failed to do for the other shall be done for them," answered Achmet, a hateful leer on his immobile features. "To-night many things shall be made right. To-morrow there will be places empty and places filled. Egypt shall begin again to-morrow."

"Kaïd?"

Achmet stopped smoking for a moment. "When the khamsin comes, when the camels stampede, and the children of the storm fall upon the caravan, can it be foretold in what way Fate shall do her work? So but the end be the same — *malaish!* We shall be content to-morrow."

Now he turned and looked at his companion as though his mind had chanced on a discovery. "To him who first brings word to a prince who inherits, that the reigning prince is dead, belong honor and place!" he said.

"Then shall it be between us twain," said Higli, and laid his hot palm against the cold, snaky palm of the other. "And he to whom the honor falls shall help the other."

"*Bismillah,* but it shall be so," an-

swered Achmet, and then they spoke in lower tones still, their eyes on the curtain behind which Harrik prayed.

Presently Harrik entered, impassive, yet alert, his slight, handsome figure in sharp contrast to the men lounging in the cushions before him, who salaamed as he came forward. The features were finely chiselled, the forehead white and high, the lips sensuous, the eyes fanatical, the look concentrated yet abstracted. He took a seat among the cushions, and after a moment said in a voice abnormally deep and powerful, "Dias—there is no doubt of Dias?"

"He awaits the signal—the hawk flies not swifter than Dias will act."

"The people—the bazaars—the markets?"

"As the air stirs a moment before the hurricane comes, so the whisper has stirred them. From one lip to another, from one street to another, from one quarter to another, the word has been passed—'Nahoum was a Christian, but Nahoum was an Egyptian whose heart was Moslem. The stranger is a Christian and an Inglesi. Reason has fled from the Prince Pasha, the Inglesi has bewitched him. But the hour of deliverance draweth nigh. Be ready! To-night!' So has the whisper gone."

Harrik's eyes burned. "God is great," he said. "The time has come. The Christians spoil us. From France, from England, from Austria, from Greece—it is enough. Kaïd has handed us over to the Greek usurers, the Inglesi and the Frank are everywhere. And now this newcomer who would rule Kaïd, and lay his hand upon Egypt like Joseph of old, and bring back Nahoum, to the shame of every Moslem—look you, the spark is to the tinder, it shall burn—*bismillah!*"

"And the hour, Effendina?"

"At midnight. The guns to be trained on the Citadel, the Palace surrounded, Kaïd's Nubians?"

"A hundred will be there, Effendina, the rest a mile away at their barracks."

"And Prince Kaïd, Effendina?" asked Higli, cautiously.

The fanatical eyes turned away. "The question is foolish—have ye no brains?" he said impatiently.

A look of malignant satisfaction flashed from Achmet's eyes to Higli, and he said, scarce above a whisper: "May thy footsteps be as the wings of the eagle, Effendina. The heart of the pomegranate is not redder than our hearts are red for thee. Cut deep into our hearts, and thou shalt find the last beat is for thee—and for the Jehad!"

"The Jehad—ay, the Jehad! The time is at hand," answered Harrik, glowering at the two. "The sword shall not be sheathed till we have redeemed Egypt. Go your ways, effendis, and peace be on you and on all the righteous worshippers of God!"

As Higli and Achmet left the palace, the voice of a *welee,* or holy man—admitted everywhere and treated with reverence—chanting the Koran, came somnolently through the courtyard—"*Bismillah hirrahmah, nirraheem. Elhamdu lillahi sabbila!*"

Rocking his body backwards and forwards and dwelling sonorously on each vowel, the holy man seemed the incarnation of Moslem piety; but as the two conspirators passed him with scarce a glance, and made their way to a small gate leading into the great garden bordering on the Nile, his eyes watched them sharply. When they had passed through, he turned towards the windows of the harem, still chanting. For a long time he chanted. An occasional servant came and went, but his voice ceased not, and he kept his eyes fixed ever on the harem windows.

At last his watching had its reward. Something fluttered from a window to the ground. Still chanting, he rose and began walking round the great courtyard. Twice he went round, still chanting, but the third time he stooped to pick up a little strip of linen which had fallen from the window, and concealed it in his sleeve. Presently he seated himself again, and, still chanting, spread out the linen in his palm and read the characters upon it. For an instant there was a jerkiness to the voice, and then it droned on resonantly again. Now the *welee's* eyes were fixed on the great gates through which strangers entered, and he was seated in the way which any one must take who came to the palace doors.

It was almost dark, when he saw the bowob, after repeated knocking, sleepily and grudgingly open the gates to admit a visitor. There seemed to be a mo-

ment's hesitation on the bowob's part, but presently, assured by something the visitor showed him, the latter made his way deliberately to the palace doors. The *welee* raised his voice a little, and dwelt long and vibrantly upon his words. As the visitor neared the holy man, who chanted monotonously, *Ihdines sirah talmus takeema,* he was suddenly startled to hear between the long-drawn syllables the quick words in Arabic:

"Beware, saadat! See, I am Mohammed Hassan, thy servant! At midnight they surround the Palace—Achmet and Higli—and kill the Prince Pasha. Return, saadat. Harrik will kill thee!"

David made no sign, but with a swift word to the faithful and daring Mohammed Hassan, passed on presently, and was admitted to the palace. As the doors closed behind him, he could hear the voice of the holy man still chanting: *"Waladalleen—Ameen—Ameen! Waladalleen—Ameen!"*

The voice followed him, fainter and fainter, as he passed through the great bare corridors with the thick carpets on which the footsteps made no sound, until it came soft and undefined, as if it were from a great distance. Then suddenly there fell upon him a sense of the peril of his enterprise. He had been left alone in the vast dim hall while a slave, made obsequious by the sight of the ring of the Prince Pasha, sought his master. As he waited he was conscious that people were moving about behind the great screens of mushrabieh which separated this room from others, and that eyes were following his every motion. He had gained easy ingress to this place; but egress was a matter of some speculation. The doors which had closed behind him might swing one way only! He had voluntarily put himself in the power of a man whose fatal secret he knew. He only felt a moment's apprehension, however. He had been moved to come from a whisper in his soul—and he had the sure conviction of the predestinarian that he was not to be the victim of "the Scytheman" before his appointed time. His mind resumed its composure, and he watchfully waited the return of the slave.

Suddenly he was conscious of some one behind him—he had heard no one approach. He swung round and was met by the passive face of the black slave in personal attendance on Harrik. The slave did not speak, but motioned towards a screen at the end of the room, and moved towards it. David followed. As they approached the screen, a broad panel opened, and they passed through, between a line of black slaves. Then there was a sudden darkness, and a moment later David was ushered into a room blazing with light. Every inch of the walls was hung with red curtains. No door was visible. He was conscious of this as the panel clicked behind him, and the folds of the red velvet caught his shoulder in falling. Now he saw sitting on a divan on the opposite side of the room Prince Harrik.

David had never before seen him, and his imagination had fashioned a different personality. Here was a combination of intellect, refinement, and savagery—the red, sullen lips stamped the delicate fanatical face with cruelty and barbaric indulgence, while yet there was an intensity in the eyes that showed the man was possessed of an idea which mastered him —*une idée fixe.* David was at once conscious of a complex personality, of a man in whom two natures fought. He understood it. By instinct the man was a Mahdi, by heredity he was a voluptuary, that strange commingling of the religious and the evil found in so many criminals. In some far corner of his nature David felt something akin. The rebellion in his own blood against the fine instinct of his Quaker faith, upbringing, and feeling made him grasp the personality before him. Had he been born in these surroundings, under these influences—! The thought flashed through his mind like lightning, even as he salaamed before Harrik, who salaamed and said, "Peace be unto thee!" and motioned him to a seat on a divan near and facing him.

"What is thy business with me, effendi?" asked Harrik.

"I come on the business of the Prince Pasha," answered David.

Harrik touched his fez mechanically, then his breast and lips, and a cruel smile lurked at the corners of his mouth as he rejoined:

"The feet of them who wear the ring of his Prince wait at no man's door. The

carpet is spread for them. They go and they come as the feet of the doe in the desert. Who shall say, They shall not come; who shall say, They shall not return!"

Though the words were spoken with an air of ingenuous welcome, David felt the malignity in the last phrase, and knew that now was come the most fateful moment of his life. In his inner being he heard the dreadful challenge of fate. If he failed in his purpose with this man, he would never begin his work in Egypt. Of his life he did not think—his life was his purpose, and the one was nothing without the other. No other man would have undertaken so Quixotic an enterprise, none would have so recklessly exposed himself to the dreadful accidents of circumstance. There had been other ways to overcome this crisis, but he had rejected them for a course fantastic and fatal when looked at in the light of ordinary reason. A struggle between the East and the West was here to be fought out between two wills; between an intellectual character steeped in Oriental guilt and cruelty and self-indulgence, and a being selfless, human, and, in an agony of remorse for a life lost by his hand, ready to attempt the most perilous thing in a cause which only he could have who would lose the whole world and save his own soul—and save the world also, though but a little.

Involuntarily David's eyes ran round the room before he replied. How many slaves and retainers waited behind those velvet curtains?

Harrik saw the glance and interpreted it correctly. With a look of dark triumph he clapped his hands. As if by magic fifty black slaves appeared, armed with daggers. They folded their arms and waited like statues.

David made no sign of discomposure, but said slowly: "Dost thou think I did not know my danger, eminence? Do I seem to thee such a fool? I came alone as one would come to the tent of a Bedouin chief whose son one had slain, and ask for food and safety. A thousand men were mine to command, but I came alone. Is thy guest imbecile? Let them go. I have that to say which is for Prince Harrik's ear alone."

An instant's hesitation, and Harrik motioned the slaves away. "What is the private word for my ear?" he asked presently, fingering the stem of the narghile.

"To do right by Egypt, the land of thy fathers and thy land; to do right by the Prince Pasha, thy brother."

"Who art thou to preach to me? What is Egypt to thee—thou, it may be, a Greek money-lender, a scavenger? Why shouldst thou bring thine insolence here? Couldst thou not preach in thine own bazaars beyond the sea?"

David showed no resentment. His reply was composed and quiet. "I am an Englishman—as thou knowest. I am a counsellor and a minister of the Prince Pasha—also as thou knowest. I am come to see thee, to save Egypt from the work of thy hands."

"Dog of an unbeliever, what hast thou to do with me or the work of my hands?"

David held up Kaïd's ring which had lain in his hand. "I come from the master of Egypt—master of thee, and of thy life, and of all that is thine."

"What is Kaïd's message to me?" Harrik asked, with an effort at unconcern, for David's boldness had in it something chilling to his fierce passion and pride.

"The word of the Effendina is to do right by Egypt, to give thyself to justice and to peace."

"Have done with parables. To do right by Egypt—wherein—wherefore?" The eyes searched David like bits of fiery steel.

"I will interpret to thee, excellency."

"Interpret." Harrik muttered to himself in rage. His heart was dark, he thirsted for the life of this arrogant Inglesi who came alone—alone to preach to him of his duty. Did the fool not see his end? Midnight was at hand! He smiled grimly.

"This is the interpretation, O Prince! Prince Harrik has conspired against his brother the Prince Pasha, has treacherously seduced officers of the army, has planned to seize Cairo, to surround the Palace and take the life of the Prince of Egypt. For months, Prince, thee has done this: and the end of it is that thee shall do right by Egypt and by thy lawful Prince, ere it be too late. Thee is a traitor to thy country and thy lawful lord."

Harrik's face turned pale; the stem of the narghile shook in his fingers. All

had been discovered, then! But there was a thing of dark magic here. It was not a half-hour since he had given the word to strike at midnight, to surround the Palace, and to seize the Prince Pasha. Achmet—Higli had betrayed him, then! Who other?—no one else knew save Zaida, and Zaida was in the harem. Perhaps even now his own palace was surrounded. If it was so, then, come what might, this masterful Inglesi before him should pay the price—the only price. He thought of the den of lions hard by, of the cage of tigers—the menagerie not a thousand feet away—he could hear the distant roaring now, and his eyes glittered. The Christian to the wild beasts! That, at least, before the end. A Moslem would win heaven by sending a Christian to hell.

Achmet—Higli! No others knew. The light of a fateful fanaticism was in his eyes. David read him as an open book, and he saw the madness that was upon him.

"Neither Higli, nor Achmet, nor any of thy fellow conspirators has betrayed thee," he said. "God has other voices to whisper the truth than those who share thy crimes. I have ears, and the air is full of voices!"

Harrik stared at him. Was this Inglesi, then, with the gray coat buttoned to the chin and the broad black hat which remained on his head unlike the custom of the English—was he one of those who saw visions and dreamed dreams, even as himself? Had he not heard last night a voice whisper through the dark: "*Harrik, Harrik, flee to the desert. The lions are loosed upon thee!*" Had he not risen with the voice still in his ears and fled to the harem, seeking Zaida, she who had never cringed before him, whose beauty he had conquered, but whose face turned from him when he would lay his lips on hers. And as he fled, had he not heard, as it were, footsteps lightly following him—or were they going before him? Finding Zaida, had he not told her of the voice, and had not she said, "*In the desert all men are safe—safe from themselves and safe from others; from their own acts and from the acts of others*"? Were the lions, then, loose upon him? Had he been betrayed?

Suddenly the thought flashed into his mind that his challenger would not have thrust himself into danger, given himself to the mouth of the pit, if violence were intended. There was that inside his robe than which lightning would not be more quick to slay. Had he not been a hunter of repute? Had he not been in deadly peril with wild beasts, and was he not quicker than they? This man before him was like no other he had ever met. Did voices speak to him? Were there, then, among the Christians such holy men as among the Moslems, who saw things before they happened, and read the human mind? Were there sorcerers among them as among the Arabs?

In any case his treason was known. What were to be the consequences? Diamond-dust in his coffee? To be dropped into the Nile like a dog? To be smothered in his sleep?—For who could be trusted among all his slaves and retainers when it was known he was disgraced, and that the Prince Pasha would sleep happier if Harrik were quiet forever?

Mechanically he drew out his watch and looked at it. It was nine o'clock. In three hours more would have fallen the *coup*. But from this man's words he knew that the stroke was now with the Prince Pasha. Yet if this pale Inglesi, this Christian sorcerer, knew the truth in a vision only, and had not declared it to Kaïd, there might still be a chance of escape. The lions were near—it would be a joy to give a Christian to the lions to celebrate the capture of Cairo and the throne. He listened intently to the distant rumble from the menagerie. There was one cage dedicated to vengeance. Five human beings on whom his terrible anger fell had been thrust into it alive at one time or another. Two were slaves, one was an enemy, one an invader of his harem, and one was a woman, his wife, his favorite, the darling of his heart. When his chief eunuch accused her of a guilty love, he had given her paramour and herself to that awful death. A stroke of the vast paw, a smothered roar as the teeth gave into the neck of the beautiful Fatima, and then — no more. Fanaticism had caught a note of savage music that tuned it to its height.

"Why art thou here? For what hast thou come? Do the spirit voices give thee that counsel?" he snarled.

"I am come to ask Prince Harrik to decide how he may repair the wrong he has done. When the Prince Pasha came to know of thy treason—"

Harrik started. "Kaïd believes thy tale of treason?" he burst out.

"Prince Kaïd knows the truth," answered David quietly. "He might have surrounded this palace with his Nubians, and had thee shot against the palace walls. That would have meant a scandal in Egypt and in Europe. I besought him otherwise. It may be the scandal must come, but in another way, and—"

"That I, Harrik, must die?" Harrik's voice seemed far away. In his own ears it sounded strange and unusual. All at once the world seemed to be a vast vacuum in which his brain strove for air, and all his senses were numbed and overpowered. Distempered and vague, his soul seemed spinning in an aching chaos. It was being overpowered by vast elements, and life and being were atrophied in a deadly smother. The awful forces behind visible being hung him in the middle space between consciousness and dissolution. He heard David's voice at first dimly, then understandingly.

"There is no other way. Thou art a traitor; thou wouldst have been a fratricide; thou wouldst have put back the clock in Egypt by a hundred years, even to the days of the Mamelukes—a race of slaves and murderers. God has ordained that thy guilt should be known in time. Prince, thou art guilty. It is now but a question how thou shalt pay the debt of treason. Dost thou desire trial?"

In David's calm voice was the ring of destiny. It was dispassionate, judicial; it had neither hatred nor pity. It fell on Harrik's ear as though from some far height. Destiny, the controller — who could escape it? Had he not had the voices in the night—*"The lions are loosed upon thee"*? He did not answer David now, but murmured to himself like one in a dream.

David saw his mood, and pursued the startled mind into the pit of confusion. "If it become known to Europe that the army is disloyal, that its officers are traitors—like thee—what shall we find? England, France, Turkey, will land an army of occupation. Who shall gainsay Turkey, if she chooses to bring an army here and regain control, remove thy family from Egypt, and seize upon all its lands and goods? Dost thou not see that the hand of God has been against thee? He has spoken, and thy evil is discovered. Art thou stronger than destiny?"

He paused. Still Harrik did not reply, but looked at him with dilated, fascinated eyes. Death had hypnotized him—and against death and destiny who could struggle? Had not a past Prince Pasha of Egypt safeguarded himself from assassination all his life, and, in the end, had he not been smothered in his sleep by slaves?

"There are two ways only," David continued: "to be tried and die publicly for thy crimes, to the shame of Egypt, its present peril and lasting injury; or to send a message to those who conspired with thee, commanding them to return to their allegiance, and another to the Prince Pasha, acknowledging thy fault and exonerating all others. Else, how many of thy dupes shall die! Thy choice is not life or death, but how thou shalt die and what thou shalt do for Egypt as thou diest. Thou didst love Egypt, eminence?"

David's voice dropped low, and his last words had a suggestion which touched the thing at once the source of all Harrik's crimes, and that also which redeemed him in a little. It got into his inner being. He roused himself and spoke, but at first his speech was broken and smothered.

"Day by day I saw Egypt given over to the Christians," he said. "The Greek, the German, the Frenchman, the Englishman, everywhere they reached out their hands and took from us our own. They defiled our mosques; they corrupted our customs; they ravaged our trade, they stole our customers; they crowded us from the streets where once the faithful lived alone. Such as thou had the ear of the Prince, and such as Nahoum, also an infidel, who favored the infidels of Europe. And now thou hast come, the most dangerous of them all! Day by day the Moslem has loosed his hold on Cairo and Alexandria and the cities of Egypt. Street upon street knows him no more. My heart burned within me. I conspired for Egypt's sake. I would have made her Moslem once again. I would have fought the Turk and the Frank as did Mehemet

Ali; and if the infidels came, I would have turned them back, or if they would not go, I would have destroyed them here. Such as thou should have been stayed at the door. In my own house I would have been master. We seek not to take up our abode in other nations and in the cities of the infidel. Shall we give place to them on our own mastaba, in our own courtyard, hand to them the keys of our cities? I would have raised the Jehad if they vexed me with their envoys and their armies!" He paused, panting.

"It would not have availed," was David's quiet answer. "God is not with the traitor. This land may not be as Tibet—a prison for its own people. If the Moslem goes, the Christian must come. If the door opens outward, then must it open inward also. Egypt is the bridge between the East and the West. Upon it the peoples of all nations pass and repass. Thy plan was folly, thy hope madness, thy means to achieve horrible. Thy dream is done. The army will not revolt, the Prince will not be slain. Now only remains what thou shalt do for Egypt."

"And thou—thou wilt be left here to lay thy will upon Egypt. Kaïd's ear will be in thy hand—thou hast the sorcerer's eye. I know thy meaning. Thou wouldst have me absolve all, even Achmet and Higli and Dias and the rest, and at thy bidding go out into the desert"—he paused—"or into the grave."

"*Not into the desert,*" rejoined David firmly. "Thou wouldst not rest. There, in the desert, thou wouldst be a Mahdi. Since thee must die, will thee not order it after thine own choice? It is to die for Egypt."

"Is this the will of Kaïd?" asked Harrik, his voice thick with wonder, his brain still dulled by the blow of Fate.

"It was not the Effendina's will, but it hath his assent. Wilt thou write the word to the army and also to the Prince?"

He had conquered. There was a moment's hesitation, then Harrik picked up paper and ink that lay near, and said: "I will write to Kaïd. I will have naught to do with the army."

"It shall be the whole, not the part," answered David determinedly. "The truth is known. It can serve no end to withhold the writing to the army. Remember what I have said to thee. The disloyalty of the army must not be known. Canst thou not act after the will of Allah, the all-powerful, the all-just, the all-merciful?"

There was a moment's pause, and then suddenly Harrik placed the paper in his palm and wrote swiftly and at some length to Kaïd. Laying it down, he took another and wrote but a few words—to Achmet and Dias. This message said in brief: "Do not strike. It is the will of Allah. The army shall keep faithful until the day of the Mahdi be come. I spoke before the time. I go to the bosom of my Lord Mohammed. *Allah Akbar!*"

He threw the papers on the floor before David, who picked them up, read them, and put them into his pocket.

"It is well," he said. "Egypt shall have peace. And thou, eminence?"

"Who shall escape Fate? What I have written I have written."

David rose and salaamed. Harrik rose also.

"Thou wouldst go, having accomplished thy will?" Harrik asked, a thought flashing to his mind again, in keeping with his earlier purpose. Why should this man be left to trouble Egypt?

David touched his breast. "I must bear thy words to the Palace and the Citadel."

"Are there not slaves for messengers?" Involuntarily Harrik turned his eyes to the velvet curtains. No fear possessed David, but he felt the keenness of the struggle, and prepared for the last critical moment of fanaticism.

"It were a foolish thing to attempt my death," he said calmly. "I have been thy friend to urge thee to do that which saves thee from public shame, and Egypt from peril. I came alone because I had no fear that thou wouldst go to thy death shaming hospitality."

"Thou wast sure I would give myself to death?"

"Even as that I breathe. Thou wert mistaken; a madness possessed thee; but thou, I knew, wouldst choose the way of honor. I too have had dreams—and of Egypt. I dedicate my life to her, and, if it were for her good, I would die for her."

"Thou art mad. But the mad are in the hands of God, and—" Suddenly Harrik stopped. There came to his ears two distant sounds—the faint click of

horses' hoofs and that dull rumble they had heard as they talked, a sound he loved—the roar of his lions.

He clapped his hands twice, the curtains parted opposite, and a slave slid silently forward.

"Quick! The horses! What are they? Bring me word," he said.

The slave vanished. For a moment there was silence. The eyes of the two men met. In the minds of both was the same thing.

"Kaïd! The Nubians!" Harrik said at last. David made no response.

The slave returned, and his voice murmured softly, as though the matter were of no concern, "The Nubians—from the Palace!" In an instant he was gone again.

"Kaïd had not faith in thee!" Harrik said, with grisly humor. "But see, infidel though thou art, thou trustest me, and thou shalt go thy way. Take them with thee—yonder jackals of the desert. I will not go with them. I did not choose to live; others chose for me; but I will die after my own choice. Thou hast heard a voice—even as I. It is too late to flee to the desert. Fate tricks me. '*The lions are loosed on thee*'—so the voice said it in the night. Hark! do you not hear them—the lions? Harrik's lions, got out of the uttermost desert!"

David could hear the distant roar, for the menagerie was even part of the palace itself.

"Go in peace," continued Harrik soberly and with dignity, "and when Egypt is given to the infidel and Moslems are their slaves, remember that Harrik would have saved it for his Lord Mohammed, the prophet of God."

He clapped his hands once, and fifty slaves slid from behind the velvet curtains.

"I have thy word by the tomb of thy mother that thou wilt take the Nubians hence, and leave me in peace?" he asked.

David raised a hand above his head. "As I have trusted thee, trust thou me, Harrik, son of Mohammed."

Harrik made a gesture of dismissal, and David salaamed and turned to go. As the curtains parted for his exit, he faced Harrik again. "Peace be to thee," he said, "in the name of God the compassionate, the merciful."

But, seated in his cushions, the haggard, fanatical face of Harrik was turned from him, the black, flaring eyes fixed on vacancy. The curtain dropped behind David, and through the dim rooms and corridors he passed, the slaves gliding beside him, before him, and behind him, until they reached the great doors. As they swung open and the cool night breeze blew in his face, a great suspiration of relief passed from him. What he had set out to do would be accomplished in all. Harrik would keep his word. It was the only way.

As he emerged from the doorway some one fell at his feet, caught his sleeve and kissed it. It was Mohammed Hassan. Behind Mohammed was a little group of officers and a hundred stalwart Nubians. David motioned them towards the great gates, and, without speaking, passed swiftly down the pathway and emerged upon the road without. A moment later he was riding towards the Citadel with Harrik's message to Achmet.

In the red-curtained room Harrik sat alone, listening until he heard the far clatter of hoofs, and knew that the Nubians were gone. Then the other distant sound which had captured his ear came to him again. In his fancy it grew louder and louder. With it came the voice that called him in the night, the voice of a woman—of the wife he had given to the lions for a crime against him she did not commit, which had haunted him all the years. He had seen her thrown to the king of them all, killed in one swift instant, and dragged about the den by her warm white neck—this slave wife from Albania, his adored Fatima. And when, afterwards, he came to know the truth, and of her innocence from the chief eunuch who had borne false witness and with his last breath cleared her name, a terrible anger and despair had come upon him. Time and intrigue and conspiracy had distracted his mind, and the *Jehad* became the fixed aim and end of his life. Now this was gone. Destiny had tripped him up. Kaïd and the infidel had won.

As the one great passion went out like smoke, the woman he loved, whom he had given to the lions, the memory of her, some haunting part of her possessed him,



Drawn by Andre Castaigne

"DOST THOU THINK I DID NOT KNOW MY DANGER, EMINENCE?"

overcame him. In truth, he had heard a voice in the night, but not the voice of a spirit. It was the voice of Zaida, who, preying upon his superstitious mind—she knew the hallucination which possessed him concerning her he had cast to the lions—and having given the terrible secret to Kaïd, whom she had ever loved, would still save Harrik from the sure vengeance which must fall upon him. Her design had worked, but not as she intended. She had put a spell of superstition on him, and the end would be accomplished, but not by flight to the desert.

Harrik chose the other way. He had been a hunter. He was without fear. The voice of the woman he loved called him. It came to him through the distant roar of the lions as clear as when, with one cry of *"Harrik!"* she had fallen beneath the lion's paw. He knew now why he had kept the great beast until this hour, though tempted again and again to slay him.

Like one in a dream, he drew a dagger from the cushions where he sat, and rose to his feet. Leaving the room and passing dark groups of waiting slaves, he passed into empty chambers and through long corridors, the voices of the lions growing nearer and nearer. He sped faster now, and presently came to doors, on which he knocked thrice. The doors opened, and two slaves held up lights for him to enter. Taking a torch from one of them, he bade them retire, and the doors clanged behind them.

He held up the torch and came nearer. In the centre of the great room was a cage in which one great lion paced to and fro in fury. It roared at him savagely. It was his roar which had come to Harrik through the distance and the night. He it was who had carried Fatima the beloved about his cage by that neck in which he had laid his face so often.

The hot flush of conflict and the long anger of the years were on him. Since he must die, since Destiny had befooled him, left him the victim of the avengers, he would end it here. Here, against the thing of savage hate which had drunk of the veins and crushed the bones of his fair wife, he would strike one blow deep and strong, and shed the blood of sacrifice before his own was shed.

He thrust the torch into the ground, and with the dagger grasped tightly, carefully opened the cage and stepped inside. The door clicked behind him. The lion was silent now, and in a far corner prepared to spring, crouching low.

"Fatima!" Harrik cried, and sprang forward as the wild beast rose at him. He struck deep, drew forth the dagger—and was still.

CHAPTER XIII

ACHMET THE ROPEMAKER STRIKES

WAR! War! The chains of the conscripts clanked in the river villages; the wailing of the women affrighted the pigeons in a thousand dovecotes on the Nile; the dust of despair was heaped upon the heads of the old, who knew that their young would no more return, and that the fields of dourra would go ungathered, the water-channels go unattended, and the onion-fields be bare. *War! War! War!* The strong, the broad-shouldered—Aka, Mahmond, Raschid, Haleem, Selim, they with the bodies of Seti and the faces of Rameses, in their blue yeleks and unsandalled feet, would go into the desert as their forefathers did for the shepherd kings. But there would be no spoil for them—no slaves with swelling breasts and lips of honey, no straight-limbed servants of their pleasure to wait on them with caressing fingers; no rich spoils carried back from the fields of war to the mud hut, the earth oven, and the thatched roof; no rings of soft gold and necklaces of amber snatched from the fingers and bosoms of the captive and the dead. Those days were no more. No vision of loot or luxury allured them. They saw only the yellow sand, the ever-receding oasis, the brackish, undrinkable water, the withered and fruitless date-tree, handfuls of dourra for their food by day, and the keen sharp night to chill their half-dead bodies in a half-waking sleep. And then the savage struggle for life—with all the gain to the pashas and the beys and those who ruled over them; while their own wounds grew foul, and, in the torturing noonday heat of the white waste, Death reached out and dragged them from the drooping lines to die. Fighting because they must fight—not patriot love, nor

understanding, nor sacrifice in their hearts. *War! War! War! War!*

David had been too late to stop it. It had grown to a head with revolution and conspiracy. These he had destroyed on the day he came to be Kaïd's counsellor—it was at his hand, flaming across his path; but that was far away in regions where bad government had made secret rebels every day. For months before he came conscripts had been gathered in the Nile country from Rosetta to Assouan, and here and there, far south, tribes had revolted before he had learned the ways of the Palace. It was too late for him to devise another course. One day, when this war was over, he would go alone, save for a faithful few, to deal with these tribes and peoples upon another plane than war; but here and now the only course was that which had been planned by Kaïd and those who counselled him. Troubled by a deep danger drawing near, Kaïd had drawn him into his tough service, half-blindly catching at his help, with a strange, almost superstitious belief that luck and good would come from the alliance, seeing in him a protection against wholesale robbery and debt—were not the English masters of finance, and was not this Englishman honest, and with a brain of fire and an eye that pierced things? The spirit of the warlike Ibrahim who conquered the Soudan and Syria and made Turkey shiver behind the doors of the seraglios—it was not in Kaïd; the conquering days of Egypt were done.

Then upon it all had come the conspiracy of Harrik and Achmet and Higli and Dias, from which David had saved him and a debilitated Egypt.

David had accepted the inevitable. The war had its value. It would draw off to the south—he would see that it was so—Achmet and Higli and Dias and the rest, who were ever a danger. Not to himself: he did not think of that; but to Kaïd and to Egypt. They had been outmanœuvred, beaten, foiled, knew who had foiled them and what they had escaped; congratulated themselves, but had no gratitude to him, and still plotted his destruction. More than once his death had been planned, but the dark design had come to light—now from the workers of the bazaars, whose wires of intelligence pierced everywhere; now from some hungry fellah whose yelek he had filled with cakes of dourra beside a bread-shop; now from Mohammed Hassan, who was for him a thousand eyes and feet and hands, who cooked his food, and gathered round him fellaheen or Copts or Soudanese or Nubians whom he himself had tested and found true, and ruled them with a hand of plenty and a rod of iron. Also, from Nahoum's spies he learned of plots and counterplots, chiefly on Achmet's part; and these he hid from Kaïd, while he trusted Nahoum—and not without reason, as yet.

The day of Nahoum's wrath and revenge was not yet come; it was his deep design to lay the foundation for his own dark actions strong on a rock of apparent confidence and devotion. A long torture and a great overwhelming was Nahoum's design; and in that day he would gather in all that the great Englishman would have desired and secured for Egypt. He knew himself in the scheme of a master workman, and by and by he would blunt the chisel and bend the saw; but not yet. Meanwhile, he hated, admired, schemed, and got a sweet taste on his tongue from aiding David to foil Achmet—Higli and Dias were of little account; only the injury they felt in seeing the sluices being closed on the stream of bribery and corruption kept them in the toils of Achmet's conspiracy. They had saved their heads, but they had not learned their lesson yet; and Achmet, blinded by rage, not at all. Achmet did not understand clemency. One by one his plots had failed, until the day came when David advised Kaïd to send him and his friends into the Soudan, with the punitive expedition under loyal generals. It was David's dream that in the field of war a better spirit might enter into Achmet; that patriotism might stir in him.

The day was approaching when the army must leave. Achmet threw dice once more.

Evening was drawing down. Over the plaintive pink and golden glow of sunset was slowly being drawn a pervasive silver veil of moonlight. A cara-

van of camels hunched along in the middle distance, making for the western desert. Near by, village life manifested itself in heavily laden donkeys; in wolfish curs stealing away with refuse into the waste; in women upright and modest bearing jars of water on their heads; in evening fires where the cover of the pot clattered over the boiling mass within; in the voice of the muezzin calling to prayer.

Returning from Alexandria to Cairo in the special train which Kaïd had sent for him, David watched the scene with grave and friendly interest. There was far to go before those mud huts of the thousand years would give place to rational modern homes; and as he saw a solitary horseman spread his sheepskin on the ground and kneel to say his evening prayer, as Mohammed had done in his flight between Mecca and Medina, the distance between the Egypt of his desire and the ancient Egypt that moved round him sharply impressed his mind, and the magnitude of his task settled heavily on his spirit.

"But it is the beginning—the beginning," he said aloud to himself, looking out upon the green expanses of dourra and lucerne, and eying lovingly the cotton-fields here and there—the beginning of the industrial movement he foresaw—"and some one had to begin. The rest is as it must be—"

There was a touch of Oriental philosophy in his mind—was it not Galilee and the Nazarene, that Oriental source from which Mohammed also drew? But he added to the "as it must be," the words, "and as God wills!"

He was alone in the compartment with Lacey, whose natural garrulity had had a severe discipline in the months that had passed since he had asked to be allowed to black David's boots! He could now sit for an hour silent, talking to himself, carrying on unheard conversations. Seeing David's mood, he had not spoken twice on this journey, but had made notes in a little "Book of Experience"—as once he had done in Mexico. At last, however, he raised his head, and looked eagerly out of the window as David did, and sniffed.

"The Nile again," he said, and smiled. The attraction of the Nile was upon him, as it grows on every one who lives in Egypt. The Nile and Egypt—Egypt and the Nile—its mystery, its greatness, its benevolence, its life-giving power, without which Egypt is as Sahara, it conquers the mind of every man at last.

"The Nile, yes," rejoined David, and smiled also. "We shall cross it presently."

Again they relapsed into silence, broken only by the *clang, clang* of the metal on the rails, and then presently another, more hollow sound—the engine was upon the bridge. Lacey got up and put his head out of the window. Suddenly there was a cry—a cry of fear and horror over his head, a warning voice shrieking:

"The bridge is open—we are lost. Effendi—master—Allah!" It was the voice of Mohammed, who had been perched on the roof of the car.

Like lightning Lacey realized the danger, and saw the only way of escape. He swung open the door, even as the engine touched the edge of the abyss and shrieked its complaint under the hand of the terror-stricken driver, caught David's shoulder, and cried: "Jump—jump into the river—quick—God!"

As the engine toppled, David jumped—there was no time to think—obedience was the only way. After him sprang, far down into the gray-blue water, Lacey and Mohammed. When they came again to the surface, the little train with its handful of human freight had disappeared.

Two people had seen the train plunge to destruction—the solitary horseman whom David had watched kneel upon his sheepskin, and who now from a far hill had seen the disaster—but had not seen the three jump for their lives—and a fisherman on the bank, who ran crying towards a village standing back from the river.

As the fisherman sped shrieking and beckoning to the villagers, David, Lacey, and Mohammed fought for their lives in the swift current, swimming at an angle up-stream towards the shore; for, as Mohammed shouted to them, there were rocks below. Lacey was a good swimmer, but he was heavy, and David was a better, but Mohammed had proved his merit in the past on many an oc-

casion when the laws of the river were reaching out strong hands for him. Now, as Mohammed swam, he kept moaning to himself, cursing his father and his father's son, as though he himself were to blame for the crime which had been committed. Here was a plot, and he had discovered more plots than one against his master. The bridge-opener—when he found him, he would take him into the desert and flay him alive; and find him he would. His wrathful eyes were on the hut by the bridge where this man should be. No one was visible. He cursed the man and all his ancestry and all his posterity, sleeping and waking, until the day when he, Mohammed, would pinch his flesh with red-hot irons. But now he had other and nearer things to occupy him —in the fierce struggle towards the shore Lacey found himself failing, and falling down the stream. Presently both Mohammed and David were beside him, Lacey angrily protesting to David that he must save himself.

"Say, it's Egypt—think of Egypt and all the rest. You've got to save yourself—let me splash along!" he spluttered, breathing hard, his shoulders low in the water, his mouth almost submerged.

But David and Mohammed fought along beside him, each determined that it must be all or none; and presently the terror-stricken fisherman who had roused the village, still shrieking deliriously, came upon them in a flat-bottomed boat manned by four stalwart fellaheen, and the tragedy of the bridge was over— But not the tragedy of Achmet "the ropemaker."

CHAPTER XIV

BEYOND THE PALE

MOHAMMED HASSAN had vowed a vow in the river, and he kept it in so far as was seemly. His soul hungered for the face of the bridge-opener, and the hunger grew. He was scarce passed from the shivering Nile into a dry yelek, had hardly taken a juicy piece from the cooking-pot at the house of the village sheikh, before he began to make friends who could help him, even the sheikh himself; for what money Mohammed lacked, Lacey, who had a profound confidence in him, supplied—and later the fiercely indignant Prince Kaïd himself, to whom Lacey and Mohammed went secretly, hiding the thing from David. So there were a score of villages where every sheikh, eager for gold, listened for the whisper of the doorways, and every slave and villager listened at the sheikh's door. But neither to sheikh nor to villager was it given to find the man.

One evening there came a knocking at the door of the house which Mohammed still kept in the lowest Moslem quarter of the town—a woman who hid her face, and was of more graceful figure than frequented those dark purlieus. The door was at once opened, and Mohammed, with a cry, drew her inside.

"Zaida—the peace of God be upon thee," he said, and stared lovingly yet sadly upon her, for she had so much changed.

"And upon thee peace, Mohammed," she answered, and sat upon the floor, her head upon her breast.

"Thou hast trouble—eat," he said, and put some cakes of dourra and a meated cucumber beside her.

She touched the food with her fingers, but did not eat.

"Is thy grief, then, for thy prince who gave himself to the lions?" he asked.

"*Inshallah!* Harrik is in the bosom of Allah. He is with Fatima in the fields of heaven—was I as Fatima to him? Nay, the dead have done with hurting!"

"Since that night thou hast been lost—even since Harrik went. I searched for thee, but thou wert hid. Surely, thou knewest mine eyes were aching and my heart cast down—did not thou and I feed at the same breast?"

"I was dead, and am come forth from the grave; but I shall go again into dark where all shall forget, even I myself; but there is that which I would do, which thou must do for me, even as I have done good and shall do good to thee — that which is the desire of my heart."

"Speak, light of the morning and blessing of thy mother's soul," he said, and crowded into his mouth a roll of meat and cucumber. "Against thy ardab shall be set my date-tree—it hath been so ever."

"Listen, then, and by the stone of the Kaaba, keep the faith which has been thine and mine since my mother, dying, gave me to thy mother, whose milk gave me health and, in my youth, beauty—and in my youth beauty!" She buried her face for a moment in her veil, and her body shook with sobs which had no voice.

Presently she continued: "Listen, and by Abraham and Christ and all the Prophets, and by Mahomet the true revealer, give me thine aid but this once more. When Harrik gave his life to the lions, I fled to her whom I had loved in the house of Kaïd—Laka the Syrian, afterwards the wife of Achmet 'the rope-maker.' By Harrik's death I was free—no more a slave. Once Laka had been the joy of Achmet's heart, but, because she had no child, she was despised and forgotten. Was it not meet I should fly to her whose sorrow would hide my loneliness? And so it was—I was hidden in the harem of Achmet. But miserable tongues—may God wither them!—told Achmet of my presence. And though I was free and not a bondswoman, he broke upon my sleep. . . ."

Mohammed's eyes blazed, his dark skin blackened like a coal, and he muttered maledictions between his teeth.

". . . In the morning there was a horror upon me, for which there is no name. But I laughed also when I took a dagger and stole from the harem to find him in the quarters beyond the women's gate. I found him, but I held my hand, for one was with him who spake with a tongue of anger and death, and I listened. Then, indeed, I rejoiced for thee, for I have found thee a road to honor and fortune. The man was a bridge-opener—"

"Ah —! O, light of a thousand eyes, fruit of the tree of Eden!" cried Mohammed, and fell on his knees at her feet, and would have kissed them, but that, with a cry, she said, "Nay—nay, touch me not—I am accursed. But listen. . . . Ay, it was Achmet who sought to drown thy Pasha in the Nile. Thou shalt find the man in the little street called Singat in the Moosky, at the house of Zaleel the date-seller."

Mohammed rocked backwards and forwards in his delight. "Oh, now art thou like a lamp of Paradise, even as a star which leadeth an army of stars, beloved," he said. He rubbed his hands together. "Thy witness and his shall send Achmet to a hell of scorpions, and I shall slay the bridge-opener with my own hand—hath not the Effendina secretly said so to me, knowing that my Pasha, the Inglesi, upon whom be peace forever and forever, would forgive him. Ah, thou blossom of the tree of trees—"

She rose hastily, and when he would have kissed her hand, even as he would have kissed the hand of a man, she drew back to the wall. "Touch me not—nay, then, Mohammed, touch me not—"

"Why should I not pay thee honor, thou princess among women! Hast thou not the brain of a man, and thy beauty, like thy heart, is it not—"

She put out both her hands and spoke sharply. "Enough, my brother," she said. "Thou hast thy way to great honor—thou shalt yet have a thousand ardabs of well-watered land and slaves to wait on thee. Get thee to the house of Zaleel. There shall the blow fall on the head of Achmet, the blow which was mine to strike, but that Allah stayed my hand that I might do thee and thy Pasha good, and to give the soul-slayer and the body-slayer into the hands of Kaïd—upon whom be everlasting peace!" Her voice dropped low. "Thou saidst but now that I have beauty. Is there yet any beauty in my face?" She lowered the yashmak and looked at him with burning eyes.

"Thou art altogether beautiful," he answered, "but there is a strangeness to thy beauty like none I have seen, as if upon the face of an angel there fell a mist—I have not words to make it plain to thee."

With a great sigh, and yet with the tenseness gone from her eyes, she slowly drew the veil up again till only her eyes were visible. "It is well," she answered. "Now, I have heard that to-morrow night Prince Kaïd will sit in the small courtyard of the blue tiles by the harem, to feast with his friends, ere the army goes into the desert at the next sunrise. Achmet is bidden to the feast."

"It is so, O beloved!"

"There will be dancers and singers to make the feast worthy?"

"At such a time it will be so."

"Then this thou shalt do. See to it that I shall be among the singers, and when all have danced and sung, that I shall sing, and be brought before Kaïd."

"*Inshallah!* It shall be so. Thou dost desire to see Kaïd—in truth, thou hast memory, beloved!"

She made a gesture of despair. "Go upon thy business. Dost thou not desire the blood of Achmet and the bridge-opener?"

Mohammed laughed, and joyfully beat his breast, with whispered exclamations, and made ready to go. "And thou?" he asked.

"Am I not welcome here?" she replied, wearily.

"O, my sister, thou art the master of my life and all that I have," he exclaimed, and a moment afterwards he was speeding towards the Palace.

For the first time since the day of his banishment, Achmet the ropemaker was invited to the Palace. Coming, he was received with careless consideration by the Prince. Behind his long, harsh face and sullen eyes a devil was raging, because of all his plans that had gone awry, and because the man he had sought to kill still served the Effendina, putting a blight upon Egypt. To-morrow he, Achmet, must go into the desert with the army, and this hated Inglesi would remain behind to have his will with Kaïd and with Egypt. The one drop of comfort in his cup was the fact that the displeasure of the Effendina was removed, and that he had, therefore, his foot once more inside the Palace, and felt the old air of obsequiousness and cringing about him. When he came back from the war he would win his way to power again. Meanwhile, he cursed the man who had eluded the death he had prepared for him. With his own eyes had he not seen from a hilltop the train plunge to destruction, and had he not once more got off his horse and knelt upon his sheepskin and given thanks to Allah—a devout Arab obeying the sunset call to prayer, as David had observed from the train?

One by one, two by two, group by group, the unveiled dancers came and went; the singers sang behind the screen provided for them, so that none might see their faces, after the custom; until at last Kaïd and his guests grew listless, and smoked and talked idly, though there was in the eyes of Kaïd a watchfulness unseen by any save a fellah who squatted in a corner eating sweetmeats, and a hidden singer who waited long until she should be called before the Prince Pasha. Her glances continually flashed between Kaïd and Achmet. At last with gleaming eyes she saw six Nubian slaves steal silently behind Achmet. One, also, of great strength came suddenly and stood before him. In his hands was a leathern thong.

Achmet saw, felt the presence of the slaves behind him, and shrank back numbed and appalled. A mist came before his eyes; the voice he heard summoning him to stand up seemed to come from infinite distances. The hand of doom had fallen like a thunderbolt. The leathern thong in the hands of the slave was the token of instant death. There was no chance of escape. The Nubians had him at their mercy. As his brain struggled to regain its understanding, he saw, as in a dream, David enter the courtyard and come towards Kaïd.

Suddenly David stopped in amazement, seeing Achmet. Inquiringly he looked at Kaïd, who spoke earnestly to him in a low tone. Whereupon David turned his head away, but after a moment fixed his eyes on Achmet.

Kaïd motioned all his startled guests to come nearer. Then in a strong, unmerciful voice he laid Achmet's crime before them, and told the story of the bridge-opener, who had that day expiated his crime in the desert by the hands of Mohammed—but not with torture, as Mohammed had hoped.

"What shall be his punishment—so foul, so wolfish?" Kaïd asked of them all. A dozen voices answered, some one thing, some another, but most inclined to mutilation of hands and feet, and then, half-buried in the sand of the desert, to be eaten by ants.

"Mercy!" moaned Achmet, aghast. "Mercy, saadat-el-Pasha!" he said to David.

David looked at him calmly. There



Drawn by Andre Castaigne Half-tone plate engraved by L. C. Faber

THE FEAST IN THE COURTYARD BY THE HAREM

was little mercy in his eyes, as he answered: "Thy crimes sent to their death in the Nile those who never injured thee. I forgive thee for what thou didst plot against my life—of little value, yet God has saved it from thee. Dost thou quarrel with justice? Compose thy soul, and I pray only the Effendina to give thee that seemly death thou didst deny to others, thy victims." He bowed respectfully to Kaïd.

Kaïd frowned. "The ways of Egypt are the ways of Egypt, and not of the land once thine," he answered, shortly. Then, under the spell of that influence he had never yet been able to resist successfully, he added to the slaves: "Take him aside. I will think upon it. . . . But he shall die at sunrise ere the army goes. Shall not justice be the gift of Kaïd for an example and a warning? . . . Take him away a little. I will decide."

As Achmet and the slaves disappeared into a dark corner of the courtyard, Kaïd rose to his feet, and, upon the hint, his guests, murmuring praises of his justice and his mercy and his wisdom, one by one slowly melted from the courtyard; but once outside, hastened to carry the tale to the four quarters of Cairo, and to proclaim how yet again the English Pasha had picked from the Tree of Life an apple of fortune.

The courtyard was now empty, save for the servants of the Prince, David and Mohammed, and two officers in whom David had advised Kaïd to put trust. This had been part of his task—to surround the Prince with those who were not self-seekers, of whom the poor spoke well, whose loyalty was part of their characters. Presently one of these officers said: "There is another singer, and the last. Is it the Effendina's pleasure that she be heard?"

Kaïd made a gesture of assent, sat down, and took the stem of a narghile between his lips. For a moment there was silence, and then out upon the sweet, perfumed night, over which the stars hung brilliant and soft and languorous, a voice at first quietly, then fully, and palpitating with feeling, poured forth an Eastern love-song:

Take thou thy flight, O soul, that hast no more
The gladness of the morning! Ah, the perfumed roses
My love laid on my bosom as I slept!
How did he wake me with his lips upon mine eyes,
How did the singers carol—the singers of my soul,
That nest among the thoughts of my beloved! . . .
All silent now, the choruses are gone,
The windows of my soul are closed, no more
Mine eyes look out to see my lover come.
There is no more to do, no more to say:
Take flight, my soul, my love no more returns!

At the first note Kaïd started, and his eyes fastened upon the screen behind which sat the singer. Then, as the voice, in sweet anguish, filled the courtyard, entrancing them all, rose higher and higher, fell and died away, he got to his feet, and called out hoarsely, "Come—come forth!"

Slowly a graceful veiled figure came from behind the great screen. He took a step forward.

"Zaida! Zaida!" he said, gently, amazedly.

She salaamed low. "Forgive me, O my lord," she said, in a whispering voice, drawing her veil over her face. "Before going hence it was my soul's desire to look upon thy face once more."

"Whither didst thou go at Harrik's death? I sent to find thee, and give thee safety—but thou wert gone, none knew at all."

"O my lord, what was I but a mote in thy sun, that thou shouldst seek me?"

Kaïd's eyes fell, and he murmured to himself a moment, then he said slowly: "Thou didst save Egypt, thou and my friend"—he gestured towards David—"and my life also, and all else that is worth. Therefore bounty, and safety, and all thy desires were thy due. Kaïd is no ingrate—no, by the hand of Moses that smote at Sinai!"

She made a pathetic motion of her hands. "By Harrik's death I am free, a slave no longer. O, my lord, where I go bounty and barrenness are the same."

Kaïd took a step forward. "Let me see thy face," he said, something strange in her tone moving him with awe.

She lowered her veil suddenly and looked him in the eyes. Her wan beauty smote him, conquered him, the exquisite

pain in her face filled the eyes that looked at her with wonder and foreboding, and pierced the heart of Kaïd. He reached out his arms passionately.

"O cursed day that saw thee leave these walls! I did it for thy good—thou wert so young, thy life was all before thee! But now—come, Zaida, here in Kaïd's palace thou shalt have a home, and be at peace, for I see that thou hast suffered. Surely it shall be said that Kaïd honors thee." He reached out to take her hand.

She had listened like one in a dream, but as he was about to touch her, she suddenly drew back, veiled her face, save for the eyes, and said in a voice of agony: "*Unclean! Unclean! My lord, I am a leper!*"

An awed and awful silence fell upon them all. Kaïd drew back as though smitten by a blow.

Presently upon the silence her voice sharp with agony said: "I am a leper, and I go to that desert place which my lord has set apart for lepers, where, dead to the world, I shall watch the dreadful years come and go. Behold, I would die, but that I have a sister there these many years, and her sick soul lives in a hell of loneliness. O my lord, forgive me. Here was I happy; here of old I did sing to thee, and I came to sing to thee once more a death-song—I am not selfless, but I have suffered, and the pains of hell have been upon me. Also, I came to see thee do justice, ere I went from thy face forever."

Kaïd's head was lowered on his breast. He shuddered. "Thou art so beautiful — thy voice — all! Speak! Thou wouldst see justice — speak! It shall be made plain before thee, though it cost me Egypt."

Twice she essayed to speak, and could not; but from his sweetmeats and the shadows Mohammed crept forward, kissed the ground before Kaïd, and said, "Effendina, thou knowest me as the servant of thy high servant, Claridge Pasha."

"I know thee—proceed."

"Behold, she whom God has smitten, man smote first. I am her foster-brother—from the same breast we drew life. Thou wouldst do justice, O Effendina. Canst thou do double justice—ay, a thousandfold? Then"—his voice raised almost shrilly—"then do it upon Achmet 'the ropemaker.' She—Zaida, told me where I should find the bridge-opener."

"Zaida once more!" Kaïd murmured.

"She had learned all in Achmet's harem—hearing speech between Achmet and the man whom thou didst deliver to my hands yesterday."

"Zaida—in Achmet's harem?" Kaïd turned upon her.

Swiftly she told her dreadful tale—how, after Achmet had murdered all of her except her body, she rose up to kill herself, but fainting, fell upon a burning brazier, and her hand accidentally thrust in the live coals felt no pain. "And behold, O my lord, I knew I was a leper; and I remembered my sister and lived on," she ended, in a voice numbed and tuneless.

Kaïd trembled with rage, and he cried in a loud voice, "Bring Achmet forth."

As a slave sped upon the errand, David laid a hand on Kaïd's arm, and whispered to him earnestly. Kaïd's savage frown cleared away, and his rage calmed down; but an inflexible look came into his face, a look which petrified the ruined Achmet as he salaamed before him.

"Know thy punishment, son of a dog with a dog's heart, and prepare for a daily death," said Kaïd. "This woman thou didst so foully wrong, even when thou didst wrong her, she was a leper."

A low cry broke from Achmet, for now when death came he must go unclean to the after-world, forbidden Allah's presence. Broken and abject he listened.

"She knew not—till thou wert gone," continued Kaïd. "She is innocent before the law. But thou—beast of the slime and brother of reptiles—hear thy sentence. There is in the far desert a place where lepers live. There, once a year, one caravan comes, and, at the outskirts of the place unclean, leaves food and needful things for another year, and returns again to Egypt after many days. From that place there is no escape—the desert is as the sea, and upon that sea there is no khiassa to sail to a farther shore. It is the leper land. Thither thou shalt go to wait upon this woman thou hast savagely wronged, and upon her kind, till thou diest. *Inshallah!* It shall be so."

"Mercy! Mercy!" Achmet, horror-stricken, turned to David. "Thou art merciful. Speak for me, saadat-el-Pasha."

"When didst thou have mercy?" said David, quietly. "Thy crimes are against humanity. Humanity gives judgment."

Kaïd made a motion, and, with dragging feet, Achmet the ropemaker passed from the haunts of familiar faces.

For a moment Kaïd stood and looked at Zaida, rigid and stricken in that awful isolation which is the leper's doom. Her eyes were closed, but her head was held high.

"Wilt thou not die?" Kaïd asked her, gently.

She shook her head slowly, and her hands folded on her breast. "My sister is there," she said at last.

For a moment all was still, and Kaïd added with a voice of grief: "Peace be upon thee, Zaida. Life is but a spark. If death comes not to-day, it will to-morrow, for thee—for me. *Inshallah!* Peace be upon thee!"

She opened her eyes and looked at him. At sight of what was in his face, they lighted with a great light for a moment.

"And upon thee peace, O my lord, forever and ever!" she said softly, and, turning, left the courtyard, followed at a distance by Mohammed Hassan.

For a moment Kaïd stood motionless looking after her.

There came to David's lips, as he looked at Kaïd, the words, "*He is not far from the kingdom of God!*" but he said, in a matter-of-fact voice, "The army at sunrise — thou wilt speak to it, Effendina?"

Kaïd roused himself. "What shall I speak?" he asked anxiously.

"Tell them they shall be clothed and fed, and to every man or his family a hundred piastres at the end."

"Who will do this?" asked Kaïd, incredulously.

"Thou, Effendina—Egypt and thou—and I."

"So be it," answered Kaïd.

As they left the courtyard, Kaïd said suddenly to an officer behind him: "The caravan to the Place of Lepers—add to the stores fifty camel-loads this year, and each year hereafter. Have heed to it. Ere it starts, come to me. I would see all with mine own eyes."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Romance

BY CHARLES BUXTON GOING

THE moonlight is a silver sea
  Where shadow ships at anchor ride,
And on the wind there seems to be
  A rhythmic murmur, far and wide;
As if the heaving ocean still
  Raised toward his white love in the sky
A following tide of dreams, that fill
  The slumbering forest with their sigh.

All quiet lie the shadow ships
  Athwart the silver sea of night;
Its waveless flood around them slips,
  A star their only riding light.
For so, where all alone she rides,
  The Moon recalls her love, the Sea;
And all her dreams are glistening tides
  Mysterious with his melody.

The White Squall

BY LAWRENCE MOTT

THE Straits of Belle-Isle were smooth and still, save for the long, slow heave and fall of a sullen ground-swell. Newfoundland stood out of the waters, a faint, dim green mass, and Labrador showed cold and low on the western horizon.

"Ain't it hot?" The skipper drew the back of a slimy hand across his face.

"'Tis warm, zure!" Jack Ellison answered, hauling away at one of the hand-lines. The boat drifted evenly across the fishing-grounds, moved by a tiny breeze from the south.

"Blast un, *dog!*" the fisherman growled, recognizing the short jerks as the fish came up out of the greater pressure of deep water. It was. He brought the vicious slim body on with a heave, leaned down, caught the ugly snout, and bent it at an angle.

"Thar, blast ye, swim!"

Swim the robber, the devastator of the cod-banks, did, its snout causing ripples to twinkle away in the sunlight. Round and round it went, getting weaker; then it barely moved; a flop, and its white belly gleamed on the surface.

"Sarv' un right!" Ellison grunted, feeling his array of lines. The skipper watched it all, perched on the tiller.

"Aye, Jack, he's got it this cruise!" He yanked one hand then, and pulled lustily. "No dogfish this!"

Throwing a little jet of water as it sang over the low rail, the line piled aboard, coiling at the skipper's feet.

"Got 'un too!" the big fisherman shouted, pulling in with great swings of his arms.

"Bet my 'un's bigger'n your 'un—bet ye a chaw!"

"I take it, ye lubber! Heave-ho together!" Their bended backs swayed rhythmically.

"Thar's a *cod!*" the skipper said with great satisfaction, a huge fish at his feet, its mouth feelers twitching and trembling.

"I'm be a-comin'!" the other grunted, heaving with all his strength, the line eating into the wood.

B-s-s-st—b-s-s-st—b-s-s-s-s-st! It sounded like a saw going through damp cedar. He reached over, fumbling in the water, and straightened up with an effort.

"'Tis a foine 'un!"

Gasping, the monster cod rolled its great eyes, dying on the stone ballast.

"Jehu! It are that!"

The skipper handed over his black plug. "Ye've won, Jack; snip her off!"

Ellison hitched his oilskin trousers before he claimed his winnings, and washed his mouth in sea water, for the taste of tobacco was very scarce between the two, and neither knew when they should be able to get more. He took the plug gingerly then, and turned it over and over in his big, black-haired hand, eyes agleam with anticipation. With lips parted eagerly, he put the tobacco between them and sank his white teeth into it.

"Don't suck the molasses out o' the rest!" the skipper admonished.

Ellison stowed the chew 'way back in his upper jaw and mouthed it ecstatically.

"Voine!" he muttered—"voine!"

The skipper looked at the piece that was left.

"It and t'other bit was all I saved—that night!" and his eyes were sad, looking over the long, rolling distances. "When am I a-goin' ter git back to my kiddies?" he groaned, softly,—"when?"

Ellison dropped the lines and put his hand on the other's shoulder.

"'Twon't be long afore 'un o' th' Bank fleet 'll be in th' Straits; I'll put ye aboard un, man, niver fear!"

The gaunt American, his face furrowed and seamed with care and bitter heartaches, looked up.

"Yer a good man, Jack Ellison; ye and yer woman hev bin kyind to a Capting widout ship nor money, an' I'm damned proud ter be able to help ye fish! Ah,

but, lad"—the deep-set eyes glistened—"ye don't know what it is to lose a good ship! A grand craft she was, God bless her timbers! an's carried me through many a gale an' tight corner; stancher'n South Church in Bosting, truer'n a man's wife, she's been to me; allus was ready when I axed her to keep her clo'es on in a big gale, fur th' sake of high prices, an' I'd give her a new coat o' paint fur't, an' a brand-clean top-hamper outfit, gaskets an' bonnets too. She knew it, darlin' old *Susan J.* Th' thousands o' miles I've seen pass under her bottom, that was allus clean an' bright; th' pounds an' pounds o' cod she's tuk into T. Wharf, an' I, God help me! lost me bearin's that night becos o' th' tide, an' cast her away!" The thin lips quivered at the memory and the broad shoulders trembled.

"Le' me talk; it's comfortin'," he said when the other tried to soothe. "Cast her away, the best o' the fleet; that could show a shinin' stern t' th' whul' crowd, an' was willin' allus when I said th' word." He stood up. "An' ye, ye damned ocean, thet hev give me money fur t' wife an' kiddies fur years an' years, hev done me dirt at last! I'll square wi' ye fur it! Jack here cheated ye onct out'n my life, an' I'll cheat ye out'n it allus, God curse ye!"

"'S-sht, man, don' na go on like that! 'tis sacrileegious zure!" The simple mind of the Labrador fisherman was aghast.

"Don't you tell me not to go on!" The skipper's face was livid with fury. "Wait till *yer* wife an' young 'un hev everythin' took by th' sea, an' mabbe you, Jack Ellison, won't dare to stand up like a man to my face, an' say that y' don't curse it as I do!"

The other hove in meditatively, and snapped another cod into the fish-hole. He baited with unconscious care and watched the gleaming bit sink under the still waters. They worked their lines in silence then; pulling in, unhooking, baiting, and casting out; the great leads striking with *phflu-utts,* and little spots on the calm where bubbles rose for an instant.

Heave and fall, heave and fall; ever the monotonous surge passed under them, wavelets running away from her clinker-boards as the boat settled in the long valleys of green. As far as the eye could reach was that same irresistibly moving undulation. The ropes on the stocky masts rattled and slatted, and the rudder squeaked in its socket, swashing about forlornly. Over it all a strangely hot sun, that threatened wind by its torpid glare.

Now and then the skipper's face turned to the north, and he sniffed suspiciously. "Ef I was on the *Susan J.,* I'd order a sharp lookout t' th' nor'ard!" he volunteered. Ellison yanked in a cod before he answered. Then he too stared at the northern horizon.

Bleary and vague it looked, the rise and drop of the waters seeming to wash the skies.

"I guess un's nawthin' but un puff, mabbe—most—likely!"

Johnson's eyes twinkled.

"A' right, Jack! Yer in command!"

They fished on, the tattoo of dying cods' tails sounding muffled in the hole.

A breeze ruffled the surface, stirring the hair on the capless heads. The skipper sniffed again when the chill went through him, but he was silent; pulling in, baiting, and throwing out regularly.

A stronger puff came, crinkling the waters, forcing the boat sideways, the eddies of her passage boiling silently to windward. The skipper looked at Ellison. He was busy hauling.

"Might keep an eye out," he suggested, dropping a lead over, the line murmuring through his fingers.

"Wi' sich luck a' thiss, we'll stay!" the fisherman answered, tugging at another line.

"A' right, lad; *yer in command!*" The skipper's eyes were fixed to the north. When he hauled in he threw his cod into the hole by instinct, watching the skies.

They seemed to rise then, a gap between them and the long dead roll. Out of the wastes a faint, indistinct mass of cloud appeared, forming ranks that spread across the entire north.

"See that?" Johnson asked.

"Aye, I see un; t' fish is comin' fast! We'll make t' best of un afore t' wind strikes!"

The skipper grinned, turning his face from the other.

"It don't make no matter to me—

now!" he whispered. With the last word a great sorrow dropped into his eyes.

"Keelhaul ye!" he hissed at the waters, "yer a-goin' ter try ter catch me agin! Consarn ye, come on; I'm a-waitin'!"

Whe-e-e! A heavy blow sang through the ropes, and the breasts of the long swells were deeply ruffled. Ellison got in two fish at once—big ones. He hove out again, peering at the clouds.

"Yer a mite kearless, lad, fur t' sake of cod! Thar's other days a-comin'!"

"Niver had no sich un luck afore!" Jack whispered in exultation, dragging another cod aboard.

"Mind yerself, that's all!" the skipper warned, tossing a fish from his line among the others.

From the long swells the waves rose as if by magic, creating new lengths, with the old ones as foundations. The sun shone yet, decking the white crisplets on the seas with scintillating points. The blow passed. An even murmur whispered all about the two men. Faster and faster the clouds moved up the heavens, great masses crowding on behind. The first of them reached the sun, obscuring it instantly; the air was raw and damp, clammy with the promise of big wind. Regretfully Ellison took in one more cod.

"'Tis un shame fer to—"

"Hark, man! Listen!" the skipper interrupted, leaping to his feet, eyes alert, nostrils quivering.

From afar to the north'ard came a moaning, rushing sound, that grew louder and vibrated on the air.

"Ye fool!" Johnson shouted, seeing the pallor of the other's face. "Don't ye know what's comin'? *'Tis a white squall.*"

He took command naturally.

"To hell with those lines!"—as Ellison tried to pull them in—"'less ye want to swim! Get out that grating quick's ye kin, make yer hands work—there; now lash those sweeps to it! There! man, look alive; she's a-comin' *vicious!*" casting his eyes to the north.

The water-line was one unbroken stretch of white where the blue-black clouds parted from it, and a faint roar drifted down to them. The big fisherman obeyed, scarcely realizing that he did so. Johnson glanced over the stubby boat. "Make *that* fast to the bunch!" seeing a long light log that was aboard for wood in the little stove. Working desperately now, the enthusiasm of being told what to do by a man he trusted urging him on, Ellison made fast the lot. "Over with it, and eight fathom an' yer line! Move lively, Jack, dang ye! I don't want to be ketched asleep by *that!*" nodding towards the roar, that now seemed to thrumble in their ears. The skipper, while the other slaved, took half-hitches here and there, drawing the halliards tight and grunting as he got an extra turn on them. The breeze fell then, and a breathlessness was around.

"An' you a Labradorian!" Johnson said, mockery in his voice. "Takes us Bankers ter tell ye 'bout yer own— Hold fast!" he yelled.

With a downward rush and a scream, the wind struck them, the foam of the first rush pouring over their low sides. The boat tightened on her drag-anchor and labored heavily.

"She's a terror, no mistake!" the skipper shouted, climbing into his oilskins. Ellison had his on, and clung to the forethwart, anxiety in his eyes.

The seas had not as yet reached their full proportions; they banged at the craft with short snarlings and hissings of spray. Driven like snow, their peaks vanished to leeward, and the surface everywhere was one long lather of straight-flying spume. Johnson unshipped the tiller, and motioned to Ellison to come aft. They sat together, well astern, to lift the bows, watching the growth of the coamers.

"What were ye a-thinkin' of, not sayin' nawthin' when ye seed the wind shift into t' north'ard so suddint!" Johnson yelled at the other.

"Niver knaw un ter do this afore in t' Straits!"

"Straits or no Straits, ye want ter ke'p an eye on th' damned ocean! We'll be cussed lucky ef we gits outer this!—By gravvy! bail, man; come on, hustle! A couple more o' them 'll send us under!"

A towering crest broke inboard as he shouted. It swish-swashed coldly among the cod and the stone ballast.

A lumbering bait-can in his grip, Ellison got to work, bracing his feet on the

narrow deck-stanchions. Johnson found a big dipper—a steady stream came from his compartment.

Br-um-p! Bang—swi-i-i-ish—z-zp! A foot more in the hold; the cod floated now.

"Move lively, ye lubber!" The skipper's arms moved like parts of a machine. A scoop, a thrust, a lift, and a full stream over the side. His body swung with the pitching gracefully. Ellison struggled, but with all his great strength he could not keep up to the other.

"No use, Jack! Out ballast!" Johnson hove the stones by the board rapidly, their splash unnoticed in the howling noises of the squall. They got them all out, and shipped much less water for nearly an hour.

"It's wusser!" the skipper bellowed. Ellison nodded, fascinated by the frightful seas, accustomed as he was to wild days and nights on the coast. They waited some time longer; then the nasty *plash—plash—gr-r-rs-sh* warned them that the water was gaining too fast under their feet. They bailed again, the cod knocking about their legs, getting in their way.

"Drop, man, fur God's—" the rest of the skipper's sentence was strangled in his throat as a whirling sea buried the bows, its crest swa-ashing over them with a muffled *Br-o-oom,* leaving the boat nearly half full.

"Out wi' th' cod, quick!" Johnson thundered.

Ellison hesitated.

"Gol dang ye! ye fool, d'ye want to be stowed away in Davy Jones' locker?" Johnson screamed with rage.

The big fisherman stuck his fingers through the gills of a twenty-pound cod and hove it overboard, a tight feeling at his heart, for times had been hard and fish scarce since he lost Joe and the big boat on the trip for the doctor.

One by one the great fish dropped into the boiling seas, their white forms visible for an instant in the gray light. Two hundred and seventy-nine went back to their element, though dead, unable to appreciate their liberty.

By dint of aching muscles that worked only by force of will and danger, they got the boat nearly dry, and squatted together again aft.

"Was it wuth fishin' so late fur? We might 'a' been comfurable ashore now, 'stead o' prayin' ter God ter save us out here!"

Ellison did not answer. His huge hands were clenched, and Johnson could see his lips moving.

All the afternoon they backed slowly down the strait, the gale tearing, the seas dashing at them. From time to time they bailed, but now that the ballast and cod were gone, the chubby boat lifted more easily to the giant waves; settled with far less plunging in the deep hollows.

Night found them, cold and hungry, drifting on.

Of a sudden the wind slackened; in two hours but a light breeze was left of the blow.

"That's the way the danged north'ard squalls go!" the skipper grumbled, stretching himself, aching and stiff.

"Zure we're lucky!" Ellison murmured, half asleep.

"Turn to, man! Git yer drag aboard an' let's git sail on fur Forteau! Gol dang it! we must be thirty mile down!" Johnson stared into the quiet darkness, balancing easily as the great remnants of the blow lifted the boat and let it fall with easy motion. Ellison got in the grating, the sweep, and the log. Between them the two men hoisted the puny jib, settled the foresail in place, and stretched the mainsail to its fullest capacity.

"Take us five hours or more, I'll bet!" the skipper muttered, "all fur blasted cod that we ain't got!"

They sailed in silence, the breeze holding on gently.

Stars twinkled into sight, sparkling; no clouds anywhere in the deep-blue night skies.

"Ye've zaved me loife agin; I'm powerful obliged, Cap'n!" There was a catch in Ellison's voice and a tremor.

Johnson, curled up in the stern-sheets, tiller stowed under his arm, smiled grimly in the darkness.

"Say no more, Jack; I'm one ahead o' ye now; but, lad, ye sh'uld ha' knowed what was a-comin'!"

"Knows I oughter," the fisherman answered, slowly. "Wass more fur haulin' cod, I z'pose!"

The skipper chuckled, his shoulders tossing slightly: "Don't ye be too greedy when th' weather gi'es ye fair warnin'!

Ye was owner o' this craft, an' I warn't a-goin' to say *when,* till she got beyond ye!"

A soft chill stillness on the waters, the weakening breeze pushing them on. Ellison dozed; Johnson almost slept, waking with jerks of his head whenever he felt the boat keeping away from her course.

"It 'll be dom lonely t' Forteau wi'out ye!" Jack's deep voice, deeper than ever because of his sleepiness, rumbled aft.

"Wait till I gets away, lad—wait; mabbe"—the skipper's voice shook—"God knows when I— What's that?" He was wide awake, standing on the stern-thwart. The other stared through the blackness.

Far off, apparently at the upper end of the Strait, three lights—a red and a green and above them a white—blinked and vanished, then appeared again.

"'Tis un wessel!" Ellison announced.

"Aye, man, so I kin see, but what kind o' ship?"

Steadily the lights bore down on them, the masthead gleam rayonning in the night.

"'Bout ship, Jack!" Johnson called, his tones thrilling with hope. "Yon's a Banker, I know! 'Bout ship, ye lubber! an' I'll cross her bows fur home. Fur home an' th' kiddies!" he whispered, hauling in on the main-sheet as he jammed the tiller hard over. "Trim her flat 's she'll go!"

"Aye!" the fisherman answered, coiling the sheet-ropes at his feet, a sadness in his words,—"aye!"

Humoring the slightest whim of the wind, the skipper got the best out of the broad-beamed craft, and crept athwart-course to the oncoming lights; watching them, lips apart, eyes straining to gauge the chances of intercepting the ship.

Lap—lap—lap—g-r-r-rgle; the waters parted under the squat bows heavily. The skipper licked his lips in anguish.

"We're goin' ter miss her, Jack, onless we make a light! Ha' ye got a match fur th' lantern?"

Ellison fumbled under his oilskins and felt a damp box. "Cap'en, won't ye stay along o' me? I canna fush alone, an' t' wife an' boy'll hev hard times t' winter 'less I'm ter find some 'un to fush along o' me." The voice was husky with emotion. Johnson watched the red and green and white lights swinging on before he answered.

"I've saved ye twict!" he said, solemnly, "an' I axes ye is't fair dealin's, when *my* missus an' kiddies is 'broke' ter home in Bosting?"

Softly whistling, gently pushing, the wind carried through the awkward sails, while the waters gurgled and *sip-sip-ed* against the sides.

Ellison stiffened in his wet clothes.

"Naw, zor, 'tis na fair!" he mumbled, and began striking the matches on the under coaming of the narrow deck. The first one spluttered, flared—went out.

"Steady, Jack, fur God's sake!" Johnson murmured, his eyes on the passing lights. Match after match then proved wet and useless. The skipper's face dripped with the sweat of agony. "She's maybe the last through this winter!" he sobbed, dry-eyed, staring at the red light now, the only one visible.

"T'ere's 'un match left, Cap'en, *da's all!*" The skipper moistened his lips again.

"Ha' ye got th' lantern ready?"

"Yiss!"

"Give *me* th' match!"

Faces near together, the skipper saw the pain in the other's eyes at his words.

"Strike it, *you!*" he said, quietly.

Once—twice, the fisherman drew the bit of pine across the wood. No result. He undid his oilskin trousers then, and his rough suit afterwards. Ps-sht! when he pulled the match head against his coarse flannels it flamed up, died away to a tiny flicker as he put it to the wick.

"Thank God!"

The skipper cried out in his joy as the oil caught, and a broad yellow beam of light came through the glass. He seized the lantern and leaped into the frail rigging, worming his way up. Twice a circle to the left, twice a circle to the right, then three up-and-down dips (the signal of a doryman adrift).

Ellison watched, fascinated. The red light kept on for a few moments. Johnson breathed hard in suspense.

"They'd oughter know that signal!" he gasped. "She sees us!" he shouted then, as the green light and the white came into view. He slid to the bottom and threw his arms about Ellison's neck.

"Yer match ha' saved my missus an'



Drawn by George Harding

ONE BY ONE THE GREAT FISH DROPPED INTO THE BOILING SEAS



Drawn by George Harding

"CAPTING SAM JOHNSON, TER COME ABOARD!" THE SKIPPER SHOUTED

kiddies this cruise, Jack, an' Sam Johnson don't furgit."

He held the lantern high, waving it now and then.

Her bows whispering foam, the schooner bore down on them, all sails set, a ghostlike vision of canvas in the starlight, leaning slightly to the gentle wind, moving gracefully to the sea.

"Ahoy! Who do ye belong to, an' what d'ye want?" came a gruff, powerful voice.

"Capting Sam Johnson, ter come aboard!" the skipper shouted.

"Luff—luff! Tail in on yer sheets, my buccos!" the voice shouted again.

With a swo-i-ish and a boiling at her stern the schooner hove to, a line of faces over her rail. The skipper put the fishing-boat alongside with a deft sweep of the tiller. A silence as he swarmed up the chain-plates, his feet clinking on the metal. Then an exclamation of surprise.

"Well, dod gast me fur a lobster ef it ain't—"

"Sim! oh, Sim! It's you? What luck, man, *what* luck!" Johnson said, hoarsely.

"Stow yer gab an' leggo me paw!" Hearty and wholesome were the tones. "Who's yer pal?" the skipper of the *Martha Lowe,* out of Gloucester, bound home heavy in cod, asked, seeing the boat, Ellison waiting.

"Th' man 'ut saved me when I lost the *Susan J.*"

"Hell an' blazes! that's too bad ye did! The missus comed to th' Wharf when I was sailin' an' axed me particular ter find out what 'ad becomed of ye! She's right mis'able, Sam, waitin' fur ye!"

"Jack, lad, wull ye come wi' us? I'll guarantee good pay, an' stand th' loss of yer boat!" Johnson called.

Ellison, holding on to the rope cast by one of the crew, looked up, tears in his eyes that glistened in the lantern's light.

"Naw, Cap'en, t'anks to ye! Mus' go back ter Forteau fur to look arter my woman"—he hesitated, a throb in his voice—"an' To'mie! Good luck to ye, Cap'en! You an' me's paid up now! T' God bless ye, Cap'en, an' yer no ta curse t' sea no more! 'T 'as been good ta you an' me *t'other* night, an' good to *you this* night, Cap'en! Do na curse no more! Goo'-by, Cap'en!"

The lone fisherman jumped to his sails, hauled the sheets trim and flat, his lantern showing dimly on his white face as his boat filled away from the schooner in the light wind.

"We're not square yit!" Johnson shouted, a lump in his throat, "not by a damn sight, Jack! I'll see you agin, lad!"

Faintly over the rolling waters came the answer: "Good luck, Cap'en! I'll be glad to see un when un coomes, an' t' boy'll be glad too! Goo'-by, Cap'en!"

The schooner fell off to her course for home, Johnson watching the glow of the fisherman's lantern till it vanished in the darkness of the sea.

Moonlight

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

O CLIMB with me, this April night,
The silver ladder of the moon!
All dew and danger and delight,—
Above the poplars soon,

Into the lilac-scented sky,
Shall mount her maiden horn,
Frail as a spirit to the eye—
O climb with me till morn.

The Art of Gari Melchers

BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

NESTLED among the dunes of North Holland is a primitive and picturesque little studio. The spot is lonely and isolated. On one side chafes a menacing sea; on the other are the quiet waters of a broad canal. Round about wave masses of tall reed grass; here and there is a stunted oak or pine, while above drift continually great, moist-laden clouds. Over the doorway of this small, low-browed structure you will find written in crude, resolute characters the motto "Wahr und Klar." It is many years since this device was first traced, yet those who have followed with increasing interest the rise of Gari Melchers still note with pleasure that the distinctive features of his art remain truth and clarity. Never, throughout a singularly productive and successful career, has he forgotten either of those simple words which have themselves so well withstood the change of season and the touch of time.

Despite the fact that he has resided so long at Egmond and has painted numerous pictures thereabout, Mr. Melchers is not, as many assume, a Hollander either by birth or direct descent, nor has he devoted his entire energies to depicting Dutch life and scene. It is America, and more specifically Detroit, which claims his allegiance, he having been born in the lakeside city some five-and-forty years ago. In point of unvarying placidity and uniform success few artistic careers can compare with that of Gari Melchers. From the outset there were no harsh parental objections, nor in after-days was there any period of romantic anguish or pathetic probation. The stimulus of poverty and the sting of jealous emulation were alike unnecessary to his development. That which particularly characterizes his progress has always been an instinctive consciousness of what he wished to do and the way it could best be accomplished. When, at the age of seventeen, the boy went abroad to study painting, the only stipulation his father made was that the youthful aspirant should not go to Paris. The enshrouding seclusion of Düsseldorf was deemed less pernicious, so the first three years of his apprenticeship were passed under the guidance of Von Gebhardt and other zealous apostles of precedent. Among his fellow pupils were Kampf, Vogel, and Hans Hermann, and while manifestly a promising student, the young American gave no evidence of unusual ability.

Matters were different, however, when, thoroughly grounded in the elements of draughtsmanship and painting, Mr. Melchers, at twenty, decided to complete his training in Paris. Taking no marked pains to acquaint the family of his movements, he quietly entered the Academy Julian. Wholly unawares the admirable janitor of French art had opened his doors to a remarkable newcomer who, in response to the tonic atmosphere of the capital, soon made his presence felt. His studies were regarded as little short of phenomenal, and both under Boulanger and Lefèbvre, and later at the Beaux Arts, his advance can best be measured by the rapidity with which he outdistanced his classmates. They were picturesque and diverting days, those early eighties when Gari Melchers frequented the Paris ateliers. The American girl had not yet broken down the barriers of the Quarter and complacently seated herself beside the youth of her own and other lands. That traditional gayety which has since fluttered away before her rumpled skirt and spotted apron was still at its height. If Mr. Melchers and his contemporaries dwell with a certain fragrance upon this period it is possibly because they have more to recall than recent students—or is it merely the enchantment of a more extended perspective?



PORTRAIT OF MRS. GARI MELCHERS



"THE MAN WITH THE CLOAK"
The National Gallery, Rome

Between terms there were, of course, numerous innocuous escapades, notably a trip with two atelier companions to Naples *viâ* Marseilles, when spirits ran so high and funds so low that the three were obliged to resort to the most grotesque expedients in order to complete their journey, but for the most part the artist from overseas felt drawn toward more serious matters. It is with particular pleasure, almost reverence, that he looks back upon a long friendship with Puvis de Chavannes and to certain Tuesday evenings spent in the unpretentious home of Camille Saint-Saëns in the Rue Monsieur-le-Prince. At the latter place he used to meet Mme. Henri Gréville, the novelist, and the quaint and courtly mother of the composer, and on these occasions Saint-Saëns would often play his Danse Macabre and other selections with that same eloquent brilliancy which so charmed the exacting Wagner circle at Wahnfried. To the Salon of 1882 he sent his first picture, entitled "The Letter," and the following season two more canvases were well hung and favorably spoken of; so when he decided to return home for a brief visit during the ensuing year it was obvious that his student days had drawn to their close.

On again finding himself in Paris it was Mr. Melchers's intention to spend some time in Italy, but the cholera preventing, he moved northward, passing through Bruges and Ostend and finally, toward autumn, settled in Holland. Fascinated by the unspoiled simplicity of the place, he acquired two properties



"MOTHER AND CHILD"

at Egmond, one being his residence at Egmond-aan-den-Hoef, the other his studio at Egmond-aan-Zee. It was from this same seaside refuge that he quickly began sending those sincere, straightforward, and frankly human canvases which to-day hang in the leading galleries of Europe and America, and which have won their author more honors than have thus far fallen to the lot of any among his countrymen. The Salon of 1886 witnessed his commanding reentry with "The Sermon," the next year "The Pilots" was described as the best foreign picture on view, and 1889 saw the industrious, unobtrusive painter of Egmond share with Sargent the two medals of honor allotted the American section of the International Exposition. The only other American to achieve equal distinction has been Whistler, who was awarded a corresponding medal eleven years later.

Not alone were the vast majority of the Grand Prix recipients decidedly older than this artist of eight-and-twenty, many of them were already men of established reputation, such as Israels, Tadema, Liebermann, Von Uhde, and the like. While Mr. Melchers's four contributions were singularly strong and convincing, there was a certain affinity between his work and that of the two Germans, Liebermann and Von Uhde. Liebermann, too, had



PORTRAIT OF GARI MELCHERS
After the painting by J. J. Shannon

gone to Holland and had painted with vigor and restraint Dutch fisherfolk mending their nets on the sandy, weed-strewn shore, or inmates of the great hospitals and asylums dozing or chatting in sunlit courtyard. Von Uhde also had striven to bring home to naïve minds not only the spiritual message, but the bodily presence of our Lord just as He might gather about Him the poor and stricken children of to-day. It was not that Gari Melchers in any sense followed these men; he merely formed part of a sympathetic movement which both glorified the workman and endeavored to restate Scriptural truths in the most unaffected of modern terms. Champions of this procedure have been many, beginning with the immortal painter-etcher of Leyden and Amsterdam and continuing through Millet to the gentle, mystical Bastien-Lepage. In this category Mr. Melchers has taken high rank. It would indeed be difficult to point to anything more rugged and yet more devout, more natural in its outward setting or more reverent in its evocation, than his "Supper at Emmaus," where for a moment the Master seats Himself in the midst of these humble folk and breaks bread at their rude board.



PORTRAIT OF MASTER STEDMAN BUTTRICK



"THE FAMILY"

National Gallery, Berlin

Nevertheless it is impossible to maintain that these latter-day pietists, these Christian socialists of art, achieved truly exalted results. The idea itself involves a paradox, a contradiction, hence it is obvious that when Mr. Melchers confined himself to the more specific reality which lay near at hand he attained a more consistent level. Untouched by personal subjectivity and unclouded by creed, he painted with resolute truth Dutch life in its deepest, most intimate phases. After "The Sermon" came "The Communion," after "The Pilots" came "The Shipbuilder." "In the Dunes" walk two flaxen-haired peasant girls, one carrying a yoke and a pair of blue pails, the other a huge basket. Striding briskly over the crusted snow a couple of "Skaters" hurry along toward the frozen canal. The whole subdued yet colorful picture of Holland is here. Prim interiors are flooded with that gray northern light which suffuses all things with a note of sadness and resignation; outdoor scenes respond subtly to shifting season or the precise hour of day. It is an art robust, explicit, and veracious. Nothing, surely, could be more sturdy, more wholesome, or more refreshing in its calm sanity.

While at the outset Mr. Melchers seemed satisfied with exactness of observation and fidelity of rendering, a certain appealing touch gradually crept into his work. Those rigid forms seated in bare Lutheran churches unbent before the fireside or amid the intimacy of the domestic circle. In-



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"THE BRABANT GIRL"

Owned by General Rush C Hawkins



"MATERNITY"

The Luxembourg Gallery, Paris

flexible truth became mellowed and modified by a tenderness which flowed straight from the human heart. Wholly endearing in their frank community of feeling are "The Family," now hanging in the National Gallery of Berlin, and the "Maternity" of the Luxembourg, showing a blond mother in flowered cap and cape holding in her arms a serious, blue-eyed infant. Constant effort and discipline, both spiritual and technical, were necessary in order that such results might be attained. The quiet years passed in the serene atmosphere of Egmond, with occasional trips to Paris or London, served to bring forth just those qualities which were most significant and most enduring both in the painter and in his chosen theme.

From the hour he first settled in Hol-

land until he had successively won the highest honors in Munich and Paris, Mr. Melchers led an ungregarious, almost obscure existence. Later, one of his whims was to have a number of studios at the same time in different places, and to drift to each in turn as he desired a change of view or a fresh inspiration. No one, in those bachelor days, ever knew where to find him. He might be at Egmond, in Paris, in Picardy, or at Bois-le-Roi on the edge of the forest of Fontainebleau. His mail followed him aimlessly about or accumulated unregarded in one particular spot. His friends were amused or annoyed according to their several temperaments, and dealers on the hunt for pictures were driven to distraction. Yet in this way the painter never fell into a rut. His vision continued vivacious and animated, and interest seldom flagged.

It was but natural after so long a residence abroad and such complete Continental recognition that Mr. Melchers should turn his eyes toward his own country, where he was less known and where he had so rarely exhibited. Within a relatively short period he has closely identified himself with local conditions. The medium has been portraiture; nor is portraiture anything of a departure, for throughout his career he has not only painted numerous specific likenesses, but has always been a deep and searching student of physiognomy. You need only gaze at the solemn, characteristic dignity of "The Man with the Cloak" who looks from the walls of the National Gallery of Rome, or note the becomingly frank and decorative "Brabant Girl" owned by General Hawkins, to realize how far Mr. Melchers had already carried portrait painting. And yet when he finally did return he discovered just that something which seemed to be awaiting him here. During the early and middle phases of his development he had found truth and tenderness. It remained for him to add the elusive caress of beauty, and this he has captured without sacrificing either of the previous conquests.

Notable among the painter's recent portraits of women are those of Mrs. Frederick M. Alger and of Mrs. Gari Melchers, the latter a full length in profile, exquisitely instantaneous in pose and luminously clear in tone. These are not facile or frivolous likenesses; they evince, each of them, a rounded, certain mastery and a sense of color as true as it is unconventional. No vague, unsanitary landscapes envelop these individuals, nor are they suffocated with costly hangings or imperilled by unsteady bits of pottery. All is consistent, legitimate, and refreshing. You never see in any of Mr. Melchers's work a touch of drama or a hint of artifice. Behind the blond head of the "Brabant Girl" looms a row of delft; the white-gowned figure of Mrs. Melchers stands outlined against a quaint, flowered wall-paper. There is no convulsive striving after effect. The right result comes through an innate, infallible power of selection. The requisite elements seem always to have dwelt there within the limits of the frame.

Mr. Melchers professes keen admiration for views utterly dissimilar to his own, and in all his tastes displays a mellow, human, catholicity. One of his few theories is that "good things are nearly always good for the same reasons," and he also firmly believes that "the really big men are strikingly alike." Wholly undisturbed by sudden and seemingly radical changes of manner in others, he paints with a breadth and assurance that never fail to convey the desired impression. Behind the slightest of his sketches or the most ambitious full-length lurks a sound, disciplined surety of purpose which cannot go astray. In glancing at these portraits you may think of Hals or you may think of Velasquez, but you will scarcely think of any one not in the truest sense of the term a master craftsman. Now that he has come to us for a portion of each season, it is doubly apparent that Mr. Melchers's long sojourn abroad has splendidly served its purpose. The years in Egmond and in Paris, or the visits to London, where, in addition to Mr. Shannon, his friends numbered Watts and Val Prinsep, certainly bore rich fruit. He left a mere lad; he has returned a mature artist, bringing to a new country the lessons taught so well in the old. It was not otherwise that the great pioneers of the past were wont to do when Dürer wandered homeward from Italy or Holbein crossed the Channel to England.

A Happy Half-Century

BY AGNES REPPLIER

THERE are few of us who do not occasionally wish we had been born in other days, in days for which we have some secret affinity, and which shine for us with a mellow light in the deceitful pages of history. Mr. Austin Dobson, for example, must have sighed more than once to see Queen Anne on Queen Victoria's throne; and the Hon. Cecil Rhodes must have realized that the reign of Elizabeth was the reign for him. There is a great deal lost in being born out of date. What freak of fortune thrust Galileo into the world three centuries too soon, and held back Richard Burton's restless soul until he was three centuries too late?

For myself, I confess that the last twenty-five years of the eighteenth century and the first twenty-five years of the nineteenth century make up my chosen period, and that my motive for so choosing is contemptible. It was not a time distinguished—in England at least—for wit or wisdom, for public virtues or for private charm; but it *was* a time when literary reputations were so cheaply gained that nobody needed to despair of one. A taste for platitudes, a tinge of Pharisaism, an appreciation of the commonplace,—and the thing was done. It was in the latter half of this blissful period that we find that enthusiastic chronicler, Mrs. Cowley, writing in *Public Characters* of "the proud preeminence which, in all the varieties of excellence produced by the pen, the pencil, or the lyre, the ladies of Great Britain have attained over contemporaries in every other country in Europe."

When we search for proofs of this proud preeminence, what do we find? Roughly speaking, the period begins with Miss Burney and closes with Miss Jane Porter. It includes—besides Miss Burney—one star of the first magnitude, Miss Austen (whose light never dazzled Mrs. Cowley's eyes), and one mild but steadfast planet, Miss Edgeworth. The rest of Great Britain's literary ladies were enjoying a degree of fame and fortune so utterly disproportionate to their merits that their toiling successors today may be pardoned for wishing themselves part of that happy sisterhood. Think of being able to find a market for an interminable essay entitled "Against Inconsistency in our Expectations"! There lingers in all our hearts a desire to utter moral platitudes, to dwell lingeringly and lovingly upon the obvious; but, alas! we are not Mrs. Barbaulds, and this is not the year 1780. Foolish and inconsequent we may be, but tedious never! And think of hearing one's own brother burst into song, that he might fondly eulogize our

> Sacred gifts whose meed is deathless praise,
> Whose potent charm the enraptured soul can raise.

There are few things more difficult to conceive than an enthusiastic brother tunefully entreating his sister to go on enrapturing the world with her pen. Oh, thrice-favored Anna Lætitia Barbauld, who could even warm the calm fraternal heart into a glow of sensibility!

The publication of *Evelina* was the first notable event in our happy half-century. Its freshness and vivacity charmed all London; and Miss Burney, like Sheridan, had her applause "dashed in her face, sounded in her ears," for the rest of a long and meritorious life. Her second novel, *Cecilia,* was received with such universal transport that, in a very moral epilogue of a rather immoral play, we find it seriously commended to the public as an antidote to vice:

> Let sweet Cecilia gain your just applause,
> Whose every passion yields to nature's laws.

Miss Burney, blushing in the royal box, had the satisfaction of hearing this stately advertisement of her wares. Virtue was not left to be its own reward in those fruitful and generous years.

Indeed the most comfortable characteristic of the period, and the one which incites our deepest envy, is the universal willingness to accept a good purpose as a substitute for good work. Even Madame d'Arblay, shrewd, caustic, and quick-witted, forbears from unkind criticism of the well-intentioned. She has nothing but praise for Mrs. Barbauld's poems, because of "the piety and worth they exhibit"; and she rises to absolute enthusiasm over the antislavery epistle, declaring that its energy "springs from the real spirit of virtue." Yet to us the picture of the depraved and luxurious West India ladies—about whom it is safe to say good Mrs. Barbauld knew very little—seems one of the most unconsciously humorous things in English verse.

Lo! where reclined, pale Beauty courts the breeze,
Diffused on sofas of voluptuous ease.
. . . . . .
With languid tones imperious mandates urge,
With arm recumbent wield the household scourge.

There are moments when Mrs. Barbauld soars to the inimitable, when she reaches the highest and happiest effect that absurdity is able to produce.

With arm recumbent wield the household scourge

is one of these inspirations; and another is this pregnant sentence, which occurs in a chapter of advice to young girls: "An ass is much better adapted than a horse to show off a lady."

To point to Hannah More as a brilliant and bewildering example of sustained success is to give the most convincing proof that it was a good thing to be born in the year 1745. Miss More began to be famous just as my cherished half-century began to dawn, and for the whole fifty years her life was a series of social, literary, and religious triumphs. In her youth, she was mistaken for a wit. In her old age, she was revered as a saint. In her youth, Garrick called her "Nine,"—gracefully intimating that she embodied the attributes of all the Muses. In her old age, an acquaintance wrote to her: "You who are secure of the approbation of angels may well hold human applause to be of small consequence." In her youth, she wrote plays that everybody went to see. In her old age, she wrote tracts that everybody bought and distributed. Bishops composed Latin verses in her honor, and her biographer deemed it necessary to apologize for her correspondence with that agreeable worldling Horace Walpole. When her tragedy, *Percy,* was brought out in London, men "shed tears in abundance." When ladies tried to read this play to one another, they were so choked with emotion as to be unable to proceed. The Duke of Northumberland sent a special messenger to thank her for the honor she had done his historic name. Four thousand copies of *Percy* were sold in a fortnight. Ten thousand copies of *The Search for Happiness* were sold in six weeks. Twenty thousand copies of *Cœlebs in Search of a Wife* were sold in England, and thirty thousand in America. "The Americans are a very approving people," acknowledged the gratified authoress. In Iceland, *Cœlebs* was read—so Miss More says—"with great apparent profit"; while *Charles the Footman* and *The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain* made their edifying way to Moscow and St. Petersburg. "All this and Heaven too," as a reward for being born in 1745! The injustice of the thing stings us to the soul. Yet it was the unhesitating assumption of Heaven's copartnership which gave to Hannah More the best part of her earthly prestige, which made her verdicts a little like Protestant Bulls. When she objected to "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake" for their lack of "practical precept," these sinless poems were withdrawn from Evangelical bookshelves. As she waxed old, and affluent, and disputatious, it was deemed well to encourage a timid public with the assurance that her genius, though "great and commanding," was still "lovely and kind." And when she died, it was recorded that "a cultivated taste for moral scenery was one of her distinctions," as though Nature herself attended a catechism class before venturing to allure too freely the mistress of Barley Wood.

But Miss More *did* write. Nineteen closely printed volumes stand as melancholy witnesses of the fact. It was possible in those halcyon days to attain a fair literary reputation without such uncommendable industry. Mrs. Montagu, "the great Mrs. Montagu," established

herself for life by a defence of Shakespeare against the invidious criticisms of Voltaire; Mrs. Chapone, by her *Letters on the Improvement of the Mind;* and Mrs. Boscawen appears to have done nothing but admire the compositions of her friends.

Each art of conversation knowing,
High-bred, elegant Boscawen.

"She" (Mrs. Boscawen)) "is at once polite, learned, judicious and humble," writes Miss Hannah More; from which we infer that the admiration for *Sir Eldred* and *Percy* must have been of a very ardent character indeed. Then there was the rather mysterious Miss Streatfield, who was received into the inner circle of the elect because, as a girl, she had been—Heaven knows why!—taught Greek. "Taking away her Greek, she is as ignorant as a butterfly," said Dr. Johnson; and, even with this unusual accomplishment, she seems to have been neither sensible nor clever. We find her, however, figuring in Madame d'Arblay's Journal as "a great beauty and famous Greek scholar"; and the *Literary Herald* lapses into verse over

Lovely Streatfield's ivory neck,
Nose and notions à la Grecque,

as though an acquaintance with Xenophon lent an Attic cast to countenance and character.

It is in the contemplation of such sunlit mediocrity that the hardship of being born too late is felt with crushing force. Why cannot *we* write "Letters on the Improvement of the Mind," and be held an authority on education all the rest of our days? Many people, we are assured, wrote to Mrs. Chapone, after the publication of this work, entreating her to undertake the intellectual training of their daughters. When we consider all that a modern educator is expected to know—from bird-calls to metric measures—we sigh over the time which demanded nothing more difficult than this:

"Our feelings are not given us for our ornament, but to spur us on to right actions. Compassion, for instance, is not impressed upon the human heart, only to adorn the fair face with tears, and to give an agreeable languor to the eyes. It is designed to excite our utmost endeavor to relieve the sufferer."

Was it really worth while to say this, even in 1775? Is it possible that the young ladies of the period were in danger of supposing that the office of compassion was to "adorn" a face with tears; and did they only pretend that they were sorry for the poor and sick, that their bright eyes might grow agreeably languid? Yet we know that Mrs. Chapone's little volume was held to have rendered signal service to society. Some halting verses of the period exalt her as the beacon-light of youth; and Mrs. Delany, writing to her six-year-old niece, counsels the little girl to read the "Letters" once a year until she is grown up. "They speak to the heart as well as to the head," she assures the poor infant; "and I know no book (next to the Bible) more entertaining and edifying."

Mrs. Montagu gave dinners. The real and very solid foundation of *her* reputation was the admirable manner in which she fed her lions. She also gave "literary breakfast parties," which sound rather formidable, breakfast not being a meal that lends itself freely to animated conversation. A mysterious halo of intellectuality surrounded this excellent hostess. "The female Mæcenas of Hill Street," Hannah More elegantly termed her, adding—to prove that she herself was not unduly influenced by gross food and drink,—"But what are baubles, when speaking of a Montagu!" Dr. Johnson praised her conversation—especially when he wanted to tease jealous Mrs. Thrale,—but sternly discountenanced her attempts at authorship. When Sir Joshua Reynolds observed that the *Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakespeare* did its authoress honor, Dr. Johnson retorted contemptuously: "It does *her* honor, but it would do honor to nobody else"—which strikes me as a singularly unpleasant thing to hear said about one's literary masterpiece. Like the fabled Caliph who stood by the Sultan's throne translating the flowers of Persian speech into comprehensible and unflattering truths, so Dr. Johnson stands undeceived in this pleasant half-century of pretence, translating its ornate nonsense into language we can too readily understand.

But how comfortable and how comforting the pretence must have been, and how kindly tolerant all the pretenders were to one another. If, in those happy days, you wrote an essay on "The Harmony of Numbers and Versification,"

you unhesitatingly asked your friends to come and have it read aloud to them; and your friends—instead of leaving town next day—came, and listened, and called it a "Miltonic evening." If, like Mrs. Montagu, you had a taste for letter-writing, you filled up innumerable sheets with such breathless egotisms as this:

"I come, a happy guest, to the general feast Nature spreads for all her children, my spirits dance in the sunbeams, or take a sweet repose in the shade. I rejoice in the grand chorus of the day, and feel content in the silent serene of night, while I listen to the morning hymn of the whole animal creation, I recollect how beautiful it is, sum'd up in the works of our great poet, Milton, every rivulet murmurs in poetical cadence, and to the melody of the nightingale I add the harmonious verses she has inspired in many languages."

So highly were these rhapsodies appreciated, and so far were correspondents from demanding either coherence or punctuation, that four volumes of Mrs. Montagu's letters were published after her death; and we find Miss More praising the "humble" Mrs. Boscawen because she approached this standard of excellence: "Mrs. Palk tells me her letters are hardly inferior to Mrs. Montagu's."

Those were the days to live in, and sensible people made haste to be born in time. The close of the eighteenth century saw quiet country families tearing the freshly published *Mysteries of Udolpho* into a dozen parts, because no one could wait his turn to read the book. All England held its breath while Emily explored the haunted chambers of her prison-house. The beginning of the nineteenth century found Mrs. Opie enthroned as a peerless novel-writer, and the *Edinburgh Review* praising *Adeline Mowbray, or Mother and Daughter,* as the most pathetic story in the English language. Indeed, one sensitive gentleman wrote to its authoress that he had lain awake all night, bathed in tears, after reading it. About this time, too, we begin to hear "the mellow tones of Felicia Hemans," whom Christopher North reverently admired, and who, we are assured, found her way to all hearts that were open to "the holy sympathies of religion and virtue." Murray's heart was so open that he paid two hundred guineas for the *Vespers of Palermo;* and Miss Edgeworth considered that the *Siege of Valencia* contained the most beautiful poetry she had read for years. Finally Miss Jane Porter looms darkly on the horizon, with novels five volumes long. All the Porters worked on a heroic scale. Anna Maria's stories were, if possible, still lengthier than Jane's; and their brother Robert painted on a single canvas, "The Storming of Seringapatam," seven hundred life-sized figures.

Thaddeus of Warsaw and *The Scottish Chiefs* were books familiar to our infancy. They stretched vastly and vaguely over many tender years—stories after the order of Melchisedec, without beginning and without end. But when our grandmothers were young, and my chosen period had still years to run, they were read on two continents and in many tongues. The King of Würtemberg was so pleased with *Thaddeus* that he made Miss Porter a "lady of the Chapter of St. Joachim,"—which sounds both imposing and mysterious. The badge of the order was a gold cross; and this unusual decoration, coupled with the lady's habit of draping herself in flowing veils, like one of Mrs. Radcliffe's heroines, so confused an honest British public that it was deemed necessary to explain to agitated Protestants that Miss Porter had no Popish proclivities, and must not be mistaken for a nun. In our own country her novels were exceedingly popular, and her American admirers sent her a rosewood armchair in token of appreciation and esteem. It is possible she would have preferred a royalty on her books; but the armchair was graciously accepted, and a pen-and-ink sketch in an album of celebrities represents Miss Porter seated majestically on its cushions, "in the quiet and ladylike occupation of taking a cup of coffee."

And so my happy half-century draws to its appointed end. A new era, cold, critical, contentious, deprecated the old genial absurdities, chilled the old sentimental outpourings, questioned the old profitable pietism. Unfortunates, born a hundred years too late, look back with wistful eyes upon the golden age which they feel themselves qualified to adorn.

A Landscape by C. M. Dewey

MODERN landscape-painting, as developed during the past century, is a wholly new medium of expression compared to the portrait landscape of the earlier time, and justifies itself in its appeal to the imagination. As ideals changed, men set about finding means of expressing their imaginative vision. The portraitist's scrutiny of nature which had obtained under Dutch discipleship no longer satisfied the world, and reverie-image with its larger seeing and its inward emotion took the place of Dutch particularity. Instead of a copy, men demanded a symphony of nature—the beautiful memory of things seen as in a dream. It would be interesting, did the space of these papers permit, to show the close connection between modern landscape-painting and modern music. Their development has been coincident, both striving to express the brooding mystery and longing of the spirit of man.

From the beginning Mr. Dewey's work has shown poetic perception of Nature, and his aim has been towards a finer expression of her subtler qualities. He loves peaceful scenes with quiet pools, whispering trees, and pensive skies bathed in tender light—the evanescent moods of Mother Earth—which he presents with breadth and force, but with the reserve that shows the man of thought. His canvases are marked by poise, serenity, and intuition rather than by manual dexterity; his honest craftsmanship shows entire freedom from artifice, and his nice adjustment of sanity and sentiment, of perception and technique, leaves us in a contented mood. In this picture his best qualities appear. It shows his love for the simplicity and gravity of Nature. The light penetrates the dim aisles of trees in stray shafts, and the expectant ear almost awaits the sound of distant church-bells on the serene air. There are no stress and storm, but the scene is touched with the romantic illusion that comes from within—the expression of an earnest nature.

W. STANTON HOWARD.



"THE VOICE OF THE TREES," BY CHARLES MELVILLE DEWEY

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

A Life Partnership

BY ROY NORTON

FOR thirty years they had been "pardners," had worked or played, enjoyed or suffered, and fed or starved together. Neither the desert's vastness, the mountain's ruggedness, nor the forest's impenetrableness had been strong enough to separate them, but now that mightier thing, the love of woman, threatened to come between.

They were alike in everything, even to birthdays, and if one asked their ages, they responded in brave chorus: "Sixty-five. Yes, we're sixty-five," and then with grave jubilation they might volunteer the further information that they "were goin' on sixty-six; yes, goin' on sixty-six."

They looked alike, as do aged married couples who have long dwelt in complete community of thought and interest. Their voices had the high, thin, quavering pitch of age, and were in unison; each had white hair, white eyebrows, and white beards, carefully trimmed alike in a style of their own, with the long upper lip smooth and the cheeks shaven to the corners of the lower lip and downward.

They always dressed alike, as if they were twin boys whose mother bought everything in pairs; same blue denim overalls, faded to a spotted kind of whiteness by much washing, same "hickory" shirts, same everything—sometimes patched in the same places. And that they had acquired the habit of thinking alike was shown in this love-affair.

Singularly enough it all came about, as good old Hugh McCarthy, who owned the claim farther up the cañon, said, because of "the buttin' in of civilization." And Hugh ought to know, because for ten years he had been their only neighbor within a day's ride.

The Ahpalino, as it meandered along the line trying to find whether it flowed in California or Oregon, wasn't very rich in gold; "jest fair diggin's—yes, jest fair diggin's," the partners had truthfully told the forlorn-looking Jim Sands, when he first appeared on the scene with The Woman, then his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim, "not hankerin' much fur riches," staked as their claim the regulation number of feet a mile below. Then, as Hugh said, "Jim had caused a heap of trouble by gettin' up and dyin'." That was less than a year after his arrival, before his ditch and flume for "piping" had been completed, and therefore before there was any gold-dust in any receptacle in any place in the Sands cabin.

Neither tears nor weeds were affected by the widow; she was a little too used to "tough luck" and a little too angular and sharp-featured for either. One of the kind of women who seem to take nearly everything as a matter of course and all in the day's work. But the partners were tender-hearted old fellows, as becomes men whose lives had been passed out in God's good open, and from the time of Sands's death their trouble began.

Life with them had assumed great method, passing along fixed lines and within definite times. It seemed natural to always arise at six o'clock in the morning, turn the stream of water for hydraulic mining hissing and roaring against the bank at seven-thirty, "shut her off" at eleven-thirty, and so on, until at just seven-fifteen each evening—in the summer when all this happened—they could be found pottering around the truck-patch back of the cabin on the hill.

This excellent routine being broken upon, through the necessity of "lookin' after the widder" each twilight after the day's toil, was really the first little crack within the fife. It isn't on record anywhere whether Abner or Ezra was the one who first thought of going to her assistance, but it's most probable that both thought of it at the same time. The effect, however, was quite obvious.

Heretofore their cabin looked trimmer and neater. It was perched on a little flat where the gulch was broadest, and, with the big, solemn, companionable hills holding it in kindly fashion in their lap, it seemed part of the natural scene. They had taken much pains with it at odd times, had these two old fellows; had a kind of a lawn, and a gravelled walk, and old-fashioned flowers like hollyhocks and others that you don't know the names of any more; apple-tree or two, and lots of berry bushes.

Now that there was a widow a mile down the cañon, the grass didn't look so nice and the bushes weren't so trim, and it didn't take a pair of field-glasses to find a weed here and there in the garden. That's what Hugh said.

It went on this way quite a while, until after they had cut wood enough to run the Sands derelict through the winter and were ready to haul and pile it in her cache. And in the mean time the cumulative result was that both loved the widow, and both wanted to marry her, and each kept quiet because he didn't want to hurt his partner's feelings.

They nearly broke each other's heart getting along as far as the winter's-wood stage. Things went wrong that never had before; Abner would cook the tea too much, or forget that he was frying beans and let them singe. Ezra, in his abstraction, would forget to empty the tin wash-basin, and one night left his boots in the middle of the floor instead of in the corner where they had invariably gone for ten years.

The widow was a willing sort, and would probably have just as soon accepted one as the other. It was she who finally did the business. She cornered Abner alone one evening, while Ezra was in her cabin mending a shelf. She "allowed" it would be pretty lonesome for her when snow fell, and wished she lived nearer them, where they could both use the same wood-pile. It got to Abner. He told her he'd ask Ezra about it, and he did.

That night, after they had trudged through the darkness to their own cabin, lighted the lamp and taken their regular seats in regular places on opposite sides of it, Abner broke silence.

"Ezry," he said, with an odd little quaver in his voice, "you've got to marry the widder. I give you my consent. 'Tain't fair to a woman to pay her as much attention as you have without marryin' her. Folks 'll talk."

Ezra nearly fell off his stool. The "talk" argument got him, although there hadn't been a living being up or down the cañon since Jim Sands died. Such fear hath scandal! And the worst of it was, although he wanted mightily to marry the widow, he didn't want to leave Abner, and it hurt his heart that Abner wanted to "marry him off that-a-way."

His jaw dropped until his mouth hung open, his eyes filled to the brim with tears, and he looked really old. He sat for a long time and gazed at the floor, a picture of utter dejection.

"Abner," he said, after he could trust himself to speak, "I ain't done nothin' to you, hev I? Ye don't want to get shet of me—do you?"

Then they both broke down about as far as they could, neither wishing to show his emotions to the other, and ended by discussing the trying situation from all points of view. Abner wasn't altogether frank, though; he practised deception by insisting that he didn't love the widow. Their confidence brought forth one result, and that was—the partition. There had been so many mental reviews of the years past that both realized the impossibility of living under separate roofs.

They slept in a double-decked bunk, one above the other, over against the cabin wall, and long after the smiling moon had crept over the hillside to watch tenderly over them through the night and throw the light of her peering through their window, they tumbled and tossed in the shadow of the great adventure; Abner because he was losing a partner and not gaining a wife, and Ezra because of the trial before him, winning a wife but losing a partner.

Ezra didn't know much of women. The kind he had seen on the selvaged edges of the world were not the kind he had wanted for companions, and certainly all women outside of dance-halls looked like angels and were highly unapproachable.

At sixty-five this clean-minded old chap was bringing a boy's heart and ideals to lay at the feet of a woman,



Drawn by Stanley Arthurs

BOTH LOVED THE WIDOW AND BOTH WANTED TO MARRY HER

and—as a boy—he brought them timorously. He who had for more than forty years fought Indians and bears and nature, and in a hundred ways gazed with unflinching calmness into the very eyes of Death, was afraid.

So heavily sat the fear of the night upon him that on the following day he procrastinated, and in the end convinced Abner that preparations should be made at the cabin before he ventured out upon his errand to the widow. So they decided to first build across the cabin the partition which was to lend privacy to domestic affairs.

Perhaps, too, Abner was the more easily convinced because the partition afforded a little more delay; but he felt that each blow of the hammer as it sent a nail into the giving pine was helping to build up the barrier between him and Ezra and his old life.

The partners failed to enjoy their handiwork when night-time came. The sense of estrangement was upon them. They smoked in silence before the lamp was extinguished, leaving them to the renewed keeping of the moon.

It was a long four-mile walk up the cañon to McCarthy's claim, but the next day found them plodding up to the cut where he was at work. They sat down together on the bank above his head and watched him. The noise of their approach was drowned by the boom of the swishing, swirling torrents where Hugh stood in rubber boots, master of the hill's destinies. The pent waters of the mountain falling hundreds of feet through steel pipe and compressed into the small nozzle of the Giant was doing great work that evening. McCarthy's hands played with terrific power as he held the silvered stream against some great boulder and sent it hurtling out of the way, or cleverly cut into a bank until it fell.

Even the noise of his singing was lost in the rush. The partners forgot their trouble and admiringly watched the work and the running sluice-boxes where gathered the muddy gold. They chewed tobacco steadily, their jaws sending their beards in and out with regularity. It was a great innovation, this visit. They almost forgot their mission. McCarthy saw them and shut down the water.

"Hello!" he called. "Glad to see you."

"Glad to see you," said Ezra. "Yes, glad to see you," piped Abner. Then, "Works well," they said, in unison.

McCarthy was puzzled. Here was the unexpected. He wisely decided to ask no questions, so stood wiping the sweat from his forehead and looking down the gulch.

"We're goin' to git married," said Ezra, feeling the need of conversation and taking the formality of announcement on his own shoulders. "Yes, we're goin' to git married," came the echo from Abner.

McCarthy's hands came down to his sides with surprise.

"Well, I'll be ——!" he said, then caught his breath. "Who to?"

"Widder Sands," they said, in unison.

"Both of you?" McCarthy asked, in amazement.

Again the partners felt the blow. For once but one of them replied. Already they were separated. Abner pointed his thumb at Ezra, and said tersely, "Him."

"When's it to be pulled off?"

"Soon's we kin git the preacher from over the divide," Abner replied. "Yes, soon's we kin git the preacher," Ezra concurred, fearful of being left out.

McCarthy's eyes twinkled humorously as he climbed up the bank to where they were seated. "Give Mrs. Sands my regards," he said, as he took his perch alongside. "When did you fix this up?"

The partners looked at each other as though recalling something, their jaws stopped wagging, and in chorus they said, "We ain't exactly asked her yit."

When McCarthy, with a well-developed sense of humor, laughed, the partners looked grieved. Atonement was made for levity by an invitation to the cabin. They showed their acceptance of his hospitality by washing their hands and faces with loud splutterings, and then each drew from his pocket a short comb and gravely smoothed down his white thatch of hair. They sat in silence as the host fried the bacon, warmed the beans, and brought out the "sour-dough" bread. In equal silence they ate and allowed Hugh to do the talking. They weren't strong on conversation, even when inviting a man to their wedding.

Night had fallen before they arose from their stools, put their pipes in their pockets, and showed signs of departure. Although urged to forego the long return trip until morning, they agreed that it wouldn't do to "sleep away from hum when it was only four mile off," tacitly admitting the home-longing that always burned within them, and trudged away in the starlight.

Ezra and Abner proposed to the widow the next day, Abner accompanying Ezra to the bend of the road and waiting until he should return. The alders out by the stream kept him company; and the birds, who all seemed to know him and commiserate with him, chirped sympathetically at him from the underbrush. The world looked pretty gray. Loneliness was leering at him from the corners and preparing to rub shoulders. Thirty years of partnership, and then desertion! He bravely tried to whistle when he heard the footsteps returning, and it hurt a little that Ezra seemed so elated and looked so boyish, and stepped out with a kind of conquering-hero air. Yes, Ezra had won by putting the case before her in good, honest, old-time way. Had told her he and Abner had decided to marry her, and that if she would have him, he would be "mighty glad to take keer of her."

McCarthy gave the bride away. There wasn't any particular reason why he should, but somebody always has to give a bride away, and Abner, feeling that decorum should be observed, insisted on giving Ezra away. The giving wasn't as easy for him as it was for McCarthy. He had to swallow the lump in his throat several times before he could find speech. When he did find words he bravely said: "Missus Sands, this has always been my pardner; now he's your'n. Take him. There ain't now nor never has been a pardner like him."

It almost broke the ceremony off. Ezra showed signs of retreat. However, they got through with it all some way, and tried to make the situation a merry one, cracking the good old jokes of fifty years agone and smacking lips over a bottle of claret produced by McCarthy. Indeed, they didn't comprehend until after the preacher had gone up the cañon with McCarthy and bedtime came.

The empty upper bunk, the lonely lamp, the chair without occupant, the shadows of the night, and—a partition! The first of the lonely nights when there was nothing to do but dream of others. Others by camp-fire, on plain and hill, or off up in the great forests where the trees held watch and sang brooding lullabies while the wind flirted with them above. An inch partition of wood had cut Abner off from all his world save memory. Loneliness and he had clasped hands, and in the clasp was life robbed of sunshine.

Every one who knew Mrs. Ezra said she was a good housekeeper. That's so, because Mrs. Ezra said so. "There wa'n't goin' to be no more clutterin' of boots in this cabing." That, too, because she said so. Once in a while she said other things, and at those times her voice had the sweet melody of a Chinese fiddle. But, after all, she wasn't a bad housekeeper. She scrubbed most of the time, as far as anybody ever knew.

Most wives are a great addition to the family. Mrs. Ezra certainly was.

Abner had checked off five months in the almanac, not having much else to do in the evenings, when the end came. In all those five months he had daily shrivelled in size, become repressed in spirit and sad of eye. From brooding at night he took to brooding in the day, and always was with him the feeling that now, at last, he was old. He seldom spoke in those days, and if one asked a question of the partners, it was Ezra who answered, in a falsetto solo. Duets were out of fashion. That is, Ezra answered unless his wife was around, on which occasions she answered enough for all three.

One day the remarkable happened. Abner was taken sick and couldn't work. It was the first time in at least fifty years, and naturally Ezra took note of it. The whole universe was upset. Like an astronomer chronicling the discovery of a new world, he took down the almanac and laboriously wrote on the margin, "On this day Abner was sick as Hell." Then he, too, brooded, and from Abner's side of the partition.

There was but one solution, and in great issues he was not wont to shirk. He went through the dividing line and softly but with firmness closed the door.

"We both love ye," he said to his bride, "and I don't want to do nothin' to hurt your feelin's, but if you don't mind, I guess you'll have to go. You see, Abner and me was fair to married before we met you, and we both feels as though we was committin' bigamy or burglary, or some other drefful thing. Abner's dyin' in there—of a broken heart. He ain't never been the same," and here he paused and with an unconsciously tragic gesture waved his arm at the partition, "since that thing was built." At last he was awake to the fact that it had divided their lives.

The former Mrs. Sands didn't seem to mind much. About the only divorce that could have jarred her, Hugh said, was from the scrubbing-brush.

About a hundred feet below their cabin the partners built one for her much more pretentious than their own. They devoted great time and care to its fitting—and wrought well. And with her went the partition from the older home—a menace destroyed. Then they dropped back as nearly as possible into the old life and tried to readjust themselves. They invariably passed a portion of the evening with her, and, as befitted gentlemen, worked for her happiness. It is doubtful if ever she had been as happy. Sometimes, like bad boys, they overslept in the morning hours, and then she was of real assistance. She would thrust open the door and admonish them.

"Nigh on to six o'clock," she would say, "and you two big lazy fellers ain't out o' bed yit." Four bare feet would hit the floor from the double bunk, and Ezra and Abner would hurriedly and shamefacedly thrust their hands in their pockets, draw huge jack-knives, and cut kindling and frantically thrust it into the stove. Then together they would fill the pails and pots and pans with water, together would eat breakfast, together would go to work, and sometimes together would cast furtive glances behind them.

One day she died. That was the first and only time Abner ever made the trip to McCarthy's alone. The three—Ezra and Abner and Hugh—builded a coffin, and gently laid her away where she had wished, up on the hillside back of the garden, where the little cross they afterward erected could always look down upon them in loving remembrance and gratitude for giving her the happiest days she had ever known.

Hugh said the prayers, and they weren't very long, because he was kind of out of practice. "Keep her lovingly,



SOMETIMES THEY OVERSLEPT IN THE MORNING HOURS

dear Lord," he said, "because she wasn't a bad sort," then broke down and forgot to say "amen." But the partners didn't. "Amen, Lord," said Abner, in tears. "Yes, Lord, amen," faltered Ezra, after him.

The flowers of spring snuggled round her resting-place, nor did they lack care in their nurturing, for each night two loving old men carried water for their replenishing and wrenched away vagrant weeds.

It was on the anniversary of her death that they made the last obliteration. No one knows whether they had ever discussed it in words. It was as evening—the long quiet evening—came that together they walked to the cabin built for her, and occupied by none but her, and to it applied the torch.

They sat in silence, these two old men, until naught remained but a few glowing heaps of logs, and the moon had arisen, and the night was mellow with memories of the joys and tragedies of their lives.

"You kin see down the cañon jest the way we uster before we built it," said Ezra, with a great, gentle, longing tenderness.

"Yes, kin see down jest the way we uster before we built it," came the wistfully answering voice, softly. "Jest the way we uster."



THEY SAT IN SILENCE WHILE THE CABIN BURNED

And they silently entered their home, for the first time in their lives holding each other's hand. The door closed behind them, the embers died out, and the great sheltering Father of Night stretched shielding palms over the cabin, the little cross on the hill, and all those things which "looked jest as they uster."

E. H.

Psmith of Pavia

A MYSTERY

BY W. L. ALDEN

AS I came out of the railway station at Pavia, one burning midsummer day, I noticed a thin, eager, hungry-looking man, in shabby black clothing, who was watching me closely. No sooner had I climbed into the omnibus of the hotel than he came to the side of the vehicle and said to me, in fairly good English: "You want a guide, sir? Show you all things visible. I am the unique guide."

I could not at first think what brought the Prayer-book suddenly into my mind, but presently I remembered, and felt mildly thankful that the guide had not offered to show me all things invisible as well as visible. I thanked him, and said that I did not need a guide. "Very good, sir," he replied. "I will wait upon you at the hotel. I am English guide. Permit me—" and he offered me a printed card bearing the legend:

JOHN PSMITH.

Unique Guide to the Monuments of Pavia.

Just then the omnibus moved on, and rattled swiftly down the street leading from the station. The unique guide followed on foot, with the air of one who knew that his prey could not escape him and that haste was therefore unnecessary.

When I descended at the hotel, there was the guide, standing on the opposite sidewalk, and apparently wrapped in deep meditation. He had evidently taken a short cut to the hotel, for he had not the slightest appearance of having raced an omnibus, with the thermometer at 92°. He was still standing thoughtfully on the sidewalk when I went to my room, and I temporarily forgot him while trying to solve the problem of bathing with three pints of water and a porridge-bowl.



"I AM THE UNIQUE GUIDE"

I had come to Pavia in pursuance of a long-cherished purpose to visit all the Lombard cities that the tourist usually fails to see. Many travellers visit the Certosa of Pavia, which, in spite of its somewhat mongrel architecture, is imposing, and can-



"HE IS VERY HONEST, AND A STUPENDOUS INTELLIGENT GUIDE," SAID THE PORTER

not fail to please those bold spirits who have not the fear of Ruskin before their eyes. But the Certosa is five miles from the town of Pavia, and the ordinary tourist, travelling between Genoa and Milan, catches only a passing glimpse of the old blue wall and the domes and towers of Pavia from the window of his railway-carriage. Perhaps I ought to say that the wall of Pavia is not blue, but that venerable sentence "the old gray wall" has grown painfully familiar to me, as it must have grown to every one who has read of Italian cities, and I refuse to make any further use of it. Also, the railway traveller sees the long bridge over the Ticino, and informs his wife, or other companion, that the river is the Po. This in pursuance of the ineradicable conviction of all tourists that all the rivers in Lombardy are the Po.

Pavia has many attractions. For example, it has its full share of historical associations. Hannibal fought his first battle with the Romans in Italy at Pavia, or at any rate in its immediate neighborhood. Columbus studied at the University of Pavia—a university which for more than a thousand years has held its place as one of the chief universities of Italy. What Columbus studied at Pavia is not known. It could not have been Bancroft's *History of the United States,* for in that case he would have been too tired to have cared to discover America. Possibly it was ecclesiastical seamanship; for we know that on his first great voyage he weathered a terrible gale by the clever expedient of vowing to go in procession to a shrine, clad only in his shirt. Seamanship such as this was precisely the sort that would probably be taught at a pious university, where eminent schoolmen had discovered how a man could convert himself into a procession by walking in his shirt. Furthermore, St. Augustine is buried in Pavia.

Late in the afternoon of the day of my arrival in Pavia I came down the stairs of my hotel with the intention of exploring the city. The unique guide was still waiting on the opposite side of the street, and I asked the porter if he knew him. "Sairtainly, sir," he replied. "He was Psmeet, the Greek. He is very goot guide."

"Oh!" I exclaimed. "So he is Greek? I thought he was English."

"I could not say," said the porter, stretching out both hands with a large gesture of apology. "We call him Greek because his father was an Englishman. He is very honest, and a stupendous intelligent guide."

It was, as I have said, a very warm day, and that perhaps was the reason why I failed to see that a man should be called a Greek because his father was an Englishman. I was wrestling with this problem as I passed the threshold of the hotel, and Psmith swooped down upon me and took immediate possession of me. Now I do not like guides. In fact, I would rather miss seeing an important saint or the very dingiest of pictures rather than to see them at the cost of an explanation in broken English from a hungry guide. But there was something in the happy expression of Psmith's face which conquered me. He had waited so patiently for me to be delivered into his hands, and was so obviously delighted when I came in sight, that I had not the heart to reject him.



SHE HURLED A STONE

We walked on together towards the Duomo, Psmith chatting cheerfully of the weather, but showing occasional signs of sadness over the depressed condition of the tourist-market in Pavia.

"They all go to Milan or Genoa," he said, mournfully. "In Milan and Genoa it is noisy, and the hotels are very dear. I know Genoa, for I was born there."

"You told me," said I, "that you were English. Why do the people here call you the Greek?"

"Yes," replied my guide, "my father was an Englishman. He was a sailor, and he married my mother, who kept a wine-shop in Genoa. He was a good man and a learned."

"But why," I insisted, "if your father was an Englishman, should you be called a Greek?"

"Ah, sir," answered the guide, "it is a long story, but I will tell you in the Duomo. Here it is too hot."

The Duomo boasts of a beautiful doorway and of the tomb of St. Augustine. Psmith gave me a long biography of the saint, in whom he took much pride. There was not much else to see in the Duomo, but it was dark and cool after the glare and heat of the streets, and I sat down on the pedestal of a column and once more demanded to know why Psmith was called a Greek.

"Who knows?" he answered. "Sometimes a man is called an Englishman and sometimes a Frenchman and sometimes a Spanish man. We do not always know why these things are."

"You spell your name queerly," I continued. And then it flashed upon me that Psmith began with the Greek letter Psi. Could this afford a clue to the mystery of the guide's nationality?



"I CANNOT EXPLAIN, SIR," HE REPLIED

"My father he spelled his name likewise," replied Psmith, "but he had his misfortunes. He was compelled to kill a man in the wine-shop—a man who had said insults and had refused to pay for his wine. Yes! He spelled his name precisely as I spell."

I began to think that logic had never been taught in Pavia, either at the university or elsewhere. I had met a porter who thought that because a man was half an Englishman he should be called a Greek, and I had met a guide who spelled his name with a Greek letter because his father had killed a man in a wine-shop.

"I see!" I exclaimed, peremptorily. "You promised to tell me what you said was a long story about yourself, but you have told me nothing. Now tell me at once why you, who are half English and half Genoese and spell your name with a Greek initial, are called the Greek by the people of Pavia. This I must know, and know at once."

"I will tell you all, sir!" cried the guide. "My mother was not strictly Italian, for she was born in Switzerland, and I think her father was a Frenchman. She was not very happy with my father, for sometimes he drank too much wine, and then he would say that he would make my mother know that he was an Englishman, and he would beat her after the manner of the English. And she did not live to be very old, for her head was thin and it would break very easily; and twice every year I have masses said for her soul, but they cost much money."

"Come," I said, "let us see Pavia." And we went out of the church—Psmith wearing a sad smile, and I wondering if there was really any answer to the riddle of his true nationality.

As we passed through a narrow street a dog fled across our path, and at the same time a woman rushed to the door of a house and hurled a stone which struck Psmith on the ankle. As he held the injured limb in one hand and hopped

hither and thither on one leg in order to maintain his balance, he lavished sarcasm and abusive epithets on the woman, and called the universe to witness that no woman had sufficient intelligence to hit even a Spitz dog with a stone. Why a Spitz dog should afford a safer aim to a woman than any other species of dog Psmith did not condescend to explain. The woman listened in silence, and when he had finished his tirade she made a derisive gesture, and exclaiming, "*Va-tene! porco tedesco!*" she vanished into her house.

Now the expression the woman used may be literally translated into the dialect of Psmith's lamented father thus: "Garn, you German swine!" It seemed to wither Psmith, for he made no attempt to reply, and limped down the street, muttering to himself.

"Psmith," cried I, "this thing has got to stop. That woman called you German. If you don't explain why you are English, Italian, Swiss, Greek, and German all at once, you are going to meet with trouble."

"I cannot explain, sir," he replied. "These Pavians are pigs and the sons of pigs. They have no knowledge. Do not mind what they say, sir! Perhaps I am German. Who can tell."

I had to be satisfied with this explanation, for Psmith's feelings as well as his ankle had been deeply wounded, and he was not in a state to discuss matters of importance and intricacy. We walked on until we reached the university, where the guide showed me a statue of Volta, standing in a courtyard, and assured me that Volta had invented lightning. It was not a bad statue, and the courtyard in which it stood looked as if it had once been the cloister of a monastery. The sun striking on its marble columns made them dazzlingly white, and I wondered how it happened that the studious youth of Pavia had not covered the white surfaces with names and inscriptions, after the manner of youth.

I saw no students in Pavia, for it was vacation-time. The Italian university student is almost invariably a red-hot radical, and spends much of his time in making political demonstrations, or in actively rebelling against some unpopular professor. When he rebels or demonstrates, the authorities close the university for a few weeks, and thank Heaven that they have an unexpected vacation. At the university the students learn how to wear a sort of tam-o'-shanter cap jauntily on one side of the head, and practise, with much assiduity, the art of making unearthly noises in the street at dead of night. An Italian university student may be safely backed to talk for more hours and in a louder tone concerning nothing, immediately under your hotel window, than can any other species of being, human or otherwise. Pavia also has a reputation for teaching the medical art. This, as Herodotus would say, is all that I am permitted to say concerning the University of Pavia.

We went to see the two leaning towers of Pavia. The tower habit must have been very prevalent in Lombardy in the middle ages. Rich people of otherwise good moral character became addicted to the tower habit, and squandered their money in building towers. Most of these towers are built of common brick, after the model of the common factory chimney. They are extremely ugly, and, so far as can be ascertained, were utterly useless to their owners. Psmith, however, dwelt at some length on the beauty of the towers of Pavia.

"This," he said, "is the country of towers. Genoa is a fine city, but it has no towers, except, of course, the lighthouse, and therefore is not as healthy as Pavia."

This new fact in sanitary science interested me greatly. At first sight it seems improbable that the health of a city should depend upon the number of its towers, but then the more improbable a theory may seem, the more truly scientific it may prove to be.

We had a look at the outside of the Castello, which was once the palace and fortress of the Visconti family, in the days when they ruled over Pavia and enjoyed themselves in the hearty, strenuous, decapitating manner of the times. The Castello has been greatly modernized outwardly, and is now the barracks of the garrison of Pavia. The guide told me that there was nothing worth seeing inside the buildings, and if there were, we could not see it, since no civilians were



"PSMITH, I AM A DESPERATE MAN!"

allowed to enter the place. That gave me the comfortable feeling that as a sightseer I had done my whole duty towards the Castello. The most satisfactory moments in the tourist's experience are those in which he finds that he is not allowed to enter buildings which he has come to see.

After a cursory look into several churches of minor importance, the guide led me to the great bridge across the Ticino, where on summer evenings the beauty and fashion of Pavia come to promenade. At the time there was no one on the bridge, except a peasant with a donkey, neither of whom gave any marked evidences of the possession of either beauty or fashion. Psmith and I leaned over the parapet of the bridge between two of its many beautiful columns. The river ran swiftly, and looked as if it might be deep.

"Is the river deep in this place?" I asked.

"Immensely deep," replied Psmith. "Many persons come here to be drowned."

I placed my hand suddenly on his shoulder and said: "Psmith, I am a desperate man. I am not, as you think, an Englishman. I am an Arab, and terribly ferocious. Tell me instantly who and what you are, or else the river waits for you."

With a terrified expression of face, in which at the same time I seemed to detect relief and joy, Psmith clasped his hands and cried: "*Ana arabi keman. Manish rubbawi. Ana Masrawi.*"

What he said was good Arabic—at all events, of the Egyptian variety. It was, in brief, a claim that he too was an Arab. And this new complication was all that I had gained by my clumsy trick!

I gave Psmith up then and there as an insoluble problem. I paid him his money and begged him to depart. He thanked me, assuring me that he would remember me "world without end," and then went away hastily. My joke had plainly frightened him, and for the fiftieth time, or thereabouts, I recognized the fact that jokes are not understood in Italy.

With Reluctant Feet

BY ROSE YOUNG

MY mother and I were in the Twin Oaks attic sewing carpet-rags. No carpet was ever made out of our rags, but my mother had been brought up to sew carpet-rags once in ever so often, and she was bringing me up in that way. I hated the sewing, though I liked the pretence of being on grown-up terms with my mother. She sat in one little cane-seated rocker. I sat in another. Her ball grew fast. I did not sew two strips together in as many minutes. I idled and admired my mother—the light, quick turns of her hands and head, hyacinths in the wind, and the gayety of her eyes, beneath which lay in impalpable blue shadows the imprint of her physical delicacy. Back of her the attic was in darkness, but a broad band of light, an illumined, vibrating path, reached from her to the window. I followed it through the window off toward the sky.

Her voice brought me back to her again by and by. "Does it ever occur to you that you are growing up?" she asked. I wondered that her tone should have grown so grave.

"Oh yes," I answered, carelessly. "I notice it a lot. I can ride Norval's mare now. Last year she threw me every time I got on her."

"I didn't know that Norval's mare would stand a side-saddle?" My mother regarded me with keen question.

"And I can buckle the shaft-straps myself now when I help Poke harness," I continued, rapidly. "My hands are bigger—why, mother, look! They are bigger than yours right now."

"You are going to be a much larger woman than I am," she said, musingly. Her attention had strayed from Norval's mare. I was glad of it. She looked at the hands lying in her lap, hers blue-veined and frail, mine hard and tanned.

"Will I be taller than you?" She was very tall.

"Yes,—but especially broader."

"I wish I could be exactly like you."

Reading my eyes, she blushed and said, "You ridiculous child!" She was easily embarrassed by any reference to her beauty, even from my father or me. There was a Puritanical streak in her.

"But listen," she went on, grave again; "it's true that you are getting bigger, you are growing up. You will soon be a woman. I think you are already too big to scour the country with the Eldridge boys, as you have been doing this last year. Boys lead active lives to make them strong. They have to be strong, so that they can take care of girls. They can do things that you can't do."

"No, not a thing, mother," I protested, concreting the law to my private experience; "I do all their banters, except once in a while Brad's. His legs are longer."

"What do you mean by do their banters?" There was uneasiness in my mother's tone.

"Why, I mean skate as far, and row as far, and swim as far, and jump as far, and skin the cat—"

"Oh!" cried my mother, "now I am scandalized. Don't you understand that you must not do those things? You *must* not." There it was again, the word I had defied whenever and wherever I could, in the best of all places for defying it—the fields and the woods and the hills and the prairies of the wide Western land. "Can't" I had learned long ago to bow to. "Mustn't," alas! still aroused something black and ugly within me. I stood up and threw back both my hands, in my father's way, squirming with some of his strength and impatience.

"Now, mother, if I can, why mustn't I?" It was the old cry of the radical. I suppose that even in high-piping treble it mounted with its old wayward menace. My mother put out one hand avertingly,



Drawn by Charlotte Harding Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"IT LOOKED LIKE YOU WUZZENT COMING"

as if she did not like the suggestion in the sight and the sound.

"I don't seem to get your point of view," she said presently, regaining her control. "You don't seem to feel as I felt when I was your age. I can remember that I had high spirits, too, when I was a girl—I have high spirits now, for the matter of that. But I can remember being glad finally that there were fences beyond which I was not to go. It gave me a feeling of being sheltered and taken care of. It was a good feeling to have. A girl's life must have fences. A girl must hold herself down. She must tame herself." My mother was growing sterner, facing sterner issues. "You might as well learn now as later the difference between what you can do and what you will be allowed to do. It isn't that you can't have pleasure," she went on, tentatively, in the face of my depression, "but you must get it in a feminine way. You must pay a little attention to the woman you have to grow into."

I put down my little ball of carpet-rags and went to the attic window. The Twin Oaks country lay gleaming in the sunlight. I could see far. On top of the haystack by the windbreak in the home pasture I made out a boy's figure. The boy seemed to have been watching the attic window. He immediately saw me and made beckoning signs to me. I looked back at my mother. Her eyes were down-bent. The serenity of her brow and the steadiness of her mouth were all the more evident because the natural gayety of her eyes was veiled. I looked back at the boy, with no notion of obeying his signs. While I looked he held up a fishing-line in one hand and a can of worms in the other. Then he waved both arms toward Henway Wood and danced up and down on the haystack like a dervish.

"Mother," I said, "Brad Eldridge is out yonder. He wants me to go fishing with him and Than. I reckon I'd better tell him I'm done with fishing."

My mother seemed pleased at that. Her smile—remembering it, I know that it had humor as well as approval in it—followed me to the attic door. Looking back at her from the door, my throat choked with the fervor of my love for her. More than ever before in my life I meant to do and to be whatever she wanted me to do and to be.

When I got out-of-doors my heart leaped gayly. The ground was so bouncy that I could hardly keep my feet upon it.

"Come on! Come on! Come on!" shrieked the boy from the haystack. He slid to the ground and began to dig for worms. Another boy was coming across the field. He and I reached the haystack at the very same moment. He and I always reached places at the very same moment. The other always got there a little ahead of us. He was older and bigger. He turned a face as speckled as a turkey's egg up to us, laughing at us.

"It looked like you wuzzen't comin'. But I calculated you would." His brow was broad and high and his eyes were large and untroubled. He showed in feature and expression that he was a law unto himself. The younger boy beside him was shorter and slimmer. Determination, a white flame, burned in his eyes. His life was enfevered by his effort to keep up with his brother. His sharp face showed it.

"*I'm not going—I'm not going.*" That was what I kept telling myself for the sake of the woman that I had to grow into.

"Look at them apples," said the big boy. It was not that I cared for apples, but their fragrance, like passes from a fairy's brush, established for me the picture of Rillrall Creek—where we had eaten many such apples—the whisking perch, the rippling water, the fleck of the shadows in the trees. The ground under my feet began to slip and slide toward Henway Wood.

"O God," I prayed within myself, "please You try to understand. My mother's not going to."

"You carry the can," said the big boy. It was half command, half plea—his way.

We started off through the meadow-grass to Henway Wood. Brad Eldridge, the big boy, whistled all the way. I whistled as loudly as he. Perhaps I expected him to comment upon my powers. Finally he did.

"Don't bust yourself for nothin'," he said. Than, the younger boy, skittered rocks at a chicken-hawk that swooped low over the meadow. One of my rocks



Drawn by Charlotte Harding

Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

'DARE AND DOUBLE DARE!" I SHOUTED



Drawn by Charlotte Harding Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

AT THE DOOR I RUSHED INTO MY MOTHER'S ARMS

went farther than any of his. He turned pale and threw again, far past my mark. The exertion made him wheeze.

"You're a fool," said Brad. But there was a crude tenderness in the words. "Look; that's all the far I can throw." It was a lie, and we knew it. He laughed blithely at our accusations. It would have worried him had we believed him. I tried another rock myself.

"There's no sense in your trying to throw as far as Than and me," he warned me—for Than's sake, I think. "Your collar-bone's different."

"Is it? Looky-here!" My rock plumped into the fence between the wood and the pasture, just as Than's had done.

"Anyway, it's what they say," insisted Brad. It was plain that he was going to stand by the theory.

We reached the fence, rolled over it into Henway Wood, and sought the banks of the Rillrall. Time flies in a wood as you go deeper and deeper into its shadows. We got into a part of Henway that I didn't know. I liked to be frightened as much as the silence and strangeness frightened me. Sometimes we fished. Sometimes we fussed. It was always about our respective abilities.

"I can stump you here," Brad would cry, and execute a war-dance across a rotten, shaking log that spanned the Rillrall. Than and I would spar for first place in accepting the challenge.

"You daren't jump to this rock flat-footed," Than would screech. Of course we did, splashing the water knee-high in our vehemence. It was in this wise, with an ecstatic sense of guilt, that I frightened back the woman that I had to grow into.

Sometimes we were quieter, and our talk turned upon matters of the mind—ambitions, dreams, and hopes.

"Just two more months till September. Then Shiloh Academy!" Brad drew a deep breath. Only he and his father and mother knew how hard it had been to make it possible for him to say that. His freckled face looked older and bigger on the instant. His education was a tremendous affair with him.

"My father doesn't want me to go to Shiloh at all," I said, with fleeting sadness. I recalled the way things were wont to go between my father and me. "He'll come around, though. Do you suppose we'll ever get grown?" Some days we seemed to have been waiting so long. I was thinking altogether of Shiloh.

Brad regarded me for a moment with his calm, deep-centred gaze. Then he laughed, half shyly, half aggressively. "You'll grow into a woman," he said.

Protestation seemed futile, but his words resolved me then and there to take it out on the woman. Pained and astonished, she soon gathered her draperies about her and fled away into the dimmest recesses of the future. Rid of her, I became intoxicated with a sense of freedom. The boys could hardly keep up with me, particularly as I began to feel antagonistic to them. I wanted to get the best of them, especially of Brad. With the keen scent of childhood he caught my animus presently. Then our minds sparred off and challenged each other. We tried each other in mental tournaments and physical bouts. I gave him "phthisis" to spell, and he gave back "asafetida." He asked me if a herring and a half cost a cent and a half, what would three herrings cost. I asked him what was the capital of the Argentine Republic.

Almost always he came out victor in the jumps and the races. Finally, however, I saw my opportunity and grasped it with both hands. It was the loose-hanging end of a wild grape-vine. "Dare and double dare!" I shouted. "Whoever 'll take a dare 'll steal black sheep." I hoped to land on the flat rock in the middle of the Rillrall. I started to pray that I would land there, but as I sailed into the air it came to me suddenly that it would not be fair for me to try to engage God on my side. For Brad would not ask help. He would do it by himself or not at all. I did land on the flat rock, but it was a foolhardy thing for me to have tried. It was more foolhardy for Brad to try it. He was a large-boned farmer-boy, spare but heavy. Unfortunately the antagonism between us had become so pronounced for the moment that it dominated reason and caution. There was a glint in his eyes as he caught the vine. It broke with him when he was in mid-air, and he fell into the Rillrall with a thump. He was

sore in mind and body when he got up. All the best suggestions of his face—independence, strength, fairness—were veiled.

"Your collar-bone's different," I said, judicially. How could I know what a terrible thing that failure was to him!

Suddenly he seized a rock from the bed of the creek and aimed it at me. I had never before seen a boy as angry as that. I had never before seen anybody as angry as that.

He did not throw the rock. Instead he let it fall nervelessly, and crossed over to the grassy bank and fell down and sobbed. Than went and knelt beside him, silent. I wanted to go and kneel beside him, too. But I didn't go. By and by, still without a word, he rose and, followed by Than, went crashing into the underbrush with rapid strides. I remained standing on the rock in the Rill-rall. Not for a good deal would I have let any one know the sensations within me. I crossed over to the bank slowly and sat down and despised myself. Then I despised Brad. Then I despised Than. At the first sharp crisis he had gone over to Brad. They had stood together as brothers against me, the girl. Through the trees my sharpened imagination now caught sight of the woman whom I had chased away. She seemed to be coming toward me with a disgusted look on her face. I got up and started homeward as fast as I could go. But she slipped by me, like a zephyr among the trees, and got around in front of me; and watching her aggrieved back, I forgot to pay heed to my footsteps, and pretty soon I was lost.

Little by little the terror of the forest settled upon me. I tried to shake it off. Once it came to me that if I did not know myself for myself, if I could but be of the forest life as the fox-squirrel was, as the woodpecker was, I should not be afraid. It grew cool in the forest and darker. The white-birch trunks looked like ghosts. The willows sighed mournfully. Once I raised my voice and shrieked. When at last I stumbled into a part of the wood that I knew, I was shivering from head to foot. I was still shivering when I reached the house. At the door I rushed into my mother's arms.

"And I was not even uneasy about you," she cried, with sweet compunction. "I supposed that you were with Brad, and that he would take care of you."

"Mother," I said, standing up straight to say it and holding back my nervous sobs, "it's not true what you thought about boys taking care of girls. He went off and left me. I had to find my own way out. And I've had enough of boys. I—"

"Now come in and get quiet," said my mother, and added softly, "Boys do very well in their way."

Next day, just the same, a boy on a haystack whistled in vain for me.

"One need not go to extremes," suggested my mother, noticing my languor and unhappiness; "I'd run out into the yard and play with him."

But I would not go, and for three days a great deal of keen, sweet melody whistled to waste.

"Did you know," asked my mother, as the whistling began on the fourth day, "that Brad Eldridge went back to Henway Wood that night and spent the whole night looking for you? They told him at the kitchen door that you hadn't come in when he came by to inquire."

I went over to the window. There was a boy's figure on the haystack by the windbreak in the home pasture. He made beckoning signs to me, and his whistling sounded as high and as true as a flute. I slipped out of the house and went over the grass to the tune of it.

The Intelligence of the Flowers*

BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK

II

A GREAT volume might be written on the intelligence of plants, even as Romanes wrote one on animal intelligence. But this sketch has no pretension towards becoming a manual of that kind; and I wish merely to call attention to a few interesting little events that happen beside us in this world in which we a little too vaingloriously think ourselves privileged. These events are not selected, but taken, by way of instances, as the random result of observations and circumstances. I propose, however, in these short notes to concern myself above all with the flower, for it is in the flower that the greatest marvels shine forth. I set aside, for the moment, the carnivorous flowers, *Droseras, Nepenthes* and the rest, which approach the animal kingdom and would demand a special and expansive study, in order to devote myself only to the true flower, the flower properly so called, which is believed to be motionless, insentient, passive and inanimate.

To separate facts from theories, let us speak of the flower as though it had foreseen and conceived in the manner of men all that it has realized. We shall see later how much we must leave to it, how much take away from it. For the present, let it take the stage, alone, like a splendid princess endowed with reason and will. There is no denying that it appears provided with both; and to deprive it of either we must needs resort to very obscure hypotheses. It is there, then, motionless on its stalk, sheltering in a dazzling tabernacle the reproductive organs of the plant. Apparently it has but to allow the mysterious union of the stamens and the pistil to be accomplished in this tabernacle of love. And many flowers do so consent. But to many others there is propounded, big with awful threats, the normally insoluble problem of cross-fertilization. As the result of what numberless and immemorial experiments did they observe that self-fertilization, that is, the fertilization of the stigma by the pollen falling from the anthers that surround it in the same corolla, rapidly induces the degeneration of the species? They have observed nothing, we are told, nor profited by any experience. The force of things quite simply and gradually eliminated the seeds and plants weakened by self-fertilization. Soon there survived only those with some anomaly, such as the exaggerated length of the pistil, rendering it inaccessible to the anthers, which were thus prevented from fertilizing themselves. These exceptions alone survived, through a thousand revolutions; heredity finally determined the work of chance; and the normal type disappeared.

We shall see presently what light these explanations throw. For the moment, let us go out into the garden or the field to study more closely two or three curious inventions of the genius of the flower. And already, without going far from the house, we have here, frequented by the bees, a sweet-scented cluster that is inhabited by a very skilful mechanic. There is no one, even among the least countrified, but knows the good Sage. It is an unpretending *Labiata* and bears a very modest flower which opens violently, like a hungry mouth, to snap the rays of the sun in passing. For that matter, it presents a large number of varieties, not all of which—this is a curious detail—have adopted or carried to the same pitch of perfection the system of fertilizing which we are about to examine. But I am here concerned only with the most common Sage, that which, at this moment, as though to celebrate spring's

* Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Copyright, 1906, by Maurice Maeterlinck.

passage, covers with violet draperies all the walls of my terraces of olive. I assure you that the great marble palaces that await the kings were never more luxuriously, more happily, more fragrantly adorned. One seems to catch the very perfumes of the light of the sun at its hottest, when noonday strikes. . . .

To come to details, the stigma, or female organ, of the flower is contained in the upper lip, which forms a sort of hood, in which are also the two stamens, or male organs. To prevent these from fertilizing the stigma which shares the same nuptial tent, this stigma is twice as long as they, so that they have no hope of reaching it. Moreover, in order to avoid any accident, the flower has made itself proterandrous, that is to say, the stamens ripen before the pistil, so that, when the female is fit to conceive, the males have already disappeared. It is necessary, therefore, that an external force should intervene to accomplish the union by carrying a foreign pollen to the abandoned stigma. A certain number of flowers, the anemophilous flowers, leave this care to the wind. But the Sage—and this is the more general case—is entomophilous, that is to say, it loves insects and relies upon their collaboration alone. For the rest, it is not unaware—for it knows many things—that it lives in a world where it is best to expect no sympathy, no charitable aid. It does not waste time, therefore, in making useless appeals to the courtesy of the bee. The bee, like all that struggles against death in this world of ours, exists only for herself and for her kind and is in no way concerned to render a service to the flowers that feed her. How shall she be obliged, in spite of herself, or at least unconsciously, to fulfil her matrimonial office? Observe the wonderful love-trap contrived by the Sage: at the bottom of its tent of purple silk it distils a few drops of nectar; this is the bait. But, barring the access to the sugary field, stand two parallel stalks, somewhat similar to the beams of a Dutch drawbridge. Right at the top of each stalk is a great sack, the anther, overflowing with pollen; at the bottom two smaller sacks serve as a counterpoise. When the bee enters the flower, in order to reach the nectar, she has to push the small sacks with her head. The two stalks, which turn on an axis, at once topple over and the upper anthers descend and touch the sides of the insect, which they cover with fertilizing dust. No sooner has the bee departed than the springy pivots fly back and replace the mechanism in its first position; and all is ready to repeat the work at the next visit.

However, this is only the first half of the play: the sequel is enacted in another scene. In a neighboring flower, whose stamens have just withered, there enters upon the stage the pistil that awaits the pollen. It issues slowly from the hood, lengthens out, stoops, curves down, becomes forked so as, in its turn, to bar the entrance to the tent. On its way to the nectar, the head of the bee passes freely under the hanging fork, which, however, grazes her back and sides exactly at the spots touched by the stamens. The two-cleft stigma greedily absorbs the silvery dust and the impregnation is accomplished. For the rest, it is easy, by introducing a straw or the end of a match, to set the apparatus going and to take stock of the striking and marvellous combination and precision of all its movements.

The varieties of the Sage are very many, and I will spare you the enumeration of the majority of their scientific names, which are not always elegant: *Salvia Pratensis, Officinalis* (our Garden Sage), *Horminum, Horminoides, Glutinosa, Sclarea, Roemeri, Azurea, Pitcheri, Splendens* (the magnificent Sage of our baskets) and so on. There is not, perhaps, one but has modified some detail of the machinery which we have just examined. Some—and this, I think, is a doubtful improvement—have doubled and sometimes trebled the length of the pistil, so that it not only emerges from the hood, but makes a wide plume-like curve in front of the entrance to the flower. They thus avoid the just possible danger of the fertilization of the stigma by the anthers dwelling in the same hood; but, on the other hand, it may happen, if the proterandry be not strict, that the insect, on leaving the flower, deposits on the stigma the pollen of the very anthers with which the stig-

ma cohabits. Others, in the movement of the lever, make the anthers diverge farther apart so as to strike the sides of the animal with greater precision; others, lastly, have not succeeded in arranging and adjusting every part of the mechanism. I find, for instance, not far from my purple Sage, near the well, under a cluster of Oleanders, a family of white flowers tinted with pale lilac, which has no suggestion or trace of a lever. The stamens and the stigma are heaped up promiscuously in the middle of the corolla. All seems left to chance and disorganized. I have no doubt that it would be possible, for any one bringing together the different varieties of this *Labiata,* to reconstruct the whole history, to follow all the stages of the invention, from the primitive disorder of the white Sage under my eyes to the latest improvements of the *Salvia Pratensis.* What conclusion are we to draw? Is the system still in the experimental stage among the aromatic tribe? Has it not yet left the period of models and "trial trips," as in the case of the Archimedean screw in the Medick family? Has the excellence of the automatic lever not yet been unanimously admitted? Can it be, then, that everything is not unchangeable and preestablished; and are they still discussing and experimenting in this world which we believe to be fatally, organically regular?

Be this as it may, the flower of most varieties of the Sage presents an elegant solution of the great problem of cross-fertilization. But, even as, among men, a new invention is at once taken up, simplified, improved by a host of small indefatigable seekers, so, in the world of what we may call mechanical flowers, the patent of the Sage has been turned over and in many details strangely perfected. A pretty general *Scrophularinea,* the Common Lousewort *(Pedicularis Sylvatica),* or Red Rattle, which you must surely have noticed in the shady parts of small woods and heaths, has introduced some extremely ingenious modifications. The shape of the corolla is almost the same as of that of the Sage; the stigma and the two anthers are all three contained in the upper hood. Only the little moist tip of the pistil protrudes from the hood, while the anthers remain strictly captive. In this silky tabernacle, therefore, the organs of the two sexes are very close together and even in immediate contact; nevertheless, thanks to an enactment quite different from that of the Sage, self-fertilization is absolutely impossible. The anthers, in fact, form two sacks full of powder; each of the sacks has only one opening and they are juxtaposed in such a way that the openings coincide and mutually close each other. They are forcibly kept inside the hood, on their curved, springy stalks, by a sort of teeth. The bee or humblebee that enters the flower to sip its nectar necessarily pushes these teeth aside; and the sacks are no sooner set free than they fly up, are flung outside and alight upon the back of the insect.

But the genius and foresight of the flower go farther than this. As Hermann Müller, who was the first to make a complete study of the wonderful mechanism of the Lousewort, observes (I am quoting from a summary):

"If the stamens struck the insect while preserving their relative positions, not a grain of pollen would leave them, because their orifices reciprocally close each other. But a contrivance which is as simple as it is ingenious overcomes the difficulty. The lower lip of the corolla, instead of being symmetrical and horizontal, is irregular and slanting, so that one side of it is higher by a few millimetres than the other. The humblebee resting upon it must herself necessarily stand in a sloping position. The result is that her head strikes first one and then the other of the projections of the corolla. Therefore the releasing of the stamens also takes place successively; and, one after the other, their orifices, now freed, strike the insect and sprinkle it with fertilizing dust.

"When the humblebee next passes to another flower, she inevitably fertilizes it, because—and I have purposely omitted this detail—what she meets first of all, when thrusting her head into the entrance to the corolla, is the stigma, which grazes her just at the spot where she is about, the moment after, to be struck by the stamens, the exact spot where she

has already been touched by the stamens of the flower which she has last left."

These instances might be multiplied indefinitely; every flower has its idea, its system, its acquired experience which it turns to advantage. When we examine closely their little inventions, their diverse methods, we are reminded of those enthralling exhibitions of machine-tools, of machines for making machinery, in which the mechanical genius of man reveals all its resources. But our mechanical genius dates from yesterday, whereas floral mechanism has been at work for thousands of years. When the flowers made their appearance upon our earth, there were no models around them which they could imitate; they had to derive everything from within themselves. At the period when we had not gone beyond the club, the bow and the flail; in the comparatively recent days when we conceived the spinning-wheel, the pulley, the tackle, the ram; at the time—it was last year, so to speak—when our masterpieces were the catapult, the clock and the weaving-loom, the Sage had contrived the beams and counterweights of its lever of precision, and the Lousewort its sacks closed up as though for a scientific experiment, the successive releasing of its springs and the combination of its inclined planes. Who, say a hundred years ago, dreamt of the properties of the screw which the Maple and the Lime-tree have been turning to account ever since the birth of the trees? When shall we succeed in building a parachute or a flying-machine as rigid, as light, as subtle and as safe as that of the Dandelion? When shall we discover the secret of cutting in so frail a fabric as the silk of the petals a spring as powerful as that which projects into space the golden pollen of the Spanish Broom? As for the Momordica or Squirting Cucumber, whose name I mentioned at the beginning of this little study, who shall tell us the mystery of its miraculous strength? Do you know the Momordica? It is a humble *Cucurbitacea*, fairly common along the Mediterranean coast. Its prickly fruit, which resembles a small cucumber, is endowed with inexplicable vitality and energy. You have but to touch it, at the moment of its maturity, and it suddenly quits its peduncle by means of a convulsive contraction and shoots through the hole produced by the wrench, mingled with numerous seeds, a mucilaginous stream of such wonderful intensity that it carries the seed to four or five yards' distance from the natal plant. The action is as extraordinary, in proportion, as though we were to succeed in emptying ourselves with a single spasmodic movement and in precipitating all our organs, our viscera, and our blood to a distance of half a mile from our skin and skeleton.

For the rest, a large number of seeds have ballastic methods and employ sources of energy that are more or less unknown to us. Remember, for instance, the explosions of the Colza and the Heath. But one of the great masters of vegetable artillery is the Spurge. The Spurge is an *Euphorbiacea* of our climes, a tall and fairly ornamental "weed," which often exceeds the height of man. I have a branch of Spurge at this moment on my table, steeped in a glass of water. It has trifid, greenish berries, which contain the seeds. From time to time, one of these berries bursts noisily; and the seeds, gifted with a prodigious initial velocity, strike the furniture and the walls on every side. If one of them hits your face, you feel as though you had been stung by an insect, so extraordinary is the penetrating force of these tiny seeds, each no larger than a pin's head. Examine the berry, look for the springs that give it life: you shall not find the secret of this force, which is as invisible as that of our nerves.

The Spanish Broom *(Spartium Junceum)* has not only pods, but flowers fitted with springs. You may have remarked the wonderful plant. It is the proudest representative of this powerful family of the Brooms. Greedy of life, poor, sober, robust, refusing no soil, no trial, it forms along the paths and in the mountains of the South huge tufted balls, sometimes three yards high, which, between May and June, are covered with a magnificent bloom of pure gold, whose perfumes, mingled with those of its habitual neighbor, the Honeysuckle, spread under the fury of a fierce sun delights that are not to be described save by evok-

ing celestial dews, Elysian springs, cool streams and starry transparencies in the hollow of azure grottos. . . .

The flower of this Broom, like that of all the papilionaceous *Leguminosæ*, resembles the flowers of the Peas of our gardens; and its lower petals, shaped like the beak of a galley, contain hermetically the stamens and the pistil. So long as it is not ripe, the bee that explores it finds it impenetrable. But, as soon as the moment of maturity arrives for the captive bride and grooms, the beak bends under the weight of the insect that rests upon it, the golden chamber bursts, hurling with violence and afar, over the visitor, over the flowers around, a cloud of luminous powder, which a broad petal, shaped like a penthouse, casts down upon the stigma that is to be impregnated.

As I have said, one could prolong indefinitely the list of the ingenious inventions of the flowers. I refer those who might wish to study these problems thoroughly to the works of Christian Konrad Sprengel, who was the first, in 1793, in his curious book, *Das entdeckte Geheimniss der Natur im Bau und in der Befruchtung der Blumen,* to analyze the functions of the different organs in the Orchids; next, to the books of Charles Darwin, Dr. Hermann Müller of Lippstadt, Hildebrand, Delpino the Italian, Sir William Hooker, Robert Brown and many others.

We shall find the most perfect and the most harmonious manifestations of vegetable intelligence among the Orchids. In these writhing and eccentric flowers, the genius of the plant touches its extreme point and, with an unusual fire, pierces the wall that separates the two kingdoms. For the rest, this name of Orchid must not be allowed to mislead us or make us believe that we have to do here only with rare and precious flowers, with those hothouse queens which seem to demand the care of the goldsmith rather than the gardener. Our native wild flora, which comprises all our modest "weeds," numbers more than twenty-five species of Orchids, including just the most ingenious and complicated. It is these which Charles Darwin studied in his book, *On the various Contrivances by which Orchids are fertilized by Insects,* which is the wonderful history of the most heroic efforts of the soul of the flower. It is out of the question that I should summarize here, in a few lines, that abundant and fairylike biography. Nevertheless, since we are on the subject of the intelligence of flowers, it is necessary that we should give some idea of the methods and the mental habits of that one which excels all the others in the art of compelling the bee or the butterfly to do exactly what it wishes, in the prescribed form and time.

It is not easy to explain without figures the extraordinarily complex mechanism of the Orchid. Nevertheless, I will try to give a sufficient idea of it with the aid of more or less approximate comparisons while avoiding as far as possible the use of technical terms such as *retinaculum, labellum, rostellum* and so forth, which evoke no precise image in the minds of persons unfamiliar with botany.

Let us take one of the most widely distributed Orchids in our regions, the *Orchis Maculata,* for instance, or rather, because it is a little larger and therefore more easily observed, the *Orchis Latifolia,* the Marsh Orchid, commonly known as the Meadow Rocket. It is a perennial plant, which attains a height of an inch or more. It is fairly common in the woods and the damp meadows and bears a thyrse of little pink flowers which blossom in May and June.

The typical flower of our Orchids represents pretty closely the fantastic and yawning mouth of a Chinese dragon. The lower lip, which is very long and which hangs in the form of a jagged or dentate apron, serves as a landing-place for the insect. The upper lip rounds into a sort of hood, which shelters the essential organs; while, at the back of the flower, beside the peduncle, there falls a kind of spur or long, pointed horn, which contains the nectar. In most flowers, the stigma, or female organ, is a more or less viscid little tuft which, at the end of a frail stalk, patiently awaits the coming of the pollen. In the Orchid, this traditional installation has become irrecognizable. At the back of the mouth, in the place occupied in the throat by the uvula, are two closely

welded stigmas, above which rises a third stigma modified into an extraordinary organ. At its top, it carries a sort of little pouch, or, more correctly, a sort of stoup, which is called the rostellum. This stoup is full of a viscid fluid in which soak two tiny balls, whence issue two short stalks laden at their upper extremity with a packet of grains of pollen carefully tied up.

Let us now see what happens when an insect enters the flower. She lands on the lower lip, outspread to receive her, and, attracted by the scent of the nectar, seeks to reach the horn that contains it, right at the back. But the passage is purposely very narrow; and the insect's head, as she advances, necessarily strikes the stoup. The latter, mindful of the least shock, is at once ruptured along a convenient line and lays bare the two little balls steeped in the viscid fluid. These, coming into immediate contact with the visitor's skull, fasten to it and become firmly stuck to it, so that, when the insect leaves the flower, she carries them away and, with them, the two stalks which rise from them and which end in the packets of tied-up pollen. We therefore have the insect capped with two straight, bottle-shaped horns. The unconscious artisan of a difficult work now visits a neighboring flower. If her horns remained stiff, they would simply strike with their pollen masses the other pollen masses soaking in the vigilant stoup and no event would spring from the pollen mingling with pollen. But here the genius, the experience and the foresight of the Orchid become apparent. The Orchid has minutely calculated the time needed for the insect to suck the nectar and repair to the next flower and has ascertained that this requires, on an average, thirty seconds. We have seen that the packets of pollen are carried on two short stalks inserted into the viscid balls. Now at the point of insertion there is, under either stalk, a small membranous disk, whose only function is, at the end of thirty seconds, to contract and throw forward the stalks, so that they bend and describe an arch of ninety degrees. This is the result of a new calculation, not of time on this occasion, but of space. The two horns of pollen that cap the nuptial messenger are now horizontal and point in front of her head, so that, when she enters the next flower, they will just strike the two welded stigmas over which hangs the stoup.

This is not all and the genius of the Orchid has not yet exhausted all its foresight. The stigma which receives the blow of the packet is coated with a viscid substance. If this substance were as powerfully adhesive as that contained in the stoup, the pollen-masses, after their stalks were broken, would be caught in it and remain fixed to it whole; and their destiny would be ended. This must not be; it is important that the chances of the pollen should not be exhausted at a single venture, but rather that they should be multiplied to the greatest possible extent. The flower that counts the seconds and measures the lines is a chemist to boot and distils two sorts of gums: one extremely clinging and hardening as soon as it touches the air, to glue the pollen-horns to the insect's head; the other greatly lenified for the work of the stigma. This latter is just prehensile enough slightly to unfasten or loosen the tenuous and elastic threads with which the grains of pollen are tied up. Some of these grains stick to it, but the pollinic mass is not destroyed; and, when the insect visits other flowers, she continues her fertilizing labors almost indefinitely.

Have I expounded the whole miracle? No; I have still to call attention to many a neglected detail: among others, to the movement of the little stoup, which, after its membrane has been ruptured to unmask the viscid balls, immediately lifts up its lip in order to keep in good condition, in the sticky liquid, the packet of pollen which the insect may not have carried off. We must also note the very curiously combined divergence of the pollinic stalks on the head of the insect, as well as certain chemical precautions common to all plants; for the experiments made quite recently by M. Gaston Bonnier seem to prove that every flower, in order to preserve its species intact, secretes poisons that destroy or sterilize any foreign pollens. This is about all that we see; but here, as in all things, the real, the great miracle begins where our power of vision ends.

The Eleventh Hour

BY PERCEVAL GIBBON

"On no condition is extradition allowed in Callao."

THE red tiles of his villa gleamed through palms, and from his deep veranda, where there never failed a grateful shadow, he could see every ship that came up to the shallow anchorage. They were not many; the town of Inhambane has little to do with the world, and the coastwise mail-boat came but once a fortnight as a matter of formality. Its coming marked a festival for every one, from the swarthy intendente in his white linen and gold lace, to the Kafirs that lived under the bananas inshore. Down they would troop to the boats, and presently the decks under the long awnings would be thronged with them, and the shrill of their voices travelled over the blue stillness of the bay to where he would sit watching alone.

He was a tall man, in the early ripeness of life, loosely knit, and stooping in the shoulders. His head was bald and white; the vivacity of the face, the sharpness of the features, and something of slippery strength in the expression and glance were at variance with a kind of large clumsiness in his every attitude. He was elephantine and Puck-like at the same time. In Inhambane he was held in high respect, for he had more money than any of the Portuguese officers had dreamed of, and a waif word that had drifted in from the outside world as to how he got it impaired that respect not at all. There would be smiles, sometimes, as they passed his veranda on their way down to the mail-boat. He had seen such smiles, and the thumb jerked over shoulder that pointed him out, and he knew exactly what was being said.

"He could be arrested as soon as he set foot on her deck," one was explaining to another. "An English steamer is England, they hold. So he stays ashore."

He knew it as though he had heard the voice so carefully lowered, with the scrupulous courtesy of the evil-speaker; but he gave no outward sign of trouble. The shape of a smile, its empty body, with none of its purpose or effect, had permanent habitation on his lips, and this at times he would seem to retain and fix with just a tremor of effort. Beyond that he acknowledged no wounds. Passengers going from Durban to Beira or farther sometimes snatched an hour ashore in little, glowing Inhambane, and these had a way of walking past his house and looking at him furtively. He was the local object of interest; but he could bear even that. One might have thought him callous, indurated to his shame, as he sat there in the cool, his big head propped on one hand, smiling in effigy. The eyes, restless and alert, drove off the curious; they had the malice of hostile force. None knew of the effort with which he drove himself to this periodical abasement, as a salutary thing, as some expiation for the sin which had been too easy.

Thus he sat, one still, fiery afternoon, when the newly come mail-boat was framed in the radiant blue of the harbor, and the beach that girt it was like a golden wire. About the flanks of the steamer the boats and canoes hung like a litter of young at the teat, and he could see the traffic that flowed up and down the accommodation ladder. The voices of the folk that cluttered her decks were silvered as they reached him over the gleaming water. He marked it all with a passive interest that was not quite idle, for he noted each incident. He saw that some were coming ashore; they put off as soon as the anchor rattled down, and among them was a white parasol. A muscle in his cheek flickered as he looked up. There had not been a white woman in Inhambane for years, and he made as if to reach the field-glasses that were near. But he let them lie; without doubt they would soon be walking past

him, and the parasol would screen the glances of some miss who would talk about him afterwards. He could get a good look at her then.

The steamers waste as little time as may be at Inhambane; three hours suffice them, as a rule. This one managed it in even less. She crawled over the shallows to the anchorage at two in the afternoon, interrupting every siesta in the local government; and at a few minutes past four her anchor was up and she was steaming for the sea. She moved out from among the vociferous boats majestically; floated slowly past the dumb fort, found the unmarked channel, and woke to full speed as she pointed her nose east and hurried to be clear of the shoals that complicate the mouth of the harbor before darkness should wipe out the steering beacons. From his veranda he watched her to the palm-clad point, and then sat back wondering, for he had not seen the white parasol go aboard again. Usually the steamer's departure unlatched a kind of embarrassment that kept him to his house so long as she remained. He did not so much mind their staring at him there; he was entrenched, as it were, and fortified by possessions which they could easily envy. But he did not care to meet English folk on the streets; he feared that an instinct to cringe or run might get the better of him. His was no pedestal of shame to flaunt a daring hardihood upon. This time, however, he showed none of his wonted alacrity to quit his place on the veranda, beside the tall French windows of the great *salon* that was dimly to be seen within. The thought of the white parasol stayed him, and he lingered in the attitude of thought.

The cool of evening was giving place to the chill of night, and a wind rustled in the feathery palm-tops, when at last he heard approaching footsteps. The white parasol was nearing his door; with its bearer walked a tall man in white. There were lights in the *salon* by now; they shone out brightly, reflected from black parquet and smooth walls, and made a radiance in the gloom of the garden. Into this walked the newcomers, and their faces were illuminated by it, so that the man on the veranda could see them and scan them while he was himself no more than a pale silhouette.

The tall man stepped forward, lifting his hat, peering towards the figure that rose from the deep chair to meet him.

"Mr. Dunbar?" he said, tentatively.

"That is my name," answered the other. He was looking towards the girl where she stood prodding the earth with the point of her parasol, and noting that she did not stare at him.

"We are in a difficulty," said the tall man. His voice had the fluency of one accustomed to asking favors. "We are passengers from the mail-boat that came to-day, and, somehow, we have been left behind." He laughed gently and deprecatingly. "We can't speak Portuguese, and it seems that you are the only English-speaking person here."

Dunbar nodded. "That is so," he said. "You had better come inside."

He stood apart to let them pass, and the tall man turned to the girl. She hesitated; there was a palpable unwillingness in her; but after a moment or two she walked up the steps and entered. Dunbar gave her a chair, and she sat down frigidly, and so remained, her eyes on the floor. The grandeurs of the room, so strangely placed at the last vedette of civilization, won no glance from her. Dunbar looked at her for a moment, and the curve of his lips was deepened as he turned again to her companion.

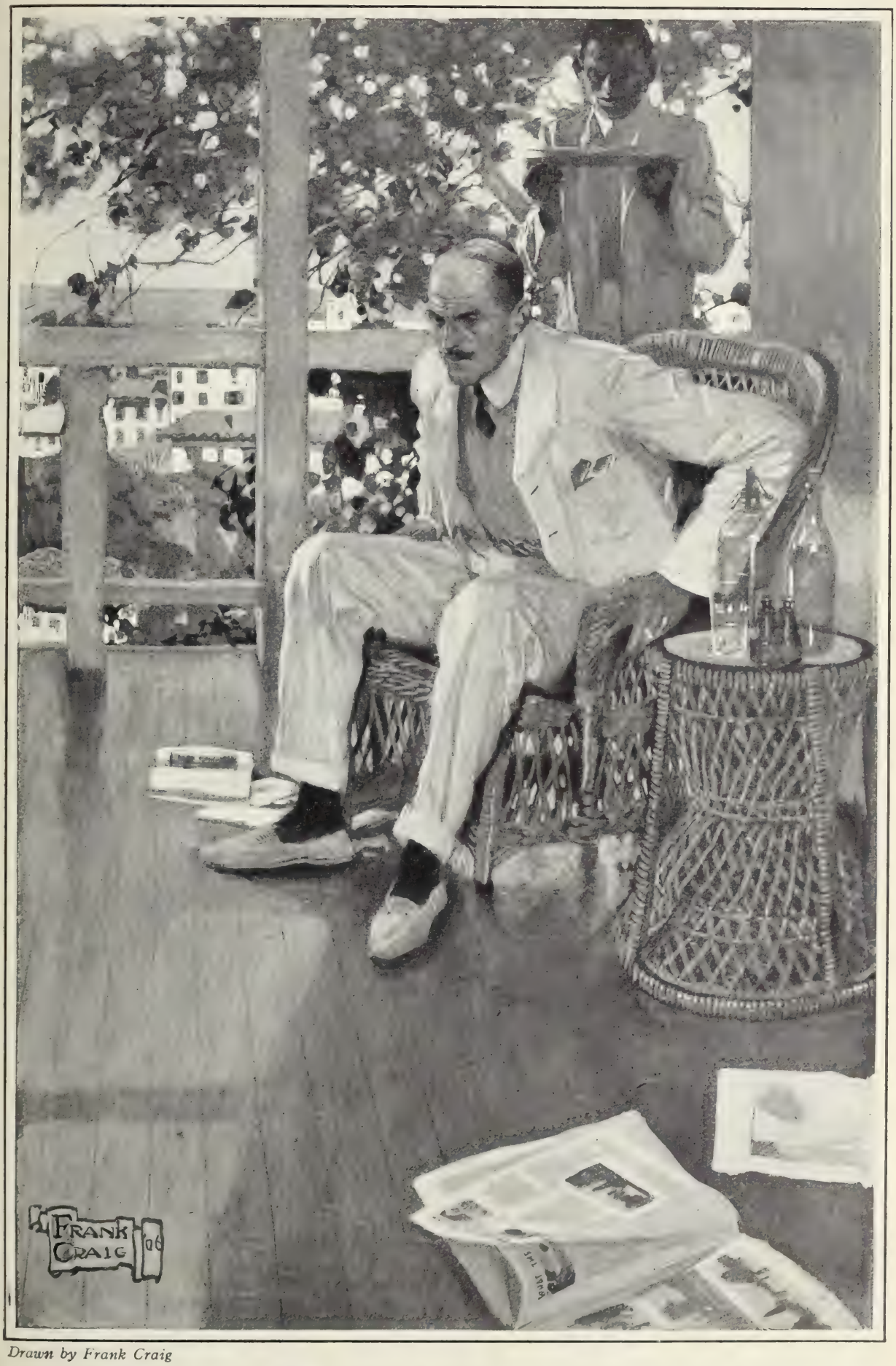
That gentleman drew up a chair for himself, and hitched it along till he faced his host at close quarters. He was pleasantly blond, with a neat mustache and a slightly indeterminate chin, and he had a confidential manner. His attitude, as he leaned forward, suggested a business interview, but his manner was otherwise spacious, even grandiose.

"My name," he said, "is Martyn. With a 'y,' you know. I haven't a card with me; didn't expect to pay calls, you know. I'm—er—in the army."

"What army?" asked Dunbar, gravely.

"Oh, I'm an Englishman, of course," replied the other, unmoved. "I mention the matter as a sort of reference. This lady is Miss Ryan. We came ashore together, and it's chiefly on her account that I have insisted—that is to say, that I've ventured to trouble you."

He paused, but the girl sat silent, her eyes fixed on the floor. She was not frowning; there was hostility, proudest



Drawn by Frank Craig

THERE HAD NOT BEEN A WHITE WOMAN IN INHAMBANE FOR YEARS

humiliation, grudged defeat, and bitter defiance expressed in every line of her figure, but her face spoke it only in a mute immobility, that woodenness and dollishness which denote the woman at bay. Dunbar looked long at her, and his was the habit of assessing accessories. He saw the pallor of the young face, the tight mouth, the set jaw, and with them he noted, with a leap of the pulses, the infantile curve of the neck and the soft wave of the hair where it swept back from the ears.

He turned to Martyn. "You have some suggestion to make?" he asked.

Martyn shrugged his shoulders, smiling.

"We are in a very awkward position," he said, easily. "These boats really serve next to no purpose at all. No whistle or anything to give warning that she means to cut and run. I fancy I shall make it hot for somebody as soon as I get within touch of the telegraph-wire again. You see," he went on, and this time he sank his voice and puckered his face to the authentic pitch of candor—"you see, it's distinctly unpleasant for Miss Ryan."

"H'm." Dunbar glanced at the girl in time to catch her little start. Martyn saw it too, and continued.

"Actually compromising," he said.

Dunbar rose to his feet and walked a few paces up and down the polished floor. Martyn sat back, bland and complacent, yet watching him warily. His eyes were bright with something like anticipation.

"You had better have some dinner now," said Dunbar at last. "We can talk then, since nothing can be done to-night. I suppose you know you're practically marooned till the next steamer comes? There's no telegraph here, and no railway. You know that?"

"Worse luck," assented Martyn, glancing at the girl to see that she had heard.

"Then if Miss Ryan will let me ring for one of the women she can go and prepare for dinner," said Dunbar. He addressed Martyn, not the girl.

"I don't want dinner." The girl spoke for the first time. She too addressed Martyn only.

Dunbar stood back, and saw perplexity and not a little irritation replace the suavity of Mr. Martyn.

"Really," said that gentleman, "I don't see why you should refuse. We must have something to eat, and since Mr. Dunbar is good enough to receive us—"

"Perhaps," said Dunbar, steadily, "Miss Ryan would like to dine alone. That can easily be arranged."

She raised her head at this, and gave him back look for look.

"I will change my mind," she said. "If you will send the maid to me—"

He hastened to ring. "I'm afraid there are only Kafir women," he said. "Inhambane boasts no others. But perhaps they will serve."

She gave him half a bow, and followed the stout negress who appeared at the door. His eyes went with her, and the swing of her skirt, as she turned aside again, made an immediate appeal to his memories and emotions.

As the door closed behind her, Martyn gave a deep sigh of relief and turned to Dunbar again.

"Queer creatures, women," he said, as he dropped to a seat. "I've had to do with a good many in my time. A chap does in the army, you know."

"Does he?" said Dunbar. "How do you know he does?"

Martyn laughed. He could laugh very readily. One less adroit than Dunbar in sounding expression for the thought beneath might have regarded his easy laughter as the index of a light heart and an unsuspicious mind. He kept his quick eye on the younger one till the laughter ceased.

"Oh, come now," said Martyn. "That's not fair. Wish I had a card with me. I know all this looks beastly funny. But about that girl. She's compromised, of course, and I dare say she's realized it, and that's what has put her temper out of joint. She—she actually has a notion that I lost the way and missed the steamer on purpose."

"So you were her guide, eh?" asked Dunbar. He was standing gauntly before the other, looking down at him, with hands clasped behind his back.

"That was the idea," Martyn admitted. He became even more confidential. "But I say, old chap, I hope you don't mind my depending on you to see us through? I can repair the matter of the



Drawn by Frank Craig Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"I WILL CHANGE MY MIND," SHE SAID

compromising, you know. I've already spoken to her about that. But we came ashore with just what we had in our pockets, and—"

Dunbar silenced him with a hand-wave. "Do you mean to tell me," he demanded, slowly, "that you've actually told her she was in danger of slander, and have offered to protect her by marriage?"

"On my honor, I have," affirmed Martyn. He had mistaken the purport of the question. "You can ask her, if you doubt me. It's the least I could do. One must run straight."

"Must one?" There was the chill of hammered metal in the tone. "Well, you'd like a wash before dinner, no doubt. Clean hands are a comfort, aren't they? Let me show you a room."

Dunbar's own preparations were quick, for he was back in the *salon* ten minutes afterwards. Here, standing at the window, he waited, looking out at the whispering darkness with a certain expectancy, till Miss Ryan entered. He turned and brought her a chair.

She did not sit down, but stood with her hand resting on its high back, as though to make it a rampart between them.

"Mr. Dunbar," she said, breathlessly.

"I am at your service," he answered.

Her stolid enmity had given place to trepidation. She eyed him nervously.

"I wanted to tell you," she said, speaking as though with difficulty, "that I know all about you. Everything—I know everything."

She broke off and waited for his riposte. He only bowed.

"My father," she went on, "was one of—one of your—"

He helped her out. "One of my victims?" he suggested, gently. The spasm of effort reinforced the habit of his composure. "I am sorry," he said.

"When the Emancipator broke," she went on, "and you ran away"—the steady gaze of his eyes wavered an instant, and she saw it—"yes, ran away with the money, my father was made penniless. I could never tell you with what an energy of loathing and contempt I think of you."

"There is no need," he answered. "I know already."

She shook her head impatiently. "You can't know. But now that I have told you, as clearly as I can, you can decide whether you will help me or not. For I am in such need of help that I will accept it even of you. I daren't refuse it, and—and—you owe me something."

It was his turn to shake his head. "That must stand," he answered. "I will help you apart from that, or not at all. You are right when you say you need help."

She had some answer to make, but at that moment Martyn entered, spruce and pleasant, and they went to dinner.

Dunbar gave his arm to the girl, and she took it; both saw Martyn's eyebrows rise.

"Well, old chap," said Martyn, when they were seated in the punka-cooled dining-room, that was separated from the veranda only by screens of bamboo, "have you decided what you're going to do with us?"

"I have an idea," replied Dunbar, "that you won't require my hospitality, after all. It's just possible that the mail-boat did not get clear of the mouth before dark."

"What do you mean?" demanded Martyn. "She's eating up the miles between here and Beira by now."

Dunbar turned to the girl. "There are no buoys, you know, and no lights," he explained. "And if she didn't succeed in getting out before sundown she wouldn't take any risks. There are miles of sand-banks between here and the sea, and she'd simply anchor till daylight. So there's just a bare chance that she may be there now."

"Rot!" said Martyn. "It's a thousand to one against it. And, anyhow, it's twenty miles off. How the deuce are you going to get to her by sunrise, even if she is there? She left early, too, on purpose to get out. So there's nothing in that, anyhow."

Dunbar heard him out with a deadly patience. "Indeed!" he said, and turned again to the girl, who was waiting with both hands clutching the table.

"There is a launch," he said, "a steam-launch of sorts, the property of the Portugee who draws pay as harbor-master, or port-captain, or something. I can get that, but—well, it burns wood."

"What does that matter?" she asked.

"I've used her before," he explained. "She will carry fuel enough to take us down to the bar, but if your ship isn't there we shall have to sail back, and we sha'n't be here till to-morrow afternoon. She can squatter along fairly well under steam, but she sails like a raft."

"That settles it, then," said Martyn, sharply. "You can't drift about all night."

"When can we start?" asked the girl.

"As soon as we have eaten our dinner," answered Dunbar. "You must make as good a meal as you can, you know."

Martyn picked the serviette from his knees and flung it on the table. His face was flushed, and he spoke angrily.

"Now, look here," he said, "there's no use talking, because I won't have it. Miss Ryan is responsible to me, in a way. I've got to put her straight with the world, and so when I say that I won't allow her to go chasing that damned steamboat like this there's got to be an end of the matter. Dunbar, you've got to drop it."

The girl rose in her seat and looked at him with a white and angry face.

"I shall be ready when you are," she said to Dunbar, and walked forth.

Dunbar went on with his meal. Martyn glared at him, and curious creases came out on the fall of his chin, as though his mouth were made up to blubber.

"Have some more Burgundy," said the elder man at last. "You've made a mistake, Mr. Martyn. You'd better not talk about it any more."

"Look here," said Martyn. "Who are you to interfere like this? Which of us has got to marry that girl—you or I?"

"Neither of us," answered the other. "I'm married already, and you—" he barked a short laugh. "Where are you going to sleep to-night?" he demanded.

"What do you mean?"

Dunbar leaned back in his chair, and looked him up and down.

"You want it plainer than that, eh? Well, listen to this. I don't like you at all, and since you have insulted my guest, insulted your host, and finished your dinner, I mean to be rid of you. I suppose you have something nasty to say as a last word? Well, leave it unsaid. Leave it unsaid, my man, or I'll have you flogged. That's all. You can go now."

"I say," said Martyn, standing up; "I say. Don't take it like that, old man. If you're so set on this boating trip, I suppose we'll have to come, but—"

"You needn't come," replied Dunbar, rising. "You can't come, anyhow. Now, out with you."

A minute afterwards Martyn was gone.

There was a slender crescent of moon aloft when the launch was at last poled off the beach and steam turned on. Over her boiler the wood was stacked high, and aft the girl and Dunbar sat in the shadow of it. Two silent natives attended to the engine, and on the fagots forward sat the stout negress who was shipped as chaperon. Dunbar steered, and as the little scrap-heap of an engine broke into its measured thud and wheeze they shot out and headed down for the point. The launch had seen much better days since she was stolen from the booms of a man-of-war at Zanzibar, but she could still plug her nose along at a fair gait, and the fort, the loopholed church of Inhambane, and the tower of the lazar-house slid past in good time. The native stoker and engineer squatted in the glow of the furnace door, cast into striking relief against it, like great toads, and overhead a wonder of white stars stood in a dome of velvet.

For half an hour there was no sound but that of the engine and the wash of water as it raced aft to the white ribbon of the wake, save when, at short intervals, the furnace door clanged open and a billet or two of wood crashed into the fire. At such times the glow would lighten to a hot glare, and in it the girl, sitting silent beside him, took occasion to glance at Dunbar. He was leaning back, his arm resting along the tiller, his big face upturned. It had an expression to make her wonder—something so still, so acquiescent of any fate, so peaceful, governed the keen strength of the features. When the furnace was opened again it was still there, and she felt a need of trivial speech to parry the sombre association of the vast night, the dark water, and this monstrous and wonderful man.

"So this is the only steam-vessel in Inhambane," she said, tentatively.

He nodded. "Yes," he said, "the only one now. I had a yacht here once, a beauty. She could have taken you round

to Beira and beaten the mail-boat by a day. But I had to get rid of her."

"Why?" she asked.

He turned to look at her. "She was a British ship," he said. "My captain conceived the idea of arresting me on board of her."

The silence fell again, till she broke it.

"I shouldn't like to think you were happy," she said, wistfully.

He smiled, but the smile was not of ridicule or amusement. It was not even bitter.

"No," he answered at last. "That would be too much. I have still my sense of shame."

They spoke no more then, till, when the hours had lengthened to four, the launch crawled over a shoal and rounded a spit.

"There's your mail-boat," he said, pointing.

A light was hanging over the water, a couple of miles away, and the lean moon just sufficed to make visible the bulk of the steamer. Dunbar thrust the tiller over, and they headed down to it.

The girl caught his arm. "Mr. Dunbar," she said, and almost choked on the words—"Mr. Dunbar, the mail-boat's a British ship, too."

"Well?" He was smiling again, and the smile was now no shell of laughter.

"Had you not better—" she began, but he stayed her.

"We shall be fellow passengers for a day or two," he said. "I'm going home. I've had enough of it. Do you remember I wouldn't let you claim an obligation? That was because I am going to face my obligations in the mass. I think I was meant for something better than a thief in hiding."

They clucked and wheezed down to the steamer, and their line was caught and made fast. A parley resulted in the lowering of the accommodation ladder, and Dunbar followed Miss Ryan to the deck.

The captain was there and he greeted the girl warmly.

"You're in luck, Miss Ryan," he was saying. "I'd have tried a rocket or two, if I'd had any, to let the town know we were still here. Lord sakes! who's this?"

"I'm Henry Dunbar, captain," was the answer. "Will you give me a free passage to British territory?"

The captain bit his cigar in two in sheer astonishment.

"You bet your last cent I will," he answered with emphasis. "I'd sail you to Newgate with pleasure."

Asleep

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

I PASSED as one in dream along
The lovely ways of Earth;
I listened to the hermit's song,
I saw frail April's birth;
I watched the miracle of snow,
And autumn's glory flame and fade,
And rivers flow.
I felt the great Sea's stir and call,
The silence by the mountain made:—
Heard, saw and felt it all!
Yet what it meant I never knew
Till I met you.

Song

BY MARY COLES CARRINGTON

DEEP within the wood a bird
Fluted softly—then was gone.
Oh, the haunting sounds I heard!
Winding of an elfin horn
Or a merry satyr piping eager welcome to the morn?

Surely there a dryad started,
Fair as may-buds dipped in dew!
Had we not unkindly parted
I had thought the vision *you*—
Tell me, sweet, if I be dreaming may not all my dream come true?

Editor's Easy Chair

IN Art as in Life, there are apparently no tangible beginnings. Endings, there may be, which you can put your finger on, and say, Here the man ceased to breathe; or, Here the thing was no longer done. But is death the close of life? Religion says it is not. Is the prevalence of bad taste the end of art? History would not seem to think so. In either life or art, except at the divine source of both, there is no creation; there is only recreation. Or, we may reverse the paradox and say there are no fathers, there are only forefathers. As for art alone there is no such thing as positive originality in it, there is only comparative originality. You can never say this or that manner, or method, or achievement, is quite original. You can only say it is rather original, or pretty original. It germinates simultaneously in many widely separated minds, it matures and decays in the same way over the same range. But when you fancy it has wholly disappeared it is really awaiting regeneration, renascence, resurrection. The good kinds in it can never perish; only the fashions, the affectations, the caprices are perishable; and even these have their palingenesis, and reappear age after age.

The patient reader of the Easy Chair will bear it witness that it does not often abound in sayings so Orphic as these, which have been suggested to it by a passage in the life of Tolstoy by Paul Birukoff. Nothing could well be flatter or tamer than that work; in the self-abnegation of the author it is of much the moral quality of the sheet on which the events of the kinematograph play; but it leaves you with the question whether that is not, after all, the very best ground on which the history and personality of a great man can be projected. For such a purpose you do not so much want a medium as a blank space, and this is what Tolstoy's authorized biographer supplies. He has had all the material which Tolstoy could give him, and he offers the texture of a perfectly subordinate mind, as the surface on which the materials may arrange themselves.

But possibly this is the biographer's humble triumph, or his subtle triumph, and is the fashion he chooses of showing himself an artist. We will not be sure, and we will not go further in our inquiry, for this is not to be a review of the book, but only a means of asking the reader's interest in a single fact of far the most impressive literary career of our time, or, for the matter of that, any time. To our mind, Tolstoy is without a rival in the whole history of the art of fiction, or rather without an equal; rivals enough he certainly has, but they are defeated rivals. He dwarfs them to the dimensions of artifice which it takes when it is confronted with nature. He alone and for the first time since fable began to moralize the human story seems to have set frankly and directly about his work. As he has said, he made Truth his hero, and he has had no aim but to find out the truth, and let his reader see it as clearly as he did. Yet this unequalled artist, this wonderful creator, this unrivalled original, owns himself a follower of another master, especially in that power of realizing war to the most unwarlike reader, so that it seems as if no one had honestly written of battles before.

"As to Stendhal," Tolstoy says, "I will speak of him only as the author of the *Chartreuse de Parme* and *Rouge et Noir.* These are two great, inimitable works of art. I am, more than any one else, indebted for much to Stendhal. He taught me to understand war. Read once more—*Chartreuse de Parme*—his account of the battle of Waterloo. Who before him had described war—*i. e.,* as it is in reality? Do you remember Fabricius crossing the battle-field, and 'understanding nothing,' and how the hussars threw him with ease over the back of his horse, his splendid general's horse? . . . Soon afterward in the Crimea I easily verified all this with my own eyes. I repeat, all I know about war I learned first of all from Stendhal."

If this magnificently generous tribute to an elder author shall do no more than send the reader of Tolstoy's page to Stendhal's, it will do enough, for it will renew for him the great joy which the later master gave him. The *Chartreuse de Parme* is of something like the noble physical proportions of *War and Peace,* while it reveals something like the vast political and spiritual grasp of that matchless study of mankind, something like its astounding insight into the motives and the intentions of men. Of course it halts immeasurably behind it in the moral, or if the reader is not tired of that poor shabby, lying word, the unmoral treatment of persons and events. It cannot be said of the *Chartreuse de Parme,* as it can be said of *War and Peace,* that the most innocent mind can receive no stain from the knowledge of good and evil in which it abounds, and the difference is probably that quality of originality which Tolstoy adds to the lesson of his master.

But leaving this aside, is it to be supposed that Stendhal was the first to depict war truthfully? Tolstoy, who ought to know, seems to think that he was. But probably if literature could be thoroughly searched there would be found long and often before Stendhal, true pictures of war, if not in fiction, verse, or prose, then in memoirs, letters, local histories, such sources as fiction, often unknowingly, draws its inspirations, or gets its suggestions from. But even in fiction it is probable that there was some obscure author, long since read and forgotten, whom Stendhal consciously imitated as Tolstoy consciously imitated Stendhal. The arts borrow from one another, and it might have been from the study of some of those horrible old pictures of medieval warfare that Stendhal conceived the notion of painting war as it really was. Those who saw the awful canvases of Verestchagin, portraying in our time the cruel and hideous disaster of war, saw the transliteration of Tolstoy's battle-pieces, and had a proof of how the arts borrow from one another.

The subjective experience of the reader who takes up the master of a greater master is sometimes very curious, and in reading *Chartreuse de Parme* we were ourselves bewildered with the sense of knowing it already, which must have been a remote effect of earlier intimacy with *War and Peace.* It might be said that Tolstoy had not imitated Stendhal, but as a modern Italian dramatist has said of his study of Goldoni, he had learned from Stendhal how to imitate nature, imitate reality. The worst thing is, the

only bad thing is, when one author learns from another, how to imitate unnature, how to imitate unreality. But for good or for evil it is impossible that artists should not imitate one another, so long as one is born earlier and another later. As far as this goes, there is no such thing as originality in art. From Cimabue and Giotto we have Botticelli, from Mino da Fiesole we have Donatello, from Giovanni Bellini we have Titian, Tintoretto, Paolo Veronese, and so on, all measurably, none entirely, like his master. It is so in the literary arts, as, for instance, Dryden—Pope, Cowper—Wordsworth, Keats — Tennyson, Goldsmith—Irving, George Eliot — Mrs. Humphry Ward, Zola — Mr. George Moore, Miss Edgeworth—Miss Austen, Sterne—Heine. There is occasionally an author so overwhelmingly himself, after a certain time of being some one else, that he cannot be imitated except for a very short time and in a very few things, and it would not be easy to couple with another name the name of Shakespeare, or Dickens, or Thackeray. But probably no authors have so widely affected or infected authorship as these.

It does not follow that the earlier author is greater than the later. In his battle-pieces Tolstoy is immeasurably greater than Stendhal. Once, in coming to a volume of Pushkin's short stories, we had a teasing sense of familiarity in them, a tormenting sense of been-there-before, such as one sometimes has when confronted with a new scene or action. Presently we were aware of Tourguénief, and we realized that Tourguénief had learned from Pushkin how to imitate nature; but he had carried the art so far beyond the art of his master that Pushkin seemed the disciple and Tourguénief the preceptor. The work appeared a weak reflex of a stronger work, but the reflex was from a light that had followed, not preceded. In eternity, Swedenborg teaches, there is no such thing as time and space, and in the immortality of art there would seem to be at least no such thing as time, neither first nor last except in excellence.

Of course what the later artist does is to add his temperament to the example of the earlier, and if he is the greater personality, to become the original when he finds himself. There is in every considerable author the instinct, more or less latent, more or less patent, of what we must call originality till there is some other word which will better define our meaning. The very fact that each is drawn through this instinct to one master rather than another is proof of originality. The overpowering love of doing a thing is a sort of proof of the power to do it; not infallible proof, but proof such as shakes the presumption against it. With this love of doing a thing must come the love of doing it in a certain way—a way that has delighted the lover more than any other in the whole wide world of doing. It would be impossible for him even to try doing it in any other; he must liken himself in his endeavor to that master who did that thing in that way. This universe is a universe of similarities as well as differences:

> Du gleichst dem Geist dem du begreiffst.

You cannot help being like and wishing to be like the spirit which you so passionately, so perfectly divine. There seems an understanding between the two, and in the mystic eternity of art, where there is no time, the apprentice imagines that the master is as privy to the understanding as he. It is an emulation in which they strive together for the interpretation of the truth which has come to both. The first did not invent that truth, the last did not purloin it, did not even borrow it. They are contemporaries in its possession. This, at least, is what the last says to himself of the matter, but whether the first would say so, if *he* had his say, is not so clear. He might have his hesitations in owning their contemporaneity, just as sometimes the last has his hesitations in owning their similarity.

Not all disciples have had Tolstoy's noble bravery in proclaiming the name of their prophet. Perhaps Tolstoy himself would not have done it in the hour of his discipleship. When he had gone far beyond Stendhal it was easier to say that Stendhal had taught him how to be true about war than it would have been when he was studying the truth in him. Very likely it will always be so, and we cannot expect the poet who is getting together the materials of his laurel crown to acknowledge that he plucked the

leaves from this or that bush. The thing is not so simple; and yet, would not it be well for every author who has reasonable expectations of immortality to leave a sealed confession, to be read, say, with his will, when the people come back from his funeral, where it shall be owned before his family and friends, if not the world, that up to a certain moment he tried as hard as he could to write like this master or that; and that all along in his career he was in the habit of snatching a phrase here, a turn there, that seemed fortunate, and weaving it into the web of his work long after the material and texture had become effectively his own? It would be better for the peace of his soul if he could make this confession, and it would immeasurably help the contention that in art there is no such thing as originality to become the general recognition of the fact.

After all, what we want is not originality but excellence. To better your instruction is the highest achievement of which you are capable. It was long the superstition of us poor Americans that sometime we were to be called to the invention of new forms of art, if not of some art wholly unimagined before the discovery of our hemisphere. This was expected of us as well as expected by us, and we believed that we owed it to ourselves and the rest of the world to fulfil the supposed purposes of the deity with regard to us. But when we worked out of the ethics in which our intellects were swaddled into esthetic freedom, and began to walk on our own feet, it was by holding on to the knees and arms of the parent race. If we had any distinct wish in the matter, it was to better our English instruction, to refine upon it, to outdo the most delicate and exquisite effects of the ancestral art. All the ignorance of our vast, vacant world could not avail to render us original, or even aboriginal. When Walt Whitman first cropped the prairie mind and offered mankind his Leaves of Grass in the long windrows into which the hay was tedded, it did seem to the inner and outer expectation that at last here was something doing. Here, apparently, was a poet who was bettering no man's instruction, who was richly beginning master, and not poorly beginning prentice, like the other hands in the shop. But if any worshipping critic had turned to his Bible half as often as the good Walt Whitman himself must have done, he would have found the Psalmist of the King James version writing a good deal like Walt Whitman at his best. Of course the subjects were different. The American poet celebrated Man and adored himself; the Hebrew poet celebrated God and deplored himself. But there are some passages in the Song of Solomon which recall passages in *Leaves of Grass,* and there are passages in the beautiful rhythms of the imaginative books of the Old Testament, that are apparently reminiscent of the writers' acquaintance with the Long Island Bard. Of course this is an illusion to which the dweller in the timeless regions of art is subject, and we have been careful to say apparently reminiscent. The prophets were really as anterior to the poet as Babylon on the Pharpar was anterior to Babylon on the Great South Bay. The effect is such as bewitches the reader with a sense of Tolstoy in Stendhal, of Tourguénief in Pushkin. But we do not say that you feel as if the Psalmist and the Proverbial Philosopher were imitating the Long Island Bard. That would be going too far. It would be going too far even to say that the Long Island Bard had bettered his instruction from them. What is certain is that he like every other master had his instruction.

Editor's Study

POPE'S succession to Dryden, who made such a point of "wit-writing," was lineal and natural. He was a boy of twelve when Dryden died, but before that, while studying with a priest in London, since his religious faith debarred him from the school privileges of Protestant youth, he had sometimes crept into Will's Coffee-House to get a glimpse of the older poet, who was also much the greater poet—especially in his later career, after he had turned from his French models to Shakespeare and to Nature for his inspiration. The pupil so far outdid the master in wit-writing as to leave behind and out of sight every natural emotion. The secret of his domination of the first half of the eighteenth century was his superficial didacticism, exquisitely adapted to a polished age, poignantly satirical, but as deftly disposed as the turns of a lady's fan or the steps of a minuet.

Johnson's didacticism, which gave him an equal dominion over the second half of the century, was of another sort—distinctly original as well as more serious and sincere. The ore of Shaftesbury's philosophy was necessary to Pope's shining coins of wisdom, but Johnson borrowed from nobody, at least from no contemporary, while others—even so eminent a man as Joshua Reynolds—were his confessed debtors. He made concessions to the age; courtliness was not difficult to him—he put on a scarlet coat when attending the performance of his tragedy; and pomp was only too easy. He was deeply religious, but no Pharisee, as is shown by his tolerance of mirth-making and by his friendships with Savage and Beauclerc. He had a large heart, as expansive as his vocabulary; large graciousness, if few graces; was a lover of ceremony, and doubtless never interrupted the "exercises of the fan." Still, we wonder how in the literary circles of the metropolis he secured and retained to the end of his life the undisputed position of dictator. Certainly very important concessions must have been made by the age to him; and quite as certainly these imply a considerable, if not radical, change in the mind, if not in the heart, of polite London.

The demand for didacticism is what mainly fixes our attention in this whole eighteenth-century comedy, in which contradictory elements are so strangely commingled. In the history of the preceding century our wonder has not ceased that the Commonwealth could have been established before we are equally surprised to see it so easily and utterly abolished. But that which made the Commonwealth possible—something which appears recurrently in the whole woof of English history, and which is deeper than Puritanism or Non-conformism—still remained the leaven of the public thought, working beneath every compromise framed for peaceful settlement. If we define this tenacious element in political terms, as most often its representatives were wont to define it, forthwith it is seen to be first of all religious. The ghosts of Knox and Cromwell and Bunyan and Milton would have risen out of the dust of any great conflict in the centuries after them, and to every generation after them came the "Serious Call," which had its first utterance ages ago in the voice of John the Baptist.

But in the eighteenth century there was no dust-raising conflict; one blast from any really prophetic trumpet would have crumbled the whole dainty and fantastic fabric. Deism was fashionable, and in such a society the conventional moralist was in demand; and in the middle of the century the town wanted a more positive didactician than Pope had been. This they got in Johnson—a violently weak preceptor. Literature at the same time gained in him a violently weak critic. He swept everything before him without smashing any precious

traditional furniture. He suited all classes. No Non-conformist could complain of a man who opened his most important undertakings with prayer, and who had no hesitation in branding the sceptical Bolingbroke as a "scoundrel"; and his persistent Toryism endeared him to courtiers and conservatives. In the assemblies of the "Blue-stockings" he reigned supreme.

Johnson's most characteristic essays were published in the *Rambler,* which he started in 1750 and concluded in 1752. It was published twice a week, and all but four or five of the numbers were written by Johnson. Samuel Richardson, the novelist, was one of the outside contributors; the others were women. The collection of these essays in six volumes passed through twelve editions in London alone, and was considered by the author's admirers superior to anything in periodical literature, the more judicious of them with evident reluctance excepting some numbers of the *Spectator!* Johnson himself, more generous as well as juster, said, "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison."

The industrious Doctor was at the same time engaged upon his English Dictionary, the exactions of which led to the abrupt termination of the *Rambler,* but he found time for occasional contributions in the same didactic vein in the *Adventurer,* established by his friend and imitator Dr. John Hawkesworth, assisted by Richard Bathurst, a physician, whom Johnson most dearly loved, and Dr. Joseph Warton. The essays in the *Rambler,* and the Dictionary, which was completed in 1755, fully established Johnson's reputation. As preceptor and critic he met the exacting but superficial and limited needs of his own time, though he met those of no later generation. He had no profound comprehension of life or of literature, but within his limitations his logical analysis was accurate and his apprehension quick and vivid. Without charm, sententious beyond any other writer, he had a grave felicity of expression. He and the versatile Garrick, the vagabond Goldsmith, and the polite Chesterfield were characteristic types, any one of which would have made the fortunes of a novel. As depicted in Boswell's pages, they are more interesting than the persons in any society fiction of Fielding or Richardson. His levees in which, from two o'clock in the afternoon—in his later years his usual hour of rising—until four, he was in the habit of receiving his intimate acquaintances and such unknown scribblers as chose to call upon him, would have furnished Smollett with material, of another kind, but as interesting as that he obtained from association with his companions of the Fleet. But, while in many ways appealing to humorous sensibility, Johnson was not a successful humorist even in his more leisurely days when, in 1758, he started the *Idler,* having in view essays in a lighter vein. He was assisted in this undertaking by contributions from Sir Joshua Reynolds and Bennet Langton.

Johnson had thought of devoting his riper years to a periodical which should be called the *Bibliothèque,* and be mainly a review of contemporary Continental literature. The project was abandoned, but it is interesting as a reversion to the earliest type of the English literary periodical toward the end of the seventeenth century—literary in the bibliographical sense and intended only for the learned. About the middle of the eighteenth century this type had come to have a popular development. The *Museum* was a literary magazine as well as a review. The *Monthly Review,* started by Ralph Griffiths in 1749, was the first to assume the distinctly modern style of such publications, and endured for nearly a century. It represented Whiggism and Non-conformism. The Tory and Church interest established its rival, the *Critical Review,* which was edited by Smollett, the novelist, supported by Johnson, and by Robertson, the historian. Toward the end of the century these reviews increased in number, and, whatever partisan or religious interests they stood for, were always the dependencies of their publishers, tenders to their business. The first critical periodical of a high order, independent of the publisher, was the *Edinburgh Review,* established in 1802 by Sydney Smith, Jeffrey, Scott, and Brougham. Scott, seven

years later, persuaded John Murray to establish its rival Tory competitor, the London *Quarterly Review.*

Returning to the preceding half-century, we find Dr. Johnson as closely associated with the *Literary Magazine* during the two years before he started the *Idler* as he had been at the beginning of his career with the *Gentleman's Magazine.* His learned contributions to this new periodical, which had more affiliation with the review than with the popular monthly, were better suited to his attainments than would have been the work calculated to give distinction to his projected *Bibliothèque.* After his *Rasselas,* written in 1759, he did no important original work. His pension of three hundred pounds, granted the next year by the new King, George III., reduced him to his native indolence, and thereafter he was known mainly by his conversation, which was more brilliant than his writing and showed a better art.

During Johnson's life, which ended in 1784, there was no popular monthly periodical of the type established by Cave in the *Gentleman's Magazine,* excepting its successful imitator and rival, the *London Magazine.* Each of these was greatly improved by the eager competition between them. Cave was driven to the verge of illustrated journalism, resorting to the novel attraction of engravings. The *Scot's Magazine,* the first published in Scotland, is worthy of honorable mention—the length of its career, from 1739 to 1817—really to 1826 through its continuation as the *Edinburgh Magazine*—demonstrating its stable worth.

The essay periodical held its field through the entire century of which it was eminently characteristic. We have mentioned only a few periodicals of this class, but there were many others: the *Connoisseur,* to which the poet Cowper was a contributor; Fielding's *Champion* and *Covent Garden Journal;* the *World*—"written by gentlemen for gentlemen"—edited by Edward Moore, who had for his contributors such "gentlemen writers" as Chesterfield, Horace Walpole, and Soame Jenyns; the *Bee* and the *Citizen of the World,* by Oliver Goldsmith; the Edinburgh *Mirror* and its successor the *Lounger,* both of which were distinguished by the humorous contributions of Henry Mackenzie—besides scores of less important publications.

As we have seen, periodicals of this class were usually started and owned by individuals. This had been the case since Defoe issued his *Review.* Often a newspaper would be temporarily set up, as Wilkes's *North Briton* was, to plead some special cause, serving the same purpose as the old pamphlet. The publishing enterprise, as distinct from the trade of bookselling, was yet in its infancy, and the joint interest of author and publisher, now so commonly availed of, had not reached such a footing as would lead to its just appreciation by either party. What seems equally strange to us is that these essay periodicals, made thus dependent upon individual authorship, should have sought so sedulously to conceal the names of their authors. But the anonymity seems to have helped rather than hindered their success with the public, as was the case later with the Waverley Novels. It is significant that thus early in the history of periodical literature the thing written rather than the name of the writer gave assurance of worth.

The fiction of the time was but the reflection and expansion of the moral essay. Richardson was as didactic as Johnson, and even longer-winded. His epistolary fiction showed a softer sentiment than was germane to the period, and which degenerated into the mock-sentiment of Sterne. It was in both something quite different from the natural feeling shown in Addison's and Steele's essays—something, too, which, as exhibited by Richardson, was exasperating to Fielding, who deliberately set himself to the truthful portrayal of human nature, but whose realism was shallowly pessimistic. At the end of the century, the Irish tales of Maria Edgeworth presented living men and women, and, but for her obviously didactic purpose, might be regarded as anticipations of Jane Austen's novels in the very next decade—the first examples in fiction of a crisp and wholly natural realism. Hannah More was more of a religious preceptor than a novelist—but there were two of her, one the young woman who moved as a delighted listener in the circle of Johnson and Garrick, and who

wrote plays; the other, the mature Hannah, who had come to believe that playgoing itself was morally reprehensible, who wrote didactic poetry and tracts and stories that were sermons, and who, unlike Miss Edgeworth, believed in "conversion."

This persuasion of Hannah More's, that there is such a thing as a change of heart, and that it is something worthy of all effort to bring about in humankind, leads us back to what we were saying about that leaven which in every age is working in English thought and feeling. The world of fashion is naturally ritualistic, and the leaven we refer to had little chance of effectively working beneath the formalism of eighteenth-century society, but it was working in a little circle at Oxford, before the middle of the century, as it had been for a long time among the unpolite multitude, preparing the way for preachers like Whitefield and John Wesley, though the latter had a native dread of non-conformity. With this religious movement we have nothing to do here, save as it was a radical reaction against the formal ethics of the polite world which constituted the framework of its literature, its histories, and its philosophy. Our concern is with that form of the reactionary movement which affected literature.

Since Milton there had been no development of the highest order of imaginative prose or poetry. The tides of human feeling were regulated by common sense, which eschewed romance and mysticism. Even fiction did not venture to transcend the facts and circumstances of the actual contemporary life. Some critics, like the Warton brothers, Joseph and Thomas, protested against the generally conceded supremacy of Pope as a poet, showed leanings toward Spenser, and were inclined to the spirit of medievalism, as Horace Walpole was to its form. Thomson, Gray, Collins, Shenstone, Young, Beattie, and Goldsmith yielded to the charm of Nature. Burns, in his surprising lyrics, uttered a spontaneous and half-wild note of revolt against everything artificial and conventional. Then, through the elemental tempest of the French Revolution, we are launched into the nineteenth century—into the restless currents of a new spirit of life and literature.

We have seen how directly associated with periodical literature all the most characteristic writers—even the novelists—were in the eighteenth century. It is significant, therefore, that fiction was so wholly excluded from serial publications. The essay periodical was, of course, too limited in its compass to make room for the successive instalments of a novel. The magazines and reviews, while they sought to furnish entertainment to their readers, seem to have regarded fiction as too frivolous to blend harmoniously with their graver contents. The novels, perhaps, were too prolix—if we may judge from the length of *Sir Charles Grandison*—even to serve as feuilletons for the newspapers. We know of but one instance of a novel of this period published originally in serial form—that of Smollett's *Sir Lancelot Greaves,* which appeared in the *British Magazine* in 1760. The novelists, in their attempt to make their stories as matter of fact as possible, seem to have been conciliating an obstinate moral antagonism to fiction.

Scarcely any of the important poems of the century appeared in periodicals, notwithstanding the prizes offered by Cave. Perhaps the inferior quality of the poems thus published served as a deterrent to the better class of writers, who preferred the dignity of book publication. Gray, who had worked several years upon his "Elegy," upon its completion (the knowledge of which was committed to Horace Walpole, who was too much of a gossip to keep the secret) was asked by an editor to contribute it to his magazine, but he refused, and hurried forward its publication in a sixpenny booklet, though afterwards he allowed it to appear in three separate magazines.

The new literature due to the revival of Romanticism belongs, in its full emergence, to the nineteenth century, but it was foreshadowed in much of the best poetry of the eighteenth. In prose—especially in fiction—the line between the two centuries is quite sharply defined. It is a long stride from Walpole to Scott, from Mrs. Radcliffe's *Mysteries of Udolpho* to the novels of Jane Austen.

A Lohengrin of the Sage-brush

BY ARTHUR CHAPMAN

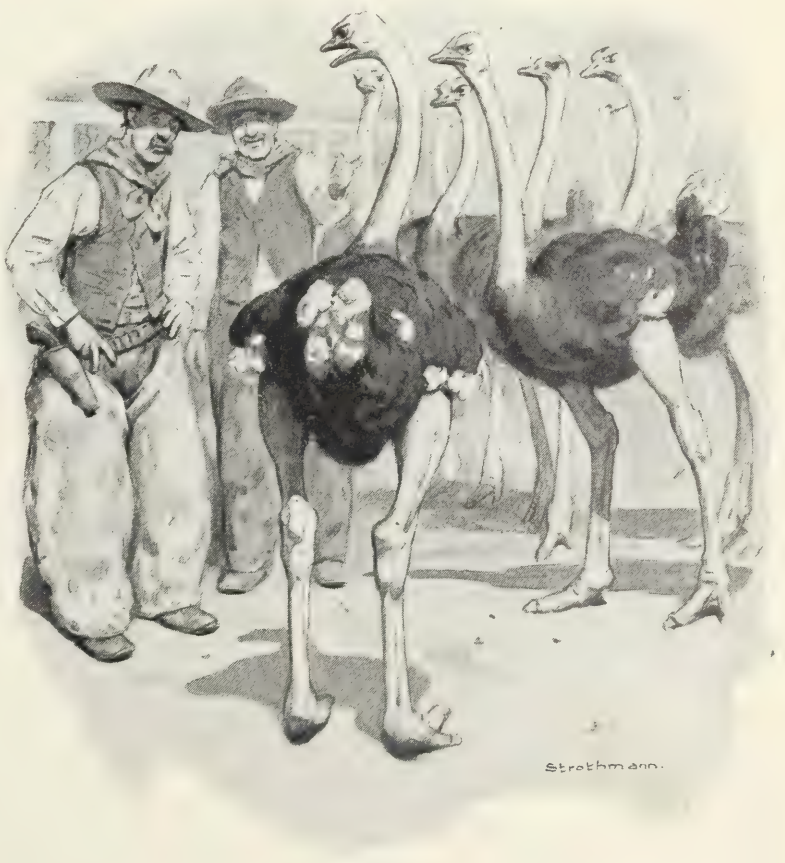
MISSOO'S matrimonial paper was the chief article of literary diet in the bunk-house of the '76 outfit, and supper wouldn't any more than be over before the boys would be thumbing the pages and figuring out the likeliest chances in this first aid to Cupid.

"There'd be a fine girl fer you," said Missoo to Billy Bowlegs, pointing to a stunning-looking woman under a big hat that carried more plumes than a new hearse. "She says only moneyed men need write, and you've got more maverick money in the bank at Cheyenne than you know what to do with. You and her 'd make a fine-lookin' couple—her in that hat, coverin' more ground 'n a tarpoleon, and you in your new yaller Angoria chaps."

"I'm afraid any woman who kin look a camery in the eye with such a unafraid glare ain't fer me," said Billy Bowlegs, after a glance at the picture of the marriageable beauty. "Besides, I have made a solemn oath never to espouse any maiden or widder who has a hankerin' fer ostrich plumes. Me and ostrich plumes sure has a feud on. I have the same feelin' toward a ostrich plume as any self-respectin' bull 'd have fer a calf-wras'ler who worked round the brandin'-fire in a red undershirt. It was ostrich plumes that furrered this classic brow with ruts o' disappointment until it looks like the old Oregon trail.

"A girl started it, of course—an Arizony girl who had all the cowpunchers in the cactus belt competin' fer her hand. I was one of the candidates, and events proved I was the foolest of the lot. I don't know but the girl might 'a' taken one of us, fer there was some as good-lookin' boys as ever jingled spurs, but the death knell rung, as fur as we was concerned, when she went back East to take music lessons. She come back with new ideals and a new way of doin' her hair, did Allie—her name bein' Alice—and the change worried her paw and maw, them ownin' the big Neckyoke ranch. Her paw talked to me about it one day when we was fixin' the Neckyoke c'ral.

"'Allie used to let her hair fly down her back real sensible,' he says, 'but now she rolls it up along her forehead till it looks like a row o' tumbleweeds along a line fence. And the noo music she's brung home is sure goin' to drive me to campin' in the chaparral. She used to sing "Bury Me



"WE PICKED OUT THE BIGGEST AND RANGIEST OF THE LOT"

Not on the Lone Prairee," but now she sings a lot o' stuff f'm grand op'ry, and she gits huffy when I call it the kyotes' chorus. I don't sabe what's come over her.'

"'I hope Allie picks out a husband who has the right sort of musical taste, to say nothin' of c'rect ideas about hair-dressin',' said I, as a sort of feeler.

"'So you're another fool cow-puncher as thinks he'd like to marry Allie, are you?' said the old man, givin' me a quick look. 'I thought all the boys, f'm Cactus to Kyote, had proposed and took their medicine long ago. She's in the front room a-practicin' the pianner now, so lope right along and speak yer piece; but be keerful not to git your spurs tangled in them new curtain-hangin's she's brung back f'm Boston.'

"Well, I lit out fer the house, feelin' about as easy in speerit as a Mexican sheep-herder goin' to buy supplies in a cow-town. But I needn't have felt so palpitatin', as Allie had no intention of roughenin' up my feelin's in the matter. She was practicin' with one hand, kinder strokin' the pianner keys up and down like they was the spinal column of a sick kitten, and she never let up when I was throwin' my loop. I don't remember what I said, ner does it matter a hull lot, though I kep' a-thinkin', while my voice was goin' on, that I oughter waited till I could have proposed on hoss-back. Somehow a man o' my build don't look very imposin' unless his knees are claspin' the ribs of a hoss.

"'Why, Billy,' says Allie, while her hand kep' a-gallopin' up and down them keys till I thought I'd go plum cross-eyed lookin' at it, 'I never thought you regarded me as anythin' but a sister.'

"And now right here let me tell you boys in this bunk-house that there's nary frost that 'll nip the bud o' hope like that word sister. When I heard it I felt my heart drop into one boot, and I had to shift to the other foot to keep f'm crushin' the flutterin' thing. But I stood there like a tenderfoot in a stage hold-up, while she went through me like a road-agent and robbed me o' all my golden dreams.

"'I like you, and I like all the rest o' the boys round here,' she went on, sweepin' her hand f'm the squealiest note at one end of the pianner to the growliest one at the other end. 'The trouble is there is no romance in your compositions. The man who wins me must come like another Lohengrin.'

"'Who is this Lohengrin—some Wild-West show bronco-buster?' I asked. 'I'll agree to ride any hoss straight up that makes him pull leather.'

"She didn't answer, but turned round and punched the pianner a few times with both hands, and then sang some song about 'Farewell, farewell, my tru-u-usty swa-a-an,' after which she told me how this here Lohengrin broke a swan to harness, and used to ride around behind it rescuin' fair maidens who was in distress.

"'Well, I can't see that you are any maiden in distress,' said I, 'you a-ownin' a good share of the Neckyoke in your own name. And there ain't any swans in Arizony; but if you have got to have somethin' of the sort, I'll see that you git some kind of a bird, if I have to tar and feather my old bronk.'

"But Allie only laughed one o' them ripplin' laughs that I couldn't tell from a trill on the pianner, and I backed out and jumped on my hoss and rode away, leavin' the old man grinnin' at me through the c'ral bars like an ape.

"I hit the trail hard, because I was possessed by an idee that was simply spurrin' me crool. I rode clean to the Star Plume ranch, where they raised the fust herd of ostriches in Arizony. Jeb McCool, the foreman, had punched cows with me along the old Chisum trail, and I knowed he'd do all in his power to help me out.

"'Jeb,' I says, 'I'm in love with Neckyoke Allie,' which we used to call her to distinguish f'm another Alice on the Hashknife ranch.

"'So was I till yistiddy,' says Jeb, 'but love and me separated when we hit the ground together.'

"'That's 'cause you ain't any romance in your composition,' says I, haughtylike. If I'd had a pianner there I'd have run my hand up and down the keys as I said it. 'What you oughter done was not to ride a homely wire-scarred bronco up to the lady's door, but to heave in sight like another Lohengrin, behind a brace of swans. Now I want you to help me hitch up two ostriches so I kin drive 'em down to the Neckyoke. I'm goin' to go Lohengrin's swan game one better.'

"'Swans and ostriches must have some different dispositions,' said Jeb, after I had explained all about Lohengrin and his drivin' outfit. 'You couldn't stand up and sing farewell to an ostrich without bein' kicked somethin' shameful.'

"'I ain't a-goin' to sing; though, if I do say it myself, I have prevented many a stampede owin' to the exercise of my soothin' voice when night-herdin' in the beef bunch,' I said. 'I want to make a Lohengrin run to the Neckyoke ranch behind them birds, jest to show Miss Allie that she can't bluff Arizony with any cyards outen a grand-op'ry deck.'

"'Why, man, you couldn't look romantic in Cæsar's chariot onless you had your legs put in a vise and your knees pressed a leetle closter together,' said Jeb; but he led the way to the ostrich c'ral, and I knowed he'd see me through.

"Well, some of you fellers that think it's hard work wras'lin' a two-year-old maverick, while the brandin' autographs are bein' put on his hide, oughter tackle the job o' harnessin' two full-growed ostriches. The Star Plume owner had thought of breakin' some of his birds to harness, and had bought one of these sulkies with wind-stuffed cushions, but at the last minute his heart had failed him, and he couldn't find any bronco-buster on the ranch who'd take a chance behind them thatched stilts.

"'The boss 'll be plum tickled when he hears of this,' says Jeb. 'He's been at me to bust them ostriches, but I have passed. I kin ride bad hosses till the girls clip all the wool off'n my chaps fer souvenirs, but breakin' a bird that has a reach and a punch like that is not fer me.'

"The birds we picked out was the biggest and rangiest of the lot in the wire corral. After we had 'em blindfolded they stood in harness all right, and we led 'em out to the road and pointed 'em down toward the Neckyoke ranch.

"'Good-by Lohengrin!' yelled Jeb, as he stepped around in front of the ostriches and pulled off their blinders.

"Well, them birds hit a winnin' stride right at the start. Their legs worked together jest like I've seen two fiddlers bowin' exactly the same in the theatre orchestry, down at El Paso. The wind couldn't 'a' whistled in my ears any louder if I'd been fallin' outen a balloon, and the gravel come in my face by the handful every time one o' them long legs swung back. It was sure beautiful the way they kep' to the road, and I was thinkin' I'd be at the Neckyoke quicker 'n Lohengrin or any other bird-fancier could 'a' made it, when I seen a cloud o' dust ahead and realized I was facin' trouble.

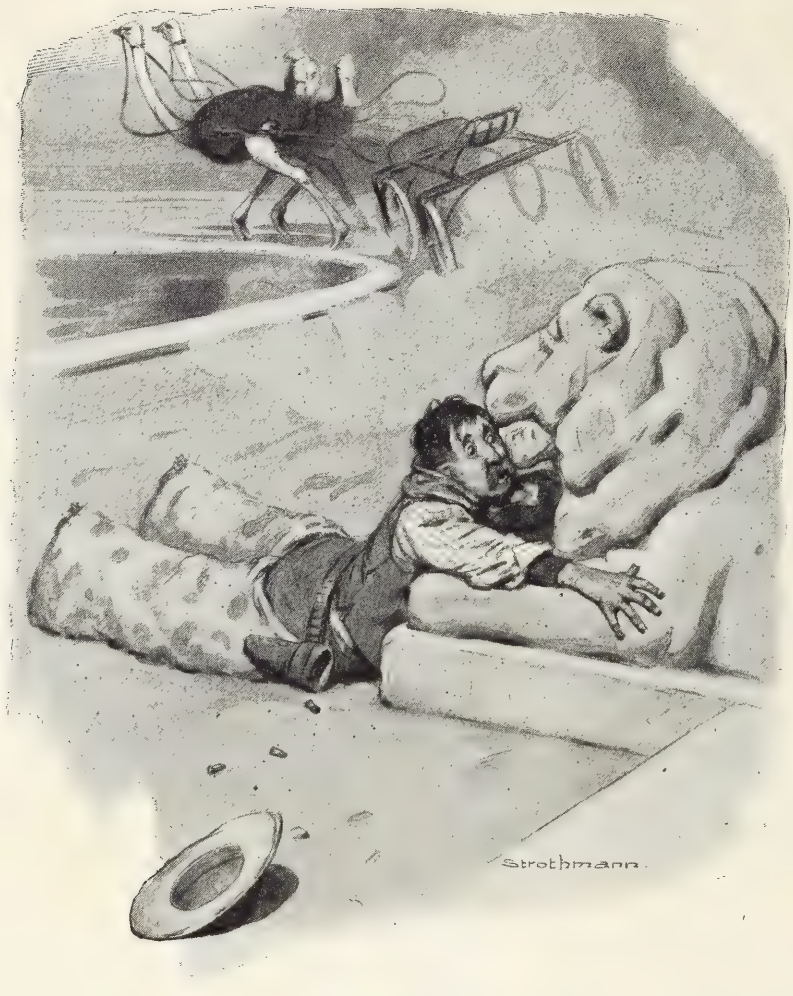


"IT WAS BEAUTIFUL THE WAY THEY KEPT TO THE ROAD"

"It was the Lazy Y round-up gang comin' up with a trail herd of about two hundred beef steers. Shorty Thompson was ridin' ahead, and the rest of the cowboys was scattered behind the herd, while Dutch Henry was half-asleep on the mess-wagon, and Packsaddle Wiley was lazin' along behind with the remuda. Well, when the lead steers seen my birds comin' down the highway, like two locoed bonnet displays f'm a millinery store, their horns and tails went up, and they turned and run bawlin' into the bunch. Shorty tried to stop 'em, but his bronk was worse scared 'n any of the steers, and bucked the foreman off at the side of the road. The hosses on the mess-wagon got wind o' somepin' bein' wrong, and they wheeled and lit out across the perairie, and I could hear Dutch Henry's langwidge risin' some superior to the rattlin' of the pots and kittles. The remuda turned and broke, with the hoss-wrangler in the middle of the bunch peltin' the wild-eyed bronks with his quirt and thereby makin' things worse.

"I thought it was goin' to be all day fer me when I found I couldn't turn the birds f'm those steers, but a path opened through the bunch as slick as grease, and we went through them clashin' horns without so much as scrapin' a plume off'n my steeds. I give one glance behind me when we'd shot through the bunch, and I'll never fergit the sight of runnin' steers and hosses and the concert made by the rattlin' of pans and the langwidge of the cowboys. But I didn't have a chanct for more'n one look, as my birds was lettin' out a few fresh links o' speed, the little excitement of our meetin' with the round-up outfit havin' warmed their blood some more. I begin to have serious thoughts about stoppin', fer the Neckyoke was beginnin' to loom up right ahead of me. They didn't pay no attention to my yanks on the combination of hackamore and Injun hitch that served as a bridle, and when I thought of shootin' one of 'em, I found my gun had been jolted outen my scabbard. So I jest held on as tight as I could, and tried to keep my view of the immejit future f'm gettin' pessimistic.

"The Neckyoke ranch couldn't 'a' been laid out more elaborate if it was the estate of a belted and busted earl. A big circle drive swep' round the front, and right by the house there was two big stun lions. Allie's old man allus said when he made his pile he was goin' to have two stun lions in front of his place, to make



"I FETCHED UP WITH MY ARMS 'ROUND ONE OF THEM STUN LIONS"

up fer his disappointment in early youth, in not bein' permitted to go into the circus business.

"Well, them ostriches swung down that circle drive, me a-leanin' out over one wheel to keep f'm bein' capsized. As we swep' around in front of the ranch-house I seen Allie's old man and the hull fam'ly out in front on the steps, and I remember thinkin' that somp'n' looked onnatural with the old boy. But jest then I lost my balance, not havin' any buckin' straps to grab as in the saddle, and I took a plunge and then a long slide along in the dust and gravel. Lucky I had on my thickest wool chaps, or I'd been skinned up worse 'n that time that outlaw hoss Dynamite throwed me higher 'n dad ever hung bacon. As it was, I fetched up with my arms 'round one of them stun lions, while the ostriches kep' on around the circle and out into the road, where they headed back for the Star Plume, their legs still workin' with m o n o t o nous regularity, and eatin' up the alkali road like a streak of white ribbon with sugar on it.

"I climbed up and set on the stun lion's back, and started to roll a cigarette, though I was fur f'm bein' onperturbed in mind or body. Lookin' up at the gang on the ranch-house steps, I seen what was wrong with the old man. He had on a white collar and a mail-order suit of clothes.

"'Where's Allie?' I yells. 'Tell her I've come like another Lohengrin.'

"'Git off'n my stun lions, you bow-legged idjut!' sez the old man. 'Allie's been married these two hours to her music-teacher f'm Boston, and they are now travellin' back East on the overland flyer.'

"'Did he come behind a swan?' I sez, weaklike.

"Swan nothin'!' yells the old man. 'He come up f'm the station behind my buckskins. And what's more I'll hitch 'em up and run you over to the asylum if you don't pick the ostrich feathers off'n you and quit actin' so locoed. Git up and quit talkin' bird talk, and come in and have some weddin'-cake.'

"And it was right there, a-settin' on that stun lion, that I forswore wimmin and ostriches," said Billy, yawning and swinging into his bunk. "No lady who wears ostrich plumes or has the grand-op'ry habit has any charm fer yours truly, Billy Bowlegs!"

A Tribute

THE story is told of a bookkeeper in Little Rock, Arkansas, who was called upon to write a eulogy of his deceased employer.

After much reflection, the employee did so in a fashion that seemed to him to meet every requirement. His effort ended with this remarkable estimate:

"Mr. Blank's keen perception and indomitable will led him into the grocery and feed business, and subsequently induced him to embark in the coal business."

Not Her Fault

A SMALL girl came home from school one day very indignant because she had been kept in to correct her problems, after the others had been dismissed. "Mamma," she said, "I'll never, *never* speak to Edna Bates again as long as I live."

"Why, my dear?" asked her mother.

"Because," pouted the child, "because I copied all my zamples from hers, and every one of them was wrong."



PHOTOGRAPHER *(to Xantippe). "Now look pleasant, please."*

Tobogganing

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

OH, I love to go a-joggin'
Down the hill
On a long and swift toboggan
Thro' the chill
Of the winter nights so jolly,
Killing care and melancholy,
Making worry merest folly,
Troubles nil.

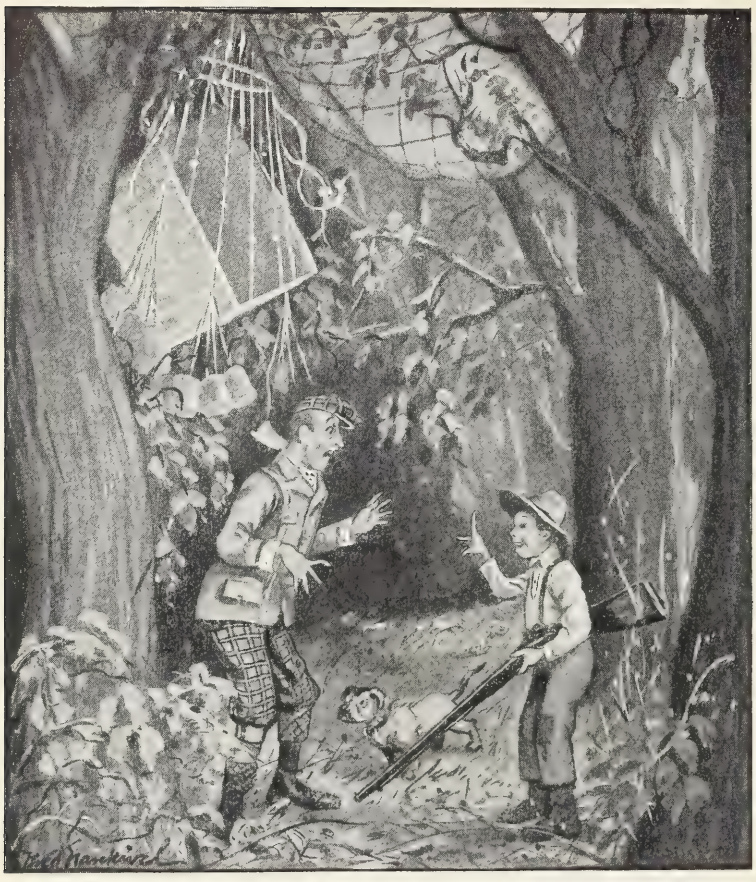
'Tis so pleasant to be jumpin'
To and fro,
With the thankymarms a-bumpin'
As you go.
O the shouting, and the screaming,
In the moonlight soft and beaming,
As you streak along the gleaming
Stretch of snow!

But it isn't just the ridin'
Like a hike,
Or the act of merely slidin'
Down the pike,
Nor the air so crisp and icy,
Nor the jogglin' so spicy,
Nor the climbin' versy-vicy
That I like.

But to whiz along the clearin'
Steep and clean,—
With the other chap a-steerin'
The machine—
And my Polly just behind me
With her arms to hold and bind me
With a grip that serves to blind me
To the scene!

Just to feel her breath a-breathin'
On my neck—
Oh, it sets my heart a-seethin'
Without check!
And I never think of trouble,
Or of landin' in the rubble,
Or the ditches, or the stubble,
In a wreck.

And I find myself a-wishin',
As we jog,
We could keep that same position
And tobog
Thro' eternity together,
Happy, good or bad the weather,
As two birdies of a feather
On a log!



BALLOONIST. "*Boy, can you tell me the quickest way to get out of these woods?*"
BOY. "*Yes, sir; the same way you came in.*"

More Tempting

TEDDY'S father had brought home some rare old cheese, and after hearing his praise of its strong points, Teddy was manfully struggling to make way with a small piece of it.

Seeing the cheese still on his plate, and Teddy's nose perceptibly elevated, his father said, "What is the matter, Ted, don't you like that fine cheese?"

"Yes," answered Teddy, with the air of a connoisseur. "This cheese is very good, but I think I like just plain common mouse cheese better."

In Vain

A CONGRESSMAN from a Southwestern State tells of a meeting of Grand Army veterans in his State some years ago whereat they protested against certain proposed legislation by the State Assembly.

One of the speakers painted the situation in such black color that an earnest auditor, overwhelmed by the recital, jumped to his feet and excitedly exclaimed:

"Comrades, is it possible that we died in vain!"

Military Etiquette

THE commanding officer of a military station, desiring that the growing grass around the quarters be afforded every protection, gave strict orders to the sentries that only his cow should be allowed to go over it.

One day the general's wife, while calling upon a certain officer's wife, wished to make a short cut by walking over the grass from one path to another.

"No one to pass here, madam," said the sentry.

The lady drew herself up. "Do you know who I am?" she demanded.

"No, madam," replied the impassive sentry, "I do not know who you are, but I do know that you are not the general's cow, and no one but the cow is allowed to walk on this grass."

Her First Stationary Tub

AT the "Corners" Mrs. White built a new house which was equipped with the first bath-room in that section of the State, and naturally it was the common subject of discussion, and many were the callers to inspect it. One old lady expressed a wish that some time she might take a bath in such a place, so Mrs. White indulgently offered her the privilege and left her to enjoy the novelty. Shortly, however, Mrs. White was summoned by screams of terror from the bath-room, and on running to the caller's assistance was met with the wail "I am dying, I am dying! I have soaked up all the water!" She had inadvertently pulled the drain-plug.



Too Much of a Start

DACHSHUND. "*Come on. I'll race you twenty feet.*"
KING CHARLES. "*Guess not. You're half-way there already.*"



AUTOMOBILIST. "*My friend, can you show me the road to Speedville?*"
PEDESTRIAN. "*Why, yes, sir; I'm goin' there myself; just follow me.*"

Losted

I FEEL so far from anywheres!
  Perhaps my family
Has got so many other cares
  They've all forgotted me.
I s'pose I'll starve to skin an' bone
If I stay losted here alone.

My little dog, he founded me,
  An' wagged his tail an' whined,
But he can't lead me home, for he
  Is taught to walk behind.
And so I'm crying yet, becuz
I'm just as losted as I was.

BURGES JOHNSON.

The Wrong Bird

A PROFESSIONAL rat-catcher in a town of northern Pennsylvania being recently called to another place, intrusted a number of ferrets to the care of a neighbor.

Upon his return he found, to his disgust, that, owing to the carelessness of the neighbor, several ferrets had escaped from custody. The rat-catcher thereupon proceeded to bring a claim against the care-taker. The magistrate, before whom the suit for damages was brought, dismissed the case.

"No doubt," said he to the care-taker, "you were wrong to leave the doors of the cages open; but, on the other hand," added he, turning to the rat-catcher, "you were wrong, too. Why didn't you clip the wings of the ferrets?"

Mathematical

THERE is a youngster in Washington, the son of a distinguished mathematician, who has frequently evinced a disposition to follow in the footsteps of his eminent parent.

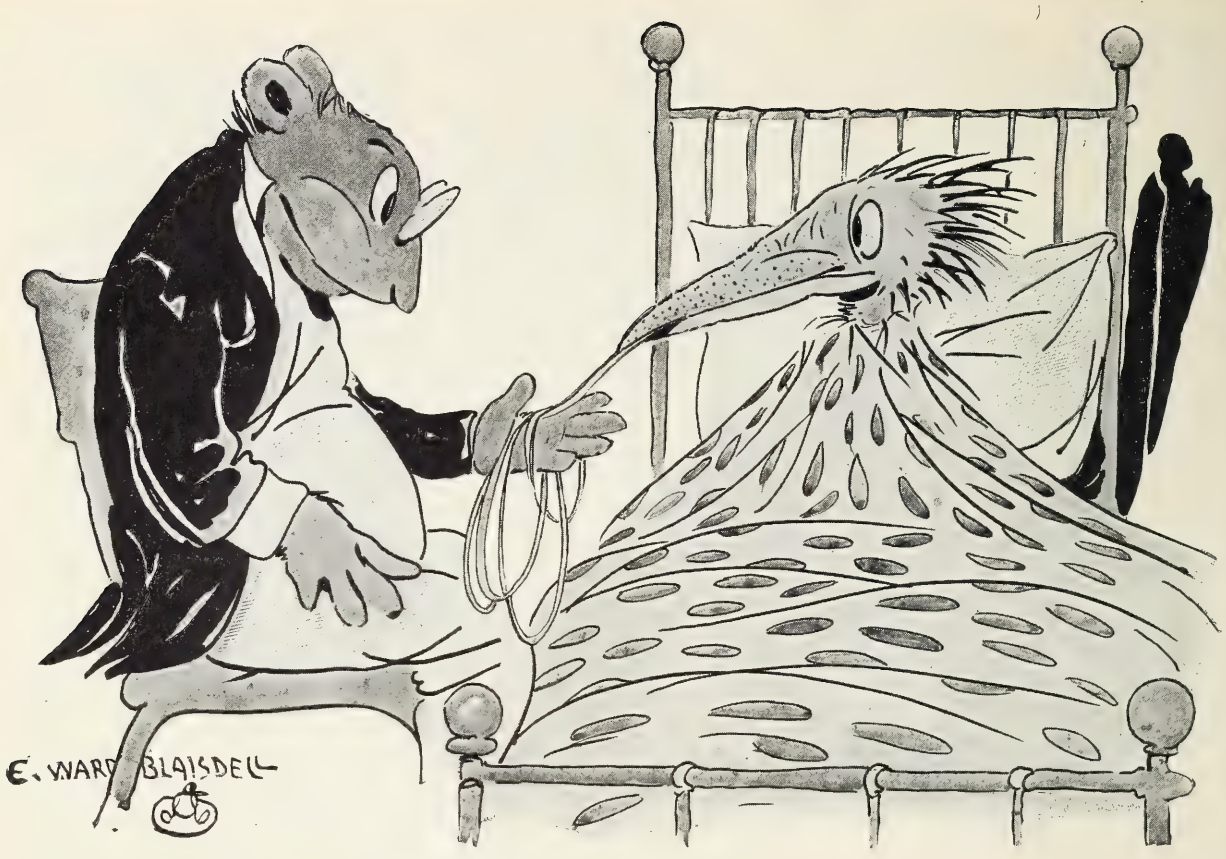
One day the lad was glancing over a volume of Tennyson's poems, when he came upon the line:

"Half a league, half a league, half a league onward."

"Dad," asked the boy, "did this man Tennyson ever have any schooling?"

"Why, of course, my son!" replied the father. "What are you thinking of?"

"I was thinking that he couldn't be much of a mathematician," rejoined the boy. "If he meant a league and a half, why didn't he say so?"



DOCTOR. "*Yes, Mr. Ant Eater, your tongue is probably coated, but I haven't time to look at all of it to-day.*"

Ballads of a Beach-Comber

The King of Moo

BY ALFRED DAMON RUNYON

ME an' th' King o' th' Island o' Moo
Settin' beneath a tree;
Laughin' an' talkin' as folk 'll do—
Talkin' an' takin' a drink or two;
Spittin' out inter th' lagoon blue—
This sez th' King ter me:
"Goo!"
That's all 'e sez ter me:
"Goo!"

Oh, fer charmin' conversation just give me
th' King o' Moo,
Fer when th' King's a-talkin' there's no
talkin' you kin do.
'E ain't so strong on argyment; on words
'e's mighty shy,
But 'e never tells 'is 'ist'ry an' 'e never tells
a lie.

'E never talks no politics; 'e 'asn't none ter
talk;
An' when it comes ter talkin' shop 'is
tongue is apt ter balk.
'E never tries no punnin' w'ich you cannot
see th' point;
An' 'e never tells no stories with th' morals
outer joint.

'E never mentions parents, er 'is kiddies, er
'is wife;
'E never spoke onkindly o' 'is neighbors in
'is life.
'E couldn't talk religion, fer 'e don't know
wot it means—
'E never sprung an idea that wuz wuth a
hill o' beans.

Oh, fer charmin' conversation just give me
th' King o' Moo,
Fer 'e confines 'is talkin' to th' simple word
o' "Goo!"
'E doesn't know my langwidge an' on 'is
I'm sorter shy—
An' so we gits along an' lets th' world go
whizzin' by.

Me an' th' King o' th' Island o' Moo
Speakin' opinions free;
Never no argyin' 'twixt us two;
Laughin' an' takin' a drink er two—
Spittin' out inter th' lagoon blue—
An' sez th' King ter me:
"Goo!"
That's all 'e sez ter me:
"Goo!"



PICTURES FROM THACKERAY—PENDENNIS

"PEN" AND THE MAJOR IN ST. JAMES STREET

Painted for Harper's Magazine by Howard Pyle

HARPER'S
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Nearest the North Pole

FIRST COMPLETE REPORT OF THE PEARY ARCTIC CLUB'S LATEST EXPEDITION (CONCLUDED)

BY COMMANDER ROBERT E. PEARY, U.S.N.

FROM the time we left Storm Camp on the outward journey the wind had blown with greater or less force, but without cessation, from a little south of west. Now as we retraced our steps it blew in our faces, and was accompanied by a fine drift of snow, which cut like red-hot needles. When we stumbled into camp I was nearly blind with pain and completely done up with the continued exertion.

Of fourteen cracks and narrow leads (lanes of open water) crossed in this last forced march, all but three had changed in the hours elapsing between our outward and return march, and two or three of them had moved to such an extent that we had some difficulty in picking up our trail. At this camp we took a full sleep, the last for a number of days, and then hurried on at top speed.

Deep in my heart I still had a lingering hope that Marvin had crossed the big lead before the storm came, and that he might be able to find Storm Camp and make a cache of provisions in accordance with my instructions left there. I was very anxious, therefore, to keep my outward trail as far as Storm Camp. Some of my sledges had already been discarded owing to the reduced number of dogs, and with my two most efficient Eskimos I kept a few hundred yards in advance of the sledges, picking up the trail.

Whenever we lost the trail we opened out into skirmish-line and veered off to the southwest until we picked it up again. If an impracticable lead was encountered, one of the Eskimos went to the right on the run, the other to the left, in search of a practicable crossing, and whichever found it first signalled in the usual Eskimo way to the sledges, which headed at once for him. In this way the sledges lost no time and we were able to maintain a rapid pace, the three of us frequently running for considerable distances in order to keep a sufficient space between us and the sledges to enable us to reconnoitre the leads without loss of time. Every night we stumbled into camp completely exhausted, with eyes and faces aflame from the bitter wind and cutting snow.

As on the outward so on our return journey, never for an hour did the wind cease its incessant assault upon our faces.

The last march into Storm Camp, which we reached God only knows how, was in the teeth of a blinding blizzard which drove the snow in suffocating clouds, through which none but an Eskimo could have possibly kept the trail.

The igloos at Storm Camp were veritable ice-grottos lined with frost crystals and icicles and half filled with snowdrifts, but they were a haven of refuge compared with the howling elements outside. Here we were held twenty-four

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"One grim, exhausting March, during which Pickaxes were constantly in use"

hours by the storm, the ice grinding and groaning in the well-known way; then we resumed our march, with the number of my dogs still further reduced.

When we reached the region where my two Eskimos had been stopped in their attempt to bring up the cache from the big lead, I was not surprised at the expressions of amazement and almost horror with which they had returned to me. Now there was no open water, but the chaos of broken ice was indescribable. Through this our progress was naturally slow; but one grim and exhausting march, during which the pickaxes were constantly in use, carried us through. As we approached the 84th parallel we came upon a region of huge pressure ridges close together and running in every direction. It was an ominous sign to me, and I was not surprised when a few hours later my Eskimo scout signalled from the summit of an upheaved pinnacle that there was open water ahead. When I climbed to his side, there was the big lead—a broad black band extending east and west as far as the eye could reach. Turning eastward, I kept two Eskimos scouting close to the lead in search of a practicable crossing, while the party followed parallel some distance from the lead where the going was better. Once my scouts raised our hopes by signalling that we could cross. But when the sledges reached the place the shifting ice had rendered crossing impracticable.

The next day we continued eastward and found a frail bridge of half-congealed rubble-ice spanning the lead. The sledges were hurried on to this, and we were within a few yards of the firm ice on the south side when we were stopped by slush and found that the ice under our feet was going apart. It was an uncertain but finally successful scramble to get back to the northern side of the lead, where we camped on a piece of old floe, bounded on one side by the steadily widening lead, on the other three by huge pressure ridges of Alpine character. Here we remained five dismal days, drifting steadily eastward and watching the

lead slowly widen. The dogs dwindled away, and sledges were broken up and used for fire-wood to cook the dogs which we ate ourselves.

While waiting at the big lead on the outward journey in the brilliant bitter March days, when the unattainable ice-fields on the northern side seemed to my anxious eyes like the promised land, I had called the big lead "the Hudson." Now, as we waited beside its black depths, with the world and all that we held near and dear, perhaps even life itself, on the distant southern side, and the wide-stretching desolate ice with perhaps a lingering death on our side, there was but one name for it—"the Styx."

On the fifth day two Eskimos, forming my daily scouting party, whom I had sent to reconnoitre to the east, reported young ice a few miles distant extending clear across the lead, which might be firm enough to support us on our snow-shoes to the south side, now more than two miles distant. No time was lost in hurrying to the place, when it was evident that now was our chance or never. Each man tied on his snow-shoes with the utmost care, and then in widely extended skirmish-line and in absolute silence we began the crossing. Each of us was busy with his thoughts and intent upon his snow-shoes, which could not be lifted from the ice, and the slightest unsteadiness or stumble would have meant his finish. The thin film crusting the black water bent and yielded beneath us at every step, sending widening undulations from every man. I do not care for a similar experience. At last those interminable miles came to an end, and as we stepped upon the firm ice on the southern side, the long breaths of relief from my nearest neighbors in the line were distinctly audible.

From the lead southward, farther than we could see from the summit of the highest pinnacle, stretched such a hell of shattered ice as I hope never to see again. It did not seem as if anything not possessing wings could cross it. I turned to my men to say a word or two of encouragement, but caught the tightening of their jaws and the flash in their eyes which I had seen at times before when we were in the midst of a roaring herd of walrus or facing a wounded polar bear, and knew that no words were necessary. As we turned our backs to the lead, a line of black water cut the frail bridge upon which we had crossed into two parts. The lead was widening again.

During the next three marches we stumbled and hewed our way through a frightful conglomeration of fragments of ice, in size from a paving-stone to the dome of the Capitol, all smooth and rounded by the terrific grinding they had received between the jaws of the big lead. Then the going improved. Only a few narrow leads intersected our route, and these finally disappeared. No motion of the ice was perceptible, and it was evident that we were now under the shelter of Cape Morris Jesup, and no longer in danger of drifting around it into the east Greenland current.



CLARK, AFTER BEING RESCUED

While waiting at the lead some of my Eskimos thought they could see land. When we got through the shattered ice the white summits of the Greenland mountains were faintly discernible

with the glass. Two marches later we came upon a large tree trunk embedded in the surface of an old floe, and on May 12 we dragged ourselves upon the ice-foot of the Greenland coast at Cape Neumeyer. As soon as we had made out the details of the coast distinctly, I had directed our course to this point, knowing from my journey along this shore in 1900 that we were likely to find game here. In an hour we had four hares. And how delicious they were!

Just before reaching land we crossed fresh sledge-tracks leading eastward, and for a moment I thought they might have been made by a party searching for us; but an inspection of the tracks indicated the passing of a light sledge drawn by three weak dogs, and accompanied by four exhausted men travelling slowly. I could not make it out clearly, farther than that it meant trouble, and as soon as we had slept a few hours I sent two Eskimos to follow the trail.

The next day they returned with Clark and his three Eskimos, skull-faced and wavering in gait. My men had found them about ten miles east of us, in what shortly would have been their last camp. This addition of four starving men to my famished party did not lighten my responsibilities; but ten more hares were secured here, which improved matters, and we started for the *Roosevelt*.

I kept one Eskimo constantly scouting the shore abreast of our line of march looking for hare, but musk-oxen were to be our salvation, and so I took the passage inside of Britannia Island, and thence to Cape May and Cape Bryant. We had camped on the ice a little southwest of Britannia Island and had just killed a dog for food, when with a spy-glass a herd of musk-oxen was seen on the shore of Nares Land, some five or six miles distant. I went away at once on snow-shoes and secured the entire seven. Soon the tent was brought up, and we sat down beside the meat and ate and slept continuously for two days, then resumed our march. Before we reached Cape Bryant the meat was gone.



"The Musk-Oxen that saved us"



Crossing Robeson Channel

My men had eaten incessantly, and I had not had the heart to restrain them.

At Cape Bryant sledge-tracks coming from the north showed that another supporting party, which I judged to be Marvin's, had been driven upon the Greenland coast. Traversing this section of the coast, I was greatly disappointed in not finding musk-oxen as I had done in 1900, but was agreeably surprised not to be delayed at the Black Horn cliffs by open water, as I had been in that year.

From the summits back of Repulse Harbor we could make out with the glass the *Roosevelt* lying at Cape Sheridan, and the sight put new life into my men, and particularly Clark's party. From here, with instruments and records upon our backs, we headed across Robeson Channel for a point a little north of Cape Union, the only direction in which the ice was practicable. One march and part of another landed us on the Grant Land ice-foot north of Cape Union. Here one of my Eskimos remarked, "Tigerahshua keesha koyouni," which, freely translated, means, "Back again, thank God!"

One man dropped out in the march from Repulse Harbor, another remained at the camp on the ice, and a third dropped out between the camp and the ice-foot.

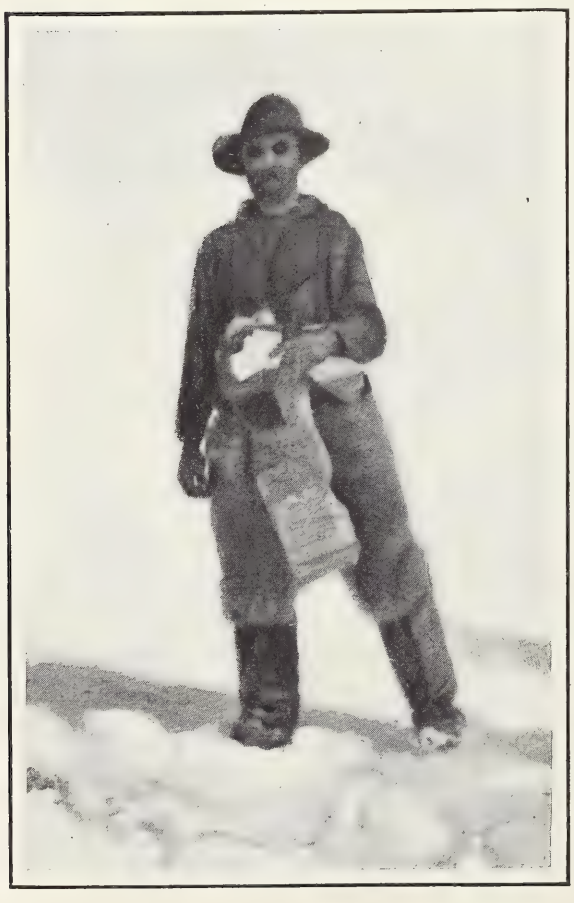
From Cape Union the hard level ice-foot presented good going to the *Roosevelt,* whose slender masts looked very beautiful in the midnight sunlight as we rounded Cape Rawson.

Arriving on board, I immediately sent two Eskimos and teams back with food and stimulants to bring in the three stragglers. I learned that Marvin, with Ryan the fireman, and some Eskimos, had started for the Greenland coast in search of Clark and his party, and that Captain Bartlett and Dr. Wolf were still pegging away out on the ice north of Hecla in an attempt to pick up my trail. I sent an Eskimo messenger at once to recall Marvin, and another to

Hecla with a letter to reach Captain Bartlett and Dr. Wolf the next time they returned for supplies. Forty-one dogs out of one hundred and twenty had survived the spring campaign.

On the seventh day after my return to the ship I started west with three Eskimos and Marvin, who, with the boatswain and two Eskimos, was to run a line of deep-sea soundings from Hecla as far north as possible. On the way to Hecla I met Captain Bartlett returning, rather worn, but still in good condition. In spite of the most persistent efforts he and the doctor had been unable, after the storm, to get farther north than a point probably somewhat beyond cache No. 2 and about ninety miles from the land. The April gale had so completely destroyed the trail and changed the face of the ice as to make the region unrecognizable. In one place a lead some five miles in width had formed. From Cape Hecla, Marvin and his party took the trail over the ice, and I followed the ice-foot westward for Cape Columbia *viâ* Point Moss.

The day was fine, the outline of Cape Columbia rose clearly in the distance, and the level, straight-reaching surface of the great ice-foot was a very agreeable contrast to the ragged ice over which I had been travelling since the middle of February.



CAPTAIN BARTLETT RETURNING FROM THE SPRING CAMPAIGN

The snow, however, was a trifle soft, and I found that I had not yet quite recovered my strength, and that the miles seemed rather long. We made good progress, however, camped at Point Moss, and stowed my sledges from the cache there, then camped the next time a few miles east of Columbia.

Just back of Columbia, on the east side, I secured six musk-oxen; then in brilliantly clear weather climbed to the summit of the eastern one of the twin peaks of Columbia.

These two striking peaks, standing sentinel on the extreme northern point of the North-American land masses, are very regular conical points of rock fragments backed by the circling arms of the Liberty glacier sweeping down from the magnificent slopes of Mounts Lincoln and Roosevelt, which tower into the arctic air in the interior.

The view from this summit, where I built a cairn and placed my record, accompanied by a piece of my silk ensign, was savagely splendid. Right and left reached the wide-stretching coast of Grant Land, forming the shores of the central polar sea; northward the ragged pinnacles of the ice faded into infinite distance under the steel-white light of the midnight sun, while southward rose peak upon peak in marble whiteness and sharpness, broken here and there by the black blotch of some vertical cliff.

From Columbia west our marches were in almost continuous fog, travelling by compass along the outer edge of the ice-foot to Yelverton Bay, where from an elevated portion of the ice-foot we made out a snow-clad summit beyond Aldrich's "farthest," and headed directly for it.

From the low crest of the huge inert glacier at Aldrich's "farthest," which we thought to be a point of land, still another distant summit showed above the icy western horizon. Changing our course for this, we were later held up by a severe westerly storm, and as indications pointed to its continuing for two or three days, I left the bulk of my



CAPE COLUMBIA, THE EXTREME NORTHERN POINT OF NORTH AMERICA—83° 7′ N. LAT.

loads on the ice-foot, and with the camp-gear and a few provisions struggled in to the shore, some five miles distant, with the intention of utilizing the delay in hunting. Numerous traces of deer and musk-oxen were found, but only some hare secured. From here we travelled on to the most distant summit, which proved to be almost the extreme northwestern angle of Grant Land.

At this peak we were favored with clear weather again, and I devoted a day to its ascent and the taking of a round of angles and photographs. From the summit, 2000 feet above the sea-level, and of a more truly Alpine character than any that I have seen in northern Greenland or Grant Land, the view was more than interesting. East lay the wide white zone of the ice-foot; west, the unbroken surface of Nansen's Strait, and beyond it the northern part of that western land which I saw from the heights of the Ellesmere Land ice-caps in July, 1898, and named Jesup Land, though Sverdrup has later given it the name of Heiberger Land. To the south, over and beyond some intervening mountains and valleys, lay the southern reaches of Nansen's Strait. North was the well-known ragged surface of the polar peak, and northwest it was with a thrill that my glass revealed the faint white summits of a distant land, which my Eskimos claimed was there during our last march.

From this point I followed the western shore of Grant Land south until it began to trend eastward, hoping to find Sverdrup's cairn and record, but without success, though we all searched the shore carefully.

I then headed directly across the strait to the northern extremity of the western land, the ice in the strait being to all appearance a continuation of that forming the glacial fringe of the Grant Land coast. One thing may be accepted as certain—the ice in this strait breaks up only at intervals of two or three years, and not every summer.



CAIRN ON THE SUMMIT OF CAPE COLUMBIA, 1800 FEET ABOVE SEA-LEVEL
A piece of the flag seen in the picture is buried in the cairn

TYPICAL CAMP ON THE "GLACIAL FRINGE" OF THE NORTH GRANT LAND, JUNE, 1906

The weather continued fine, and the northern point of Jesup (or Heiberger) Land seemed in the brilliant sunlight almost a summer land. Before we stepped upon the shore we saw several arctic hare, and in thirty-five minutes after landing we had secured six of these animals and two reindeer.

During a three days' stay here we obtained twelve of the reindeer, and built a cairn upon the summit of the cape 1600 feet above the sea-level, depositing as usual a record and piece of the silk flag.

A smaller cairn, with a piece of box embedded in the top, was also built not far from the ice-foot upon the low foreshore.

No previous cairn exists on or near this cape, nor does it appear from Sverdrup's narrative or his map that he reached this point. From the summit of the cape, where we were favored with another clear day, the glasses made out apparently a little more distinctly the distant snow-clad summits to the northwest above the ice horizon.

My heart leaped the intervening miles of ice as I looked longingly at this land and in fancy trod its shores and climbed its summits, even though I knew that that pleasure could be only for another in another season. The last day of our stay here was disagreeable, with a driving southwester loaded with rain, changing later to snow.

The return journey was a continuation of bad weather, fog, snow, and wind. Our marches were greatly hampered by the innumerable lakes and rivers formed by the melting snow, which intersected the broad surface of the glacial fringe in every direction, compelling us to follow its elevated ragged outer edge, where we could cross the larger rivers either by making détours out on the open sea ice or else over snow arches. What with wading the shallower lakes and rivers and occasional falls, we and our dogs and our equipment were constantly wet.

When we reached Cape Joseph Henry, late in July, the overland route across Feilden Peninsula was impracticable, and we were forced round the point of Cape Henry, where the savage ice-foot, with the cliffs on one side and open water on the other, gave us the hardest two days of the entire journey. The ice in Black Cliffs Bay was so covered with water pools and intersected by leads that the march across it was almost continuous wading, sometimes nearly to our armpits, the dogs swimming, and the sledge being kept up by two sealskin floats lashed to it. From the east side of Black Cliffs Bay to Cape Sheridan we travelled overland, carrying packs upon our backs.

The results of this trip had been particularly gratifying to me in its closing of the gap in the coast-line between Aldrich's and Sverdrup's "farthest," which was the main object of the trip; in its determination of a new land to the northwest, and in its development of what I am satisfied, when the facts in regard to it are known, will form one of the most curious and interesting features of this region to the glacialist, namely, the broad glacial fringe of the Grant Land coast from Hecla westward.

The fact that the pleasure of the trip and of these results was at least for the time being considerably dampened by the extremely unpleasant features of the return journey is only the usual occurrence in all arctic work.

At Cape Sheridan I found Marvin and some Eskimos waiting for me, and learned that the *Roosevelt* was just below Cape Union, undergoing repairs. Marvin had been unable to get north from Hecla, owing to the breaking up of the ice, and working westward had carried a valuable line of soundings along the Grant Land coast as far west as Cape Fanshawe Martin. Captain Bartlett had made cross-sections of Robeson Channel in accordance with my instructions, and the *Roosevelt* had broken out from winter quarters at Cape Sheridan on the Fourth of July; had squeezed down along the shore past Cape Union, and had then been smashed against the ice-foot just south of the cape, tearing another blade from the propeller and breaking off her stern-post and rudder.

On a hill, more than four hundred feet high, back of Cape Sheridan, a cairn was built, surmounted by a timber cross, facing due north, with an "R" cut deeply in it. A brief record was deposited in this cairn, and the entire party

then went overland from Cape Sheridan to the *Roosevelt,* which I reached on July 30.

The ship had had a severe experience, and was still lying in an extremely exposed and dangerous position. Twice everything had been landed from her in the belief that she would never leave the place. Repairs had been effected as far as possible; Bartlett had built a new rudder, and the hanging of this was completed the day after my arrival. In the evening we squeezed along close to the ice-foot into Lincoln Bay, then full of broken old floes. After two unsuccessful attempts we crept around into Wrangel Bay, where the shifting ice pushed us ashore and held us during one tide. Two unsuccessful attempts were also made to round the dangerous point of Cape Beechy, the ice driving us back each time. Then the ice slacked a little out in the channel, and the ship was driven across for Thank God Harbor, where there appeared to be some open water. The passage was almost effected, when, with the turning of the tide, the ice nipped and held us.



POINT FROM WHICH NEW ARCTIC LAND WAS FIRST SEEN
A piece of the flag is also buried in this cairn, which is on the northwestern summit of Grant Land

We then drifted rapidly southward, and some very large floes jamming across the channel from Cape Lieber to Jo Island, we were shunted into Lady Franklin Bay. Here we remained motionless until August 25, and the prospects for our escape became so doubtful that I made plans for another year's enforced delay. My programme contemplated the scouting of the entire region from Cape Desfosse to Lincoln Bay, and west through the drainage basin of Lake Hazen, by several simultaneous hunting parties, and the establishment of winter colonies at Fort Conger, Lake Hazen, and the head of Archer Fjord.

Finally we hammered our way out to Cape Baird, and on August 27, after a protracted struggle, worked across the channel to Jo Island. Then, running close along the Greenland shore, we reached, in thirty hours, a point some fifteen miles southeast of Hayes Point, where advance was no longer practicable in any direction.

The condition of the ice compelled me

to abandon all idea of picking up my depot on Bache Peninsula, and we slowly fought our way, foot by foot, across Kane Basin towards Cairn Point, on the Greenland shore. Early on the morning of September 16, after several hours' work with steam and sails, through very heavy young ice, some five inches in thickness, we drove out into a strip of open water just north of Littleton Island and made our way into Etah. The natives here reported an unusual summer, the ice holding on until very late.



MATT HENSON

This colored man was the only person, excepting the Eskimos, who was with Peary when he arrived at 87° 6′, the nearest approach to the North Pole ever made by human beings, so far as history records

The ship was beached at the head of Etah Fjord, and four days were spent in calking the stern, tightening the propeller blades, repairing the rudder, and taking on board the coal left here by the *Eric*. About half of my Eskimos were landed at Etah.

Whale and Wolstenholme sounds and their tributary bays were now covered with very heavy young ice. While landing some of my Eskimos in Robertson Bay the *Roosevelt* was forced ashore by the movement of a large field of this and held for one tide. This delay was utilized in still further calking the stern and retightening the propeller blades. The last of my Eskimos were put ashore in Parker Snow Bay, where the *Roosevelt* rode out a violent southeasterly gale. We then touched at Cape York, where the natives reported that the ice had only recently gone out, and that no ships had been able to reach the cape during the season—something which had not occurred before in years.

Leaving Cape York the afternoon of September 26, in a driving southeast snow-storm, we groped our way south through the numerous icebergs in almost complete darkness. Persistent southeasterly winds compelled a course down the centre of Baffin Bay, where, on the 1st of October, after rounding the northern end of the "Middle Pack," we carried away our foretopmast. Two days later we made the west coast at Cape Dier, and followed it nearly to Monumental Island (of Sir John Franklin), when a sea, striking under our starboard quarter, broke our rudder-stock square off at the bottom of the well, the entire blade drifting away in the darkness. During the following six days the *Roosevelt* was beaten back and forth off Resolution Island and the mouth of Hudson Strait by heavy weather, and during a portion of the time was hammered unmercifully by an old-fashioned northeaster. One jury-rudder was torn away almost as soon as rigged, and a second was built and hung with the greatest difficulty, the men being flung back and forth across the deck as they worked.

The Labrador coast was made in a bitter wind and driving snow, and during an entire day we threaded our way as much by the sense of sound as by sight through a labyrinth of reefs, with

breakers on every side. Clearing these before dark, we then hauled off away from the coast, which we did not see distinctly until October 13 near Hebron.

We ran into Hebron in the hope of obtaining some coal, of which we had only a few tons left, and to get water, which we were entirely out of. Unable to obtain any coal at Hebron, we burned some of the interior beams of the ship, and taking the inside passage, reached Nain, the capital of the Labrador Moravian Missionary settlements. Here some wood and a little blubber and coal-dirt were obtained, with which, still following the inside route, we were able to reach Hopedale.

The ship was now so light, all her coal being burned and no ballast in her, that she would not mind her helm in a stiff breeze. This, and the lateness of the season, the continuous stormy weather which we were experiencing, and the character of the coast which we had yet to navigate, determined me to wait here for the arrival of the mail-steamer, from which I hoped to obtain coal, utilizing the delay to get ballast and strengthen the rudder and calk the stern again, the leaks in which had been reopened by our experience off Hudson Strait. On the arrival of the mail-steamer, I was greatly disappointed at obtaining only seven tons of coal, which, with two more tons obtained at Hawkes Harbor, barely brought us to Battle Harbor, through continuous head-winds and snow-storms.

At Battle Harbor I obtained plenty of coal, but while taking it on board a southeaster began and continued for eleven days, keeping us prisoners in the narrow harbor, known to all the Labrador fishermen as the worst on the coast, and requiring our utmost efforts to keep the ship from being driven on the rocks by the vicious undertow. The shank of our 2400-pound anchor and almost every hawser on board was broken during the eleven days, and it was only by incessant vigilance and hard work that the ship was kept afloat. From Battle Harbor the voyage was marked by almost continuous head winds and seas.

At early dawn of November 23 the *Roosevelt* steamed into Sydney Harbor and dropped anchor, over four months and a half from Cape Sheridan.

This homeward voyage was the most wearing and annoying part of the entire expedition, only compensated for by the return of every member of the expedition in as good or better physical condition than when we started, and the return of the ship with injuries of but a temporary nature.

The relations of the personnel of the party were particularly happy. Personally, I have never spent a year in the arctic regions so entirely free from the petty annoyances and friction which are usually a most disagreeable feature of an arctic expedition. Captain Bartlett proved himself invaluable, and was unsparing of himself in his efforts for the success of the expedition and the safety of the *Roosevelt*. Chief-Engineer Wardwell, from the time of the failure of our water-tube boilers, two days out from Sydney, had a particularly trying and difficult time, and found the fullest scope for all his ingenuity and resources. Dr. Wolf looked after the health of the expedition with unremitting care and skill, and there was no serious illness. The doctor also did his full share of the spring sledge-work. Mr. Marvin, while on board ship, and during the winter hunting in the interior and throughout the spring and summer sledging campaigns, assumed his full share of the work. Henson and Percy, my steward, tried in years of arctic experience, again proved their worth.

The officers and men were interested and willing. Mate Bartlett was in charge of the *Roosevelt* during the absence of Captain Bartlett and myself. Boatswain Murphy was of material assistance in the field. Two of the firemen, Clark of Massachusetts, and Ryan of Newfoundland, took an active part in the spring sledge-work.

The *Roosevelt* has been very effective even with her reduced power, forcing her way through the heaviest ice and apparently impassable places, and coming safely through experiences which I am satisfied no other ship afloat would have survived. Young ice, even of very considerable thickness, she trod under her with great facility, and under serious pressures she rose readily and easily. As a sea-boat she was equally satisfactory, lying to in the October North At-

lantic gale off Resolution Island under double-reefed foresail, with rudder gone, with all the ease and dryness of one of our best Bank fishing-schooners. For this the fullest credit is due her builder, Captain Charles B. Dix, who put his whole heart and years of experience into her construction.

The main results of the expedition may be summarized as follows:

First. The attainment of the "highest North," leaving a distance of but 174 nautical miles yet to be conquered this side of the pole, narrowing the unknown area between my highest and Cagni's to less than 374 nautical miles, and throwing the major remaining unknown arctic area into the region between the pole and Bering Strait.

Second. The determination of the existence of a distant new land northwest of the northwestern part of Grant Land, probably an island in the westerly extension of the North-American archipelago.

Third. The distinct widening of our horizon as regards ice and other conditions in the western half of the central polar sea.

Fourth. The traversing and delineation of the unknown gap in the coast-line between Aldrich's farthest west in 1876 and Sverdrup's farthest north in 1902.

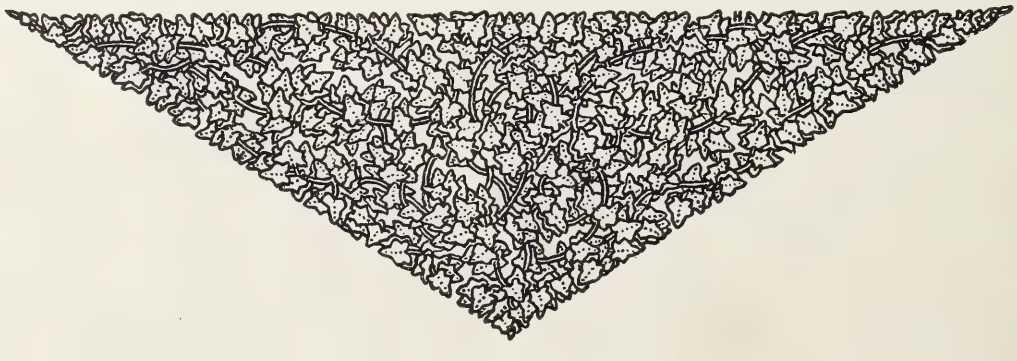
Fifth. The determination of the unique glacial fringe and floeberg nursery of the Grant Land coast.

Tidal and meteorological observations have been made, soundings have been taken in the Smith Sound outlet of the polar sea, also along the north coast of Grant Land, and samples of the bottom secured; the existence of considerable numbers of the arctic reindeer in the most northern lands has been determined; the range of the musk-ox widened and defined; a new comparative census of the Whale Sound Eskimos made, etc.

It seems proper also to note that the result of the last expedition of the Peary Arctic Club has been to simplify the attainment of the pole fifty per cent.; to accentuate the fact that man and the Eskimo dog are the only two mechanisms capable of meeting all the various contingencies of serious arctic work, and that the American route to the pole and the methods and equipment used remain the most practicable for attaining that object.

Had the winter of 1905-6 been a normal season in the arctic regions, and not, as it was, a particularly open one throughout the northern hemisphere, there is not a member of the expedition who doubts that we would have attained the pole. And had I known before leaving the land what actual conditions were to the northward, as I know now, I could have so modified my route and my disposition of sledges that we could have reached the pole even in spite of the open season.

Another expedition, following in my steps and profiting by my experience, not only can attain the pole, but can secure the other remaining principal desiderata in the central arctic sea, namely, a line of deep-sea soundings from the north shore of Grant Land to the pole, and the delineation of the unknown gap in the northeast coast-line of Greenland from Cape Morris Jesup southward to Cape Bismarck. This work can be accomplished by an expedition absent for the same length of time as the last one, and without a greater expenditure.



The Children of the Barren

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

ANNE moved about the house in a trance of despair. All the time that she was carrying Kenneth's caps and coats or Flora's small ruffled garments from their rooms to the front room where the trunks were she was telling herself that it was only what she had known must happen. The pain was so sharp it seemed dull.

Already there was in the house, usually so quiet, all the bustle of displaced life; yesterday John and Ellice had arrived, to-morrow Flora and Kenneth would be gone. Even now they were gone in a sense, clinging with childhood's passion for novelty to the newly returned parents, so long absent that it was as if they had fallen ready-made from the skies to the children. Flora would hardly let go her mother's hand, and Kenneth, the elder and the shyer, vibrated between her and his father with bashful tenderness.

Anne had been glad at last to make an excuse of the packing and slip away,—no, it was the mother, of course, who would pack, but it was Anne who superintended the removal of the little piles of garments, and it was Anne who knew exactly where everything was and the resources of their travelling wardrobes.

The ardent reunion was natural—as natural as the separation had been when her brother's business enterprises made Siam a necessity; as natural as that Anne should have then been the obvious refuge for the two elder children, who must be educated, and who had always spent their vacations with her. Nobody could foresee that the two years would prolong themselves to six. And now that the two younger children were growing to the educable age, it was equally natural that the parents, in their interests, should return,—equally inevitable that they should resume Kenneth and Flora. This was all quite as it should be, and Anne's first feeling had been of unadulterated gladness for her brother and his wife, even while she smiled a trifle waveringly over John's assurance that "now she would be relieved of them." She had foreseen in their anticipatory excitement the children's passionate rush into parental arms, and her own wholesale desertion, with the excusing tenderness of a realizing imagination.

What she had never quite realized was something else — something which had been conveyed to her only that morning, when Ellice, calling Kenneth to her to retie his necktie, remarked, with a critical glance at Flora:

"How odd that child's hair does look! I must take her in at once and have it cut straight 'round; nobody is parting hair any more."

In the very commonplace of that maternal appropriation Anne suddenly saw great vistas end. She was made childless all in a moment by that simple remark; she was also made mortifyingly aware of deficiencies—the deficiencies of the woman excluded from common feminine knowledges. Ought she to have known, she wondered, that everybody was cutting hair straight around?—and probably she had been miss-tying poor Ken's neckties all these years. A fine smile crossed her lips at the thought, but there was no smile in her eyes. The fact that she had turned the children over to Ellice fitter, physically and mentally, seemed all at once to count for nothing. She had failed somewhere by the maternal standard. A mother would have known, by some mysterious sixth sense, about the hair, and would have owned a subtler instinct in the matter of neckties. She had been rather proud—ridiculously proud, she saw now, while she mechanically tested the buttons of Kenneth's shirts—of the results of her stewardship. Kenneth in particular—what a frail little chap he had come to her, even though he came straight out of the maternal hands,—with always a pain here or there to be rubbed away!



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

KENNETH WAS THE BOOKISH ONE

It was a long time now since there had been a pain to rub away; Anne smiled at the notion, till suddenly and sharply remembering that, whatever pains, there would be no more rubbing away for her.

This was poignantly in her eyes as she began to gather up the children's books, wherein their difference stood published. Flora's were tales of travel and adventure—the classics of bright but ordinary childhood; Kenneth's—Anne turned the volumes with a suffocated yet proud heart. His prose Homer, his books of heroes, his Plutarch, his Shakespeare, Scott, Mallory—the Nibelungen—all the poets—how the boy's kindling eyes burned from the pages to her!

"Are those Ken's?" asked John's voice, with interest, at her side.

He took up one volume after another.

"Bless me! what a collection for a thirteen-year-old!" He laughed a little. "Plutarch—Mallory—why, you used to read them to *me,* Anne, when we were youngsters,—we used to act the parts. You were Brutus, and I the lean and hungry Cassius;—you were Lancelot, and I Gawain; you were always the leader, the bookish one—" he laughed again. "Not much like Ken and Flora."

"No," said Anne; "Kenneth is the bookish one, though Flora is as fond of books as most children." She added, after a moment, "The head master thinks Ken has an unusual mind."

"Really, does he indeed?" replied her brother, complacently; then, at Anne's glance, laughed once more. "Oh, I dare say," he dissembled, transparently, "he's as bright as the average—his parents are. As for this"—he nodded with an amused tolerance at the bookshelves—"I suspect he'd never have found it out for himself; you've led him, just as you led me—and he'll shed it, as I did. We'll make a scientist of him all right." He turned a few more pages, with a musing eye. "Those were good old days," he said, with a sigh. "Well—it won't do Ken any harm."

Anne caught her breath quickly.

"No," she said, "I hope I haven't done him harm in—in any way." She nodded gayly as she said it, and went off rather quickly with the armful of books.

John Warner looked a trifle troubled as he sought out Ellice.

"Ellice," he said, "I'm afraid Anne is feeling giving up the children a good deal."

Ellice was busy counting out handkerchiefs. She looked up abstractedly.

"It's too bad," she answered, "but of course it can't be helped; they will write often, and run down for holidays, and she must run up. The idea of Ken still wearing shirts like that!" She broke off with a laugh. "Really, one can see that Anne was not cut out to be a mother;—and, after all," she added, catching at the idea, "it isn't as if she *were* their mother. *I* had to leave them—I know what *that* is; in a way it must be really a relief."

The idea at least was a relief to her husband; he embraced it with enthusiasm. Ellice must be right, of course; no doubt it was hard on poor old Anne, but it couldn't be the same thing. At most her sufferings could only be comparable to his own, and he had never dreamed for a moment of weighing those with Ellice's; he had always accepted it as final that however much he might miss the children, Ellice must miss them more. No, Anne was not their mother; he was grateful to Ellice for the reminder. Motherhood, maternity, was a divine mystery by virtue of which women became somehow set apart for higher sufferings and joys, and Anne had never passed through that baptism.

It was a fact of which Anne reminded herself many times that day—that she was not their mother. She was glad it was *only* that day, glad with a sword in her heart—when the last dinner was eaten, the last good-night said, the last possible everything accomplished, and when the darkness was there and the house still. She lay long awake, but she would not go to the children's rooms again to see if they were sleeping,—a singular pride forbade; that was Ellice's right now; the same instinct withheld which would have restrained her from taking anything else that was Ellice's.

In the days that followed, Anne was stricken with wonder at the emptiness and silence; it was as if a hand had been suddenly laid upon the very pulses of her life. And out of that stillness strange calls came—Kenneth's eyes, earnest boy's eyes, looking out of the dusk;

Kenneth's voice speaking suddenly out of the silence—"Anne, Anne"—in his old, familiar tone. "Anne" he had always called her; he would never be made to give her any elder title, and to Anne the name had been deliciously, exquisitely sweet. Or Flora's pink and white face with innocent eyes (Flora had irresistible lashes) gleamed upon her; her sweet irresponsible laughter came bubbling back upon Anne's ear. How was it possible that what had been all a life should cease so suddenly?

Inevitably she came to hang upon the mail. Ellice was very good about writing at first, and there were a business man's hurried cards from John, and brief scrawls from the children, full of the wonders of a new city, the babies, and a new home. But Ellice had that home and the babies to occupy her, John was typical man in the matter of correspondence, and Kenneth and Flora were in school making new friends, accumulating new interests. Ellice wrote many apologetic letters. Kenneth was passing into a higher grade and had a bicycle,—he had very little time,—Anne must excuse him; Flora was taking French lessons,—Anne must make allowances. They talked of her a great deal, but Anne could have no idea how hard it was to keep them up to letter-writing.

It *was* hard to keep them up to letter-writing, Anne knew. The exacted weekly letter to John and Ellice had been among the hardest portions of her duty, but that duty too obvious to be shirked. Anne was very reasonable—until the time Kenneth had typhoid.

They had a trained nurse, Ellice wrote hastily, and it was a mild case—nothing for Anne to worry about; Ellice would keep her posted as well as she could, but really she had hardly a moment, and no news would be good news. Of course, Ellice added in a shaky little postscript, if anything went wrong they would wire Anne, and the crisis might be looked for about such a date.

About such a date! Anne walked through that date with clenched hands; it was the last time she ever did so. Were they waiting for the crisis?—or, perhaps, saving her till the very last possible minute? Mild cases were frequently the most treacherous, and not even Ellice—oh, *not Ellice by any means*—understood Kenneth as she did. As the day wore on, Anne's spirits rose in bitterness and revolt—also for the last time. Could not John—could not somebody send her a postal at least? Of what did they think she was made? When the children were both down with scarlet fever and then mumps, she had not treated Ellice thus; *she* had found time to send daily messages, and there had been no trained nurse, either—only Dr. Armstrong and herself to see it through. Ellice, no doubt, would have reminded her that she had no husband, no other children to think of.

Finally Anne telegraphed imperatively: *Should she come? Answer prepaid.*

It was John who wired the prompt negative: Kenneth all right. Letter to follow.

It was one of Ellice's most serene. Kenneth had been entirely out of danger for some days; he was sitting up a little longer daily, and would soon be able to drive out. There had been no complications of any kind, thanks, the doctor said, to his *excellent previous condition*—underscored with distinct maternal pride. Ellice was sorry Anne had worried; she had meant to write every day, but Anne could have no idea of the cares of a family at such a time, and Ellice had told her (reproachfully) that the type was mild and that they would telegraph if anything went wrong. As for her coming—the nurse occupied the only spare room. Ellice herself was up to her ears getting Flora ready for dancing-school. Anne might remember that though Flora was so well grown (as Ellice had been at her age) she was certainly *not* graceful; and in some subtle manner Anne understood that this latter was her fault—like the parted hair and wrongly tied neckties.

Anne laid down Ellice's letter with the very last smile in which pure humor contended with bitterness. She walked the house no more.

Instead she took to haunting the garden, never, mysteriously, quite so lonely as the house. It was there Dr. Armstrong found her next day; he had formed the habit of calling daily to inquire for Kenneth.

"Well"—he walked beside her—"so it's all right?"

"It's all right," Anne answered. "Look at my roses, doctor,"—she bent the spray towards him.

He looked keenly—not at the roses.

"Anne, you are looking wonderfully young—for your years."

The spray flew from Anne's hand.

"How did you remember?"

"How does one forget? I've watched you grow up—and there aren't so many calendar events in A—— to distract the memory." He looked at her again and frowned suddenly. "Anne—do others forget? Have you heard from New York?"

Anne recaptured the spray; her cheek showed another pale rose against it.

"This illness of Ken's, you know—"

"I ought—by this time," said the doctor, dryly.

The rose flew from her hand once more.

"It doesn't matter." She drew herself up with a long, free breath, and looked at the doctor. "It might have—a week ago—even yesterday,—but it doesn't any more."

The doctor put out his hand and touched hers.

"I know," he said, with sudden sadness. "Anne, we are—'the others'—the outsiders."

"Yes," said Anne, "and they will remember us at Christmas *with* the others." She smiled.

The doctor's lips twisted finely.

"It's mighty easy to remember — at Christmas."

And at Christmas came the box—ample, generous, with carefully tied packages, from John, from Ellice, from Kenneth, from Flora, down to the youngest baby. There was a letter, too, from Ellice. The children had intended to write, but had been in such a rush—really Ellice could not see but that children nowadays had as much business, as many engagements, as their elders,—it was quite dreadful.

Anne smiled over the letter, as she smiled over the expensive book "for Aunt Anne, with Kenneth's love." It was very expensive, and the pictures—all about Japanese pottery—were quite beautiful; Anne decided to lend it at once to an invalid friend who liked pottery, but she laid it aside without any kind of emotion; for what emotion could any one possibly connect with it—who knew Ken?

The doctor, coming in as usual with his Christmas roses, looked at her quizzically.

"Did you have a Christmas box too, Anne?"

"Did you, doctor?"—but he felt her evade him in the very gayety of her tone.

He drew a magnificent cigar-case from his pocket.

"This from Jack—too busy to write, but he made it up with this. And Sid sent me a gorgeous pocket-case, and Nat a scarf-pin."

"They're not coming down?"

"No,—Sid and Nat can't spare the time, and Jack had accepted a chum's invitation. Anne"—his face darkened suddenly — "does Ellice ever mention him?"

"Sometimes—"

"I see," he broke in, abruptly. "Too fond of carrying Flora's skates and school-books, and all that. Heavens!—he's only a boy. Can't the woman remember that—and he has no mother!"

"Ellice has very strong ideas of maternal duty," said Anne. She looked at the doctor's troubled face. "Don't worry! He *is* only a boy,—and if he hasn't a mother, at least he has had more than a father."

"Ah, I'm afraid it isn't the same!" exclaimed the doctor. He leaned despondently on the mantel. "I've tried, but I'm afraid, Anne, we can't make good—we others."

Anne, looking vividly at the strong, sensitive face before her, had an instant vision of the father and mother for which it stood: the father—the doctor's own—marrying late in life for the second time a woman so incapably foolish that the best thing she had ever done for her boys was to die and leave them in their half-brother's hands. Was it possible there was anything, Anne asked herself, in that incapable parentage which could have supplied to Jack's undisciplined nature anything the doctor had failed—over and over—to make good? It was a riddle for Time.

And in the slow flight of that Time itself Anne and the doctor had somehow to live. The doctor had his practice. Anne—since there is no other condition under which normal womanhood abnormally gone astray *can* live—instinctively devised for herself new maternities. In

default of Ken and Flora, other children; in default of any children at all, their elders; failing even these, she passionately mothered Causes and Movements whose beneficent fruit Ken, Flora, the other and elder children, should gather one day.

But she did not forget Ken and Flora. She remembered their little anniversaries and birthdays, the days on which they had the habit of making small festival, private Thanksgivings of their own, a series which had sweetly grown up between them in the years. She remembered these quite simply; it was a part of breeding, like the common courtesy of answered letters. They had been special days and nothing could unspecialize them. Christmas belonged to all the world, these other days to Ken and Flora, so how forget them—unless one could forget Ken and Flora?

And that she was not forgotten on their part—were there not the Christmas boxes to prove? It had not been so easy to compass the holidays together; the young people had many invitations, a growing list of friends, and what Ellice called "opportunities," and Anne, punctiliously invited for the most part, rarely accepted the annual invitation to the city. Kenneth was away in college now; Flora was "coming out"—esoteric phrase,—and the doctor had long ceased to ask questions about Jack. Only year by year the hair on his temples had grown grayer and the fine lines about the eyes deepened.

It was Anne who, one Christmas, laid her hands in his without a word of greeting.

"Give me Jack's address. I am going up to-morrow,—I have taken rooms for the winter; it will be nearer—them all."

The doctor held her hands in his one long minute.

"God bless you, Anne!" he said, and went out and drove away.

Why had she waited so long? Anne asked herself afterwards.

"If you had only come before!" Jack exclaimed, miserably, the day he laid his still boyish, curly head down on her sofa arm and told her all;—but this was after weeks of patience, and he lifted up the boy's face—a man's.

"If you had only been here, Aunt Anne," moaned Flora, *her* head on Anne's shoulder, "*you* could have made them see."

"I am so glad you have come, Anne," Kenneth, erect and confident, said. "*You* will help me; *you* understand."

For they had not succeeded in making a scientist of Kenneth, after all.

Funny was Ellice's mingled pride and dismay and John's open disgust and irritation.

"A nice outlook you are making for yourself for the next twenty years," he said to Kenneth. "And here I have kept a place warm for you which you have nothing to do but to step into—a place any other young fellow of your years would *jump* into. Science is a man's affair,—but your literary mediocrities fill me with disgust. I can't understand it in a son of mine;—you never got these notions from your mother or me."

"Anne understands," said Kenneth.

"Your aunt Anne," exclaimed John, irritably, "your aunt Anne—yes, I dare say you got those notions from your aunt Anne; and what does *she* know of business or life?"

Anne could only smile when he came complaining irritably to her, but she would not desert Kenneth.

In the end, of course, Kenneth had his way. His father pished and pshawed, but finally agreed to give him a couple of years—"To show what he could do," said Ken;—"To find his senses in," amended his father, but threw in an allowance.

It was another matter, however, when it came to Flora and Jack. It was another matter because Anne herself could only plead the argument of patience to the young people,—of time and proof to their elders. She could not quarrel with those who demanded hostages for a daughter's future, nor deny Jack's complicating follies. But neither could she —*would* she give up Jack, though Ellice, all her soft pliancy grown adamant, all her mild maternity frozen at its source (for Jack), reproached her bitterly.

"I cannot understand you, Anne. Your own niece!—and you *know* he has been wild. Yet you encouraged him!"

"Oh, I hope I do," breathed Anne.

"And *that* encourages Flora—" Ellice's color heightened.

"You can always keep her away," said Anne, a little coldly.

"Anne—you really prefer that good-for-nothing boy to your own flesh and blood!"

"She has a mother; he hasn't."

"Yes, Flora *has* a mother, thank Heaven," returned Ellice, severely, "and *she* knows her duty—if her aunt doesn't."

Anne's troubled lips curved into a sudden smile. Ellice's absolute lack of humor was a constant fuel to her own. She allowed for the deficiency in Ellice, exactly as she allowed for other deficiencies in Jack, and smiled again at the thought of how additionally indignant this would make Ellice if she knew.

It was in the sunny perspective of her own healthy sense, perhaps, that she could see the comedy in the tragedy of young lives about her.

"You make it all look so different—so possible," said Jack, gripping her hands just as the doctor had done (Anne was quick to see a hundred kindred traits), and in the unspoken gratitude of his eyes she read the same unuttered bendiction.

"You are *such* a comfort, Aunt Anne," Flora said, lifting the long lashes from eyes in whose woman's yearning Anne found again the child lost so long ago.

It was not only Flora—nor Jack—nor Ken, nor even, as the years went on, the unfolding circle of young life about her; there were other adjustments, notably with John and Ellice, alternately seeking her to upbraid or, covertly, for sympathy, but seeking always. Her brother had fallen as naturally into the habit of dropping in upon her as when, a boy, he brought her all his problems to be solved.

Ken had had a few verses published, — pshaw! — newspaper fame! — Ken would soon find out how long he could live on *that* (but the paper was in John's pocket); Ken had been invited to write for a rather important periodical; John understood this was supposed to be an honor,—did *Anne* suppose there was anything *substantial* in it? Dr. Edwards, the head of the university—a name sacred in letters and not to be lightly pronounced by John himself—had seen some of Ken's poems, and was quoted as saying there was really something in them; what did *Anne* think there was in *that?* Of course if Dr. Edwards had said it, John supposed —with a side glance at Anne—it could not be wholly ignored. Certainly he would rather Ken had chosen something else, but if the chap was bound to be a poet, it was a mercy he seemed likely to be a good one. After all, there was no denying the ink in the family blood, and, speaking scientifically, he supposed there were some bents it was useless to fight. *Ken was about to publish a book.*

Flora, too, who had thrown Ellice into despair, first by refusing to go to any parties, thereby depriving herself, according to Ellice, of her last chance of finding her senses and a more desirable lover, and then by going to *all* the parties and flirting furiously with every man, desirable and otherwise,—Flora had settled down and was seeming wonderfully bright these days. John fidgeted up and down the room.

"Ken writes that that young scapegrace" (it had used to be "young scoundrel") "is devoting himself astonishingly to his studies,—is sure to graduate brilliantly."

"I dare say," said Anne.

Her brother's eyes twinkled.

"Anne—confess she gets news of that young scamp here?"

"All I have," admitted Anne.

John smiled, then sighed.

"Well, we shall see. Ken writes of him in the highest terms. I've great confidence in Ken's judgment—he's a discerning chap—and devoted to his sister. Of course—if it proves to have been mere boyish folly—" He went away with that.

"Kenneth says that Jack Armstrong has taken the highest honors," reported Ellice later, with a sharp glance at Anne.

"Yes?" said Anne.

"Yes," said Ellice, with an emphasis which implied something perverse and doubting in Anne. "His whole college course has been irreproachable; they say he will get the appointment in the hospital. Ken and he are coming down together. Of course if it weren't for this, we shouldn't countenance Ken's bringing him to the house, but Kenneth"—Ellice spoke in her loftiest maternal manner—"has so much judgment in choosing his friends—we feel *perfect* confidence. And of course nobody could be more glad

than we—if only for the doctor's sake,—such an old friend—and family."

She was so delicious in her maternal inconsequence that Anne stooped and kissed her. They were dear people—John and Ellice; it had taken her years to find out how dear.

She kissed Ellice again and even more warmly when she swept in, some months later, flushed and full of subdued importance. Anne laid quietly aside the two letters—in curiously like and unlike handwriting—she was reading, to give her full attention.

The boys were coming home together—they seemed inseparable, really quite like brothers. Ken's book was out; Jack, an "honor" man, was to have the position, and the doctor was coming to see him installed. Ellice was determined to make a festival of it worthy the occasion, and *would* Anne drop everything else and help her? She blushed brightly as she released herself from her sister-in-law's embrace.

Really she could not imagine what Anne meant,—why she made so much of it. What could possibly be more natural?—or consistent? *All* they had *ever* asked was that he should deserve—certain things, and if certain things *should* come about,—why,—at this point Ellice became delightfully vague and involved, and passed out in a mild maternal whirlwind, which revolved on itself, so to speak, on the very threshold, to inquire whether Anne had yet seen the reviews.

Whether Anne had seen the reviews! Was it not Anne's birthday, and did not the small, the invaluable, the wonderful little book lie on her table boldly inscribed in Ken's own hand—a very different affair from Japanese pottery? And did not every possible cutting and clipping lie beside it? Other things lay on Anne's table; everybody remembered her birthday now; at times she had the illusion of that forgotten and letterless period as all a dream. Flora never (here) lacked time to run in and talk over prospects; Jack was an ardent correspondent, writing *for,* as well as *to,* two, and Ken had spent upon her for months the entire released torrent of his typewritten Muse. No danger Anne would miss those reviews.

As little that she would miss the date, so memorable in the annals of the family, which crowned the son's first success and tacitly sanctioned the happiness of the daughter. Meeting Ellice in the festally bright house, she patted her sister's hair affectionately.

"You look as lovely as Flora—and as young. Ken will be writing sonnets to your eyebrows next."

"I hope he will *keep* to mine—for a little while," answered Ellice, laughing, with a glance towards the group of young persons. "Anne—isn't she pretty to-night? And Jack is very distinguished, don't you think?—although of course he hasn't Ken's air."

There was something touching in Ellice's happiness; so there was also in John's vain attempts to hide *his* pride; nothing in all his business successes had ever made him proud like Ken's triumph.

"It runs in the family," Anne overheard him explaining complacently to Dr. Edwards. "I had quite a taste that way myself in boyhood, but circumstances chose for me. It all comes out in Ken."

She found it a great deal better than consistent, this naïve, delicious pride of parenthood, whose magnanimity embraced even herself.

"Oh, yes," Ellice, on her other hand, was saying, "Anne shares all our feeling; she has really been quite a second mother to them. In fact, one may say she has had all the poetry of motherhood—with none of the cares."

The young people passed, moving in circles of rapture, Jack's head bent low, and Flora's long lashes lying upon her cheek. She lifted them to sweep Anne with a look of speechless bliss as she floated by, and Jack's brilliant smile included them both.

Anne heard a sigh beside her.

"Between us, Anne—we've saved those children," said the doctor. His keen gaze softened upon the two, and he drew again that long breath. "He has given me more trouble than any of the three, but he's worth the other two put together—God bless him! I'd trust him anywhere—with anything; I'd give him my own daughter—if I had one. It was all you, Anne,—I could never have done it without you. You see, he had no mother—"

"He had one surely till past child-



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

THERE WAS SOMETHING TOUCHING IN ELLICE'S HAPPINESS

hood," Anne spoke with sudden sharpness. "And don't they say, 'Give me a child's first five years'—or nine—or ten—'and any one may have him after'?"

The doctor's lip curled.

"I dare say they do,—or any other fool thing, if there *is* anything more foolish. It is you who have been his mother,—and Flora's and Ken's, for that matter; they are all your children."

"None of them is mine," said Anne.

She turned away with sudden weariness. How could she tell him—? What could any man—even the doctor—understand of the surge of forces, the sentient, warring motherhood within her?—or that if she had been more a mother than most, it was but the pale measure of the mother she might have been? The recurrent wave of loss and loneliness swept her again more fiercely. Through it she heard the doctor's voice remotely:

"'More are the children of the desolate than those of the married wife.' Another fool saying, Anne?"—and she felt him move away.

"The children of the desolate," but when the real tests came, in the last analysis, to whom would Kenneth and Flora turn?—to John and Ellice. And the tie between the doctor and his brothers could never be that between father and sons. What son denies or forgets his mother?—what daughter but in her own maternity turns instinctively to the mother that bore her? The bond of nature stood—would stand. The doctor and she had had but their transient moment of influence. It might seem enormous now, magnified in the first grateful flush and passion of the young folks' happiness, but later, when things went homely—well and sweet?—why, later it would be as before, in the days of forgotten birthdays, of letterless weeks, and blank anniversaries. Unless, thought Anne, the grandchildren should prove troublesome,—then doubtless the doctor and she would still have their uses.

"Aunt Anne,—Aunt Anne,—I am so happy!" Flora murmured in her ear, sweeping past once more in her lover's arms,—but Jack did not raise the eyes fastened upon Flora's face.

Anne's heart went out to them. After all, what did it matter? *They* had their dream. She was still watching them when Kenneth came up to her. Before the triumph of his young forehead everything else seemed to Anne to fade away. It was his great hour. He looked at her with a strange intensity of manhood, then suddenly put out his hand and touched hers quite boyishly.

"Anne—I have been looking for you everywhere. Anne"—his eyes looked into hers joyously—"you like it—you are pleased?"

She smiled back with her very heart.

"I do like it, Ken; I *am* pleased."

"I am so glad," he said, shyly yet boldly; "for, Anne, there's one thing I want to say. The *pater* and *mater*"—he motioned delicately—"I wouldn't have them know,—but, Anne, *you* know—*we* know—I might never have done any of it but for you." He beamed on her in his young generosity.

"It all comes back, you know," he went on, in the dear way so like Ken years ago, so unlike all the rest of the world ever since, "to those times—those years—the old days—the old talks and readings. It began then, and it has been with me ever since, and *but* for them—who knows if it ever would have begun at all?—if I should ever have done it?"

For a moment Anne was silent. Years before, a word of Ellice's had closed vistas to her; now at a word of Ellice's son new vistas opened, and those which opened were greater—were at least as great as those which had been closed.

Cruising on the Gulf Coast of Florida

BY A. W. DIMOCK

IT is now a score of years since the hospitable *Karena,* known to the natives as "The Ark," threaded most of the waterways and ran aground on all the bars of the west coast of Florida, from Cedar Keys to Key West. It was the prototype of the cruising house-boat of that coast of to-day, and, as its owner with prophetic instinct once remarked, lacked only a little steam-tender to run its errands. In place of the *Karena* we now see floating houses, with every attribute of a home, from a *chef* to a canary, from a library to a pet cat, with sixty-horse-power engines in the basement, in which the owner changes his residence while he sleeps, and only knows where he is living when his captain tells him. Glittering launches, polished dinghies, and a uniformed crew go with this outfit, which suggests yachting rather than the cruising I care for. Stately yachts at stated times rattle their anchor-chains just within Boca Grande, while near by their chartered craft lodge the guides who know the tricks of the tides and the tarpon and reduce the labor of the fisherman to a minimum. I have seen a well-known yachtsman quietly enjoy his magazine and cigar on the deck of his boat while his guide trolled for tarpon within a few hundred feet. When a tarpon was hooked, the sportsman laid aside his magazine and was rowed out to the skiff of his guide, from which he captured what was left of the fish. There are house-boats of simple construction which are moved about by tugs, and often anchored for the season in one place. They make inexpensive homes with attractive features, but they are not cruisers. Occasionally, a should-be cruiser becomes conventionalized, and goes back and forth from Fort Myers, to Punta Rasa, and Boca Grande, fishing in orthodox fashion on the predetermined dates.

The interest of a cruise is often in inverse ratio to its cost. Two young men, with some knowledge of sailing and a genuine love for the camp-fire, arrived on the west coast of Florida with two months in time and two hundred dollars to spend. They bought a sloop with a small skiff for one hundred dollars, enlarged and fitted up the cabin at a cost of seventy-five dollars, invested twenty-five dollars in supplies, and buried themselves among the Ten Thousand Islands. Two months later they emerged with clothing in tatters, faces and arms red as the Indians with whom they had consorted, bodies rugged, and stores of experience sufficient to illuminate their lives. They sold their outfit at cost, reducing their net expenses for two months to the twenty-five dollars paid for supplies, to which the wilderness had contributed, without cost, fish, game, and fruit.

My latest cruise began as a family affair, with the girl, the camera-man, and a captain. Another girl was needed, so we borrowed the tree-lady, who, having just evolved from her inner consciousness a tree-book, which was counted authoritative, was now anxious to see some real trees.

Our equipment was the result of compromises between the requirements of deep-water cruising and shallow-bay exploration, and between cabin capacity and seaworthiness. It consisted of a yawl-rigged, flat-bottomed boat 37×14, with a draught of three feet, a cabin 20×12×6 feet, two skiffs, and a small launch. Fittings and furnishings were severely practical, and included dark room, tools for all ordinary repair-work, and fishing, hunting, and photographic outfits.

Starting from Marco, we gave the tree-lady her choice between tarpon and crocodiles, and as she selected the former, sailed for Charlotte Harbor and the tarpon resorts of Captiva Pass and Boca



THE HOUSEBOAT AT ANCHOR

Grande, where the season was at its height. On the first day at Captiva Pass the tarpon scored. The tree-lady was in a skiff with the camera-man, making tarpon jump while he photographed them; the girl was on Captiva beach gathering shells, leaving me to fish by myself, which I did by placing my tarpon-rod on the seat beside me, with the bait trolling behind the skiff as I rowed in the swift current of the pass. There came a highly pitched buzz of the reel, a wild leap six feet in air of a frightened tarpon, and my rod flew over the stern of the skiff, leaving a straight wake to the Gulf. I fancy that the whole outfit—rod, massive reel, and six hundred feet of costly line—was an exhibit that night at some club of tarpon devoted to the baiting of fishermen. I should like to see the legend attached to it, to know the estimate of my weight, and to hear the account of the contest, that I might compare the stories told by fish with those told about them.

We were fishing for the camera, and when the hooked tarpon ceased to pose they were turned loose, with a single exception. The tree-lady wanted some tarpon scales big enough to weigh the fish-stories she was preparing for her family. At Boca Grande we anchored north of the pass, safe from everything but a gale from the northeast, which is what came to us with the going down of the sun. A strong tide held the boat in the trough of the sea, and a wicked roll caused havoc in the cabin, where a bottle of oil breaking on the floor made walking thereon distressing. As the tide rushed past, it created a wake of phosphorescent fire, and an occasional wave breaking over us bathed the boat in liquid moonshine, while filling the cockpit with water that had to be bailed out. We hoisted the jigger to hold the boat across the seas, and gave the hurricane-anchor a few more fathoms of chain. Our captain was on shore unable to join us. Four times he dragged his skiff through

the surf and tried to row to us, but four times he was capsized and swept back. As the night wore on, the launch filled and sank, and the remaining skiff was swamped, broke her painter, and was washed ashore. In the morning the captain succeeded in reaching us, although his skiff sank under him just as he caught the line we threw him. We made tackle fast to the launch, lifted it until it could be bailed out, and then hoisting a sail with many reefs, spent an exciting quarter of an hour in clawing away from the beckoning beach. Following the storm, the fishing at Boca Grande was marvellous. The mile-wide pass was filled with minnows by the thousand million, making dark patches upon the water, often many acres in extent. Among them porpoises rolled, thousands of tarpon leaped, the fins of hundreds of great sharks cut lanes through them, uncountable cavalli, Spanish mackerel, bluefish, ladyfish, and other predatory small fry, devouring and being devoured, beat the water into surflike waves; while, moved by a single impulse, here, there, and everywhere, minnows by the yard or acre were leaping three feet in the air, filling it with rainbow-tinted masses of spray. Everywhere the water was covered with dying minnows and spangled throughout with their scales. As our skiff was rowed among them, tarpon leaped about it, drenching us with water and throwing hundreds of minnows and other little fish into the boat. A small fish, which had fallen aboard, was put upon a tarpon-hook, and as it dropped overboard was swallowed by a jack-fish, which in turn was seized by a tarpon. A great shark took up the trail of the tarpon, and a moment later had bitten him in two, at the same time striking the skiff so vicious a blow that I was glad to remember that, contrary to current superstition,



COCOA AND DATE PALMS NEAR SHELL MOUNDS
Relic of the Aborigines



SHARK PURSUING TARPON

A fraction of a second lost a record picture. The wake of the pursuing shark may be seen, but the camera was too late to catch the fish himself

the shark in this country never attacks a human being.

Tarpon-fishing with the camera is the apotheosis of sport. There is yet to be discovered anything more picturesque and thrilling than the leap of the near-by tarpon, filling the air with prismatic drops, and the gleaming silver of its gracefully contorted body brilliantly reflecting the rays of the sun.

Only less spectacular, because of its Lilliputian scale, is the leap of the lady-fish, which rises to a fly and gives an acrobatic performance that makes the best work of any known game-fish look very tame. Sea-trout, Spanish mackerel, channel-bass, and other game-fish kept the larder full and gave continuous sport at every pass in Charlotte Harbor and Pine Island Sound from Gasparilla to Punta Rasa. Half an hour with a landing-net on the shore would fill a bucket with crabs, while on any moonlight night from May to July great turtles could be found crawling on the beach, and turned over for stews and steaks, or followed to their crawls for the one hundred and thirty to one hundred and eighty eggs which would be there in the morning. We beach-combed for shells from Gasparilla to Big Marco Pass — all but the tree-lady, who explained that she was under contract to produce a standard work of reference on conchology and must approach the subject with a mind that was blank. Later when she sailed for the north from Marco, we turned south for the crocodile country. From Coon Key to Sand-fly Pass our course lay outside the keys, and we ran before a gale under jib and jigger, landing disgracefully among the bushes when we tried to stem the tide that flowed from Chokloskee Bay. Here we found a party of Seminole Indians, paved the way for a visit to their camp, and obtained a full-grown wild-cat, or lynx. We made a cage for "Tom," who day by day grew more ferocious and had to be fed at the end of a stick. He nearly ate up his cage in his efforts to get free, but when his door was opened, hesitated long before he came out. He then walked slowly, growling at everybody, but so surprised by the indifference with which he was regarded that he soon began to make advances, and finally laid a tentative paw upon the hand of the captain as he stood at the wheel. Thereafter he became friendly, sometimes too friendly, occasionally playfully jumping upon any one who happened to be sleeping on deck, which, until we got used to it, was exciting.

From Pavilion Key south the coast is one vast bank of clams, perennially inviting the cruiser to go overboard and tread for them. One night when

anchored with light tackle a few miles below Pavilion, a gale from the southwest dragged the anchor, a big wave lifted us, and at the very top of a spring-tide dropped us on a high coral reef. The next morning we were many yards from water, with the chances that we were settled for a month; but happily a favoring wind that day raised the water enough to enable us to haul the boat back into her element. As our cruise led us through crooked channels in the shallow water of the Bay of Florida, we often ran aground, but by promptly going overboard could usually push off into deeper water. Once we had to dig the boat out, loosening the mud under it with a hoe and washing it away by a current from the propeller of the launch.

At Madeira Hammock we anchored for a crocodile-hunt, in the interest of the camera, and for ten days in skiffs explored creeks and bays in the pursuit. Once we turned aside to follow with a harpoon three big fins travelling tandem that belonged to a thirteen-foot sawfish, whose thousand pounds propelled a broad four-foot saw, armed with fifty-two teeth, through schools of smaller fish. He belonged to the detested shark family, and we wasted no sympathy on him as he towed us at racing speed through a mile of creek and bayou. We caught a number of crocodiles, but their story belongs to the camera-man. We took with us for shipment to the Bronx Zoological Gardens, at Bronx Park in New York, one ten-foot specimen which we had captured in his cave, and sailed for Marco, where the camera-man left us for New York. On the way up the coast the cat and the crocodile quarrelled, and to save the eyes of the saurian we put him overboard one evening with a rope around his body. During the night he died—mysteriously. The lynx swam ashore in response to the crowing of a cock, and perished in a henroost, but not mysteriously. Both had been prematurely promised to the Zoo in New York, and I was mortified; so I visited a rookery, captured and shipped a dozen pelicans for the Zoo, and again sailed for the crocodile country. We started on Friday, wherefore the girl predicted disaster, and reminded us thereof on the following day when a heavy rain-squall struck us, shut us up in semi-darkness and proceeded to box the compass with the boat. When the squall got through with us we were under bare poles, with the jib our only hoistable sail. Two days later at Madeira Hammock I stood again, harpoon-pole in hand, in the bow of the skiff, which my perspiring boatman patiently sculled among the keys, over the flats, and through the labyrinthic rivers that lie between the Bay of Florida and the saw-grass of the Everglades. The harpoon was simply a pointed bit of barbed steel, only capable of penetrating one inch beyond the barb, and intended merely to maintain communication with the quarry until it could be secured by other means.

One morning, just after we had started on our daily cruise, a series of swirls in the water near us, the language of which was then unfamiliar, seemed to tell of a frightened crocodile and that the hunt was on. We followed the zigzagging trail of muddy water as fast as we could scull and pole, getting occasional glimpses of a fleeing something, until the full view of it under the bow of the skiff gave me the chance I was seeking. As the harpoon struck a broad back, which was not that of a crocodile, the creature rose above the surface, and a big beaverlike tail deluged me with half a barrel of water as it struck and nearly swamped the skiff, and told me that I had at last found the manatee which I had vainly hunted during many years. For hours we chased the creature, keeping a light strain on the harpoon-line, frightening him as he came up to breathe, until, exhausted, he rose more and more frequently, and I made a score of unsuccessful casts of a lasso at this specimen of the wild cattle of the sea. Finally the manatee came to the surface to breathe so near the skiff that I put my left arm around his neck as far as it would go and tried to slip the noose over his head with my right. The sudden lifting of his head threw me upon his back, while a twist of his big tail sent me sprawling. We were swamped four times while working the manatee into shallow water, where we got overboard, fastened a line around him, and soon had him under control, although when the captain got astride of the creature he was promptly made to



LOOKING FOR SHELLS ALONG THE BEACH

turn a back somersault. Docile as our captive had become, he was yet eleven feet long, of massive proportions, and a weight which was difficult to handle. We tore the seats out of the skiff, sank it, and succeeded in getting the creature over it. Then, having bailed out the water, we were paddling the overladen craft out in the bay, when a cataclysm left us swimming side by side, while a submerged skiff was being towed Gulfward by a rejoicing manatee. We soon recaptured and persuaded him into shallow water, where I herded him while the captain went to the big boat for an anchor and cable, with which we made our captive fast, giving him two hundred feet of rope in an excellent sea-cow pasture.

We were now candidates for a dungeon and liable to a big fine because of our unlawful detention of a highly protected mammal, so we sailed for Miami in pursuit of an *ex post facto* permit. The authorities were good to me when convinced of the educational destiny of the manatee, and in a week I returned with permits in my pocket, promises of free transportation by rail and steamer to the New York Aquarium, telegrams of congratulation from the Zoo people, and lumber for a tank for the manatee, only to find no trace of anchor, cable, or captive. Our boat had been struck by lightning in Miami, but the shock to our nerves, although serious, was light in comparison with this.

For a day we followed the zigzag trail of the anchor flukes, through a water glass over half a mile of the bottom of the bay, until we came upon the anchor, cable, and worn-through harness from which the manatee had escaped. I returned to Marco; here I left the girl, took aboard gasoline for a thousand miles' trip, four weeks' provisions for two, and sailed south with my boatman to capture a manatee. We explored the waterways between the

Everglades and the Gulf from Capes Romane to Sable. We sailed up broad rivers which narrowed until the bowsprit plunged into the bushes at every tack and the towed skiff gathered oysters from overhanging mangrove branches as it swung against the bank. We followed the contracting channels with the launch, until we were flying at full speed through crooked creeks, with bushes from the banks sweeping our craft on either side. When the branches closed over the stream, we dragged the skiff under them to the everglades or the end of the creek. We struck waterspout weather off Shark River, when conical clouds sent swirling tails dancing over the surface of the water, which they sometimes touched and drew upward in huge swaying columns. The next day our boat lay becalmed at the mouth of the Rogers River, which we explored in the launch.

As we started, graceful frigate-pelicans floated high above us with motionless wings, while on the water about us their awkward namesakes filled pouches with food for their families, and flew homeward with the curious intermittent strokes peculiar to these birds. The round head and bright eyes of the grass-eating green turtle bubbled up for a moment above the water, in pleasing contrast with the grosser head of his logger-head cousin. Water-turkeys dropped heavily in the river as we passed, then quickly thrust snakelike heads above its surface to gaze at us. Herons, big and little, blue, white, and green, flapped lazily out of our way with discordant cries; brown curlews, roseate spoonbills, and white ibises sat undisturbed upon near-by trees; egrets and long whites forgot the bitter lessons that man's cupidity and woman's vanity had taught them, and even a monkey-faced owl, big and white, unknowing how rare a specimen he was, turned goggle-eyes upon the gun beside me. At the head of the river a tropical storm burst upon us, followed by a calm, and filled the western sky with massive clouds wonderfully colored, which were duplicated in the mirror of the water, until the illusion of a sky beneath us of infinite depth made me cling to the boat for dizziness. At the end of a long vista the middle ground of slim palmetto



THE PET WILDCAT



CRANES FEEDING ON MUD-FLATS

and towering royal palms completed an unforgettable picture.

We had explored Lossmans River to the Everglades, and were cruising the bays near its head, when, about dusk, we saw a big rattlesnake swimming towards a mangrove key. To cut him off compelled us to run the launch full speed into the key. The skiff in tow came surging up beside us, and the snake was between the two boats. We got the snake in the skiff, where the captain held him down with an oar until I had him safely by the neck. After extracting the fangs of the reptile, which was six and a half feet long and had ten rattles, I tied him in the boat to be skinned for mounting the next morning. Sometimes, as we cruised, the big eyes of a wondering deer gazed upon us from a bit of meadow; once I snapped the camera-shutter on a black face with white eyeballs, framed in an opening in the mangrove bushes, and on the same day in the depth of the wilderness we exchanged nods of half recognition with an alligator-hunter upon whose head was a price.

The days left us were few. Sweet bay-leaves had supplanted coffee, palmetto-cabbage was our vegetable, cocoa-plums, custard-apples, wild limes and lemons our fruit, and hour by hour we measured the gasoline left in the tank. One morning, with scant two inches in the launch, I estimated that we could go through Shark to Harney River, up that to the Everglades, and return. Far up the river we went, among beautiful keys, between richly wooded banks, past Golgotha camps of alligator-hunters and trappers of otter; in channels choked with moss and grass, which had to be cleared from the propeller every few minutes; along shores covered with wading birds; over waters alive with alligators and thickly dotted with the heads of fresh-water terrapin, until the launch was stopped by a solid mass of lily-pads, covering the stream and held in place by stems eight feet long, through which startled alli-



SUNSET OVER THE GULF

gators made their way along the river-bed, setting the pads above to dancing mysteriously. Forcing our way in the skiff through half a mile of pads, we reached the Everglades, and following an Indian trail, pushed far out on its surface for a final interview with a region which, although desolate, was yet strangely fascinating. When but a mile of our return trip was left, a frightened manatee, just ahead of our launch, rolled his body half out of water, like a porpoise, and throwing his tail in the air, started down the river. This was our last chance, and we followed his every turn. When he headed up-stream to escape us, we were so near that again he leaped half out of water, and soon was so exhausted that he rose for breath every few seconds. My hopes, which had died, were resurrected, and already I was drawing up the skiff for the final act, when the engine stopped, with its last drop of gasoline, and the manatee-chase was ended.

As we silently poled the launch homeward, my mind ran over the results of the hunt. We had seen a dozen manatee and had a calling acquaintance with half that number. We were familiar with their slightest appearance above the water and with the signs they left beneath it. We had seen them as Romeos and Juliets, and often when within a few feet of one had only been thwarted by the darkness of the water which in the rainy season pours from the cypress and mangrove swamps. A tiller-rope broken during the excitement of a quick turn had saved one from probable capture, and as I remembered that an impulse of emotional insanity had held my hand when a mother manatee with an unweaned calf pressed close to her side rose beside me, I thought with bitterness of the poet who wrote, "The quality of mercy is not strained." But I knew where the creatures lived, and when we reached our boat, just as the stars came out, I had determined that in the hunt for a manatee it was only the first chapter that had closed.

The Return

BY MAY HARRIS

THE train had passed the last station before Thursby, and was rushing on with unnecessary speed, it seemed to the woman who watched the landscape fly past in the December twilight.

It was all so familiar to her, and yet in some way it looked strange. Landmarks, when one has outgrown or forgotten them, have a disturbed salience and seem to have shifted their former estate to an aloofness that must be reconquered. And Lillian Daveridge had no desire to make friends again with uninteresting commonplaces.

The long journey was nearly ended, but its length had not fatigued her. She had been drinking in with passionate assimilation all the features, great and small, of two days' travel; storing her mind with vivid panoramic details of people and places as one provisions for a siege.

It was difficult for her to remember that not quite a year ago, in going away, she had looked out at these same things with rebellion at the thought of leaving them, with a pitiful prayer in her heart that she should be permitted to return. It had been winter then, as now,—the last leaves clinging forlornly, the same chill gray folding sky and distance into inscrutable cold shadows.

She had gone away from Thursby as into an exile—uprooted from the old tendernesses that had supported, to which she had clung so utterly through habit. But once she had slipped from their environment, it seemed, she had found under the new conditions a new self; an eager, vivid self, athirst for life, and the freedom and joy of living that she had discovered life could mean. She had been transplanted and had taken root, and there could be no question, when one looked at her face, of the quality of the bloom that had resulted. She had gone away frail, sickly, a mere shadow of the pretty girl she had been, but she was coming back a beautiful woman. Her face still had a delicacy, but its contour was softly rounded and her color was exquisite. The refinement and effect of her beauty had the studious assistance of details that harmonized and gave the needed accent. The distinction of her dress and little travelling-hat, her well-fitting gloves and carefully arranged hair, a casual observer would have correlated with fastidious taste, wealth, and a satisfactory maid.

The train made a hollow rush over a bridge, and she had a glimpse of the creek. Just a little while and the last link of the new life she had "touched at and let go" would be cut away. She wanted it lengthened out—anything that would keep her from the disenchantment of the life she was going back to take up again. She recalled with piteous egoism the things they had said to her at the sanitarium when she left: "You've been the sunshine of the place." "How *will* we get along without you?" "What a pleasure it has been to know you!" And one of the doctors—a nervous, sad-faced man—told her, "You've been one of the most optimistic patients I ever saw, Mrs. Daveridge."

The flowers they had given her were all withered, but she had put some of them into her bag, fragrant reminders of the farewells those new friends had given as she went back to her old life.

The humdrum monotony of that old life—how could she stand it! Her husband's daily letters had woven a steady strip of tapestry—infinitely uninteresting—of home happenings and neighborhood news. Not that there had been any happenings, any news. One letter had been so much the prototype of the rest that frequently her bored and resentful glance had skipped the three pages with the most casual glimpses of what lay between "Dearest Lillian" and "Mother sends best love. Always yours, John."

John's letters had been hopelessly dull



THE MEMBERS OF HER LITTLE COLONY WERE BRIGHT AND CLEVER

to her. She had discovered the members of her little colony were bright and clever people for the most part, who had touched life at many points of interest and pleasure, and were hurrying to get well and go back to what she enviously imaged as varied and brilliant careers. Having no career herself, the sympathetic and perhaps wistful quality of her listening had been found out and made use of. She had been very popular. People gave her confidences, and she had been stimulated and excited by the vicarious interest they created. One girl had died out there—young, rich, pretty, and engaged to a young politician with the brightest of vistas before him. What a life, Lillian Daveridge reflected, that girl could have lived! "Roses, roses, all the way!"—and she was dead; shut out from the joy and fragrance of life, while she, Lillian, was alive and going back to a veritable prison of limitation, of misunderstanding. The years of girlhood, of wifehood,—twenty-seven in all,—stretched behind her, forgotten, obliterated as if by some stroke of magic.

It seemed to her she had never really lived until this past year—the year that, when the first homesickness had worn away and she had begun to improve, had been packed so full of interests, of pleasant companionships, of ever-to-be-remembered kindnesses. Every one had contributed to her desire for gayety and brightness. Even the hard-faced, cold-mannered man who, it was whispered, could never get well, had lent her books—books that had made her shiver a little when she dipped into their consummate pessimism. "They'll make you love life," he had commented on her—as he considered—shallow shrinking, "just as they help me to leave it."

She had been cheery and pleasant to him, and when he told her good-by he had surprised her by adding, "Your husband's a lucky fellow." She was remembering his words as the train drew in, and almost before it came to a stand-

still the "lucky fellow" was at her seat with eager arms and hungry eyes.

"Lillian! Lillian!" he said, in a choked voice. It seemed hard for him to say even that. Her own voice, clear and sweet, but a little precise, answered without discomposure.

"Yes, John. How—well you are looking! This is my bag. I'll take the umbrella. I've the checks in my purse." She felt the other passengers in the coach stared curiously as she got off. She could feel acutely the incongruity they must so instantly see between herself and this tall, shabby young man, whose hat was in need of brushing and whose tie left much to be desired.

On the platform the station-agent came up and shook hands. "Well, Mis' Daveridge, I'm plum glad to see you back! John has 'bout made himself sick missin' you! You look fine."

She tried to be responsive, but failed. She had forgotten old Janeway's very existence, and it seemed a reproach to her husband that such a man should call him "John"!

Daveridge had her trunks sorted out and put into a wagon, and then he came back to where she stood waiting with her air of helpless withdrawal from the agent's friendly welcome. She remembered their buggy with the roan ponies, and, as her husband came up, walked toward it.

"This way, dear," he said, hurriedly; and as she looked up in surprise at his embarrassed face, a stranger crossed the platform, jumped into the buggy, and drove off.

"Why—!" she exclaimed.

"Here is our buggy," her husband said, in a low voice.

It was a very old buggy—even the late twilight gave the fact unsparing publicity; the wheels had a painfully unsteady look, and the horse was the sturdy flea-bitten gray they had kept for his mother to drive.

They drove off with a rattle that made heads turn in their direction. The station was in the outskirts of the little village, and they were soon on the country road.

"Why are you driving the pony?" she asked at last, and the words were like an accusation of intentional discourtesy.

Daveridge winced, but he tried to answer playfully: "Because the pony's the only horse we've got, darling. The roans were eating their heads off, and Hudson offered a good price. You see, mother and I didn't use them much."

"And I suppose," she said, frostily, "you didn't think I'd ever come back!"

"Lillian!"

The pain in his voice roused her. In the torpor of her self-centred thoughts she had forgotten that resistance was hardly the proper rôle for a martyr. She would simply have to accept—it was inevitable—the crushing defeat to every sentiment this coming back to the old place would mean. She phrased it to herself with bitterness, and she fed her strong sense of rectitude with the restraint she exercised in beginning to speak of other things. Like a diver who has found great depths impracticable, she rose to the surface and talked to him much as she had to the people at the sanitarium. The little egoisms of her travelling experiences were touched on brightly, but with a casual lightness that made her seem almost a stranger to Daveridge. He had the feeling that she was overfatigued, that this forced brightness was really fever, and he hurried the pony, longing to get her home to rest; longing also to show her how thankful he was to have her back again strong and well, after the cruel months of separation and anxiety. He hoped then to find the old Lillian—clinging, gentle, affectionate; the Lillian who had cried as if her heart would break when she left him.

But he did not find her. The numb sense of loss that had begun to envelop him during the drive home the night she came grew stronger as the days passed. He had to fight against showing it. It had never been easy for him to express his feelings—to be demonstrative in his manner—and something had chilled his effort. The things he had meant to say when he lifted her down at their door remained unsaid. The home-coming he had looked forward to so eagerly seemed to have materialized into a sort of dream in which he was tongue-tied and hampered by inadequacies he had never been aware of before.

Everything had seemed to go wrong, and he had all a man's helplessness about

setting it right. To Lillian it seemed a dream, too—a dreadful somnambulism. The front steps—she had forgotten how steep they were, and she stumbled twice as she went up them with her mother-in-law's arm around her waist.

And then the hall—how narrow and dark it looked; and the dreadful crayon of John's father gloomed in recaptured ugliness in the band of light that escaped through the parlor door. The parlor! had she ever liked it? Could it be possible she had once thought it attractive, well furnished? The carpet—she and John had chosen it together, and the crudity of the colors she had then thought so bright and cheerful afflicted her almost as much as the square, marble-topped centre-table, with its ornate Bible and big lamp with a painted shade.

Her mother-in-law, cheerful, stout, and bustling, pushed the big mechanical rocker close to the fire.

"Sit right down and warm up," she said, affectionately, her words hurried with an excess of the spirit of welcome. "I know you're cold. Let me help you with your jacket. Why, Lily child, you've grown as plump as a partridge! And to think how thin and pale you were when you went off!"

She patted her on the shoulder, and Lillian saw a black streak of soot on her finger; also, she had a homespun apron over her black dress. The thought of the preparation for her coming these things stood for did not touch her; it seemed to her repulsion of feeling an uncaring exposure of the seamy side of life. A big shaggy dog with beautiful brown eyes rushed in and rubbed himself against her.

"What an ugly dog! Where did you get him?"

"Why, Lily! Have you forgotten the puppy? He has grown, though. We think he's the smartest thing! I don't know what I'd do without him."

"He looks very big," Lillian said, wearily. She rose and looked hesitatingly around. "Can I go to my room, mother? I feel tired."

"My darling child! I know you do! I just thought I'd wait until John came in from feeding the pony. I thought he'd want to show you—"

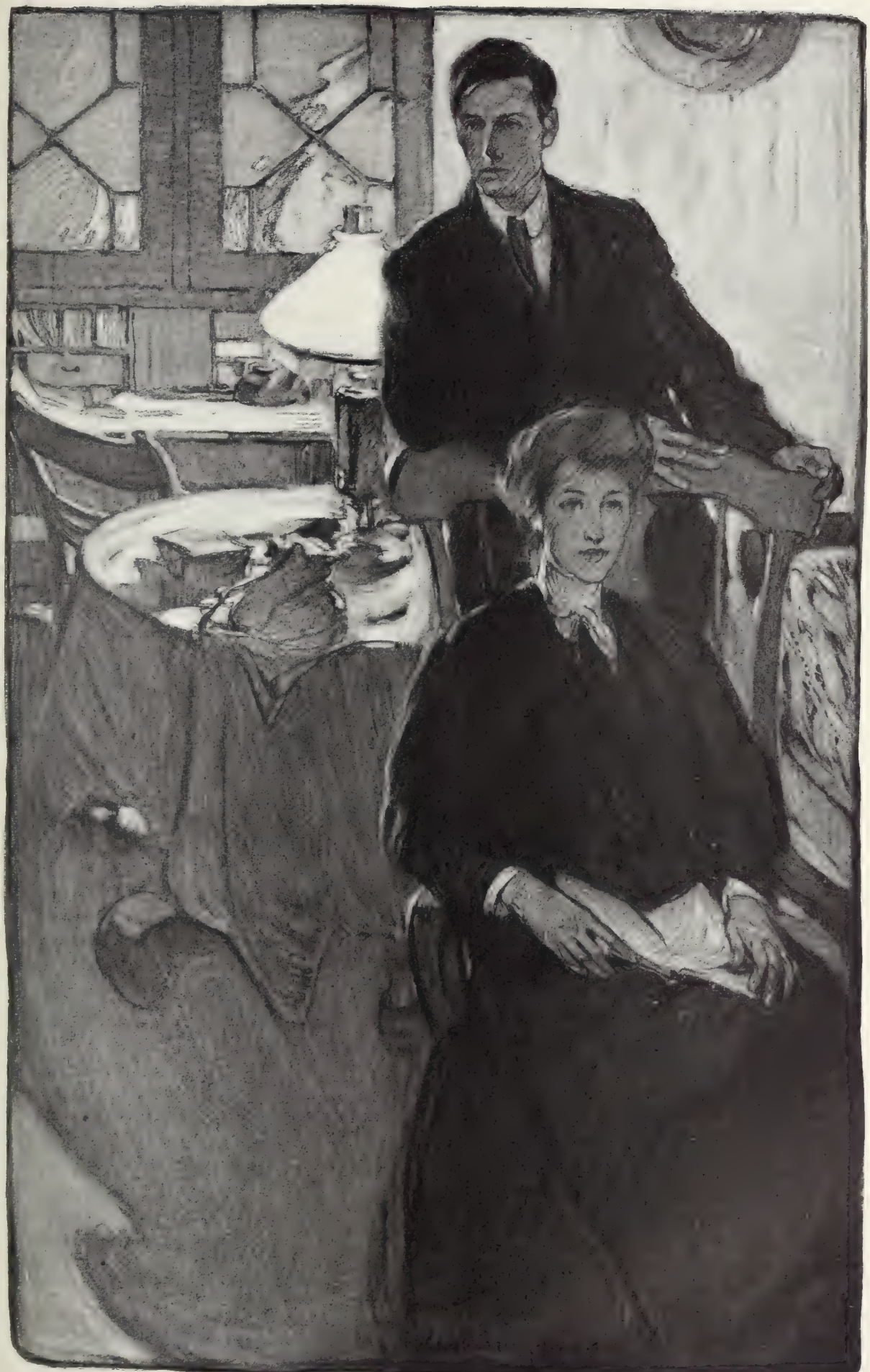
Lillian was not curious as to what he would show, but she wondered why John did Israel's work—Israel was the negro who had always looked after outdoor things. But her mother-in-law did not explain as they went up the narrow stairs. She panted a little with the pleasurable excitement that affects stout people as much as fatigue, and throwing open the door, stood back for Lillian's entrance.

The room had been refurnished; the old dark walnut bed and bureau replaced by light oak, a wicker chair, and fresh white curtains at the windows. On the table in a white china vase two or three small, pale roses gave the final touch of preparatory welcome. Old Mrs. Daveridge had protected these roses from their first budding, hoping they would linger in their blooming for her daughter-in-law's return. She paused by the little table, expectant of some word of pleasure or surprise from Lillian about the roses, but Lillian had not noticed them. Her swift, cursory glance had taken in the changes in her room without enthusiasm, and her voice, even to the older woman's uncritical ear, had a perfunctory sound.

"How nice! What a good mirror! It all looks—comfortable." She knew she ought to say "pretty," but the word would not come. The stiffness, the placed formality of the chairs, the horrid pink china vases on the mantelpiece; even the "Yard of Violets" she had once enjoyed so much had been pulled out of line and hung at an unedifying slant. Her room at the sanitarium had been so dainty—blue and white dimity, brass bed, pale-colored matting, and flowers—ah! the wealth of flowers, the perfume of the heliotrope, the heavy-headed roses. She came back to the disillusion of her present environment almost with a shudder. Her mother-in-law was bending wistfully over the vase of flowers.

"You haven't seen the roses, Lily," she said, hesitatingly. "I've been saving them up to surprise you. Just to think of roses in December!"

Lillian came up and looked at them. She felt dazed, utterly aloof, and each call made on her interest was in the nature of an unwelcome demand. Mrs. Daveridge was supplying the enthusiasm herself in the disappointed embarrass-



Drawing by Charlotte Harding

"I'VE BEEN UNLUCKY," HE SAID

ment of finding that Lillian did not appreciate the roses.

"This is the finest one," she said, fondly, caressing the largest of the open buds. They had been pulled with short stems, and were massed with rose-geranium leaves in a vase entirely too large, with the utter absence of arrangement Lillian would never have noticed a year ago.

"Poor little starved things!" she said. "They look like they'd never seen the sun."

She did not mean to be unkind and unappreciative—she was not even aware of selfishness. It seemed to her she was drinking a cup of misery so bitter, so much worse than she had expected, that the wonder was she did not altogether break down.

She continued to feel this way, even in the face of the changes that had come in her husband's affairs. When she left home he had been prosperous, and her return found things the reverse. Strangely enough, she did not connect this with her own expenditures; it was due, she considered, to bad management. If there had been expense more than he could meet, there had surely been her own money from her father's estate, which had been settled, after the usual term of waiting, while she was away. True she had drawn several hundreds for the pocket-money her needs had demanded in excess of what John had sent her. Her clothes had been pretty, but she had thought herself, in comparison with others, exceedingly economical.

It seemed to her when she began, after a week or two, to notice things particularly, that people were changed a good deal in their attitude to her, that they looked critical and all but unfriendly. At first she thought it was because of her husband's losses, and her hurt pride made a corresponding stiffness on her part, but she gradually discovered it was personally directed to herself.

She noticed it definitely the first Sunday she went to church. She had gone with the feeling of detachment very strong upon her—an alien presence, beautifully dressed, graceful, remote, and consciously poised to receive admiration. But the people she knew seemed reserved; used as she was to being made much of, they had seemed pointedly neglectful, oddly polite. She had gone out passive, bored; she went back resentful, questioning. How shabby John had looked! She had told him sharply that he should get him a new suit, and he had merely laughed. Perhaps he did not care for appearances—though it was a new development on his part—but he should remember that other people did. It was hard to have to go out with a husband whose shabbiness in every detail made so great a contrast with her own perfection.

That afternoon John told her he had accepted a clerkship in a hardware-store in Thursby.

"It isn't much, you know, Lillian," he had explained, with the affectionately apologetic manner he had used since her return in telling her any of his troubles, "but I've been unlucky, and it will help things up a little; it's better than being idle during the winter."

"I don't understand," she said, with perplexed brows. "Everything seems to have gone wrong. But it does seem you could manage without this! To be a clerk in a hardware-store!"

His mother looked up from her knitting—she was always knitting socks for John.

John laughed again—not with mirth; his laughs had a forced note now that she would have found, had she noticed, very different from their old hearty ring.

"Well—it's just for a while."

She hesitated a moment. Something in her mother-in-law's expression forced the impulse to activity, and she made the offer she had several times considered, with the full sacrificial recognition of its value.

"I want you to refuse that clerkship, John," she said at last. "You should consider your position. I am going to give you my money—from father's estate. It will be enough to pay your debts, and you can go back to your old way of living—you always said you liked farming. I suppose the money will be enough? You didn't write me clearly about it."

"And you'd give it to me, Lillian?" His voice trembled a little, and he put his hand on hers.

Mrs. Daveridge dropped her knitting

and sat staring, her lips parted. She seemed struggling indignantly to speak.

"Mother!" John cried, quickly, and the sternness of his voice surprised his wife. He turned again to Lillian.

"It's like you, dear, to want me to take it," he said, in a low voice,—"like your old self. I do thank you and I sha'n't ever forget it."

Lillian was appreciatively conscious of her rôle of martyred abnegation, and it lent a new interest—really began to draw her out of apathy. If one is a heroine, one must be brave, and she began to go about the house and ponder changes in the arrangement of furniture and calculate what was absolutely necessary to be bought to make her environment what she wished.

These reviving interests brought more naturalness to her manner, even if it was accompanied by so many impatient complaints. She left the housekeeping in her mother-in-law's hands, with the excuse of a sort of postprandial invalidhood, and so was spared knowledge of the many stringent, sordid economies that had become necessary.

Lillian reasoned with perfect good faith that Mrs. Daveridge had always liked domestic details, and she left her to them undisturbed. Her presence in the house continued to be like that of some specially favored guest.

John took the clerkship, with no further reference to the offer she had made, and a curious resentment that finally chilled into suspicion came into her mind. She began to suspect that John had used the money about his business and lost it, never thinking it necessary to tell her. That accounted, she thought, for the change she gradually discovered in her husband and in her mother-in-law. That was the reason they gave her such careful consideration, why they seemed grave and almost sad in their affectionate interest for her comfort and pleasure. The idea took root, and she accepted the sense of wrong with a feeling of shallow justification for her own change.

John Daveridge bought a little trap for his wife with his first month's salary, combined with what he could get together in other ways, and she accepted it without expostulation. It seemed to her injured point of view that it was merely an effort of restitution on his part for her money which he had used. Her regret for the roans he had sold was always strong when she drove the quiet pony to the trap; they would have suited it—and her—so much better.

Her two half-sisters wrote her occasionally, but she did not ask them—though she was tempted—about the settlement of their father's property. She would have called it pride that prevented this inquiry, but deep down it was something else—a sort of belated loyalty, if not affection—that kept her from outside question of her husband.

She drove the pony about, and was distantly polite to her old friends, and fascinatingly pleasant to a few new ones by way of contrast. Also, she fretted a little over the fact that the friends she had made at the sanitarium seemed to have forgotten her. Very few of them answered her letters, and those who did write were very casual. To her, her life with them had been a turning-point, a period of intense altitude; to them, merely a passing episode. And this knowledge as it came gradually was in the nature of things very bitter to Lillian Daveridge. The loss of the outside point of contact and sympathy threw her back on her own consciousness, and her self-pity became her most potent refuge.

Her stepmother's visit caused an awakening in which she stumbled blindly, cumbered with the shallow dreams she had created.

That her father's second marriage had been beneath him was a phrase convenient to her use, and Lillian had soothed many vexations with it before her marriage, but her stepmother's good nature had apparently been of too great a density to assume the idea. Her attitude was of a friendly kindliness impossible to evade, its quiet bulk overweighing any frail barriers of reserve Lillian raised, — indeed, altogether ignoring them.

Her visit to Lillian was a short one, made as she went from one of her twin daughters—married and living in Florida—to the other, who lived in Tennessee.

Lillian's old instinctive antagonism revived at once; not merely the prejudice of step-relationship, but the distaste the



Drawing by Charlotte Harding

SHE CRIED AS SHE HAD NEVER CRIED BEFORE

woman who neither toils nor spins has for the stout, well-intentioned, energetic woman accustomed to a busy life.

Lillian as a girl had been careless, but Mrs. Spencer had passed over without the unwisdom of much comment the boarding-school young-ladyism that affected ignorance as one of the fine arts. Her present indolent apathy, however, struck a note sufficiently in excess to rouse Mrs. Spencer's combative instinct. When she went to Lillian's room to put on her bonnet she made her attack and captured an outpost.

"What's the matter with John?" she asked, abruptly. "He came down to the train to meet me—said he couldn't get off to come out home with me—and I never did see such a change in a man. He looks all to pieces! Looks like *he* ought to be sent off to that place where you stayed so long. He's had enough to turn his hair gray! He and his mother are about the best people I know."

Lillian passed by her stepmother's tribute; her opinion seemed worth very little. But she saw an opening in a roundabout way toward satisfying a curiosity of her own.

"John has had trouble with his affairs," she said, in a detached voice, "but I suppose it's because he doesn't understand business—"

"Well, I vow!" Mrs. Spencer turned from the mirror where she had been settling her bonnet-strings comfortably under her chin, her face a little mottled with anger, and with a touch of contempt in her voice. "I never heard your like, Lillian Daveridge! 'Trouble with his affairs'! 'Don't understand business'! Well, if it doesn't *astonish* me to hear you!"

"I don't know—what you mean," Lillian said, stiffly.

"Well, I'll just tell you what I mean, Lillian! I don't believe that blessed idiot or his mother has ever said a word! It passes me! When you went off, John was doing well, and I supposed he could stand the expense—they say he had to pay over a hundred a month all the time you were there; I suppose you know *that*—but he said he could manage.

"Well, of course, it never rains but it pours, and that lawsuit had to come about some land John had bought. Abel Turner got it back because of some flaw in the deeds, and John lost all the money he had paid — Mrs. Daveridge told me that to-day; and right on top of that, when your pa's estate was ready to settle up, they found there wasn't anything to settle. There was a big mortgage on the plantation, and none of us knew of it—*I* thought it had been cleared, but it had just been running on. Talk about managing! Well, the administrator held the mortgage, and he didn't say a word—just bought it in when the mortgage fell due for a little bit under. And there we were—Melissa and Mary both engaged to be married, and not a cent coming to them—we'd thought there'd have been at least fifteen hundred apiece!" She paused to take breath.

"And what do you suppose John did? Right on top of his lawsuit, and the expense of your being away,—he sent me five hundred dollars so I could pay some little debts and give the girls a decent wedding. He said you'd want him to do it, and I mustn't thank him,—just to think it was from you; and if I needed a home when the girls were married, to come right here—I was welcome!"

Again Mrs. Spencer paused for breath.

"*That's* John Daveridge! and I'd be proud if my girls' husbands were half as good! They do pretty well, but—preserve us! — there's not many men like John Daveridge!"

Lillian's face was so white, so utterly aghast, that Mrs. Spencer softened a little.

"They ought to have told you," she said, as she told her good-by, patting the girl's shoulder with a remorseful touch of affection. "If you'd known, I always said you'd have come home! I didn't believe it was in you to keep him grinding and saving so you could stay out there when there wasn't a bit of use in it. I knew there was nothing wrong with your lungs. Fiddlesticks! Why, Melissa had a worse cough than you last spring when she had the grippe. No, they ought to have told you. There's plenty of selfishness in this world without trying to breed it up in people. You just try to make John a good wife—that's the first thing; and I'd help old

Mrs. Daveridge more if I were you. She's getting along, and she's always thought a lot of you."

After Mrs. Spencer, one might have thought, the deluge! But Lillian was quite beyond tears. It was a raw, damp afternoon, and her mother-in-law insisted that she would drive Mrs. Spencer to the train; it was another instance of the unselfish, guarding care that was lavished without stint.

After they drove away, the empty house seemed filled with accusing voices. She was looking at herself for the first time in her life from another person's point of view, and it overwhelmed. Selfishness! That was why people who used to like her had seemed cold and critical! What had they not thought of her beneath their surface politeness—those friends of John's, who when she was first married and came to live among them had given her so kindly a welcome!

And all the time John's silence—his utter forbearance! Why had he not told her? She raged against having been left in ignorance.

She walked up and down her room with crimson cheeks, angrily trying to sustain herself—to feel they had kept her out of a knowledge she should have had. To find she had no fighting-ground, that she was utterly in the wrong, was like a sullen wave rolling between her and any comprehension or adjustment.

As she fought against the feeling of misery—of being tragically alone, in a false position—a boy came with a note from her husband, asking her to send him some papers in his desk. After finding and sending them, she went back to the desk, attracted by a package of letters from the sanitarium. They were from the doctor in charge, and, after a slight hesitation, she opened one. It was dated the week before she left, and simply receipted the money Daveridge had sent, with a curt line:

"As I have written you before, you need fear no slightest harm from her return, to your wife. I wrote you at first there was nothing the matter with her lungs."

Lillian's face burned. She searched with shaking fingers for earlier letters and found them. The doctor's statement had been plain:

"Your wife has no sign of tuberculosis. She has evidently been advised to come out here on a misapprehension. Her cough is not in the least serious; her lungs perfectly healthy. If she wishes to stay for a month or two, it will benefit her, doubtless, as a change of air, but you may be assured there is no cause for uneasiness."

And after that letter she had stayed on nine—ten months! She recalled her letters to John, and searching in his desk, found them. They had been very carefully kept; in one a pressed flower she had sent him was still folded, and she read sentences here and there in the petulant, careless pages:

"I am not feeling at all well to-day. The nurse said I had a temperature. I didn't eat any dinner."

Again: "You ask if I am nearly well. I wish I was! Nobody understands how hard it is to be an invalid."—"Since I *have* to be sick, it's good to be here, where the doctors are so kind and sympathetic and the nurses take such an interest. I simply should have died if I had stayed at Thursby."—"Please send me two hundred dollars in your next letter. I will have to get some summer clothes. I am going to order some things from Mrs. Peyton's dressmaker in New York."

There were other requests for money, and the tone of the letters struck home to the woman who had written them, like the sting of a scorpion. All of it was so selfish—all for her own interests; none for him, except perfunctory, casual questions.

Suppose *she* had been the one to stay at home and he had written her those letters, would she ever have forgiven him? For the first time the shell of affectation, of falsity and selfishness, that had closed about Lillian broke away, and with her head bent on the unworthy letters she had written she cried as she had never cried before. They were bitter tears, but like rain on arid soil they refreshed and encouraged the good grain that, infinitely parched as it was, might still burst into growth.

She heard wheels, and rousing, went down and out-of-doors to meet her mother-in-law.

Old Mrs. Daveridge was unfastening the harness with her old but quite capa-

ble fingers, and she looked up in surprise as Lillian came out and began to help.

"Why, Lily, you'll catch cold! Nothing on your head! Don't stay out here—you don't know a thing about unharnessing!"

"Then it's time for me to learn, mother."

Something in her voice made Mrs. Daveridge turn and look at her. It was strangely sweet, and traces of tears showed on her face.

When the pony was in the stable and the two women turned to go into the house, Lillian went up to her mother-in-law and kissed her. She had meant to say so many things, but something seemed to choke her and she could only sob foolishly.

Mrs. Daveridge put her arm around her tenderly, but also fearfully. She could not understand; Lillian was never demonstrative. Of late, since her return, she had been almost repellent; it was a new development. Whatever it was, however, she was sympathetic and affectionate, and her old face as she bent over the fair head pressed against her shoulder looked extraordinarily like her son's.

"There, there, Lily! Don't cry, dearie! Tell mother what's the matter."

"I've been all wrong and hateful," Lillian sobbed out, in a childish confession. "I've found out everything! John has been so good—and I know he'll never forgive me! He oughtn't to! But I love him—I *do* love him—better than anything in the world!"

She looked up at the older woman with streaming eyes.

"Tell him!" John's mother said, with a supreme and loving faith.

Defiance

BY FRANCIS RIVES LASSITER

ELUDE me not! It cannot be in vain
I seek the last repose, familiar Death!
Our old acquaintanceship engendereth
Terms honorable, when the long campaign
Has swept my last entrenchment, and the rain
Of thine artillery encountereth
No rival more substantial than the breath
I fain would yield, and yielding draw in pain

Time was when, warden of another's keep,
I dared thy pennons on the far frontier—
Thy cold eye saw my crescent life was cheap
In my regard, when loyalty was dear.
Then, face to face, by some contagious cot,
Thou dared not say to me—"Elude me not!"

The Intelligence of the Flowers*

BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK

III

TO proofs of intelligence in flowers, man's vanity opposes the traditional objection: yes, they create marvels, but those marvels remain eternally the same. Each species, each variety has its system and, from generation to generation, introduces no perceptible improvement. It is true that, since we have been observing them—that is to say, during the past fifty years—we have not seen the *Coryanthes Macrantha* or the *Catasetidæ* perfect their trap; that is all we can say; and it is really not enough. Have we as much as attempted the most elementary experiments; and do we know what the successive generations of our astonishing bathing Orchid would do at the end of a century, if placed in different surroundings, among insects to which it was not accustomed? For the rest, the names which we give to the orders, species and varieties end by deceiving ourselves; and we thus create imaginary types which we believe to be fixed, whereas they are probably only the representatives of one and the same flower, which continues to modify its organs slowly in accordance with slow circumstances.

The flowers came upon our earth before the insects; they had, therefore, when the latter appeared, to fit an entirely new machinery to the habits of these unexpected collaborators. This geologically incontestable fact alone, amid all that we do not know, is enough to establish evolution; and does not this somewhat vague word mean, after all, adaptation, modification, intelligent progress?

It would be easy, moreover, without appealing to this prehistoric event, to bring together a large number of facts that would show that the faculty of adaptation and intelligent progress is not reserved exclusively for the human race. Without returning to the detailed chapters which I have devoted to this subject in *The Life of the Bee,* I will simply recall two or three topical details which are there mentioned. The bees, for instance, invented the hive. In the wild and primitive state and in their country of origin they work in the open air. It was the uncertainty, the inclemency of our northern seasons that gave them the idea of seeking a shelter in hollow trees or a hole in the rocks. This idea of genius restored to the work of looting and the care of the eggs the thousands of bees stationed around the combs to maintain the necessary heat. And it is not uncommon, especially in the South, during exceptionally mild summers, to find the bees reverting to the tropical manners of their ancestors.*

Another fact: transported to Australia or California, our black bee completely alters her habits. After one or two years, finding that summer is perpetual and flowers forever abundant, she will live from day to day, content to gather

* I had just written these lines, when M. E. L. Bouvier made a communication in the Academy of Science (Report of the 7th of May, 1906) on the subject of two open-air nidifications observed in Paris, one in a *Sophora Japonica*, the other in a chestnut-tree. The latter, which hung from a small branch furnished with two almost contiguous forks, was the more remarkable of the two, because of its evident and intelligent adaptation to particularly difficult circumstances.

"The bees," says M. de Parville, in his summary in the science column of the *Journal des Débats* of the 31st of May, 1906, "built consolidating pillars and resorted to really remarkable artifices of protection and ended by transforming the two forks of the chestnut-tree into a solid ceiling. An ingenious human being would certainly not have done so well. . . .

"To protect themselves against the rain, they had installed fences, thickenings and blinds against the sun. One can receive no greater idea of the perfect industry of the bees than by observing the architecture of these two nidifications, now at the Museum."

* Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Copyright, 1906, by Maurice Maeterlinck.

the honey and pollen indispensable for the day's consumption; and, her recent and thoughtful observation triumphing over hereditary experience, she will cease to make provision for her winter. Büchner mentions an analogous fact, which also proves the bees' adaptation to circumstances, not slow, secular, unconscious and fatal, but immediate and intelligent: in Barbados, the bees whose hives are in the midst of the refineries, where they find sugar in plenty during the whole year, will entirely abandon their visits to the flowers.

Let us lastly recall the amusing contradiction which the bees gave to two learned English entomologists, Kirby and Spence:

"Show us," said these, "a single case in which, under stress of circumstances, the bees have had the idea of substituting clay or mortar for wax and propolis and we will admit their reasoning faculties."

Hardly had they expressed this somewhat arbitrary wish, when another naturalist, Andrew Knight, having coated the bark of certain trees with a sort of cement made of wax and turpentine, observed that his bees entirely ceased to gather propolis and used only this new and unknown substance, which they found prepared for them in abundance in the neighborhood of their home. Moreover, in the practice of agriculture, when pollen is scarce, the bee-keeper has but to place at their disposal a few pinches of flour for them to understand at once that this can serve the same purpose and be turned to the same use as the dust of the anthers, although its taste, smell and color are absolutely different.

That which I have just recalled, in the matter of the bees, might, I think, *mutatis mutandis,* be confirmed in the kingdom of flowers. It would probably suffice if the wonderful evolutionary efforts of the numerous varieties of the Sage, for instance, were subjected to a few experiments and studied more methodically than a layman, such as myself, is capable of doing. Meanwhile, among many other indications which could be easily collected, a curious study by Babinet on the cereals tells us that certain plants, when transported far from their habitual climate, observe the new circumstances and avail themselves of them, exactly as the bees do. Thus, in the hottest regions of Asia, Africa and America, where the winter does not annually kill it, our corn becomes again what it must have been at first, a perennial plant, like grass. It remains always green, multiplies by the root and no longer bears ears or grains. When, therefore, from its original and tropical country it came to be acclimatized in our icy regions, it had to upset its habits and to invent a new method of multiplication. As Babinet well says:

"The organism of the plant, thanks to an inconceivable miracle, seemed to have a presentiment of the necessity of passing through the grain state, so as not to perish completely during the severe season."

In any case, to destroy the objection which I mentioned above and which has compelled me to travel so far from my immediate subject, it would be enough to establish an act of intelligent progress, were it but for a single occasion, outside mankind. But, apart from the pleasure which one takes in refuting an over-vain and out-of-date argument, how little importance, when all is said, attaches to this question of the personal intelligence of the flowers, the insects, or the birds! Supposing that we say, speaking of the Orchid and the bee alike, that it is nature and not the plant or the insect that calculates, combines, adorns, invents and thinks: what interest can this distinction have for us? A much loftier question and one more worthy of our eager attention prevails over these details. It is a matter of grasping the character, the quality, the habits and perhaps the object of the general intelligence whence emanate all the intelligent acts that are accomplished upon this earth. It is from this point of view that the study of those creatures —the ants and the bees, among others— in which, outside the human form, the proceedings and the ideal of that genius are most clearly manifested becomes one of the most curious which it is possible to undertake. It is clear, when all is said, that we have ascertained that those tendencies, those intellectual methods are at least as complex, as advanced, as start-

ling in the Orchids as in the gregarious *Hymenopteræ*. Let us add that a large number of the motives and a portion of the logic of these restless insects, so difficult of observation, still escape us, whereas we can grasp with ease all the silent motives, all the wise and stable arguments of the peaceful flower.

Now what do we observe when we perceive nature (or the general intelligence of the universal genius: the name matters but little) at work in the Orchid world? Many things; and, to mention it only in passing, for the subject would offer facilities for a long study, we begin by ascertaining that her idea of beauty, of gladness, her methods of attraction, her æsthetic tastes are very near akin to our own. But, no doubt, it would be more correct to state that ours are congenial with hers. It is, in fact, very uncertain whether we have ever invented a beauty peculiar to ourselves. All our architectural, all our musical motives, all our harmonies of color and light are borrowed directly from nature. Without evoking the sea, the mountains, the skies, the night, the twilight, so as not to wander too far from our subject, what might one not say, for instance, of the beauty of the trees? I speak not only of the tree considered in the forest, where it is one of the powers of the earth, perhaps the chief source of our instincts, of our sense of the universe, but of the tree in itself, the solitary tree, whose green old age is laden with a thousand seasons. Among those impressions which, without our knowing it, form the limpid hollow and perhaps the subsoil of happiness and calm of our whole existence, which of us does not preserve the recollection of a few beautiful trees? When a man has passed mid-life, when he has come to the end of the wondering period, when he has exhausted nigh all the sights that the art, the genius and the luxury of ages and men can offer, after experiencing and comparing many things, he returns to very simple memories. They raise upon the purified horizon two or three innocent, invariable and refreshing images, which he would wish to carry away with him in his last sleep, if it be true that an image can pass the threshold that separates our two worlds. For myself, I can imagine no paradise nor after-life, however splendid it may be, in which a certain magnificent Oak would be out of place, or a certain Cypress, or a Parasol Pine of Florence or of a charming hermitage near my own house, any one of which will afford to the passer-by a model of all the great movements of necessary resistance, of peaceful courage, of soaring, of gravity, of silent victory and of perseverance.

But I am wandering too far afield: I intended only to remark, with reference to the flower, that nature, when she wishes to be beautiful, to please, to delight and to prove herself happy, does almost what we should do had we her treasures at our disposal. I know that, speaking thus, I am speaking a little like the bishop who was astonished that Providence always made the great streams flow close to the big cities; but it is difficult to look upon these things from any other than the human point of view. Let us, then, from this point of view, consider that we should know very few signs, very few expressions of happiness, if we did not know the flower. In order well to judge of its power of gladness and beauty, one must live in a part of the country where it reigns undivided, such as that corner of Provence, between the Siagne and the Loup, in which I am writing these lines. Here, truly, the flower is the sole sovereign of the hills and valleys. The peasants have lost the habit of cultivating corn, as though they had now only to provide for the needs of a subtler race of mankind that lived on sweet fragrance and ambrosia. The fields form one great bouquet, which is incessantly renewed, and the perfumes that succeed one another seem to dance their rounds all through the azure year. Anemones, Gilliflowers, Mimosas, Violets, Pinks, Narcissuses, Hyacinths, Jonquils, Mignonette, Jasmine, invade the days, the nights, the winter, summer, spring and autumn months. But the magnificent hour belongs to the Roses of May. Then, as far as the eye can see, from the slope of the hills to the hollow of the plains, between dikes of Vines and Olive-trees, they flow on every side like a stream of petals

whence emerge the houses and the trees, a stream of the color which we allot to youth, health and joy. The aroma, at once warm and fresh, but above all spacious, which opens up the sky, emanates, one would think, directly from the sources of beatitude. The roads, the paths, are carved in the pulp of the flower, in the very substance of Eden. For the first time in one's life, one seems to have a satisfactory vision of happiness.

Still speaking from our human point of view and persevering in the necessary illusion, let us add to our first remark one that is a little more extensive, a little less hazardous and perhaps big in consequences, namely, that the genius of the earth, which is probably that of the whole world, acts, in the vital struggle, exactly as a man would act. It employs the same methods, the same logic. It attains its aim by the same means that we would use: it gropes, it hesitates, it corrects itself time after time; it adds, it suppresses, it recognizes and repairs its errors, as we should do in its place. It makes great efforts, it invents with difficulty and little by little, in the manner of the workmen and engineers in our workshops. It struggles like ourselves against the heavy, huge and obscure mass of its being. It knows no more than ourselves where it is going; it seeks itself and finds itself gradually. It has an ideal which is often confused, but one in which, nevertheless, we distinguish a host of great lines that rise towards a more ardent, complex, nervous and spiritual form of existence. Materially, it disposes of infinite resources, it knows the secret of prodigious forces of which we know nothing; but, intellectually, it appears strictly to occupy our sphere: we cannot prove that, hitherto, it has exceeded its limits; and, if it does not endeavor to take anything beyond that sphere, does this not mean that there is nothing beyond it? Does it not mean that the methods of the human mind are the only possible ones, that man has made no mistake, that he is neither an exception nor a monster, but the being through whom pass, in whom are most intensely manifested the great volitions, the great desires of the universe?

This is an ascertainment that is one of the most reassuring that we could make. We have long taken a rather foolish pride in believing ourselves to be miraculous, unparalleled and marvellously incidental beings, probably fallen from another world, devoid of any certain ties with the rest of life and, in any case, endowed with an unusual, incomparable, monstrous faculty. It is greatly preferable to be less prodigious, for we have learnt that prodigies do not take long to disappear in the normal evolution of nature. It is much more consoling to observe that we follow the same road as the soul of this great world, that we have the same ideas, the same hopes, the same trials, and—were it not for our specific dream of justice and pity—the same feelings. It is much more tranquillizing to assure ourselves that, to better our lot, to utilize the forces, the occasions, the laws of matter, we employ methods exactly similar to those which it uses to conquer, enlighten and order its unsubjected, unconscious and unruly regions, that there are no other methods, that we are in the midst of truth, that we are in our right place and at home in this universe formed of unknown substances, whose thought, however, is not impenetrable and hostile, but analogous and apposite to our own.

If nature knew everything, if she were never mistaken, if everywhere, in all her undertakings, she showed herself at the first onset perfect, impeccable, infallible, if she revealed in all things an intelligence immeasurably superior to our own, then there would be cause to fear and to lose courage. We should feel ourselves the victims and the prey of an extraneous power, which we should have no hope of knowing or measuring. It is much better to be convinced that this power, at least from the intellectual point of view, is closely akin to our own. Our intelligence draws upon the same reserves as that of nature. We belong to the same world, we are almost equals. We are associating not with inaccessible gods, but with veiled, yet fraternal volitions, which it is our business to surprise and to direct.

It would not, I imagine, be very bold to maintain that there are not any more

or less intelligent beings, but a scattered, general intelligence, a sort of universal fluid that penetrates the organisms which it encounters diversely according as they are good or bad conductors of the understanding. Man would then represent, hitherto, upon this earth, the mode of life that offered the least resistance to this fluid, which the religions call divine. Our nerves would be the threads along which this more subtle electricity would spread. The circumvolutions of our brain would, in a manner, form the induction-coil in which the force of the current would be multiplied; but this current would not be of another nature, would not come from another source than that which passes through the stone, the star, the flower or the animal.

But these are mysteries which it were somewhat idle to question, seeing that we do not yet possess the organ that could gather their reply. Let us be satisfied with having observed certain manifestations of this intelligence outside ourselves. All that we observe within ourselves is rightly open to suspicion: we are at once judge and suitor and we are too greatly interested in peopling our world with magnificent illusions and hopes. But let the slightest external indication be dear and precious to us. Those which the flowers have just offered us are probably quite infinitesimal compared with what the mountains, the seas and the stars would tell us, if we could surprise the secrets of their life. Nevertheless, they allow us to presume, with greater assurance, that the spirit that animates all things or emanates from them is of the same essence as that which animates our bodies. If this spirit resembles us, if we thus resemble it, if all that it contains is contained also within ourselves, if it employs our methods, if it has our habits, our preoccupations, our tendencies, our desires for better things, is it illogical for us to hope all that we do hope, instinctively, invincibly, since it is almost certain that it hopes the same? Is it probable, when we find scattered through life so great a sum total of intelligence, that this life should make no work of intelligence, that is to say, should not pursue an aim of happiness, of perfection, of victory over that which we call evil, death, darkness, annihilation, but which is probably only the shadow of its face or its own sleep?

Illusion

BY MARY PAGE BIRD

THE sunshine is so golden,
So free from blight and chill,
A happy bird in passing,
Believes it's summer still.

The sky so deeply azure,
The forest slopes so green,
He, pausing in his flitting,
Remembers April's sheen.

And so surcharged with gladness,
He makes the rooftree ring;
We dread the gray of Autumn,
He only dreams of Spring.

The Valedictory

BY MURIEL CAMPBELL DYAR

NOT at first did George and Margy Todd brag inordinately nor speak of college, although from the first they felt they had a gifted son. This restraint was remarkable; for, while on the farms of Turkey Ridge parents might preserve some decency in regard to a son who took naturally to farming, such decency was held to be impossible in respect to a son who took, as it were, by ear to books. In the days of a young family, were a father and mother questioned by a friend concerning their children, with perhaps, "How's Tom?" they replied, becomingly,

"Oh, Tom's well; he kin plough a real straight furrer a'ready."

"An' Jim?"

"Jim's all right," they answered with diffidence; "he's gittin' to be right smart with the cows."

"An' John?"

"John?" they said, with a brightening of the eye and straightening of the back. "Why, John's *fine;* he's takin' to learnin' awful easy! The teacher says he ain't scarcely seen his ekal. We air a-plannin' to send him to college."

The reason for this cherishing of scholarship, in a neighborhood which extended narrowly from Lemuel Potter's at the one end to Annie Glegg's at the other, and which in winter-times was so thick with storms one could not see beyond it, had never been fully explained. It was not because the men and women, who early in life had brought home their school satchels and had hung their completed educations up on nails, had any undue bashfulness about the knowledge they possessed, of a kind other than that to be gained from books. On the patches of homely land there was plenty of room for conceit. Few earthly performances can so raise a man in his own esteem as to come out on the right side of a horse trade, or to plant potatoes in the year in which potatoes command a price, when a less astute creature would have wasted himself on beans. Little can so elevate a woman as to have more jars of fruit on her cellar shelves by the close of the canning season than any of the ladies of the place. Nevertheless, the minister and one Lemuel Potter, claiming learning, were picked personages, and all were uplifted by the inward conviction that they, too, could have been great scholars, had they but had the time. And seeing in one born of them signs of the gift of books, they rejoiced sincerely at this result of their distinguished efforts and planned at once for college. That as yet there had been no achievement of this ideal, since more rocks than collegiate careers were to be dug from the soil of the land, gave surely no scorn to the desire.

Quietly at week ends Margy Todd put away the slips of ruled paper which her son Sammie fetched her from the teacher. She did not lay them away in the shell box until she had shown them to George in the evening, after Sammie had gone to bed. He was a slow man, whose eyes crossed and looked off distantly beyond his ears; to get at his expression she had need to go behind him. He was by nature very reticent. Indeed, there was a rumor that Margy, driven desperate, had had to propose for him in his courting, to find out what he wanted before she wasted too much wood on a beau fire in her mother's parlor. Over Sammie's marks he came perilously near talking.

At term ends she waited by the gate, the baby in her skirts, while Sammie ran home to her up the lane, his sister Annie tagging at his heels. The sight of him puckered her forehead anxiously. Shading her blue eyes with her palm and descrying the lump on his chest, her brow cleared. She reached eagerly for the book, hot from its hiding below his jacket, and read aloud, in the sunset, the inscription written on the fly-leaf in ele-

gant script: "To Samuel Dolliver Todd from his Teacher for excellent Scholarship." She exhibited the book to George at supper, shining like a pumpkin from his sanctification with yellow soap in the kitchen. The same remark served him for each prize-day. "I was awful smart in school myself," he said.

Until Sammie was nine they held themselves in. George's reserve checked Margy from planning or talking much before they were sure of him. An unusual perspicacity may have warned him of the wisdom of saving their breath with their neighbors beforehand. For, by a curious anomaly, although neighbors believed implicitly in their own scholars, they were frequently highly suspicious of anybody else's. A scholar, therefore, was accepted slowly. Until he were well proven, a learning child was a doubted offspring. Heads were shaken ominously on the mention of him. Ominousness, on many subjects, was a neighbor's part.

But when Sammie was nine they held themselves in no longer. Then he proved to them and to all others that he had the making of a scholar in him. Then he entered the annual spelling-match on the night of the last day of the summer term of school. Because hill tongues were stumbling and hill hands horned otherwise than by the pen was not a sign that no spelling was done. A not unworthy skill in it, as in "figgerin'," had been very generally preserved through life out of the old school satchels. Against the fly-specked walls of the schoolroom words were spelled so great that to write them down on paper would have been a well-nigh impossible undertaking, and to give their meaning, a martyrdom. An equal skill did not abide on all alike. The minister and Lemuel Potter were the foremost. Kerenhappuch Green and Timothy Bayne were next. Davie Bascom was the poorest. Still, Davie was nearly positive of one word, and that was "physic." Inasmuch as spelling was no light matter, the match was viewed seriously. In preparation for it thumbs were licked and the leaves of dog-eared spelling-books were turned by lamplight. George and Margy, joining with Sammie in the procession of umbrellas—spellers prancing underneath them—which bobbed down the road to the schoolhouse in the rain of the night, lost their worry for their acquittal in the contest, worrying in regard to Sammie's. Margy thought that if he did not outspell Sallie Tipton, a child from the briers beyond the Ridge, whose marks were close to his, she would certainly die.

Neither of them had a premonition of what was actually to happen.

Sammie was late chosen from the children, having no reputation for learning. Their silence had hidden him beneath a bushel. Margy, looking backward from her place, saw him at the foot, among the lowliness of the lanterns brought inside to save them from the wet. He was smaller than the rest, and was standing lamely to conceal the fact that one leg of the trousers which she had cut for him was longer than the other. His hair was straggling damply on his forehead and his mouth was widened in embarrassment. His ears stuck out, large and unscholarly. His eyes were fixed shyly on a crack in the floor, while Sallie Tipton's were raised confidently, and she was giggling at the barrel-stove. Margy's heart sank for him, and George was plainly nervous.

Sammie did not, however, disappoint their hopes. Not lifting his gaze from the crack nor spelling loudly, he outspelled Sallie Tipton. She was the last of the children, save him, to melt from the lines. "Towel" was too much for her. It set her bawling into her handkerchief. The neighbors surveyed him suspiciously, correcting her, and Lemuel Potter, always cleaned up with difficulty for a match by his womenfolks, shook his head in doubt, towel being but a poor thing at best. George and Margy were very much relieved, and still they were contained. They settled to their own labors, the contest going to the elders.

But Sammie did not sit down upon the longer words, which had been the habit of children in his position. Across from him Davie Bascom, spelling all along unsurely, by chance received the word "physic." He pulled up his collar hilariously. His dim old face was pleased. "F-i-s-y-c!" he spelled, smartly. Sammie wiped his lips with his sleeve. The teacher motioned Davie to the benches. He went, astonished. "Well, now!" he exclaimed, dejectedly. "Well, *now!*"

Not even after that did Sammie go. He stayed on in the contest among his elders. A whisper of surprise started in the schoolroom, which deepened.

The shrinkage of the lines continued. Hitty Bayne missed "fugue," although she drew tightly the strings of her apron, which she wore so constantly at home that she dared not remove it when she went abroad, for fear of getting cold. "I don't b'lieve the *Lord* ever heerd o' any sech word," she sniffed. George himself followed her. He had spelled with such openness it appeared his custom of reserve was broken. But on the word "caitiff" he relapsed into it remarkably. He thrust his hands down into his pockets and said nothing further. Those near him prodded him in the ribs. The teacher cleared his throat distinctly. "How *do* you spell it, Mr. Todd?" he coaxed. Three minutes passed, then four, then five. He opened his mouth cautiously. "Blamed ef I know," he said. He heard Margy gasp and the whispering in the room grow louder as he sat down, leaving Sammie standing in the lines. He looked off behind his ears, himself amazed.

In a moment Margy was gasping on her own account. She failed on "measles," notwithstanding that she had nursed Sammie and Annie and the baby successfully through them. Her friend Panthea Potter hesitated at "asafetida." The teacher waved his hand encouragingly. "Just spell it *any way*," he said. He was a young man. She looked at him. "W-x-x-y-y-p!" she snapped, and found her seat sarcastically. She frowned at Sammie. "Ain't he," she inquired in an undertone of Margy, "a-gittin' cross-eyed somethin' like his pa?"

When the conflict narrowed to the famous spellers, the whispering dropped like a singing wind. Many neighbors were stretched to see if Sammie were not looking on a spelling-book, to be matched with the minister and Lemuel Potter and Kerenhappuch Green and Timothy Bayne. Kerenhappuch Green first broke the remnant of the ranks, glancing down at the buttons on his every-day coat. His long, gray jaw seemed deeply hurt. It was afterwards discovered that his daughter Ellen had sewed the top one on that day. It had always hitherto been off. He was accustomed to remember that there were as many p's in "hippopotamus" as there were buttons on him. Next Timothy Bayne missed "aborigines." His boots squeaked crossly in retreat. "He pernounced it wrong," he complained, in the direction of the teacher. "Ef he'd jest hev said 'abor*jines*,' I'd hev spelt it in a minute." Lemuel Potter gave up stubbornly, the more because of Sammie. His boots scraped on the floor with doggedness. "E-p-e-z-o-o-t-y!" he bellowed, bravely, in the end. The teacher signalling his failure, he faced the roomful scornfully. "Well, ef 'tain't spelt that way, 't ought to be!" he cried.

Sammie moistened the circle of his wide, dry mouth. The stooping minister stroked his beard. The teacher put out column after column of words. He went past "lachrymose," "corymb," and "phthisic," at which variety of "physic" Davie Bascom seemed perturbed. Suddenly, before the breathless members of his flock the minister colored. "X-i-p—" he began. He clutched his beard more tightly. "X-i-p—" he said, a trifle touched. He could not finish. "X-i-p-h-o-p-h-y-l-l-o-u-s," Sammie said, resting his leg which was too long. He stood alone, the victor of the match, white as the wash on Margy's Monday line.

From that night George and Margy let themselves out. They began immediately. Still sitting in her seat, Margy informed everybody within listening distance that Sammie's marks were as wonderfully high in all other branches as in the field of spelling. George, letting go of himself after so long a reticence, nearly lost his balance altogether.

"An awful wet night, ain't it?" he bragged, frankly.

Splashing home with Sammie through the puddles, they voiced the sacred plan.

"I guess," Margy spoke, tracking the streak of the lantern through the rain, "we'll hev to send him to college, pa."

"Yep!" The lantern cut a swath in the darkness.

On their door-mat she spoke again: "An' I guess, pa, we'd better git up earlier to-morrow mornin'; they ain't no use in our sleepin' so dreadful late."

"Yep!"

With this utterance of the plan, there was upon them the burden of a mighty

endeavor. Others had borne it only to let it fall. It remained for them to carry it to the end. The school-teacher told them of a college. It lay east from his thumb while he sat talking of it in their sitting-room. He had gone there, being yet thin from the experience. Talking, he coughed. There, two honors were to be won after four years of work—the first called the Valedictory; the second, the Salutatory. He had won the second and had spoken, graduating, for eight minutes in notable Latin. At once they wanted for Sammie the highest. They did not consider it enough for him to be graduated simply. They aimed for the Valedictory.

The youngest of the hill families, they had had but few worldly anxieties. The three children, coming, had filled Margy's arms with contentment. She had sung, plump and rosy, at her tasks. George had gone out to his work in the morning and had labored with an easy mind. Both had untried backs. Any planning for the future had been done in a pleasure of imagination which involved no harassment. The small farm supplied their needs and wants. The house was being furnished, little by little, with their surplus money. The table bore food in plenty in the stone-china dishes on the table. The up-stairs closet contained a comfortable array of clothes. Here hung Margy's best dress, renewed each year, and, changeless, a pair of small black trousers and a small black vest and coat. The latter undeniably blighted George's existence, for he was a big man —no man was ever fully at ease in his Sunday suit until he was laid out in it —but, nevertheless, they were a source of satisfaction to him, implying as they did his ability to afford their splendid misery.

They accepted the burden stoutly. Yawning from the spelling-match, they groped for their garments before the breaking of the dawn. Margy's were in excited rings on a chair by the bed. The lamp on the breakfast-table cast an ugly yellow glow on the cloth. Heretofore they had eaten by the red candles in the sky. Margy's fork went into her mouth mechanically. She was not relishing the ham and the potatoes. She was tasting the Valedictory. "We'll hev to begin savin' right off," she said. George nodded. Rising from the table, in the doorway the dawn broke over them. The fields of the farms gleamed dimly. Dimly they saw the greatness of their struggle. Their faces were high and sober.

The household was adjusted to the cause. The earlier breakfast created an earlier dinner; the earlier dinner, an earlier supper. At night they retired earlier, that they might get up very early the next morning and have a long day to work in. George, working harder in the fields through the months of heat, clumped in more tiredly when he was finished. Margy did not stop to sing. She was too busy. Her brain toiled with her hands. She thought how they could save. She contrived a hole in the chimney where a brick turned. There she concealed the nest-egg of the college fund.

Their savings extended in a widening circle. The baby's clothes were made from Annie's old ones, and Annie's from Margy's skirts. Sammie's were evolved from George's handed-down apparel. These did not yield him an overcoat for winter. A comforter tied around his neck, he ran by the frozen bushes of the road in his jacket to keep warm. Margy tucked him into bed with a hot stone of atonement. With her candle smoking in her hand, her shoulders shaking under her little shawl, her breath forming a smudge on the cold air of the room, she yearned above him. George bought nothing for himself nor for the farm. Margy did not buy a new best dress. Already the sleeves of the plaid in the closet were unlike those of Panthea Potter. The money for an extra company chair was in her purse. She put it in the chimney hole. The food in the stone-china dishes was reduced severely to plainness. Sammie and Annie carried skimped pails to school. A basketful in which the family had no pride was conveyed to the social. The county cattle-fair of the autumn was given up. The dust from the wheels of the other pilgrims to it rose up gayly in front of the house. Sammie, with a lack of scholarly fortitude, on the door-step dampened the green patches which Margy had economically sewed into his blue knees. Annie, beside him, buried her head in her arms, showing only two little pigtails of grieved hair. George's scolding



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

Half-tone plate engraved by L C Faber

THE SPELLING-MATCH

was not heartfelt, nor was Margy's. They loved to go, crowded into the express with the children, to encounter the music and the shifting crowds and the cleaned cattle in the stalls. Christmas day, sausage meat was the feature of the dinner instead of the turkey, which was sold. The chimneypiece was straitened. Only the baby's stocking was richly bulged—and it had a pine-cone in the toe.

But the fact of a scholar in the house mitigated the privations, the first stings over. It was as the odor of incense in a simple sacristy.

"Plaids 'll do for me *now*. I'd hate to care as much 'bout clothes as some," Margy said, proudly, to Panthea Potter, who had run in on a friendly call to tell her that plaids were out of style. And, "No, thank you," she protested to visitors, having hurriedly borne a chair from the back of the house into the parlor on hearing polite steps on the front walk. "Jest keep your seat. I like hard cheers." She had seen mothers going without the stylish clothes and the parlor furniture that they had expected of God, and she had wondered how they had done it. Now she saw that the pain of it was cheerfully endured, like that of travail.

"No," George said, expansively, "I ain't goin' to git that top-buggy with red wheels, er that gold watch 'n' chain er that full-blooded Poland-China pig. You know we air a-plannin' to send Sammie to college!" Not being naturally a travailing person, he minded his initial suffering more than Margy. By way of compensation he deprived himself of things which he had never really expected to have. His early self-denial, in his rare bursts of confidence to his friends, reflected glory on him.

Sammie stiffened his upper lip, taunted by an enemy that he had not gone to the county fair. "Well, I'm goin' to college an' *you* ain't! You're jest a pudden-head; *you* can't learn *nothin'*."

Annie tossed her braids at Sallie Tipton's little sister, meeting her in the Christmas snow in her scarlet hood. "No, I didn't git no doll," she said, "nor no neck beads, but Sammie's goin' to git the Valedict'ry!"

Seated in their pew in the meeting-house on Sunday, they sat up straight in the dignity of sacrifice. The baby rested against Margy's plaid best dress. Sammie and Annie were on either side of George, who was holily cramped in his arms and vexed in his legs. The same code of fashion which decreed that George's Sunday clothes should be too small ordained that Sammie's should be too large. He wandered in them.

The college fund grew, little by little, in the hole in the chimney. They counted it like misers. To increase it George used every moment. The springs were not periods for the miracle of the resurrection on the Ridge, but seasons for him to work harder. Scarcely were the white grave-clothes lying in the corners of the fields when his plough cleaved the ground into raw furrows. Guiding the plough he had the appearance of hurrying to catch an object before him. His horses were no longer fat, but were thin like the school-teacher. He did not even rein them in on the road, driving back from market, for his chat in friendly silence with his neighbors. His back had worry in it. He was irritable concerning the weather. A black frost, falling out of due time, shook his faith. The minister could not help him. An almanac, having in it advertisements of magic liver pills and prophecies of better days, restored his soul. Margy added to the fund with the profits from her chicken-yard and her churn and her cheese-press, where she pressed little, round, pale cheeses with streaks of sage in them. Sometimes, running to the hens in the midst of her housework, she looked up at the blue sky and remembered how tired she was.

Sammie lengthened into a tall boy, with face serious from his studying much and playing little. Before the spelling-match he had shared the amusements of the hill boys — stealing off to the creek, which ran below with the sound of a sobbing voice, to spit thrice on the dough-balls used for bait, in accordance with an ancient charm; squatting on the grass over marbles; playing leap-frog across the graves in the yard that lay between the schoolhouse and the meeting-house; and tagging in extreme joy all funeral processions, palpitating with hope based on

the tradition that once the hearse had tipped and the coffin had been spilled upon the ground. But after it he bent steadily over his books, his face dark and still like George's. His figure had the loneliness of a scholar's. He learned all that the school laws provided, his marks staying high. He and Sallie Tipton left the schoolroom forever, together. He declaimed a poem on the teacher's platform to celebrate the departure. His arms rose and fell stiffly at his sides. His voice was hoarse and eager. Almost he had the Valedictory.

He was sent to recite to the schoolteacher in the evenings. His Latin Grammar was bought in the black frost. It glorified the house. George looked away from it with respect. Davie Bascom drove down the road expressly to peer at it, and Lemuel Potter pronounced words out of it. "Hīc, Hēēc, Hōōc!" he said. "Ain't it queer how Latin verbs sticks to some fellers?" The minister did not think it as worthy as the one he had studied in his day, but he admitted that it was very nicely bound. When it was not in demand Margy kept it on the parlor table, dusting it with something of the feeling with which she would have dusted a Roman emperor.

Sammie's progress in the Grammar and higher learning was not less than it had been in simpler studies. The day came that the teacher sat coughing in the sitting-room, saying that the next year he would be fit for college. The fund was counted. George set his teeth, Margy prayed. Nightly on her knees, grown thin, she sought to centre the attention of Heaven on their little farm. "O God," she prayed, "give us good crops this year, and don't let it rain till George gits his hay in, an' keep up the price o' them Early Whites."

Her prayers apparently availed. No especial divine malevolence occurred in the weather. The crops throve and the harvest wagon wailed with the weight of the harvest. The price of the Early Whites kept up. She made Sammie ready. The sum of money in the chimney hole appeared enough, with what they would send him each month in addition, to take him through college. The teacher praised it. To them it was a large sum; they had worked so hard to get it, and their corn and wheat, their hay and potatoes, were to them so precious.

"Ef you air goin' to send your son to college 't all," George said, "you want to do it right."

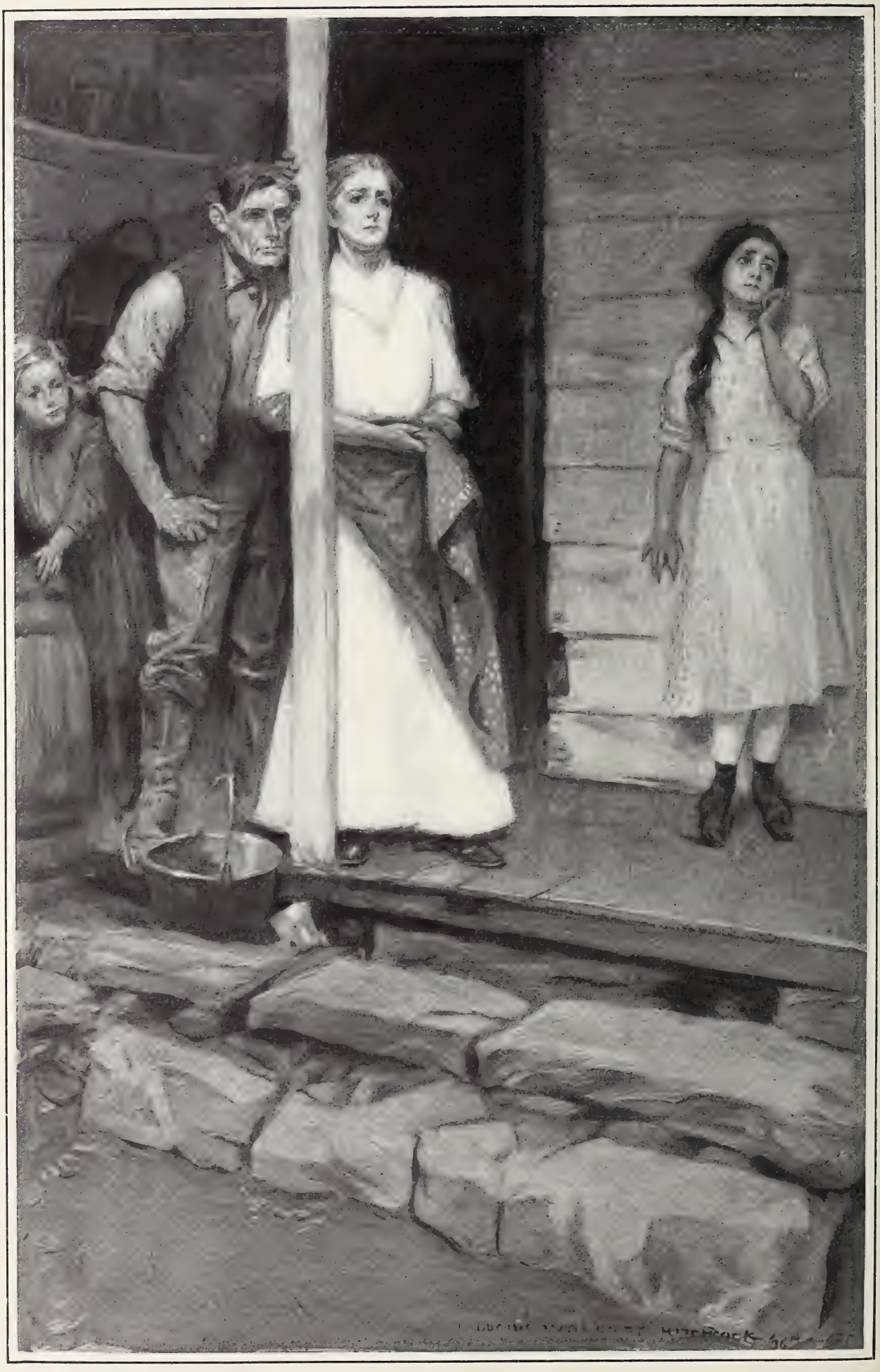
"So as he kin be as good as anybody's boy," Margy finished.

The household was more than ever busily astir when the scholar started on his journey. The faces around the table were saddened by the parting, despite its leading to the Valedictory. No child had ever gone from under the eaves. The baby, now grown a great girl, alone felt nothing. Roused before her proper hour, she fell heartlessly to sleep again in her chair, her curls nodding sideways to her shoulder. Margy hardly knew what she was about. She slopped the coffee on the table-cloth. George spooned all the gravy on Sammie's potatoes that they would soak up; then, since he was not able to think of anything else to do, he spooned more gravy on them. Annie handed her brother the bread a number of times. Choking, he did not refuse the slices. They lay in a border of love and woe about his plate. The talking was fitful. George offered one remark to the meal. He rattled his nicked cup in his saucer.

"I g-guess," he said, in tones of frightful cheer, "it's g-g-g-oin' to b-be a real pleasant mornin'."

The clatter of blackbirds was over Sammie as he walked from the door-yard and out along the road on foot. The sunrise lighted his face. A bundle was on his back, holding his books, a few shirts, and six pairs of striped yarn socks. Early though it was, neighbors were in their fields here and there. Lemuel Potter, crackling among his corn-shocks, waved his bandanna. The family on the step, chilled and sleepy in the dawn, watched Sammie in his poor clothes until he was out of sight, George and Margy as once two might have watched, departing, the shining figure of a Galahad.

Sammie's letter, travelling to the hill from the college town, was an event. Never was such a letter received in a house. The very envelope was extraordinary. The stamp had a grand aspect. George read out the writing. The read-



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hutchcock

THE FAMILY WATCHED HIM UNTIL HE WAS OUT OF SIGHT

ing of it was prolonged, for he would not let anybody help him decipher it, and occasionally it puzzled him. He held the letter in the way he had grasped Sammie, crying from a flannel bundle. He had been burying cabbage in the garden. His finger, tracing the words, smeared earth on the pages. By the time that he had finished they smelled of vegetables. Sammie wrote them much. There were four gray college buildings. He was entered in his classes and was well up in his studies. "I knowed he'd git the Valedict'ry!" George inserted. He had bought two new Latin books, and he had secured some outside work to do in his leisure hours when he wasn't studying. (From his mentioning it in connection with the Latin books, they instantly concluded it was a fine employment.) He was rooming and boarding in the Dormitory.

"What's that?" Margy interrupted. Her cheeks were flushed.

As the head of the house, George realized that he must explain matters. "I reckon," he said, profoundly, if slowly, "it's an awful nice place to stay in. One o' them high buildin's that you read 'bout that you can't see up to the top of 'thout breakin' your neck. I ricollect now that they call such a buildin' a Salutat'ry."

"A Dormitory, ain't it?" Margy suggested, doubtfully.

"And, oh, ma 'n' pa, if you could see the books and the teachers!" he read on, hastily, as the better part of valor.

Margy had one exception to the letter. She was somewhat downcast, consequently. Soon she revealed it.

"He didn't say nothin' 'bout his shirts 'n' socks doin' well."

"Pooh!" George said, "he's got somethin' better to talk 'bout now 'n *them*."

But Annie drew her hand from her musty young lap and laid it on Margy's knee. "Why, ma, he ain't got 'em onpacked yet!"

Margy rocked. "O' course not. I'm sech a dummy."

They were pleased to have so much to tell the neighbors. Rendered unable by the spelling-match to gainsay that Sammie was a bright boy on the Ridge, the neighbors were now becoming pleasantly suspicious of his maintaining this brightness away from it. Lemuel Potter was aware of a boy every bit as smart as he, who, too, had gone brilliantly to college, but who had distinguished himself so poorly there that he had won no honor whatever, and had even lost what sense he had to start with, on his return not having enough gumption remaining in him to hoe a weed. Yet Lemuel Potter, with their other friends, was not averse to basking in the distinction which Sammie's being at college conferred upon the neighborhood. He leaned over the counter, trading his eggs to the store in town. He spoke so that any townsmen, standing by, would hear him. "Speakin' o' eggs," he shouted, "reminds me that the Todds hev got a son at college." The contents of the letter, radiating secretively, varied in their repetition. But eventually it was generally related that Sammie was writing Latin at his leisure, while he studied for the Dormitory in his room in the Valedictory.

The letters lessened the struggle through the winter. The family were not as pinched nor as tired, by reason of them. They read them until they were smoked as hams before the fire. The hole in the chimney, to be stored with monthly savings, was like a laughing mouth.

"If you could be in my room tonight," Sammie wrote, "and feel how warm it is!"

"My, if you could have tasted my dinner!" "If you could see what a fine bed I have!" "If you knew how easy it is to take the Valedictory!" "Don't send me too much money this month. Keep it and get things for yourselves, ma and pa, and for Annie and Maggie." George caring for the huddling cattle, Margy working with purple knuckles, and Annie carrying her skimped pail dingily to school, contentedly imagined him sitting luxuriantly in his room, and now and then, bountifully fed and with plenty in his pockets, sallying forth to his classes, where he was easily the first. The prospect of having him home in the summer vacation also helped to shorten their stresses through the cold winds. He referred in every writing to seeing them.

During the spring house-cleaning Margy righted his tiny upper chamber.

She scrubbed the floor and washed the curtains, and placed matches by the candlestick and a piece of white soap in the soap-dish. Had she been expecting a prophet for the summer she would not have been more particular. She stopped frequently in her toiling. Through the open windows her eyes dwelt absently on the apple blossoms, blurred by the bodies of the bees. Already Sammie's feet were on the stair and he was hastening up to her, his college prizes rising in lumps on his chest, hidden under his coat.

In June he wrote that he would stay in the college town, busied with further work which he had found. Really, he said, he did not care very much for coming home. Annie read the letter in the kitchen. They read the letters now in turn. Margy was wiping dishes. A teacup cracked in the folds of her towel. Without speaking, she finished the dishes, putting the saucers by the glasses in the cupboard and the plates in the right-hand corner. Somehow she knew that she would not see Sammie until the four years were done. She followed George to the potato-patch in the hot sun, whither he had gone heavily, having heard the letter.

"Sammie wants to come home for his vacation awful bad an' he can't 'ford it," she read between the lines.

His bent back was his answer.

"An' mebbe," she continued, "he's been more skimped 'n he lets on an' things 're harder."

"With sech a lot o' money?" He dug sensitively.

Her powers of divination, stirred, would not rest. She framed her letters to Sammie on the loving principle that he was, in some respects, as dull as George and would not penetrate her questions. He did not. He replied to her, not knowing that he did so. In the middle of his second college year she had the truth. The expenses of the college had increased since the teacher's day there. To get through the four years with the money they had given him, and with that which they were sending in small sums, and with that which he earned himself, was a problem he met by studying without fire to save fuel, and by eating no more than was necessary, and by himself cooking what he ate on the stove in the corner of his room. Under his unconscious revelations the gay Dormitory room dimmed and faded. It was bleak and dismal. In it the Valedictory was not sought with ease. Night after night he dropped to sleep over his books from weariness. Many bright boys were in his classes with whom he must compete. His leisure work in term-time had no immediate connection with the Latin books. Rather it had to do with the cleaning of town stables and with waiting on the tables in the college boarding-houses. His vacation work was no finer. His funds did not permit him to visit them; he had hoped to stretch them to it.

She could no more than bear it. George had to comfort her. In the bottom of his soul he almost wished she had not found out the truth. A moisture was in his eyes at the thought of the mean showing his crops made in the college world. For two days he did not think of words for her. But on the third, greasing his boots deeply with a pork rind, he displayed the fruits of his reflection.

"Thar's the Valedict'ry!" he reminded her.

"Yes, ef he gits it." She was tired.

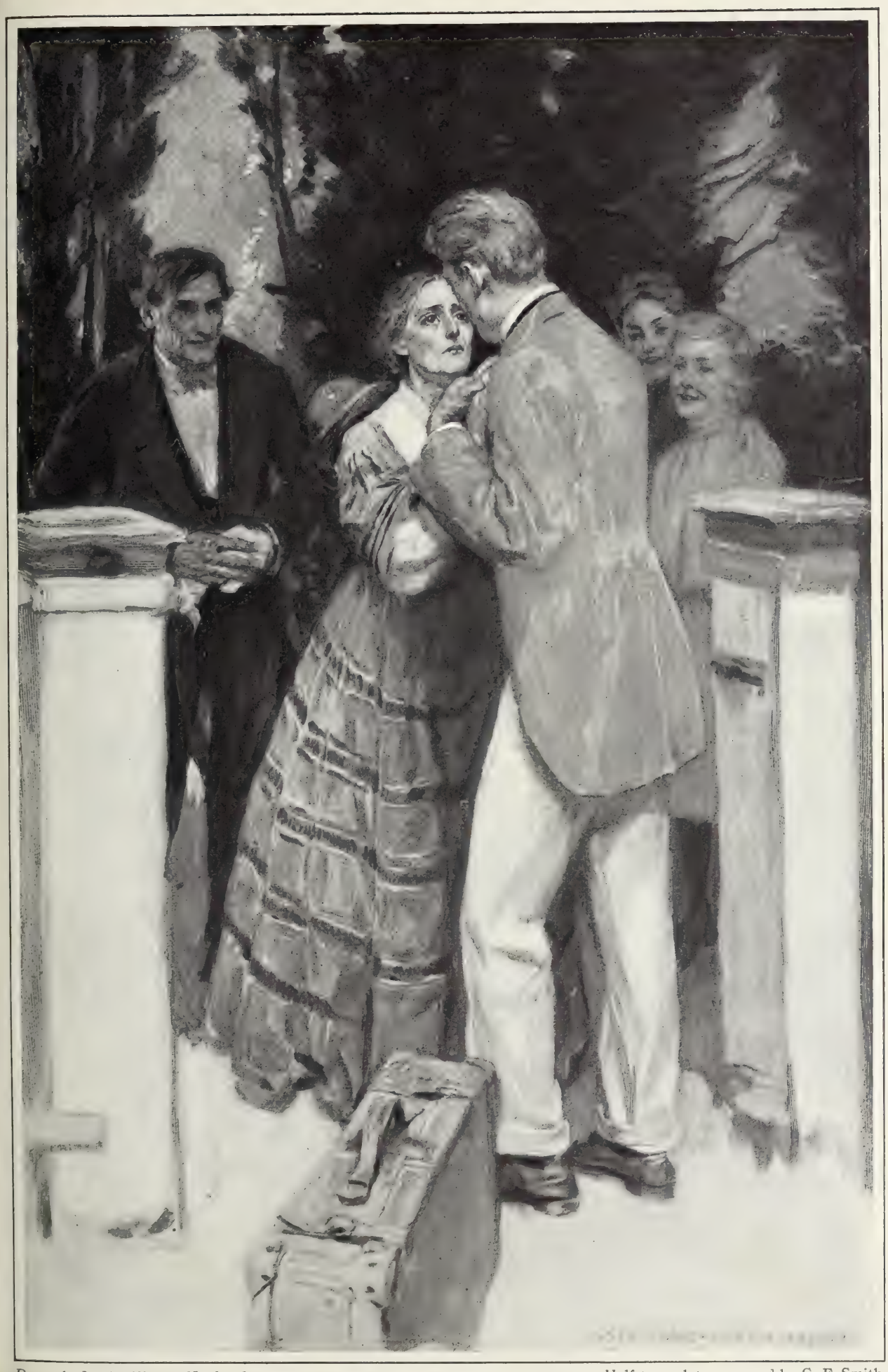
"He'll git it."

A week later he added to his effort, "It's more 'n *any* Dormit'ry."

She did not let Sammie know that his bravery was seen through. She wrote to him, sending what money they were able, that it was beautiful that he was so comfortable. If ever he did catch a cold from being overheated, her pen wept, lard and coal-oil and camphor, long rubbed in, would help him throw it off. Often she signed herself: "Your loving ma—drink boneset for a cough."

The burden of the endeavor was thereafter heavier. The scholar seemed far away; the Valedictory was not wholly certain. The hole in the chimney did not laugh. It gaped, like a young bird's mouth, never filled.

The years wrought changes in the family. Annie stopped school and stayed with Margy, elderly, maternal, and shy. Little Maggie occupied her desk at school, sobered by the atmosphere of a house whose clock ticked out college



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

"COME RIGHT IN," SHE SAID, "AN' TAKE A CHEER AN' REST"

years. George and Margy dropped their look of youth. Their backs were bowed. Margy, streaks of white in her hair, was thin as a nursing mother. Sitting in the meeting-house Sundays in the dignity of the sacrifice, they were touched with its Gethsemane.

From the meeting-house Margy gained heart for the last of the struggle. George had the sun and air of his fields, and his almanac. In the beginning week-day religion and the hope of the Valedictory sufficed her. But at the last she was weary for travail and for visions. In this place had, before her, been the letting in of comfort into the lives of tired farmer women, waiting for their victories. Here Annie Glegg had learned to smile, having Benje; and Letty Doan, with her tremulous breast and plain face, stained by a birthmark of red, had found out how to miss so much of life and love life still. Here Hitty Bayne had been enabled to support Timothy's chronic indisposition of the stomach. God came not always consciously, but in the general conviviality of the hymns and the prayers. They did not always discern the angels of heaven passing and repassing below that plain roof, but they had a good time and they went home refreshed.

The closer the time for Sammie's graduation drew near, the deeper was the anxiety. He wrote that the honors would not be awarded until the final term. The Valedictory was between him and one other. To George and Margy he was again on the floor of the schoolroom, spelling, while they waited for what he was to do. The seasons of the last year were the pages of a dragging calendar. The snow succeeded slowly the snapping of the chestnuts to the ground, the long drip of the thawing rains came after the snow, the green leaves pushed stubbornly from the trees, then the shimmer of heat arose over the fields as over a watched kettle.

As in the crisis of the spelling-match, the neighbors waited with them. Lemuel Potter did not wait. In the four years he had climbed higher than the Ridge. Those left had not lost their manners. The stage, leaving Sammie's letters, was spied upon and the driver was questioned at the lanes. It was this attention to him which had given Bill Higgins, a frayed and ugly man, the impression that he was a tall and handsome gentleman, wearing a diamond scarf-pin. He was proud of carrying college letters. His interest increased evenly with the neighbors. As well as the best of them he speculated whether Sammie would not fail of winning the highest honor.

George and Margy did not spread the news that the final word had come. The neighbors heard it from Bill Higgins. He did not gather what it was by suspending the envelope betwixt him and the sun. The envelope was a thick one. But George opened the letter in front of him and turned pale. Paleness, Bill knew, meant something.

Margy answered the neighborly knocking at the door. She walked across the sitting-room steadily. She wanted to show that the Todds were equal to greatness. She wanted to say, calmly: "Oh, how de do? Yes, we've heerd again from Sammie—an' he's got the Valedict'ry. Air ye all well at home?" But in the door she could only cry happily into her blighted hands.

The road which had taken Sammie from them returned him to them again. Dressed up, they were in welcome by the gate.

"Ma!" he cried, "and pa!"

They stood united in the honor of the highest—father, mother, and son. They were alike so thin and worn and changed. And they were alike so glad. Annie and Maggie pushed shyly forward to claim their portion of the honor. The group shifted on their feet in a fond awkwardness. Speech did not come. Then the inspiration of his life descended on George. Ahead of them all he solved the difficulty of what to say upon the Valedictory. His eyes looked off behind his tired ears. In his small, old, black suit, as stooped as ever a scholar, he was supreme.

"An awful hot day, ain't it?" he observed.

The coal passed to Margy's tongue. She smoothed the front of her plaid best dress joyfully.

"Come right in," she said, "an' take a cheer an' rest."

Decisive Battles of the Law

THE HAYES-TILDEN CONTEST—A POLITICAL ARBITRATION

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

THE old Senate-chamber in the national Capitol was the political battle-ground of the issues which presaged the civil war. Within its walls Webster and Hayne voiced the preliminary challenge and defiance of the coming conflict; to its audience Douglas first addressed his arguments for "popular sovereignty"; behind its doors the vote which repealed the Missouri Compromise was recorded; under its roof the Kansas conspiracy found shelter and encouragement; upon its floor Sumner fell under the murderous attack of Brooks; across its desks flew the goading insults of the free-State men and the furious threats of their opponents; directly beneath it, in the room now occupied as the law library, the Supreme Court announced its decision in the Dred Scott case, and shortly afterward the Senate surrendered possession of the chamber, permeated with the contagion of party strife, to that august tribunal. But though the conflict immediately shifted to the new legislative hall, where all the vicious savageries of the war were soon reflected in the virtuous excesses of Reconstruction, it was destined again to invade the scene of its origin. Within its walls the Electoral Commission assembled in February, 1877.

To those who recalled the partisan inheritance of the room, its selection as the meeting-place of jurists charged with the settlement of a vital political question was ominous of disaster, but in other respects no court ever convened under more favorable auspices than those which greeted the extraordinary bench to which the Hayes-Tilden controversy was finally submitted. Invoked as "a tribunal whose authority none could question and whose decision all would accept," it had come into being dowered with the confidence of the public and armed with a mandate to save the people from themselves. Certainly it was high time that some one or something intervened to avert the unspeakable calamities which threatened the nation, for the Presidential election of the preceding fall had literally torn the country to pieces. Under the leadership of Tilden, the Democrats had prepared and prosecuted a terrific indictment against the corruption and misgovernment of the administration, and as a result they had secured an impressive popular majority for their candidate, and no less than 184 electoral votes, only one less than the number required for his choice. Hayes had concededly received 166 votes, and nineteen representing South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana were in dispute. To the impartial observer it seemed impossible that those Democratic strongholds should not yield at least one vote for Tilden; but to the Republican politicians, whose henchmen controlled the canvassing boards, that result appeared not only possible, but probable, and the outcome of the local contests that ensued fully justified their confidence. The story of those contests was substantially the same in each State, and all were equally humiliating to civic pride. The Democratic majorities on the face of the returns were eliminated by the canvassing boards on charges of negro intimidation irregularly presented and insufficiently proved; protests were ignored and perjuries condoned. The policy of Reconstruction which had forced corrupt government and negro suffrage upon the South and driven it to physical outrage had now to be sustained by legal outrage, even more demoralizing than the terrorism it had evoked. Not one redeeming episode marked all this sorry business. To the tricks, perjuries, and gross partisanship of the Republicans, the

Democrats responded with counter-tricks, counter-perjuries, and bungling negotiations to bribe corrupt officials, and when each side had obtained certificates supporting the claims of its candidates and forwarded them to Washington, they presented only a shameful choice. With their control of the election machinery, the Republicans had an advantage, in that their certificates were issued by recognized officials, while the Democratic documents were less regular upon their face. Nevertheless, in the case of Florida the certificate of the Tilden electors had been passed upon and approved by the highest courts of that State, and the notorious fact that a Democratic majority of over 12,000 had been suppressed in Louisiana invited close scrutiny of the Republican credentials, and entitled the opposition to the benefit of every doubt.

Who was to decide between these conflicting returns? That question had been frequently raised, but the Constitution afforded no definite answer, and as no election had previously depended upon the vote of a State claimed by both parties, the issue had been avoided by temporary expedients. Now, however, it was sharply presented, and there was absolutely no precedent governing the situation. The Constitution merely provided that on a certain day the President of the Senate should open the returns in the presence of both Houses, and the vote should then be counted. But here was a case where there were returns to be rejected as well as counted. With whom lay the power to discriminate between them? The Republican Senators gravely answered that it was the duty of the President of their chamber, who was authorized not only to open and count the returns, but to pass upon their validity. In other words, they claimed that the Constitution intrusted this vitally important matter entirely to the discretion of one man, and that the assembled House and Senate were merely authorized to be present as spectators of his act: This, it was true, had never been done in the history of the republic, and the Democratic majority in the House angrily asserted that it never should be done. Moreover, they positively declared that no electoral vote whatsoever could or should be counted without the concurrent action of both branches of Congress. If neither candidate received a majority of the votes, then it was contended that the whole matter was relegated to the House of Representatives, which was authorized to elect a President, and that body plainly intimated its entire readiness to assume the responsibility.

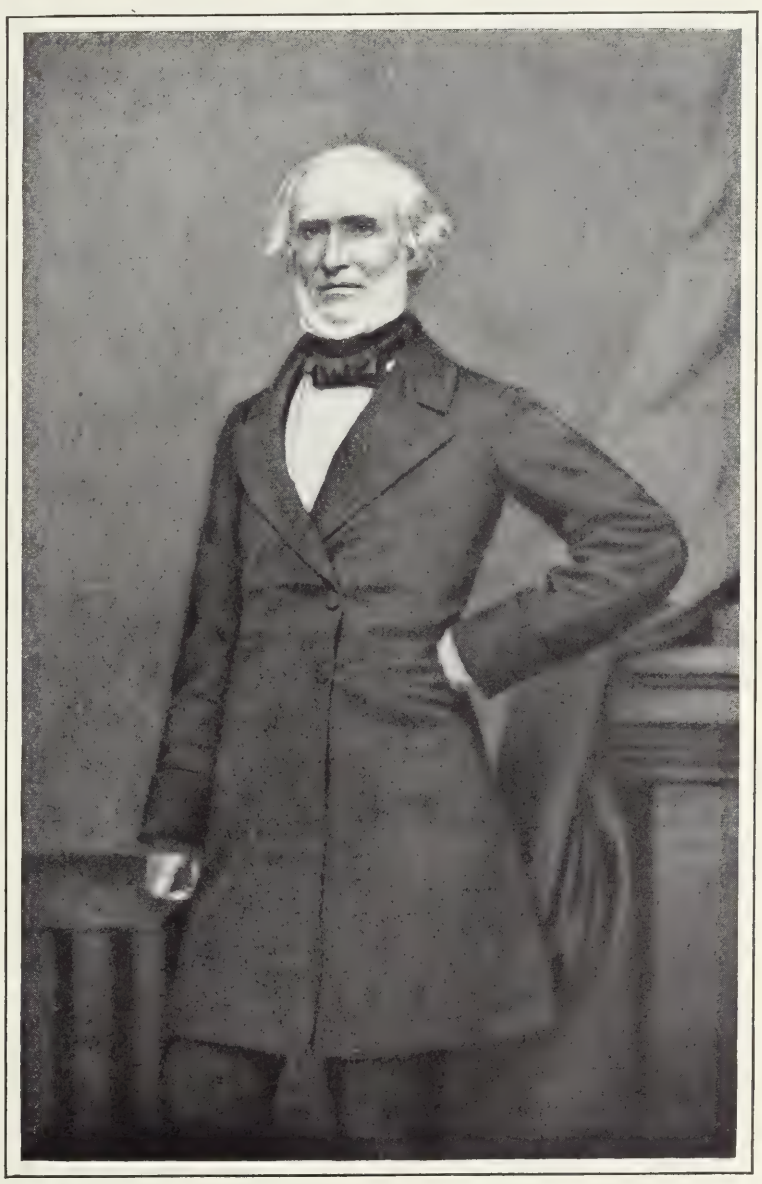
Unless these divergent claims could be reconciled the result was only too apparent—Tilden would be declared President by the Democratic House, and Hayes by the Republican Senate; each would set up his own government, and no one could predict what the outcome would be. Already throughout the country there were mutterings of the storm which threatened to rend the nation. Incited by the appeals of irresponsible demagogues, bands of minute-men were enrolled, sworn to seat the Democratic candidate peaceably if possible, but by force if necessary; offers of arms and men were made to the party leaders, taunts and defiances flew in every direction, and very little was wanting to precipitate a national disaster. In the face of this monstrous prospect capital took alarm, business languished, the government came to a practical standstill, and the enemies of the republic, who had confidently predicted the downfall of its institutions for more than a century, watched the menacing situation with grim satisfaction, laughing in their sleeves and knowingly wagging their heads.

It was at this crisis that sane public opinion asserted itself and forced a peaceful solution of the issue. From all parts of the country and from organizations of every character petitions, resolutions, and memorials poured in upon the assembled legislators, urging and, in fact, demanding that they lay aside their differences and devise some means of settlement, and of this popular pressure came the bill creating the Electoral Commission. It was not without much misgiving and considerable opposition, however, that the bill became a law. Tilden opposed it in the face of his party's approval, and the Republicans fought it tooth and nail. Under the provisions of the act five of the proposed judges were to be selected from the House, which insured the appointment of five Democrats; five were

to be nominated by the Senate, which was certain to designate Republicans, and five were to be selected from the Supreme Court bench—two Republican appointees and two Democratic, these four to name the fifth. Firmly believing that this plan necessitated the selection of Judge David Davis, Lincoln's lifelong friend, who, although originally a Republican, had become an Independent with Democratic leanings, the Democrats almost unanimously supported the measure, and in the general rejoicing over its enactment the voices of Tilden's supporters were clearly dominant. Their joy, however, was short-lived; for the President had scarcely signed the bill when the independent Republicans and the Democrats in Illinois combined in electing Davis to the Senate, rendering him practically ineligible to the bench, and compelling the designation of a Republican to complete "the tribunal whose authority none was to question and whose decision all were to accept."

It was with no little relief that patriotic Americans watched the evolution of this extraordinary court from the chaos of evils which had disgraced the national institutions and threatened them with ruin. To their minds it indicated an awakened public conscience; it evidenced the triumph of patriotism over politics; it demonstrated the law-abiding instinct of a people fitted for self-government, and promised a redeeming climax to a series of national humiliations. Partisan passion and prejudice had held sway for the moment, but statesmanship and justice promised finally to prevail.

Early on the morning of February 2, 1877, the room which had once sheltered the Senate was besieged by throngs of men and women noisily clamoring for admission; but the chamber was too small to accommodate more than the invited guests and privileged officials, and the gallery which had not been opened for years was reserved for reporters, editors, newspaper proprietors, and their families. The general public was therefore rigidly excluded, and the audience which gathered under the vigilant eyes of the journalists was more notable, perhaps, than any which had previously awaited the opening of an American court.

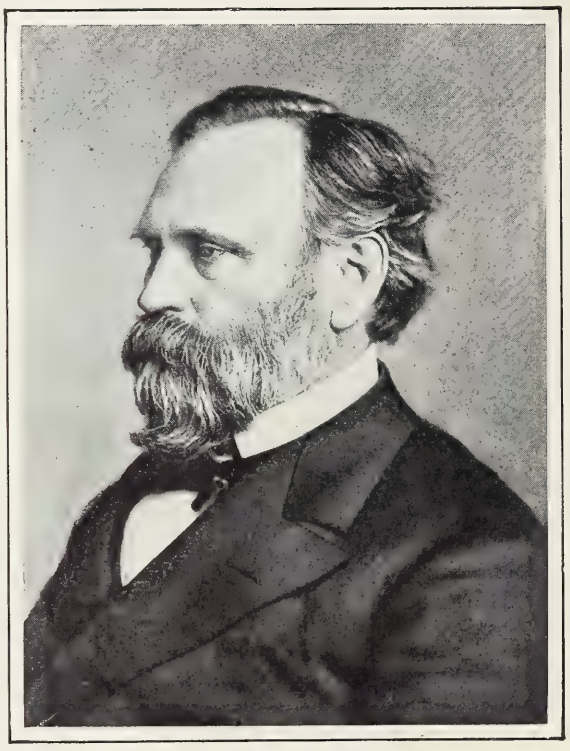


CHARLES O'CONOR

Behind the rail sat the diplomatic representatives of almost every foreign country, all the members of the cabinet, the general of the army, the admiral of the

navy, officers of both branches of the service, Senators, Congressmen, judges, and distinguished citizens, and at the counsels' table as remarkable an assemblage of legal talent as ever appeared in any cause.

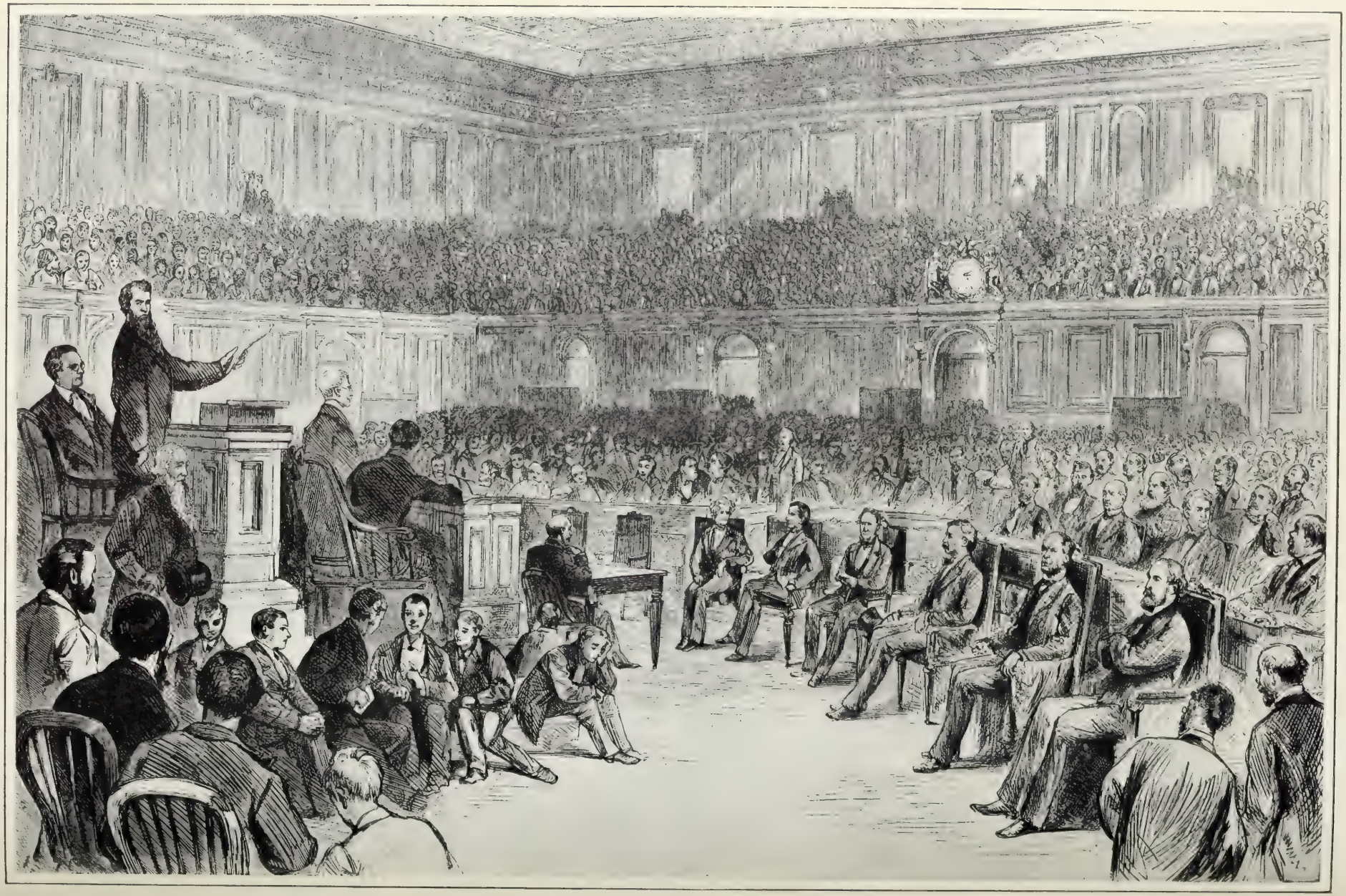
On the Democratic side sat Charles O'Conor, an advocate almost without a peer in his day. His day, however, was waning fast, and the pale, care-worn face revealed unmistakable traces of pain and illness, and suggested a doubt of his physical fitness for the great struggle which impended. Near this famous champion sat another veteran of the bar, whose massive wigged head, burly personality, and inseparable tobacco-box were familiar to all the courts, for Jeremiah S. Black was known throughout the country for his professional skill. It was natural that these Democratic jurists should have appeared in Tilden's behalf; but associated with them was a man whose presence could not be accounted for by party affiliations, and to those who knew Lyman Trumbull's long friendship with Lincoln and his record as a Republican Senator, his appearance in support of the Democratic claims was startlingly significant. Not far distant from these distinguished counsel, and apart from his associates, the journalists in the gallery espied Roscoe Conkling sitting absorbed in thought, and instantly the exciting whisper spread that the great Republican champion of the electoral bill intended to cast aside his party allegiance and address the tribunal on behalf of Tilden—a rumor which had some foundation, but no confirmation. Montgomery Blair, Matt H. Carpenter, ex-Judge John A. Campbell of the Supreme Court, Richard T. Merrick, George Hoadley, A. P. Morse, Ashbel Green, and William C. Whitney completed the list of Democratic advisers—all lawyers of marked ability, although Whitney's talents were not then generally recognized, and it was whispered that his relationship to Commissioner Payne was responsible for his presence.



JUDGE STANLEY MATTHEWS

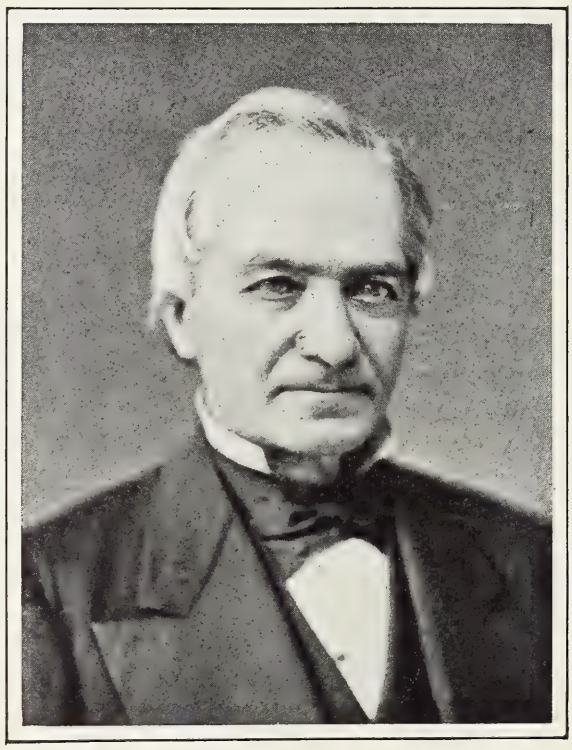
Formidable as was this gathering of legal experts, their opponents, grouped at the other end of the long table, were equally redoubtable. As leading counsel the Republicans had retained William M. Evarts, whose thin keen face had acquired a network of lines and wrinkles since the day he had defended Andrew Johnson, and whose fame in the *Alabama* case had been still further enhanced by his recent masterful achievements in the Beecher trial, and upon him was destined to fall the brunt of the Democratic attack. Near this experienced chieftain sat a heavily built, confident-looking man with a red face, sandy whiskers, and broad intellectual forehead, destined, after a fierce struggle, to win a seat on the Supreme Bench as a reward for his services not only in the case at bar, but in the preliminary contests, for Stanley Matthews had fought hard for Hayes in Louisiana, and his name was already familiar to the public. Beside Matthews sat Edward M. Stoughton, a shrewd and resourceful lawyer, and behind them appeared Samuel Shellabarger, Hayes's personal counsel, armed with intimate knowledge of every detail of the controversy, and ready for every legal emergency.

Eleven chairs had been crowded behind the judicial desk, and the bench extended



COUNTING THE VOTES. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD OBJECTS TO THE VOTE OF FLORIDA
From a sketch by Theo R. Davis, published in *Harper's Weekly*, February 17, 1877

by placing a table at either end, each capable of accommodating two commissioners; but, except for this change and the personnel of the audience, the appearance of the room was the same as it usually presented on court days. With the advent of the commissioners, however, the bench assumed an unfamiliar aspect, for the judges had discarded their official robes in deference to their lay associates; and as the fifteen men took their places before the silent audience, it was noted that they divided upon party lines. Judge Clifford took the Chief Justice's place, with Justices Miller and Bradley on his left, and Field and Strong on his right. Then to the left ranged the Republicans, Edmunds, Morton, and Frelinghuysen; and at the right the Democrats, Abbott, Hunton, and Payne, while at one of the tables sat Garfield and Hoar, and at the other Thurman and Bayard—an ominously partisan arrangement extremely disquieting to those who believed that the Senators and Representatives could as easily lay aside their politics as the judges could their robes. Individually and collectively, however, the Commission was unquestionably a remarkable body of men. Seven of its fifteen members were, or had been, judges—all were jurists of recognized ability—one was destined to become President, another Secretary of State, another ambassador to England, and others to distinguish themselves in various ways, and their existing public records justified the belief that they would rise superior to all party claims and do impartial justice.



JUSTICE JOSEPH BRADLEY

In the pause that followed the seating of the tribunal the attention of the spectators centred for a moment upon Justice Bradley, who had been selected to take the place which the Democrats had designed for Judge Davis, but he was apparently wholly unconscious of the interest he evoked. His clean-shaven expressive face indicated strong character and great personal dignity, and his calmness suggested courage and inspired confidence.

It was after twelve when the presiding justice opened the proceedings by recognizing David Dudley Field, brother of Justice Field, and one of the Representatives from New York, who, although he had voted for Hayes, had sought an election to Congress mainly for the purpose of espousing Tilden's cause, and who rose to present the formal objections of the Democrats to the Republican certificate from Florida. Similar objections were likewise offered by Republican representatives to the Democratic certificate, and then the legal battle began.

Complicated as the various objections seemed to be, the Democratic point of attack was apparent and the issue comparatively simple. With great force and persuasive earnestness, O'Conor impeached the eligibility of one of the Republican electors, alleging that he was a Federal office-holder and therefore debarred by the Constitution from acting as an elector, and insisted that testimony be admitted in support of this charge. The strategy of this move was instantly comprehended, however, by the Republican counsel, who saw that it was the opening wedge to an examination of all the facts leading to the issuance of the certificate to the Republican electors, and they determined that no such precedent should be established. Evarts therefore promptly flung down the gauntlet by announcing

his contention that the court could consider no question but the regularity of the certificates, and had no power to go behind the returns, and his challenge was instantly accepted. Unless they were permitted to show what had happened before the Board of Canvassers, and in what manner their majorities had been eliminated, the Democrats realized that their cause was lost, and they immediately grappled with the foe. One after another, O'Conor, Black, and Merrick attacked the Republican position, Merrick drawing the enemy's fire in a sharp fusillade of questions from the Republican commissioners, indicating anything but a judicial spirit on their part.

It was at this juncture that Stanley Matthews took a hand in the fray, and his opening words were singularly daring and prophetic. With a swift, almost imperceptible glance at Justice Bradley, he quoted from an essay on Papal Councils, wherein the author, in commenting upon the belief that they were enlightened by the presence of the Holy Ghost, irreverently remarked that they may have been, but he generally found *that the Spirit had resided in the odd man.*

The words were spoken in jest and were received with laughter, but the bad taste that inspired them was scarcely less offensive than their ominous cynicism to those who cherished the hope of an impartial decision.

Stoughton followed Matthews with a speech of considerable adroitness, and Evarts and O'Conor soon joined battle, employing the heavy artillery of argument behind ramparts of words, until their ammunition was fairly exhausted. Then Justice Field forced the Republican leader into the open, and it required not only courage, but downright audacity for Evarts to hold his own under the rapid fire of questions which would have swept a man of less reputation off his feet.

"Suppose the canvassers had made *a mistake* in footing up the returns," suggested the judge, "and suppose that mistake changed the result of the election, and that they discovered it before the electoral vote was counted. Would there be no remedy?"



SAMUEL J. TILDEN

Evarts looked his questioner squarely in the eyes.

"No!" he answered, firmly.

"Then," commented the justice, "a mistake in arithmetic in the adding up of figures may elect a President of the United States and the Congress is powerless to prevent it!"

The audience awaited the lawyer's answer with strained attention, but no question had been asked him, and he offered no response. The silence was at last broken by Justice Field, who again advanced to the attack.

"Suppose the canvassers were *bribed*," he began, "or suppose they had entered into a conspiracy to commit a fraud, and in pursuance of that bribery or conspiracy altered the returns, declaring as elected persons not chosen by the voters, and had transmitted the vote to the President of the Senate, but before that vote had been counted the fraud was detected and exposed, would there then be no remedy?"

Again Evarts met the searching interrogation without flinching.

"No," he answered; "whatever fraud there is must be discovered and protested against before the Board of Canvassers makes its returns—"

"But suppose the members of the board were themselves the conspirators?"

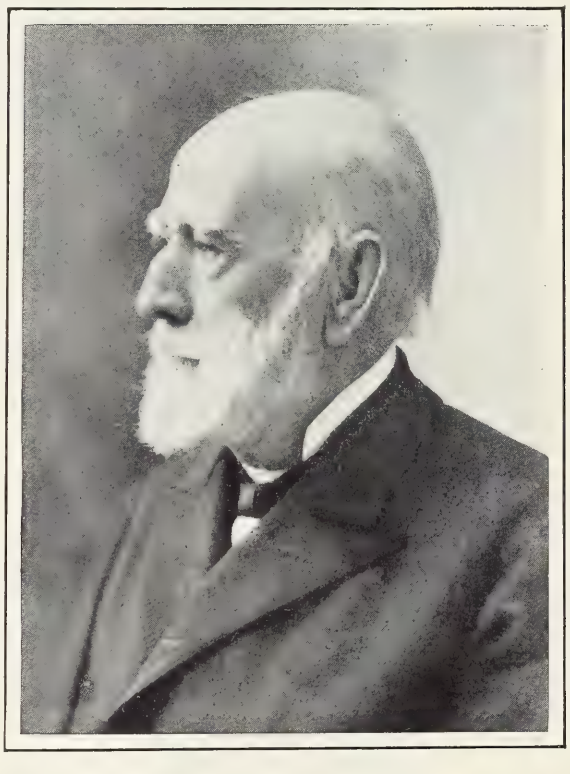
"It makes no difference under the law."

"If this be sound doctrine," observed the judge, "it is the only instance in the world where fraud becomes enshrined and sanctified behind the certificate of its authors. It is elementary knowledge that fraud vitiates all proceedings, even the most solemn—that no form of words, no amount of ceremony, and no solemnity of procedure can shield it from exposure."

Again Evarts made no answer, but stood his ground defiantly, the audience watching him, spellbound and almost without breathing.

"Suppose the canvassers were coerced by *force*," continued the relentless questioner. "Suppose men put pistols at their heads and threatened to blow out their brains if they did not perjure themselves, would there be no remedy?"

Again No! and No! again. Neither mistake nor fraud nor force justified Congress in reversing the action of the State canvassers, and the certificate issued on their return must stand. Neither the Constitution nor the laws authorized Congress to go behind the returns, and the court had no power except that which Congress possessed.



GEORGE F. EDMUNDS

Had he faltered in his answer to those searching questions, had even the expression of a doubt crossed his face, it is not impossible that Evarts would have lost his cause. But to his professional mind the law was the law. It was not justice; it was not expediency; it was not necessarily logical or even defensible, but it was unalterable, and with unquivering eyelids he outfaced his questioner and carried the day.

On the 5th of February the commissioners retired to deliberate, and on the 8th they determined by a vote of eight to seven not to go behind the returns, every Republican siding with the majority and every Democrat opposing — a strictly partisan vote. "I would rather lose by a unanimous decision than win on such a showing," was the comment of a disheartened Republican patriot, and his words voiced the thought of all who had looked to the court for an authoritative utterance free of political taint.

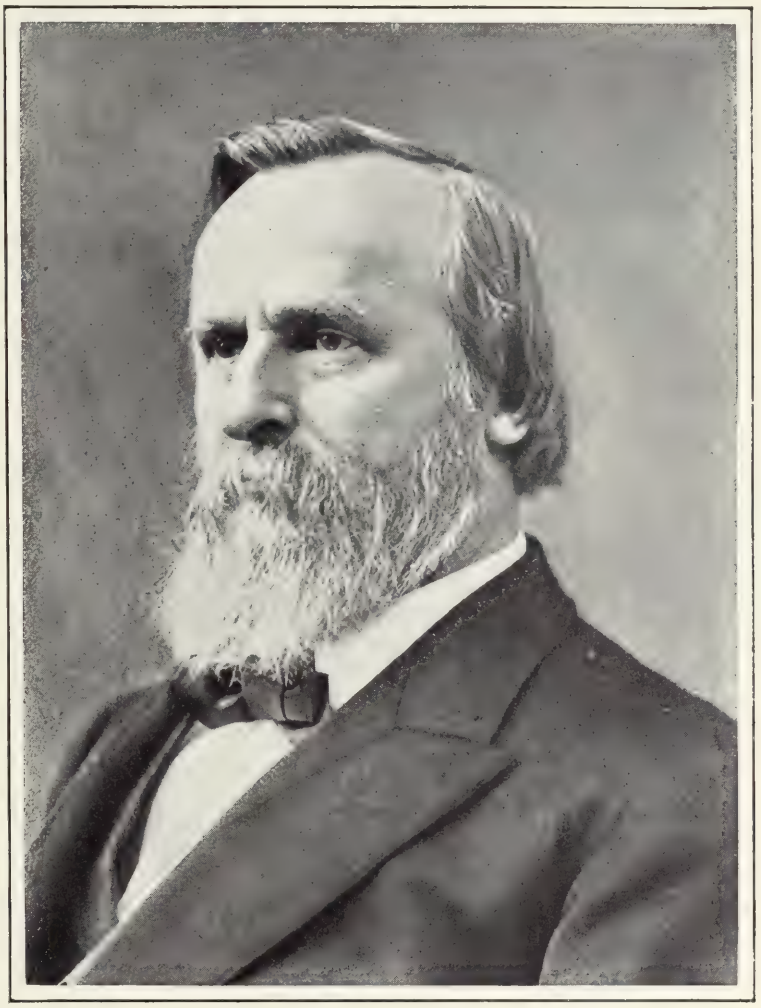
To the legal fraternity that preliminary decision was deeply significant, but patriotic optimists still clung to the belief that the court would yet assert its independence, and when testimony was admitted to establish the disqualification of the office-holding Republican elector, the spirits of the optimists rose accordingly. The evidence, however, demonstrated that the accused official had resigned the Federal position which was supposed to bar him from acting as an

elector, and that technically he was within the law. On the 8th of February the commissioners again retired for deliberation, and when they returned on the 9th and awarded Florida to Hayes by the same partisan vote of eight Republicans against seven Democrats, the supporters of Tilden lost heart and sensitive Republicans hung their heads.

And yet, had they but known it, the Democrats still held a winning card, and those in the Republican secrets were yet to face the worst quarter-hour of their lives, for some of them had taken desperate chances in the interests of their party, and they faced the open doors of a prison when the opposing certificates from Louisiana reached Presiding-Justice Clifford.

It was on the morning of February 13 that this crisis was reached, and the court was again crowded to its utmost capacity. All the commissioners were present and all the counsel who had attended the previous sessions, except O'Conor, whose place was occupied by ex-Judge Campbell. There was, therefore, no lack of astute advisers for the Democracy. They were the flower of the bar—trained observers whose professional duties had taught them to scrutinize every detail in a case and take nothing for granted, while on the bench were seven Democratic jurists, equally well equipped and vigilant. With such an array of legal experts watching the interests of their clients it seemed impossible that deception should be successfully practised or fraud go undetected, and yet the impossible happened.

The proceedings opened as usual with the reception of the conflicting certificates from the Senate-chamber — five documents in all—and while these important papers were being perfunctorily examined and initialled by the presiding justice, the journalists in the gallery idly watched the scene, the lawyers whispered together and prepared for the coming contests; the general public waited, bored and inattentive, and some of the Republican managers sat quaking with fear.



RUTHERFORD B. HAYES

Judge Clifford finally laid aside his pen, and it was ordered that the various exhibits which he had been marking be printed and copies furnished for the convenience of the counsel and commissioners. Had a single objection to this routine been interposed; had prudence, habit, or even curiosity impelled any of the Democratic counsel to scrutinize the original documents, or had enterprise prompted any journalist to examine and compare them, a sensational exposure would have been inevitable, for one of the Republican certificates was clumsily, even obviously, forged.*

* Under the Constitution three copies of the certificate of the Louisiana vote were

Had this been discovered, it is not improbable that one or more of the Republican commissioners, who were suspected of wavering in their party allegiance, would have voted for a thorough investigation, and an entirely different result might have been effected. Neither suspicion nor inspiration, however, put the Democratic champions on their guard, and the opportunity passed unheeded, never to return.

Wholly unconscious of this glaring defect in their enemies' armor, the Democratic counsel proceeded to give battle on substantially the same lines which had brought them to defeat in the Florida case. There was, however, some reason to hope that the court might yet reverse itself, for popular denunciation of the partisan vote had not been confined to the supporters of Tilden, and the effect of public opinion upon political judges could not be disregarded. Moreover, the Louisiana case was particularly strong upon the merits, for it was well known that the heavy Democratic majorities had forced the Board of Canvassers to reject votes—not sparingly, as had been sufficient in Florida, but by thousands upon thousands—and it was believed that some of the eight Republicans could yet be induced to vote for an examination into the facts.

With these incentives, therefore, Carpenter and Trumbull began the attack, and for half a day they battled manfully against the adverse precedent which had been established in the Florida case, demanding that the court overrule itself and cease to shield injustice under technicalities. Appealing as their arguments were, the answers of Stoughton and Shellabarger, the Republican counsel, were well calculated to hold the majority of the court together, for they showed that an examination into the facts would entail an almost interminable proceeding, precluding any possibility of a decision until long after Grant's term had expired. In the mean time there would be no President or Vice-President, and the result of such an unsettled condition of affairs upon the business of the country would be well-nigh disastrous. This prospect was sufficiently alarming to sustain the wavering majority, and after Evarts and Judge Campbell had fought each other for another day with legal citations, history, philosophy, and all the other weapons of debate, argument was again exhausted, and the court once more retired for deliberation. The fight, however, was immediately continued in the consulting-room. Motion after motion was made by the Democratic commissioners for a favorable decision on their contentions, but without avail. No matter in what form their propositions were submitted, the eight Republicans voted them down and the seven Democrats dissented. Finally it was proposed to reject all the returns and throw out the vote of Louisiana altogether—a proceeding fully justified by the situation, and for which there was precedent—but this was likewise defeated by the same vote of eight to seven. Then Commissioner Morton, who is supposed to have been warned that there was something wrong with the Republican certificate marked No. 3, moved that the votes reported in certificate No.

necessary, one of which had to be forwarded to the President of the Senate by mail, another delivered to him by hand, and the third deposited with the United States District Judge—all of which had to be accomplished within a certain number of days. When the Republican messenger—one T. C. Anderson—arrived in Washington and delivered the package containing one of those three certificates to Mr. Ferry, the President of the Senate, that gentleman called his attention to an irregularity in the form of the endorsement on the envelope and suggested that he consider its legal effect. Anderson therefore retained the package and secretly opened it to ascertain if the error had been repeated in the certificate itself. To his consternation he discovered far more vital defects in the document, and flying back to New Orleans, consulted with the party leaders, who agreed that the instrument must be redrawn, and the electors were hastily resummoned. Then, to the managers' horror, it was discovered that two of the necessary officials were absent and could not possibly be reached within the time limited by law for the delivery of the paper in Washington. "Heroic" measures were therefore deemed essential, and after all the available signatures had been obtained the others were forged and the doctored certificates, which, of course, were obviously different from the one previously forwarded by mail, were rushed back to Washington just in the nick of time. All these facts were subsequently unearthed, but those who actually committed the forgeries were never detected.—*H. R. R. No. 140, 45th Cong., 3d Session, pp. 50–63 and 89–91.*

1—the document which Ferry had received by mail—be counted for Hayes, and his resolution was carried by the monotonous majority of one.

With this decision the case practically ended. On February 22 Hoadley and Merrick led a forlorn hope in an attack upon the returns from Oregon, but as the Republicans were strongly entrenched behind the precedents already established, and as they had concededly carried that State, Evarts and Matthews had no difficulty in repulsing the enemy, and after one day's fighting the dominant majority in the Commission decreed Oregon's three votes to Hayes against the futile protest of their seven associates.

Finally the case of South Carolina was called, but all public interest in the contest had now evaporated. With the audience-chamber practically deserted, and before a listless and inattentive bench, the Republican counsel waived their right to a hearing, and submitted their papers to the court without argument. Blair and Black, however, made a last stand for the Democrats, the latter attacking the partisan commissioners with scathing scorn and unbridled fury, his closing words referring to the rumor that a secret agreement had been effected with the incoming administration to end the policy of Reconstruction.

"They offer us everything now!" he exclaimed, with bitterness. "They denounce negro supremacy and carpetbag thieves. Their pet policy for the South is to be abandoned. They offer us everything but one; but on that subject their lips are closely sealed. They refuse to say that they will not cheat us hereafter in the elections."

With the thunder of these denunciations reverberating in their ears the Republican eight awarded South Carolina to Hayes on February 27, and three days later the great Electoral Commission ingloriously dispersed.

It was not in vain, however, that the battle had been fought, for of the sectional contagion which contaminated the courtroom and affected the judges, the policy of Reconstruction died. As Black had prophesied, within two years the administration, recognizing that another such victory would destroy the party, abandoned the Republican State officials in South Carolina and Louisiana who had been declared elected by the same boards which, with less reason, had awarded the electoral votes to Hayes, carpetbag government became only an evil memory in the South, and ten years later an act was passed regulating the counting of disputed electoral votes which diminished if it did not eliminate one of the gravest constitutional evils imperilling the safety of the republic.

Creeds

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

THE sky said to the sea:
  Behold from God I came,
And though my clouds change endlessly
  Like Him am I the same.

The sea said to the sky:
  Brother, 'tis so with me,
My waves and tides go ever by,
Yet day and night the same am I,
  Like God, eternally.

Partners

BY ALICE BROWN

"I GUESS I shall fetch it," said Newell Bond. He was sitting on the door-step, in the summer dusk, with Dorcas Lee. She knew just how his gaunt, large-featured face looked, with its hawklike glance and the color, as he spoke, mounting to his forehead. There were two kinds of Bonds, the red and the black. The red Bonds had the name of carrying out their will in all undertakings, and Newell was one. Dorcas was on the step above him, her splendid shoulders disdaining the support of the casing, and her head, with its heavy braids, poised with an unconscious pride, no more spirited by daylight than here in the dark where no one saw. She answered in her full, rich voice:

"Of course you will, if you want to bad enough."

"If I want to?" repeated Newell. "Ain't I acted as if 'twas the one thing I did want?"

Over and over they had dwelt upon the great purpose of his life, sometimes to touch it here and there with delicate implication, and often to sit down, by an unspoken consent, for long, serious talks. To-night Newell spoke from a reminiscent mood. There were times when, in an ingenuous egoism, he had to take down the book of his romance and read a page. But only to Dorcas. She was his one confidant; she understood.

"I don't know's Alida's to blame," he meditated. "She's made that way."

Immediately Dorcas, in her sympathetic mind, was regarding a picture of Alida Roe as she saw her without illusion of passion or prejudice—a delicate, pale girl with a sweet complexion, and slender hands that were ever trembling upon fine work for her own adornment. She had known Alida at school and at home, in dull times and bright, and she had a vision, when her name was mentioned, of something as frail as cobwebs, with all their beauty. Whenever Newell Bond had begun to sound the praises of his chosen maid, she had set her mind seriously to considering what he could see in Alida. But it was never of any use. Alida always remained to her impalpable and vain. Now she answered patiently, according to her wont:

"Of course she's made that way."

It was like a touch to keep the machinery going, and he responded:

"You see, I hadn't asked her to set the day. It was kind of understood between us. An' then Clayton Rand come along an' begun to shine up to her, spendin' money like water, an' her mother was bewitched by it. So she orders Alida to throw me over an' take up with t'other man. I don't know's Alida's to blame."

"Do you s'pose they're engaged?" asked Dorcas, for the hundredth time.

He was silent for a moment, brooding. Then he answered as he always did:

"That's more'n I can make out. But if they are, I'll break it. Give me time enough, an' I'll do it when they're walkin' into the meetin'-house, if I don't afore."

Dorcas felt old and tired. All her buoyant life seemed to settle to a level where she must foster the youth of others and starve her own.

"Well," she said, gently, "you've done pretty well this year, sellin' house lots an' all."

"I've done well this year an' I'm goin' to keep on," said Newell, in that dogged way he had. Often it heartened her, but never when it touched upon his weary pursuit. Then it seemed to her like some rushing force that should be used to turn a mill, wandering away into poor meadows, to be dried and lost. But he was ending as he always did: "Clayton Rand won't marry so long's his mother's alive, no matter how much money he's got. An' while Alida's waitin' for him, I'll lay up what I can, an' I bet you I get her yet."



Drawn by W. E. Mears

FOR A MOMENT SHE WAS SUPREMELY HAPPY

"You goin' to pick pease in the mornin'?" asked Dorcas. She had heard the clock striking, and it counselled her to remember how early their days began.

Newell came out of his dream. "Yes," he said, "that patch down the river road. I guess we can get off ten bushels or more by the afternoon train."

"All right," said Dorcas. "I'll be there."

"You mustn't walk down. I'm goin' t'other way myself, but I'll hitch up Jim, an' you can leave him in the old barn till you come home."

"No," said Dorcas, rising. "I'll walk. I'd rather by half than have the care of him. Maybe I'll catch a ride, too."

They said good night, and Newell was walking down the path where clove-pinks were at their sweetest, when he turned to speak again. Dorcas, forgetful of him, had stretched her arms upward in a yawn that seemed to envelop the whole of her. As she stood there in the moonlight, her tall figure loomed like that of a priestess offering worship. She might have been chanting an invocation to the night. The man, regarding her, was startled, he did not know why. In that instant she seemed to him something mysterious and grand, something belonging to the night itself, and he went away with his question unasked. Dorcas, her yawn finished, went in to think of him as she always did, in the few luxurious moments before she slept. But her nights were always dreamless. She had the laborer's tired muscles and acquiescent nerves.

It was two years now since she and Newell had become, in a sense, partners. An affliction had fallen upon each of them at about the same time, and, through what seemed chance, they had stretched out a hand each to steady the other, and gone on together. It was then that Dorcas's mother had had her first paralytic stroke, and Dorcas had given up the district school to be at home. But she was poor, and when it became apparent that her mother might live in helpless misery, it was also evident that Dorcas must have something to do. At that time Newell, under the first cloud of disappointed love, had launched into market-gardening, and he gave Dorcas little tasks, here and there, picking fruit and vegetables, even weeding and hoeing, because that would leave her within call of home, where a little girl sat daily on guard. Newell lived alone, with old Kate to do his work, and soon it became an established custom for Dorcas to cook savory dishes for him, on the days when Kate's aching joints kept her smoking and grumbling by the fire. In a thousand ways she unconsciously slipped into his life, with his accounts, his house purchases, and the work of his fields; and the small sums he paid her kept bread in her mother's mouth. And now her mother had died, but Dorcas still kept on. She had no school yet, she told herself excusingly; but a self she would not hear knew how intently she was fighting Newell's own particular battle with him, how she watched here and there lest a penny be spilled and his road be made the longer to the goal he fixed. She was quite willing to consider breaking up Alida's intimacy with the other man, because, to her dispassionate mind, Alida was of no account in the world of feeling. She might have her mild preferences, but if Newell could give her muslin dresses and plated pins, he would suit her excellently. And Newell wanted her. As for Clayton Rand, he would be none the poorer, lacking her. She had thought it all out, and she was sure she knew.

The next morning, dressed in brown, the color of the earth she worked in, Dorcas stepped out into the dewy world and closed her door behind her. It was a long walk to the field. For some unguessed reason she had been heavy-hearted at rising; but now the pure look of the early day refreshed her and she went on cheerfully. Since her mother's death, life had seemed to her all a maze where she could find few certainties. She had no ties, no duties, save the general ones to neighborhood and church, and her loneliness now and then rose before her like something inexorable and vast, and would be looked at. Perhaps that was why she had thrown herself whole-souled into Newell's wilful quest, though at moments she longed to strangle it with passion fiercer than its own, and why she wondered just what she could do after the desire of his heart had flowered and Alida was his wife. As she walked along, she held her head very high, and carried her hat in her hands, leaving the sun to

strike upon her shining braids and light them to a gloss. For the moment she was unreasonably happy, forgetful of the past, and aware only of the sunlight on green fields. Then suddenly she found that a light wagon had drawn up and Clayton Rand was asking her to ride. She looked at him one quick instant before she answered. She had known him when they were both children and he came to spend the summer a mile away, and sometimes, for fun, went to the district school. Since then they had kept up a recognized acquaintance, but this was the first time in years that they had spoken together. He was a heavy-faced young man, with rough-looking clothes of a correct cut, and a suggested taste in horses and dogs.

"Ride?" he asked again, and Dorcas smiled at him out of many thoughts. She could not have whispered them to herself perhaps; but they all concerned Newell and his daily lack. Clayton saw the pretty lifting of her red lip above her small white teeth, and, being a young man ready to leap at desired conclusions, instantly thought of kissing.

"I can't be mistaken," he said, elaborately. "This is Miss Dorcas Lee."

Dorcas put her foot on the step and seated herself beside him. Then, surprised at his success, because she had looked to him like a proud person, though in a working-gown, he began a wandering apology for having failed to help her in. Meantime he touched up the beautiful sorrel, and when they began to fly along the road, and the sorrel's golden mane was tossing, Dorcas had a brief smiling concurrence with Alida. To speed like that was perhaps worth the company of Clayton Rand. He was talking to her, and she answered him demurely, with a dignity not reassuring from one of her large type and regal air. But presently he began, by some inner cleverness (for he had a way with him), to tell her stories about horses, and Dorcas listened, wide-eyed with pleasure. The way to the knoll was very short, and there she had to stop in the midst of a racing story that had the movement of the race itself, and bid him leave her. This time he remembered his manners, and leaped out to help her gallantly.

"Miss Dorcas," he called her back, after her pretty thanks, "I suppose—I don't half dare to ask you—but you like horses. Just let me take you over to the Country Club to-morrow, and we can see the racing."

For the space of a second, Dorcas gazed at the toe of her patched working-boots. She was thinking, in a confused tangle, of Alida and Newell, and wondering if she had any clothes to wear. Then she lifted her head quickly with a resolution that looked like triumph.

"Thank you," she said, with a shyness very charming in one of her large type; "I should be happy to."

"Thank *you*," said Clayton, jumping into the wagon. "I'll be along about half past one."

All that day Dorcas bent over the pea-vines and listened to her thoughts. There were other pickers, but she had no words for them, even when they sat down together for their luncheon, nor for Newell himself, coming at night to take her home.

"You're real tired, I guess," he said, as he left her at the gate.

Dorcas flashed a sudden smile at him. It was all mirth and mischief.

"No," she said, soberly, "I don't believe I'm tired."

"I'm goin' to Fairfax to see about sellin' the colt to-morrow," said Newell, from the wagon.

Dorcas nodded.

"Maybe I'll take a day off myself," she said. "I'll be on hand next-day mornin', if you want anything picked. Good night."

That evening at ten Newell was driving home from the village, and he marked her light in the kitchen. He stopped, vaguely uneasy, and walked up the path to the side door, and as he came he saw the shades go down.

"Dorcas!" he called, at the door, "it's me, Newell." Then he heard her hurrying steps. But instead of opening the door to him she pushed the bolt softly, and he heard her voice in an inexplicable mixture of laughter and confusion.

"I'm real sorry, Newell, but I can't let you in. I'm awful sorry."

"All right," he said, bluffly, turning away, yet conscious of a tiny hurt of pained surprise. "Nothin' wrong, is there?"

"No," came the laughing voice again, "there's nothin' wrong."

"That's all I wanted to know," he explained, as he went down the path. "Seein' the light so late—"

And again the voice followed him.

"Yes, Newell, I'm all right."

Dorcas, an hour after, at her table ironing the dotted muslin she had washed and dried before the fire, laughed out again. She had a new sense of triumph, like a bloom upon the purpose of her life. At last she saw before her a path quite distinct from the dull duties of every day.

When Clayton Rand drove up with his pair of sleek horses and the shining rig that was admired by all the town, she went out and down the path very shyly, and with a blushing sedateness becoming to her. Clayton saw it, and his heart leaped with the vanity of knowing she was moved because of him. But the cause was otherwise. Dorcas knew her hair was beautiful, and that her skin, in spite of its tan, was sweetly pink; but she also knew that the fashion of her sleeves was two years old, and that no earthly power could bring the gloss of youth to her worn shoes again. So she blushed and shrank a little, like a bride, and Clayton, who saw only that her skirts fluttered airily and her hat was trimmed with something soft and white, straightway forgot all the girls he had ever seen, and wondered if his mother could fail to approve such worth as this. And then again he began to talk about horses, and Dorcas began, in her rapt way, to listen, and put in a sensible word here and there. Alida, she knew, had one idea of horses: that they were four-legged creatures likely to run away, or to bite your fingers if you gave them grass. It was easy to compete with her there, and also because she really did love animals and need not pretend. It was a beautiful day at the races. There were all sorts of magnificent turnouts, and ladies dressed in raiment such as Dorcas had never even imagined. She innocently fancied Clayton must know any number of them, and grew very humbly grateful to him for troubling himself about her. When she suggested that he must have many friends among them, he laughed with an amused candor, and told her they were gentry, a cut above. Yet Dorcas continued to believe he might have consorted with them, if he chose, and her manner to him had a softer friendliness because he was so kind. And when she could forget her old-fashioned gown, she was quite childishly content. At the gate that night he thanked her profusely for the pleasure of her company, and added, boldly:

"Won't you go to ride a little ways to-morrow night?"

A sudden shyness made her retreat a step, as if in definite withdrawal. It was like a flower's closing.

"Maybe not to-morrow," she hesitated. It seemed to her the events she had moved were rushing, of themselves, too fast.

"Next day, then," he called. "I'll be along about seven. Good night."

And Dorcas went in to think over her day and dream again, not so much of that as the desire she was fulfilling for another man.

At that time Newell was very busy over questions of real estate. He had bought, two years before, the whole slope of Sunset Hill, overlooking three townships and the sea, and now city residents had found out the spot and were trying to secure it. That prospect of immediate riches drew his mind away from his gardening. He forgot the patient things that were growing silently to earn him his desire, and only gave orders in the morning to his two men before he drove away to talk about land. Even Dorcas he forgot, save as a man remembers his accustomed staff leaning against the wall till he shall need it again. But he has no anxiety about it, for he knows it will be there. Dorcas hardly missed him, for she, too, had new ways to walk. Clayton Rand came often now. He seemed to be fascinated, perhaps by her beauty and the simplicity of her mien, and perhaps by the dignity of her undefended state. She never asked him into her house, though she would drive and walk with him. Her strength, that summer, seemed to her boundless. She could work all day and sit up half the night sewing old finery or washing and ironing it, and then she could sleep dreamlessly for two or three hours, and wake to work again and drive with Clayton Rand in the evening. It seemed to her at times as if that life would go on breathlessly forever, and then again she

knew it would not go on: for she had planned the end toward which it was tending, and the end was almost there. One afternoon, as she came home from her work flushed and covered with dust, yet looking like an earth queen in her triumphant health, she had to pass Alida's house, and Alida's mother was waiting for her by the gate. As Dorcas came on swiftly, she had a thought that Alida was not very wise, or she would keep her lovers away from Mrs. Roe. The mother and daughter were too much alike. The older woman was a terrible prophecy. The fairness of youth had faded in her into a soft ivory, her hair was a yellow wisp tightly coiled, and her mouth drooped in a meagre discontent. She regarded Dorcas frowningly from sharp eyes, and Dorcas stepped more proudly. She had fancied this onslaught might await her.

"Dorcas Lee!" called the woman, sharply. "Dorcas Lee!"

Then, as Dorcas stopped, in a calm inquiry, the woman went on rushingly, all the words she had not meant to say tumbling forth as she had thought them.

"Dorcas Lee, what are you carryin' on for the way you be with Clayton Rand? There ain't a decent girl in town would step in an' ketch anybody up like that. You'll get yourself talked about, if you ain't now. I was a friend to your mother an' I'm a friend to you, an' now I've gone out o' my way to give you warnin'."

Dorcas looked past her up the garden walk and at the porch where Alida sat rocking back and forth, her hands busy as ever with her delicate work.

"Alida!" she called, softly. "'Lida, you come here a minute. I want to speak to you."

Alida laid down her work with care and placed her thimble in her basket. Then she came down the garden path, swaying and floating as she always walked, her pretty head moving rhythmically.

"'Lida, you come a step or two with me," said Dorcas, gently, when the girl was at the gate. "I want to speak to you."

Alida opened the gate and, without a glance at her mother, stepped out upon the dusty path. People said Mrs. Roe talked so much that people had long ago done listening to her, and perhaps she had done expecting it.

"You'd ought to have suthin' over your head," she called to Alida. "You'll be's black as an Injun."

Dorcas took a long stride into the roadside tangle and broke off a branch of thick-leaved elder. She gave it to Alida, and the girl gravely shaded herself with it from the defacing sun. They walked along together in silence for a moment, and Dorcas frankly studied Alida's face. There was no sign of grief upon it, of loneliness, of discontent. The skin was like a rose, a fainter, pinker rose than Dorcas had ever seen. The soft lips kept their lovely curve.

"'Lida," she breathed, "what you goin' to do to-night?"

"I don't know," said Alida, in her even voice. "Sometimes I sew, when it ain't too hot. I'm makin' me a dotted muslin."

Dorcas found her own heart beating fast. The excitement of it all, of life itself, the bliss, the pain and loss, came keenly on her. She thought of the days that had gone to buying this thing of prettiness, the strained muscles, the racing blood and thrilling brain, the sweat and toil of it, and something choked her to think that now the pretty thing was almost won. Newell would have it, his heart's desire, and in thirty years perhaps it would look like Alida's mother with that shallow mouth. Yet her simple faithfulness was a part of her own blood, and she could not deny him what was his.

"Alida," she said, in an eloquent throb, "do you—do you like him?"

"Who?" asked Alida, calmly, turning clear eyes upon her.

Dorcas laughed shamefacedly.

"I don't know hardly what I'm talkin' about," she said. "I've worked pretty hard to-day. 'Lida, if there was anybody you liked, anybody you want to talk things over with—well"—she paused to laugh a little—"well, if I were you, I should just put on my blue dress, the one with the pink rosebuds, an' walk along this road down to the pine grove an' back again."

"The idea!" said Alida, from an unbroken calm. "I should think you were crazy."

Dorcas stopped in the road, decisively, as if the moment had come for them to part.

"That's what I should do, 'Lida," she

said, "to-night, every night along about eight, till it happens. An' I should wear my blue."

Alida turned away, as if she felt something unmaidenly in the suggestion and might well remove herself; yet Dorcas knew she would remember. They had separated, and when they were a dozen paces apart, Dorcas called again:

"'Lida!"

Alida turned. Again Dorcas spoke shyly, from the weight of her great task.

"'Lida, Newell Bond's sellin' off Sunset Hill. He's doin' well for himself."

"Is he?" returned Alida, primly. "I hadn't heard of it." Then she turned and, keeping her feet carefully from the dust, went on again.

It seemed to Dorcas that night as if she could not wait to finish the bowl of bread and milk that made her supper, and to put on her white muslin and seat herself by the window. She felt as if the world were rushing fast, the flowers in the garden hurrying to open, the sun to get into the sky and make it redder than ever it had been before, and all happy people to be happier. Something seemed sweeping after her, and she dared not turn and look it in the face. But her heart told her it was the moment that would come after her work had been accomplished and Newell had found Alida. As if she had known it would be so, she saw him coming down the road and called to him. He was walking very fast, his head up, and his hands, she presently saw, clenched as they swung.

"Newell!" she cried, "come in."

He strode up the path and she rose to meet him. She remembered now that she had many thing to tell him, and the knowledge of them choked her.

"Newell," she began, "you mustn't go —I don't know where you're goin'—but down that way, you mustn't go till eight o'clock. An' then I guess you'll see her. It 'll be better than the house, because her mother's there. Why," her voice faltered, and she ended breathlessly, "what makes you look so?"

He looked like wrath. It was upon his knotted brow, the iron lips, and in the blazing of his eyes.

"What's this I've been told?" he said, in a voice she had never heard from him, "about Clayton Rand?"

She laughed, relieved and pleased at her own cleverness.

"It's all right, Newell," she called, gleefully. "He hasn't been there for two weeks. He's comin' to-night to take me to ride, an' I'll make him go the turnpike road, an' she'll be down by Pine Hollow, an' you can snap her up under her mother's nose—an' she's got on her blue."

Newell put out his hands and grasped her wrists. He held them tight and looked at her. She gazed back in wonder. In all the months of his repining she had not seen him so, full of warm passion, of a steady purpose.

"Dorcas," he said, "I won't have it!"

She answered in pure wonder and with great simplicity:

"What, Newell? What won't you have?"

He spoke slowly, leaving intervals between the words.

"I won't have you ridin' with him, nor walkin' with him, nor with any man. If I'd known it, I'd put a stop to it before. Why, Dorcas, don't you know whose girl you are? You're mine."

Floods of color went over her face, and she looked down. Then, as he was silent, she had to speak.

"Newell," she said, "I only meant— I thought maybe I might help you—" There she had to look at him, and found his eyes upon her in a grave sweetness she could hardly understand. No such flower had bloomed for her in her whole life.

"Why, Dorcas," he said, "think how we've worked together! What do you s'pose we worked so for?"

Alida's name rose to her lips, but her tongue refused to speak. At that moment it seemed too slight a word to say.

"'Twas so we could find out where we stood," the grave voice went on. "That was it."

She felt breathless, as if they had together been pursuing some slight thing, a butterfly, a bubble, and now, when it was under their hands, they saw that the thing itself was not what mattered. It was the race. They had kept step, and still together now, they had run into a safe and happy place. There was the beat of hoofs upon the road.

"Stay here," she breathed. "I can't

go with him. I'll tell him so." She ran out and down the path, a swift Atalanta, her white skirts floating. Clayton Rand was at the gate. Even in the instant of his smiling at her she realized that the smile was that of one who is expectant of a pleasure, but only of the pleasure itself, he does not care with whom. Her eyes glowed upon him, her brown cheeks were red with dancing blood.

"I can't go," she said, in a full, ecstatic voice. "Thank you ever so much. I can't ever go again. See!" she pointed down the road. "Don't she look pretty in among the trees? That's 'Lida. She's got on her blue." She turned and hastened up the path again. At the door she paused to look once again at the spot of blue through the vista of summer green. It was moving. It was mounting into Clayton Rand's wagon. Then Dorcas went in where Newell was waiting to kiss her.

"He's drove along," she said, from her trance of happiness. "'Lida's gone to ride with him."

Already the name meant no more to them than the bubble they had chased.

"Come, Dorcas, come," said her lover, in that new voice. "Come here to me."

Horses of the Wind

BY EDITH WYATT

DOWN the rainy roof-top, up the silver street,
Horses of the morning wind gallop far and fleet.
Over mist and tree-top, down the break of day,
Coursers of the cold-breathed wind swing me on your way.

Light you whinnied at the gabling, and afar I'd dreamed your stabling—
Heard you stamping in your stabling on the heaven's crystal floor,
Dreamed your waiting in the airy days of ice-locked January,
Through clear nights in February, past the pole-star lantern's door.

Gallop past the hoary Hyads, and the snowy-clustered Pleiads,
Over common, over open, over mud-flung road and plain,
Cloud-winged horses with your streaming manes and dappled fetlocks gleaming
Beautiful beyond my dreaming, down your yearly course again.

Over highway, over byway, every way of yours is my way,
Fog-smoked roof, and dripping alley, and the trail the wild duck cries,
Ragged mist and splashing byway, plashing eaves, and flooded highway,
Broken shore and full-flushed valley, and the hundred-hurdled skies.

Gallop, gallop swifter to me, thrill the strength of daybreak through me,
Twelve great winds of open heaven, in your splendor fleet and free,
Winds above all pride and scorning, all self-shame and self-adorning
As the naked stars of morning singing through the bare-branched tree.

The Weavers

A NOVEL

BY GILBERT PARKER

CHAPTER XV

SOOLSBY'S HAND UPON THE CURTAIN

FAITH raised her eyes from the paper before her and poised her head meditatively.

"How long is it, friend, since—"

"Since *he* went to Egypt?"

"Nay, since thee—"

"Since I went to Mass?" he grumbled humorously.

She laughed whimsically. "Nay, then, since thee made the promise—"

"That I would drink no more till his return — ay, that was my bargain: till then and no longer! I am not to be held back then, unless I change my mind when I see him. Well, 'tis three years since—"

"Three years! Time hasn't flown. Is it not like an old memory, his living here in this house, Soolsby, and all that happened then?"

Soolsby looked at her over his glasses, resting his chin on the back of the chair he was caning, and his lips worked in and out with a suppressed smile.

"Time's got no more to do with you than I have with the Protestants—or rabbits!"

He chuckled to himself, for he poached when he pleased and with impunity, and, caught red-handed, his airs of innocence were artistic miracles.

"Time's got naught to do with you. 'Tis afeard of you," he continued. "He lets you be."

"Friend, thee knows I am almost an old woman now." She made marks abstractedly upon the corner of a piece of paper. "Unless my hair turns presently I must bleach it, for 'twill seem improper it should remain so brown."

She smoothed it back with her hand. Try as she would to keep it trim after the manner of her people, it still waved loosely on her forehead and over her ears. And the gray bonnet that she wore only added piquancy to its luxuriant modesty, gave a sweet gravity to the demure beauty of the face it sheltered.

"You are no older in face to-day than was the Egyptian's mother when she left him here. It's wonder o' the world that your heart, which is eighteen, should keep your face at that."

"I am thirty now," she murmured, with a sigh, and went on writing.

The old man's fingers moved quickly among the strips of cane, and, after a silence, without raising his head, he said, "Thirty—it means naught."

"To those without understanding," she rejoined dryly.

"'Tis tough understanding why there's no wedding-ring on yonder finger. There's been many a man that's wanted it, that's true—the Squire's son from Bridgley, the lord of Axwood Manor, the long soldier from Shipley Wood, and doctors, and such folk aplenty. There's where understanding fails."

At his first words Faith's face flushed up, then it became very pale, and her eyes, suffused, dropped upon the paper before her. At first it seemed as though she must resent his boldness; but she had made a friend of him these years past, and she knew there was no rudeness in his words. In the past they had talked of things deeper and more intimate still. Yet there was that in his words which touched a sensitive corner of her nature.

"Why should I be marrying?" she asked presently. "There was my sister's son all those years — him I had to care for."

"Ay, older than him by a thimbleful!" he rejoined dryly.

"Nay, till he came to live in this hut alone, older by many a year. Since then he is older than me by fifty. I had no

thought of marriage before he went away. Squire's son, soldier, or pillman, what were they to me! He needed me. They came, did they? Well, and if they came?"

"And since the Egyptian went?"

A sort of sob came in her throat. "He does not need me now, but he may—he will one day; and then I shall be ready. But now—"

Old Soolsby's face turned away. His house overlooked every house in the valley beneath; he could see nearly every garden; he could even recognize many in the far streets. Besides, there hung along two nails on the wall a telescope, relic of days when he sailed the main. The grounds of the Cloistered House and the fruit-decked garden-wall of the Red Mansion were ever within his vision. Once, twice, thrice, he had seen what he had seen, and dark feelings, harsh emotions, had been roused in him.

"He will need us both—the Egyptian will need us both one day," he answered now; "you more than any, me because I can help him, too—ay, I can help him. But married or single you could help him; so why waste your days here?"

"Is it wasting my days to stay with my father? He is lonely—ay, terribly lonely since our Davy went away; and troubled, too, for the dangers of that life yonder. His voice used to shake when he prayed in those days when Davy was away in the desert, down at Darfur and elsewhere among the rebel tribes. He frightened me then, he was so stern and still. Ah, but that day when we knew he was safe, I was eighteen, and no more!" she added, smiling. "But think you I could marry while my life is so tied to him and our Egyptian? I must not attempt too much, for I have a small nature. It is better to love two well, and strive for them, and achieve a little, than to love three and accomplish naught. If I could serve all three well, I should look the thirty I am," she added, with modesty and unintended vanity combined.

No one looking at her limpid shining blue eyes but would have set her down for twenty-three or twenty-four, for no line showed on her smooth face; she was exquisite of limb and feature, and had the lissomeness of a girl of fifteen. There was in her eyes, however, an unquiet sadness; she had abstracted moments when her mind seemed fixed on some vexing problem. Such a mood suddenly came upon her now. The pen lay by the paper untouched, her hands folded in her lap, and a long silence fell upon them, broken only by the twanging of the strips of cane in Soolsby's hands. At last, however, even this sound ceased; and the two scarce moved as the sun drew towards the middle afternoon. At last they were roused by the sound of a horn, and, looking down, they saw a four-in-hand drawing smartly down the road to the village over the gorse-spread common, till it stopped at the Cloistered House. As Faith looked, her face slightly flushed. She bent forward till she saw one figure get down and, waving a hand to the party on the coach as it moved on, disappear into the gateway of the Cloistered House.

"What is the office they have given him?" asked Soolsby, disapproval in his tone, his eyes fixed on the disappearing figure.

"They have made Lord Eglington Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs," she answered, quietly.

"And what means that to a common mind?"

"That what his government does in Egypt will mean good or bad to our Egyptian," she answered, meaningly.

"That he can do our man good or ill?" Soolsby asked, sharply—"that he, yonder, can do that?"

She inclined her head.

"When I see him doing ill—well, when I see him doing that"—he snatched up a piece of wood from the floor—"then I will break him so!"

He snapped the stick across his knee, and threw the pieces on the ground. He was excited. He got to his feet and walked up and down the little room, his lips shut tight, his round eyes flaring.

Faith watched him in astonishment. In the past she had seen his face cloud over, his eyes grow sulky, at the mention of Lord Eglington's name; she knew that Soolsby hated him; but his aversion now was more definite and violent than he had before shown, save on that night long ago when David went first to Egypt, and she had heard hard words between them in this same hut. She supposed it one of those antipathies which often grow in inverse ratio to the social position

of those concerned. She replied in a soothing voice:

"Then we shall hope that he will do our Davy only good."

"You would not wish to see me break his lordship? *You* would not wish it?" He came over to her, and looked sharply at her. "You would not wish it?" he repeated, meaningly.

She evaded his question. "Lord Eglington will be a great man one day perhaps," she answered. "He has made his way quickly. How high he has climbed in three years—how high!"

Soolsby's anger was not lessened. "Pooh! Pooh! He is an Earl. An Earl has all with him at the start—name, place, and all. But look at our Egyptian! Look at Egyptian David—what had he but his head and an honest mind? What is he? He is the great man of Egypt. Who helped Claridge Pasha? Tell me, who helped Egyptian David? That second-best lordship yonder, he crept about coaxing this one and wheedling that. I know him—I know him. He wheedles and wheedles. No matter whether 'tis a babe or an old woman, he'll talk, and talk and talk, till they believe in him, poor folks! No one's too small for his net. There's Martha Higham yonder. She's forty-five. If he sees her, as sure as eggs he'll make love to her, and fill her ears with words she'd never heard before, and 'd never hear at all if not from him. Ay, there's no man too sour and no woman too old that he'll not blandish if he gets the chance."

As he spoke Faith shut her eyes, and her fingers clasped tightly together—beautiful long tapering fingers, like those in Romney's pictures. When he stopped, her eyes opened slowly, and she gazed before her down towards that garden by the Red Mansion where her lifetime had been spent.

"Thee says hard words, Soolsby," she answered, gently. "But maybe thee is right." Then a flash of humor passed over her face. "Suppose we ask Martha Higham if the Earl has 'blandished' her. If the Earl has blandished Martha, he is the very captain of deceit. Why, he has himself but twenty-eight years. Will a man speak so to one older than himself save in mockery? So, if thee is right in this, then—then if he speak well to deceive and to serve his turn, he will also speak ill; and he will do ill when it may serve his turn; and so he may do our Davy ill, as thee says, Soolsby."

She rose to her feet and made as if to go, but she kept her face from him. Presently, however, she turned and looked at him. "If he does ill to Davy—there will be those like thee, Soolsby, who will not spare him."

His fingers opened and shut maliciously, he nodded dour assent. After an instant, while he watched her, she added: "Thee has not heard my lord is to marry?"

"Marry—who is the blind lass?"

"Her name is Maryon, Miss Hylda Maryon: and she has a great fortune. But within a month it is to be. You remember the woman of the cross-roads—her that our Davy—"

"Her the Egyptian kissed, and put his watch in her belt—ay, Kate Heaver!"

"She is now maid to her Lord Eglington will wed. She is to spend to-night with us."

"Where is her lad that was, that the Egyptian rolled like dough in a trough?"

"Kimber? He is at Sheffield. He has been up and down, now sober for a year, now drunken for a month, now in now out of a place; until this past year. But for this whole year he has been sober, and he may keep his pledge. He is working in the trades-unions. Among his fellow workers he is called a politician—if loud speaking and boasting can make one. Yet if these doings give him stimulant instead of drink, who shall complain?"

Soolsby's head was down. He was looking out over the far hills, while the strips of cane were idle in his hands. "Ay, it is true—it is true," he nodded. "Give a man an idee which keeps him cogitating, makes him think he's greater than he is, and sets his pulses beating, why, that's the cure to drink. Drink is friendship and good company, and big thoughts while it lasts; and it's lonely without it, if you've been used to it. Ay, but Kimber's way is best. Get an idee in your noddle, to do a thing that's more to you than work or food or bed, and 'twill be more than drink, too."

He nodded to himself, then began weaving the strips of cane furiously. Presently he stopped again, and threw

his head back with a chuckle. "Now, wouldn't it be a joke, a reg'lar first-class joke, if Kimber and me both had the same idee; if we was both workin' for the same thing—an' didn't know it? I reckon it might be so."

"What end is thee working for, friend? If the papers speak true, Kimber is working to stand for Parliament against Lord Eglington."

Soolsby grunted and laughed in his throat. "Now, is that the game of Mister Kimber? Against my Lord Eglington! Hey, but that's a joke, my lord!"

"And what is thee working for, Soolsby?"

"What do I be working for? To get the Egyptian back to England—what else?"

"That is no joke."

"Ay, but 'tis a joke." The old man chuckled. "'Tis the best joke in the boilin'." He shook his head and moved his body backwards and forwards with glee. "Me and Kimber! Me and Kimber!" he roared, "and neither of us drunk for a year—not drunk for a whole year. Me and Kimber—and *him!*"

Faith put her hand on his shoulder. "Indeed, I see no joke, but only that which makes my heart thankful, Soolsby."

"Ay, you will be thankful — you will be thankful, by and by," he said, still chuckling, and stood up respectfully to show her out.

CHAPTER XVI

THE DEBT AND THE ACCOUNTING

HIS forehead frowning, but his eyes full of friendliness, Soolsby watched Faith go down the hillside, and until she reached the main road. Here, instead of going to the Red Mansion, she hesitated a moment and then passed along a wooded path leading to the Meeting-house and the graveyard. It was a perfect day of early summer, the gorse was in full bloom, and the may and the hawthorn were alive with color. The path she had taken led through a narrow lane, overhung with blossoms and greenery. By bearing away to the left into another path and making a *détour,* she could reach the Meeting-house through a narrow lane called Charity Street, leading past a now disused mill and a small, strong stream flowing from the hill above.

As she came down the hill, other eyes than Soolsby's watched her. From his laboratory—the laboratory in which his father had worked, in which he had lost his life — Eglington had seen the trim, graceful figure. He watched it till it moved into the wooded path. Then he left his garden, and, moving across a field, came into the path ahead of her. Walking swiftly, he reached the old mill, and waited.

She came slowly, now and again stooping to pick a flower and place it in her belt. Her bonnet was slung on her arm, her hair had broken a little loose and made a sort of hood round the face, so still, so composed, into which the light of steady, soft, apprehending eyes threw a gentle radiance. It was a face to steal into the memory; to haunt a man when the storm of life was round him, sweet with the sweetness of a primrose. It had, too, a courage which might easily become a delicate stubbornness, a sense of duty which might become sternness, if roused by a sense of wrong to herself or to others.

She reached the mill and stood and listened towards the stream and the waterfall, absorbed in reverie. She came here often. The scene quieted her in moods of restlessness which came from a feeling that her mission was interrupted, that half her life's work had been suddenly taken from her. When David went, her life had seemed to shrivel; for with him she had developed as he had developed; and when her busy care of him was withdrawn, she had felt a sort of paralysis which, in a sense, had never left her. Then suitors had come — the soldier from Shipley Wood, the lord of Axwood Manor and others, and in a way a new sense was born in her, though she was alive to the fact that the fifteen thousand pounds inherited from her uncle Benn had served to warm the air about her into a wider circle. Yet it was neither to soldier nor squire nor civil engineer nor surgeon that the new sense stirring in her was due. The spring was too far beneath to be found by them.

She stood listening to the water and



Drawn by Andre Castaigne Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

LORD EGLINGTON WAS IN THE PATH LOOKING AT HER

the birds a long time, and when, at last, she raised her head, Lord Eglington was in the path, looking at her with a half-smile. She did not start. She did not move, but her face turned white, and a mist came before her eyes. His appearance had been ghostlike—and she had just been thinking of him. The surprise, the excitement of a moment she had desired, drove the color from her cheeks. Quickly, however, as though angry with herself, and fearful lest he should think he could trouble her composure, she laid a hand upon herself. His eyes had a look at once pleased and eager, yet with the conscious vanity that he could bring this change upon her. She met them with steady decision and waiting scrutiny.

He came near to her and held out his hand. "It has been a long six months since we met here," he said.

She made no motion to take his hand. "I find days grow shorter as I grow older," she rejoined quietly, and smoothed her hair with her hand, making ready to put on her bonnet.

"Ah, do not put it on," he urged quickly, with a gesture. "It becomes you so—on your arm."

She had regained her self-possession. Pride, the best weapon of a woman, the best tonic, came to her resource. "Thee loves to please thee—at any cost," she replied. She fastened the gray strings beneath her chin.

"Would it be costly to keep the bonnet on your arm?"

"It is my pleasure to have it on my head, and my pleasure has some value to myself."

"A moment ago," he said, laughing, "it was your pleasure to have it on your arm."

"Are all to be monotonous except Lord Eglington? Is he to have the only patent of change?"

"Do I change?" He smiled at her with a sense of inquisition, with an air that seemed to say, "I have lifted the veil of this woman's heart; I am the master of the situation."

She did not answer to the obvious meaning of his words, but said:

"Thee has done little else but change, so far as eye can see. Thee and thy family were once of Quaker faith—thee is a High-churchman now. Yet they said a year ago thee was a sceptic or an infidel."

"There is force in what you say," he rejoined. "I have an inquiring mind—I am ever open to reason. Confucius said, 'It is only the supremely wise or the deeply ignorant who never alter.'"

"Thee has changed politics. Thee made a sensation, but that was not enough. Thee that was a rebel became a deserter."

He laughed. "Ah, I was open to conviction. I took my life in my hands, defied consequences." He laughed again.

"It brought office?"

"I am Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs," he murmured, complacently.

"Change is a policy with thee, I think. It has paid thee well, so it would seem."

"Only a fair rate of interest for the capital invested and the risks I've taken," he answered, with an amused look.

"I do not think that interest will increase. Thee has climbed quickly, but quick climbing is not always safe climbing."

His mood changed. His voice quickened, his face lowered. "You think I will fail? You wish me to fail?"

"In so far as thee acts uprightly, I wish thee well. But if, out of office, thee disregards justice and conscience and the rights of others, can thee be just and faithful in office? Subtilty will not always avail. The strong man takes the straight course. Subtilty is not intellect."

He flushed now. She had gone to the weakest point in his defences. All along he had flattered himself that power of brain and will had given him his place, that sheer intellect had wrought for him. He did not recognize himself as a trickster; and yet, when she suggested it, the weapon went deep home. That she might be right was a humiliation. His vanity was being hurt. She had an advantage now.

"You are wrong," he protested. "You do not understand public life—here in a silly Quaker village."

"Does thee think that all that happens in 'public life' is of consequence? That is not sensible. Thee is in the midst of a thousand immaterial things, though they have importance for the mo-

ment. But the chief things that matter to all, does thee not know that a 'silly Quaker village' may realize them to the full—more fully because we see them apart from the thousand little things that do not matter? I remember a thing in political life that mattered. It was at Heddington after the massacre at Damascus. Does thee think that we did not know thee spoke without principle then, and only to draw notice?"

"You would make me into a demagogue," he said, irritably.

"Thee is a demagogue," she answered, candidly.

"Why did you never say all this to me long ago? Years have passed since then, and since then you and I have—have been friends. You have—"

He paused, for she made a protesting motion, and a fire sprang into her eyes. Her voice got colder.

"Thee made me believe—ah! how many times did we speak together? Six times it was, not more—thee made me believe that what I thought or said helped thee to see things better. Thee said I saw things truly like a child, with the wisdom of a woman — thee remembers that?"

"It was so," he put in hastily.

"Oh, not for a moment so, though I was blinded to think for an instant that it was. Thee subtly took the one way which could have made me listen to thee. Thee wanted help, thee said; and if a word of mine could help thee now and then, should I withhold it, so long as I thought thee honest?"

"Do you think I was not honest in wanting your friendship?"

"Nay, it was not friendship thee wanted, for friendship means a giving and a getting. Thee was bent on getting what was, indeed, of but little value save to the giver; but thee gave nothing —thee remembered nothing of what was given thee."

"It is not so, it is not so," he urged, eagerly, nervously. "I gave—and I still give."

"In those old days, I did not understand," she went on, "what it was thee wanted. I know now. It was not friendship. It was to know the heart and mind of a woman—of a woman older than thee! so that thee should have such sort of experience, though I was a foolish choice for the experiment. They say thee has a gift for chemistry like thy father; but if thee experiments no more wisely in the laboratory than with me, thee will not reach distinction."

"Your father hated my father and did not believe in him, I know not why, and you are now hating and disbelieving in me."

"I do not know why my father held the late Earl in abhorrence; I know he has no faith in thee; and I did ill in listening to thee, in believing for one moment there was truth in thee. . . . But no, no, I think I never believed it. I think that even when thee said most, at heart I believed least."

"You doubt that—you doubt all I said to you?" he urged softly, coming close to her.

She drew aside slightly. She had steeled herself for this inevitable interview, and there was no weakening of her defences; but a great sadness came into her eyes, and spread over her face, and to this was added, after a moment, a pity which showed the distance she was from him, the safety in which she stood.

"I remember that the garden was beautiful, and that thee spoke as though thee was part of the garden. Thee remembers that at our meeting in the Cloistered House, when the woman was ill, I had no faith in thee; but thee spoke with grace, and turned common things round about so that they seemed different to the ear from any past hearing; and I listened. I did not know, and I do not know now, why it is my duty to shun any of your name, and above all yourself; but it has been so commanded by my father all my life; and though what he says may be in a little wrong, in much it must ever be right."

"And so, from prejudice, and from a hatred handed down, your mind has been tuned to shun me even when your heart was learning to give me a home —Faith?"

She straightened herself. "Friend, thee will do me the courtesy to forget to use my Christian name. I am not a child—indeed, I am well on in years"—he smiled—"and thee has no friendship or kinship for warrant. If my mind was

tuned to shun thee, I gave proof that it was willing to do thee justice, to take thee at thine own worth; I was ready, even against the will of my father, against the desire of David, who knew thee better than I—he gauged thee at first glance."

"You have become a philosopher and a statesman," he said, ironically. "Has your nephew, the new Joseph in Egypt, been giving you instructions in high politics? Has he been writing the Epistles of David to the Quakers?"

"Thee will leave his name apart," she answered, with dignity. "I have studied neither high politics nor statesmanship, though in the days when thee did flatter me thee said I had a gift for such things. Thee did not speak the truth. And now I will say that I do not respect thee. No matter how high thee may climb, still I shall not respect thee; for thee will ever gain ends by flattery, by subtilty, and by using every man and every woman for selfish ends. Thee cannot be true—not even to that which by nature is greatest in thee."

He withered under her words.

"And what is greatest in me?" he asked abruptly, his coolness and self-possession striving to hold their own.

"That which will ruin thee in the end." Her eyes looked beyond his into the distance, rapt and shining; she seemed scarcely aware of his presence. "That which will bring thee down—thy hungry spirit of discovery. It will serve thee no better than it served the late Earl. But thee it will lead into paths ending in a gulf of darkness."

"Deborah!" he answered, with a rasping laugh. "*Continuez!* Forewarned is forearmed."

"Oh, do not think I shall be glad," she answered, still like one in a dream. "I shall lament it as I lament—as I lament now. All else fades away into the end which I see for thee. Thee will live alone without a near and true friend, and thee will die alone never having had a true friend. Thee will never be a true friend, thee will never love truly man or woman, and thee will never find man or woman who will love thee truly, or will be with thee to aid thee in the dark and falling days."

"Then," he broke in, sharply, querulously, "then, I will stand alone. I shall never come whining that I have been ill used, to fate or fortune, to men or to the Almighty."

"That I believe. Pride will build up in thee a strength which will be like water in the end. Oh, my lord," she added, with a sudden change in her voice and manner, "if thee could only be true—thee who never has been true to any one!"

"Why does a woman always judge a man after her own personal experience with him, or what she thinks is her own personal experience?"

A robin hopped upon the path before her. She watched it for a moment intently, then lifted her head as the sound of a bell came through the wood to her. She looked up at the sun, which was slanting towards evening. She seemed about to speak; then, with a second thought, moved on slowly past the mill and towards the Meeting-house. He stepped on beside her. She kept her eyes fixed in front of her, as though oblivious of his presence.

"You shall hear me speak. You shall listen to what I have to say, though it is for the last time," he said, stubbornly. "You think ill of me. You have denied me qualities which belong to decent men. You say I cannot be true, and that therefore I will destroy the truth in others who would have been true to me. Are you sure you are absolutely honest—or are you not pharisaical?"

"I am honest enough to say that which hurts me in the saying. I do not forget that to believe thee what I think is to take all truth from what thee said to me last year, and again this spring when the tulips first came and there was good news from Egypt."

"I said," he rejoined, boldly, "that I was happier with you than with any one else alive. That was no falsehood, but the truth. I said that you were the best woman I had ever known; and that was not original of me, for I know none else who knows you but thinks the same. I said that what you thought of me meant more to me than what any one else in the world thought; and that I say now, and will always say."

The old look of pity came into her face. "I am older than thee—by two

years," she answered, quaintly, "and I know more of real life, though I have lived always here. I have made the most of the little I have seen; thee has made little of the much that thee has seen. Thee does not know the truth concerning thee. Is it not in truth vanity which would have me believe in thee? If thee found such comfort in me—if thee was happier with me than with any one alive, why then did thee make choice of a wife even in the days thee was speaking to me as no man shall ever speak again? No words, no reasons can explain so base a fact. No, no, no, thee said to me what thee said to others, and will say again without shame. For me, I was old enough to have known that thee was bent upon opening a door which had never been opened to any save my father and to David, and that lured thee on. But—but see, I will forgive; yes, I will follow thee with good wishes, if thee will promise to help David, whom thee has ever disliked, as, in the place held by thee, thee can do now. Will thee do that for me? Will thee offer this one proof, in spite of all else that disproves, that thee spoke any words of truth to me in the Cloistered House, in the garden by my father's house, by yonder mill, and hard by the Meeting-house yonder—near to my sister's grave by the willow-tree? Will thee do that for me?"

He was about to reply, when there appeared in the path before them Luke Claridge. His back was upon them, but he heard their footsteps and turned round. As if turned to stone, he waited for them. As they approached, his lips, dry and pale, essayed to speak, but no sound came. A fire was in his eyes which boded no good. Amazement, horror, deadly anger, were all there; but, after a moment, the will behind the tumult commanded it, the wild light died away, and he stood calm and still awaiting them. Faith was as pale as when she had met Eglington. Now Luke Claridge's eyes were upon her, and, as she came close to him, he said, in a low voice:

"How do I find thee in this company, Faith?"

There was reproach unutterable in his voice, in his face. He seemed humiliated and shamed, though all the while a violent spirit in him was struggling for the mastery.

"As I came this way to visit my sister's grave I met my lord by the mill. He spoke to me, and as I wished a favor of him, I walked with him thither—but a little way. I was going to visit my sister's grave."

"Thy sister's grave!" The fire flamed up again, but the masterful will chilled it down, and he answered, "What secret business can thee have with any of that name, which I have cast out of knowledge, or notice, or acquaintance?"

Ignorant as he was of the old man's cause for quarrel or dislike, Eglington felt himself aggrieved, and, therefore, with an advantage.

"You had differences with my father, sir," he said. "I do not know what they were, but they lasted his lifetime, and all my life you have treated me with aversion. I am not a pestilence. I have never wronged you. I have lived your peaceful neighbor under great provocation, for your treatment would have done me harm if my place were less secure. I think I have cause for complaint."

"I have never acted in haste concerning thee, or those who went before thee. What business had thee with him, Faith?" he asked again. His voice was dry and hard.

She looked at him sadly. Her impulse was to tell the truth, and so forever have her conscience clear, for there would never be any more need for secrecy. The wheel of understanding between Eglington and herself had come full circle, and there was an end. But to tell the truth would be to wound her father, to vex him against Eglington even as he had never yet been vexed. The truth, too, would put Eglington in a bad light, be new cause of aversion. Besides, it was hard, while Eglington was there, to tell what, after all, was the sole affair of her own life. She had done no wrong. If it was done by Lord Eglington, then it was for her and not another to decide what must be said or done to him. And whatever he was, whatever his conduct towards her, she must deal justly by him. In one literal sense, he was not guilty of deceit. Never in so many words had he said to her, "I love you," never had he made any prom-

ise to her or exacted one; he had done no more than lure her to feel one thing, and then to call it another thing, involving no obligation, save that of truth and right. Also there was no direct and vital injury, for she had never loved him; though how far she had travelled towards that land of light and trial she could never now declare, nor any human being know. These thoughts flashed through her mind as she stood looking at her father. Her tongue seemed imprisoned, yet her eyes conquered even the austerity in the old man's gaze, and his look grew softer as he saw the beautiful candor of her face.

With a quick impulse, with a sudden warmth born of admiration for her, Eglington spoke for her.

"Permit me to answer, neighbor," he said. "I wished to speak with your daughter, because I am to be married soon, and my wife will, at intervals, come here to live. I wished that she should not be shunned by you and yours as I have been. She would not understand, as I do not. Yours is a constant call to war, while all your religion is an appeal for peace. I wished to ask your daughter to influence you to make it possible for me and mine to live in friendship among you. My wife will have some claims upon you. Her mother was an American, of a Quaker family from Derbyshire. She has done nothing to merit your aversion."

Faith listened astonished and baffled. Nothing of this had he said to her. Had he meant to say it to her? Had it been in his mind? Or was it only a swift adaptation to circumstances, an adroit means of working upon the sympathies of her father, who, she could see, was in a quandary. Eglington had indeed touched the old man as he had not been touched in thirty years and more by one of his name. For a moment the insinuating quality of the appeal submerged the fixed idea in a mind to which the name of Eglington was anathema.

Eglington saw his advantage. He had felt his way carefully and pursued it quickly. "For the rest, your daughter asked what I was ready to offer—such help as I can give in my new official position to Claridge Pasha in Egypt. As a neighbor, as Minister in the government, I will do what I can to aid him. . . ."

Silent and embarrassed, the old man tried to find his way. Presently he said, tentatively, "David Claridge has a title to the esteem of all civilized people."

Eglington was quick with his reply. "If he succeeds, his *title* will undoubtedly become a concrete fact. There is no honor that the Crown would not confer for such remarkable service."

The other's face darkened. "I did not speak, I did not think of handles to his name. I find no good in them, but only means for deceiving and deluding the world. Such honors as might make him baronet, or earl, or duke, would add not a cubit to his stature. If he had such a thing by right"—his voice hardened, his eyes grew angry once again, —"I would wish it sunk into the sea."

"You are hard on us, sir, who did not give ourselves our titles, but took them with our birth as a matter of course. There was nothing inspiring in them. We became at once distinguished and respectable by patent."

He laughed good-humoredly. Then suddenly he changed, and his eyes took on a far-off look which Faith had seen so often in the eyes of David, but in David's more intense and meaning and so different. With what deftness and diplomacy had he worked upon her father! He had crossed a stream which seemed impassable by adroit, insincere diplomacy.

She saw that it was time to go, while yet Eglington's disparagement of rank and aristocracy was ringing in the old man's ears; though she knew there was nothing in Eglington's equipment he valued more than his title and the place it gave him. Grateful, however, for his successful intervention, Faith now held out her hand.

"I must take my father away, or it will be sunset before we reach the Meeting-house," she said. "Good-by—friend," she added, gently.

For an instant Luke Claridge stared at her, scarce comprehending that his movements were being directed by any one save himself. Truth was, Faith had come to her cross-roads in life. For the first time in her memory she had seen her father speak to an Eglington without harshness; and as he weakened for a moment, she moved to take command

of that weakness, though she meant it to seem like leading. While loving her and David profoundly her father had ever been quietly imperious. If she could but gain ascendency even in a little, it might lead to a more open book of life for them both.

Eglington held out his hand to the old man. "I have kept you too long, sir. Good-by—if you will."

The offered hand was not taken, but Faith slid hers into the old man's palm, and pressed it, and he said, quietly to Eglington:

"Good evening, friend."

"And when I bring my wife, sir?" Eglington added, with a smile.

"When thee brings the lady, there shall be occasion to consider—yes, there will be occasion then."

Eglington raised his hat and turned back upon the path he and Faith had travelled.

The old man stood watching him until he was out of view. Then he seemed more himself. Still holding Faith's hand, he walked with her on the gorse-covered hill towards the graveyard.

"Was it his heart spoke or his tongue —is there any truth in him?" he said, at last.

Faith pressed his hand. "If he help Davy, father—"

"If he help Davy; ay, if he help Davy! . . . Nay, I cannot go to the graveyard, Faith. Take me home," he said, with emotion.

His hand remained in hers. She had conquered. She was set upon a new path of influence. Her hand was upon the door of his heart.

"Thee is good to me," he said, as they entered the door of the Red Mansion.

She glanced over towards the Cloistered House as she shut the door.

Smoke was coming from the little chimney of the laboratory.

CHAPTER XVII

THE WOMAN OF THE CROSS-ROADS

THE night came down slowly. There was no moon, the stars were few, but a mellow warmth was in the air. At the window of her little sitting-room upstairs Faith sat looking out into the stillness. Beneath, was the garden with its profusion of flowers and fruit; away to the left was the common; and beyond —far beyond, was a glow in the sky, a suffused light, of a delicate orange, merging away into a gray-blueness, deepening into a darker blue; and then a purple depth, palpable and heavy with a comforting silence.

There was something alluring and suggestive in the soft, smothered radiance. It had all the glamour of some distant place of pleasure and quiet joy, of happiness, and ethereal being. It was, in fact, the far-off mirror of the flaming furnace of the great Heddington factories. The light of the sky above was a soft radiance, as of a happy Arcadian land; the fire of the toil beneath was the output of human striving, an intricate interweaving of vital forces which, like some titanic machine, wrought out in pain a vast destiny.

As Faith looked, she thought of the thousands beneath struggling and striving, none with all desires satisfied, some in an agony of want and penury, all striving for the elusive Enough; like Sisyphus ever rolling the rock of labor up a hill too steep for them.

Her mind flew to the man Kimber and his task of organizing labor for its own advance. What a life-work for a man! Here might David have spent his days, here among his own countrymen, instead of in that far-off land where all the forces of centuries were fighting against him. Here the forces would have been fighting for him—the trend was towards the elevation of the standards of living and the wider rights of labor, to the amelioration of hard conditions of life among the poor. David's mind with its equity, its balance, and its fire—what might it not have accomplished in shepherding such a cause, guiding its activity!

The gate of the garden clicked. Kate Heaver had arrived. Faith got to her feet and left the room.

A few minutes later the woman of the cross-roads was seated opposite Faith at the window. She had changed greatly since the day David had sent her on her way to London and into the unknown. Then there had been recklessness, something of coarseness in the fine face. Now it was strong and quiet, marked by pur-

pose and self-reliance. Ignorance had been her only peril in the past, as it had been the cause of her unhappy connection with Jasper Kimber. The atmosphere in which she was reared had been unmoral; it had not been consciously immoral. Her temper and her indignation against her man for drinking had been the means of driving them apart. He would have married her in those days, if she had given the word, for her will was stronger than his own; but she had broken from him in an agony of rage and regret and despised love.

She was now again as she had been in those first days before she went with Jasper Kimber; when she was the rose-red angel of the quarters; when children were lured by the touch of her large, shapely hands; when she had been counted a great nurse among her neighbors. The old simple untutored sympathy was in her face.

They sat for a long time in silence, and at length Faith said, "Thee is happy now with—with her who is to marry Lord Eglington?"

Kate nodded, smiling. "Who could help but be happy with her! Yet a temper, too—so quick, and then all over in a second. Ah, she is one that 'd break her heart if she was treated bad; but I'd be sorry for him that did it. For the like of her goes mad with hurting, and the mad cut with a big scythe when they go mowing."

"Has thee seen Lord Eglington?"

"Once before I left these parts and often in London." Her voice was constrained: she seemed not to wish to speak of him.

"Is it true that Jasper Kimber is to stand against him for Parliament?"

"I do not know. They say my lord has to do with foreign lands now. If he helps Mr. Claridge there, then it would be a foolish thing for Jasper to fight him; and so I've told him. You've got to stand by those that stand by you. Lord Eglington has his own way of doing things. There's not a servant in my lady's house that he hasn't made his friend. He's one that's bound to have his will. I heard my lady say he talks better than any one in England, and there's none she doesn't know—from duchesses down."

"She is beautiful?" asked Faith, with hesitation.

"Taller than you, but not so beautiful."

Faith sighed, and was silent for a moment, then she laid a hand upon the other's shoulder. "Thee has never said what happened when thee first got to London. Does thee care to say?"

"It seems so long ago," was the reply. . . . "No need to tell of the journey to London. When I got there it frightened me at first. My head went round. But somehow it came to me what I should do. I asked my way to a hospital. I'd helped a many that was hurt at Heddington and thereabouts, and doctors said I was as good as them that was trained. I found a hospital at last, and asked for work, but they laughed at me —it was the porter at the door. I was not to be put down, and asked to see some one that had rights to say yes or no. So he opened the door and told me to go. I said he was no man to treat a woman so, and I would not go. Then a fine white-haired gentleman came forward. He had heard all we had said, standing in a little room at one side. He spoke a kind word or two, and asked me to go into the little room. Before I had time to think, he came to me with the matron, and left me with her. I told her the whole truth, and she looked at first as if she'd turn me out. But the end of it was I stayed there for the night, and in the morning the old gentleman came again, and with him his lady, as kind and sharp of tongue as himself, and as big as three. Some things she said made my tongue ache to speak back to her; but I choked it down. I went to her to be a sort of nurse and maid. She taught me how to do a hundred things, and by and by I couldn't be too thankful she had taken me in. I was with her till she died. Then, six months ago I went to Miss Maryon, who knew about me long before from her that died. With her I've been ever since—and so that's all!"

"Surely God has been kind to thee."

"I'd have gone down—down—down, if it hadn't been for Mr. Claridge at the cross-roads."

"Does thee think I shall like her that will live yonder?"—she nodded towards the Cloistered House.

"There's none but likes her. She will want a friend, I'm thinkin'. She'll be lonely by and by. Surely, she will be lonely."

Faith looked at her closely, and at last leaned over, and again laid a soft hand on her shoulder. "Thee thinks that—why?"

"He cares only what matters to himself. She will be naught to him but one that belongs. He'll never try to do her good—doing good to any but himself never comes to his mind."

"How does thee know him, to speak so surely?"

"When, at the first, he gave me a letter for her one day, and slipped a sovereign into my hand, and nodded, and smiled at me, I knew him right enough. He never could be true to aught."

"Did thee keep the sovereign?" Faith asked, anxiously.

"Ay, that I did. If he was for giving his money away, I'd take it fast enough. The gold gave father boots for a year. Why should I mind?"

Faith's face suffused. How low was Eglington's estimate of humanity! It would seem as though he believed all people could be purchased by money or by flattery, and upon this contemptuous basis he built up his scheme of life. Yet might not even such a man be transformed by a woman's influence? Might not she and Soolsby and Kate Heaver be mistaken? Might not Time open up his nature, and a new spirit be born in him, by the duty of thinking daily in terms of family and home? If he but kept his promise regarding David! She suddenly shrank back with a pang of humiliation, for had he not purchased her nominal friendliness by a promise to help David? Was it not the same in everything he did?

In the silence the door of her room opened, and her father entered. He held in one hand a paper, in the other a candle. His face was passive, but his eyes were burning.

"David—David is coming," he cried, in a voice that rang. "Does thee hear, Faith? Davy is coming home!"

A woman laughed exultantly. It was not Faith.

But still two years passed before David came.

CHAPTER XVIII

"TIME, THE IDOL-BREAKER"

LORD WINDLEHURST looked meditatively round the crowded and brilliant salon. His host, the Foreign Minister, had gathered in the vast golden chamber the most notable people of a most notable season, and in as critical a period of the world's politics as had been known for a quarter of a century. After a moment's survey, the ex-Prime-Minister turned to answer the frank and caustic words addressed to him by the Duchess of Snowdon concerning the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Presently he said:

"But there is method in his haste, dear lady. He is good at his dangerous game. He plays high, he plunges—but, somehow, he makes it do. I've been in Parliament a generation or so, and I've never known an amateur more daring and skilful. I should have given him office had I remained in power. Look at him, and tell me if he wouldn't have been worth the backing."

As Lord Windlehurst uttered the last word with an arid smile, he looked quizzically at the central figure of a group of people gayly talking.

The Duchess impatiently tapped her knee with a fan. "Be thankful you haven't got him on your conscience," she rejoined. "I call Eglington unscrupulous and unreliable. He has but one god—getting on. And he has got on, with a vengeance. Whenever I look at that dear thing he's married, I feel there's no trusting a Providence that seems to make the deserving a footstool for the undeserving. I've known Hylda Eglington since she was ten, and I've known him since the minute he came into the world, and I've got the measure of both. She is the finest essence the middle class can distill, and he, oh, he's paraffin—*vin ordinaire,* if you like it better—a selfish, calculating adventurer!"

Lord Windlehurst chuckled mordantly. "Adventurer! That's what they called me—with more reason. I spotted him as soon as he spoke in the House. There was devilry in him — and unscrupulousness, as you say; but, I confess, I thought it would give way to the more profitable habit of integrity, and

that some cause would seize him, make him sincere and mistaken, and give him a few falls. But in that he was more original than I thought. He is superior to convictions—you don't think he married yonder Queen of Hearts from conviction, do you?"

He nodded towards a corner where Hylda, under a great palm and backed by a bank of flowers, stood surrounded by a group of people palpably amused and interested; for she had a reputation for wit—a wit that never hurt, and irony that was only whimsical.

"Oh, there you are wrong," the Duchess answered. "He married from conviction, if ever a man did. Look at her beauty, look at her fortune, listen to her tongue! Don't you think conviction was easy?"

Lord Windlehurst looked at Hylda approvingly. "She has the real gift—little information, but much knowledge, the primary gift of public life. Information is full of traps; knowledge avoids them—it reads men; and politics is men — and foreign affairs perhaps! She is remarkable. I've made some hay in the political world—not so much as the babblers think, but I hadn't her ability at twenty-five."

"Why didn't she see through Eglington?"

"My dear Betty, he didn't give her time. He carried her off her feet. You know how he can talk!"

"That's the trouble. She was clever, and liked a clever man—and he—!"

"Quite so. He'd disprove his own honest parentage, if it would help him on—as you say."

"I didn't say it—now don't repeat that as from me. I'm not clever enough to think of such things. But that Eglington lot—I knew his father and his grandfather—old Broadbrim they called him after he turned Quaker, and he didn't do that till he had had his fling, so my father used to say. And old Broadbrim's father was called I-want-to-know. He was always poking his nose into things, and playing at being a chemist—like this one and the one before. They all fly off. This one's father used to disappear for two or three years at a time. This one will fly off, too! You'll see!"

"He is too keen on Number One for that, I fancy. He calculates like a mathematician! As cool as a 'cracksman' of fame and fancy."

The Duchess dropped the fan in her lap. "My dear, I've said nothing as bad as that about him. And there he is at the Foreign Office!"

"Yet, what has he done, Betty, after all? He's never cheated at cards, or forged a cheque, or run away with his neighbor's wife."

"There's no credit in not doing what you don't want to do. There's no virtue in not falling, when you're not tempted. Neighbor's wife! He hasn't enough feeling to face it. Oh no, he'll not break the heart of his neighbor's wife—that's melodrama, and he's a cold-blooded artist. He will torture that sweet child over there until she poisons him—or runs away."

"Isn't he too clever for that—she has a million!"

"He'll not realize it till it's all over. He's too selfish to see—how I hate him!"

Lord Windlehurst smiled indulgently at her. "Ah, you never hated any one—not even the Duke."

"I will not have you take away my character. Of course I've hated, or I wouldn't be worth a button. I'm not the silly thing you've always thought me."

Lord Windlehurst's face became gentler. "I've always thought you one of the wisest women of this world—adventurous, but wise. If it weren't too late—if my day weren't over, I'd ask the one great favor, Betty, and—"

She tapped his arm sharply with her fan. "What a humbug you are—the Great Pretender! But tell me, am I not right about Eglington?"

Lord Windlehurst became grave. "Yes, you are right—but I admire him, too. He has no disinterested devotion for any person or any cause, but he is determined to make the most of himself, to use up every atom of his ability, to test himself to the full. His ambition is boundless and ruthless, but his mind has a scientific turn—the obligation of energy to apply itself, of intelligence to engage itself to the farthest limit. But service to humanity—"

"Service to humanity!" she sniffed.

"Of course he would think it 'flap-

doodle'—except in a speech; but I repeat, I admire him. Think of it all. He was a poor Irish peer—with no wide circle of acquaintance, come of a family none too popular. He strikes out a course for himself—a course which had its dangers, because it was original. He determines to become celebrated—by becoming notorious first. He uses his title as a weapon for advancement as though he were a butter-merchant. He plans carefully and adroitly. He writes a book of travel—it is impudent and traverses the observations of authorities, and the Royal Geographical Society is shaken to its centre with rage. That was what he wished. He writes a novel. It sets London laughing at me, his political chief. He knew me well enough to be sure I would not resent it—he would have lampooned his grandmother, if he was sure she would not, or could not, hurt him. Then he becomes more audacious. He publishes a monograph on the painters of Spain—artificial, confident, rhetorical, acute; as fascinating as a hide-and-seek drawing-room play—he is so cleverly escaping from his ignorance and indiscretions all the while. Connoisseurs laugh, students of art shriek a little, and Ruskin writes a scathing letter, which was what he had played for. He had got something for nothing cheaply. The few who knew and despised him did not matter, for they were able and learned and obscure, and, in the world where he moves, most people are superficial, mediocre, and 'tuppence-colored.' It was all very brilliant—he pursued his notoriety and got it."

"Industrious Eglington!"

"But, yes, he is industrious. It is all business. It was an enormous risk, rebelling against his party, and leaving me, and going over; but his temerity justified itself, and it didn't matter to him that people said he went over to get office as we were going out. He got the office—and people forget so soon! Then, what does he do—"

"He brings out another book, and marries a wife, and abuses his old friends—and you."

"Abuse? With his tongue in his cheek—hoping that I should reply. Dev'lishly ingenious! But on that book of Electricity and Disease he scored heavily. In most other things he's a barber-shop philosopher, but in science he has got a flare—a real talent. So he moves modestly in this thing for which he had a fine natural gift, and more knowledge than ever before in any department whose boundaries his impertinent and ignorant mind had invaded. That book gave him a place. It wasn't full of new things, but it crystallized the discoveries, suggestions, and expectations of others; and meanwhile he had got a name at any cost. He is so various. Look at it dispassionately, and you will see much to admire in his skill. He plays to the public always. He pleases, he amuses, he startles, he baffles, he mystifies."

The Duchess made an impatient exclamation. "The silly newspapers call him 'a remarkable man, a personality.' Now believe me, Windlehurst, he will overreach himself one of these days, and he'll come down like a stick."

"There you are on solid ground. He thinks that Fate is with him, and that, in taking risks, he is infallible. But the best system has a bad day at Monte Carlo, and the best system breaks at political roulette sooner or later. You have got to work for something outside yourself, something that is bigger than the game, or the end is sickening."

"Eglington hasn't far to go, if *that's* the truth."

"Well, well, when it comes, we must help him—we must help him up again."

The Duchess nervously adjusted her wig, with ludicrously tiny fingers for one so ample, and said, petulantly: "You are incomprehensible. He has been a traitor to you and to your party, he has thrown mud at you, he has played with principles as my terrier plays with his rubber ball, and yet you'll run and pick him up when he falls, and—"

"'And kiss the spot to make it well,'" he laughed softly, then added with a sigh: "Able men in public life are few; far too few, for half our tasks; we can spare not one. Besides, my dear Betty, there is his pretty lass o' London."

The Duchess was mollified at once. "I wish she had been my girl," she said, in a voice a little tremulous. "She never needed looking after. Look at the position she has made for herself. Her father

wouldn't go into society, her mother knew a mere handful of people, and—"

"She knew you, Betty."

"Well, suppose I did help her a little— I was only a kind of reference. She did the rest. She's set a half-dozen fashions herself—pure genius. She was born to lead. Her turnouts were always a little smarter, her horses travelled a little faster, than other people's. She took risks, too, but she didn't play a game; she only wanted to do things well. We all gasped when she brought Adelaide to recite from *Romeo and Juliet* at an evening party, but all London did the same the week after."

"She discovered, and the Duchess of Snowdon applied the science. Ah, Betty, don't think I don't agree. She has the gift. She has temperament—no woman should have temperament. She hasn't scope enough to wear it out in some passion for a cause. Men are saved in spite of themselves by the law of work. Forty comes to a man of temperament, and then a passion for a cause seizes him, and he is safe. A woman of temperament at forty is apt to cut across the bows of iron-clad convention and go down. She has temperament—has my lady yonder, and I don't like the look in her eyes sometimes. There's dark fire smouldering in them. She should have a cause—but a cause to a woman nowadays means 'too little of pleasure, too much of pain,' for others."

"What was your real cause, Windlehurst? You had one, I suppose, for you've never had a fall!"

"My cause? You ask that? Behold the barren fig-tree! A lifetime in my country's service, and you who have driven me home from the House in your own brougham, and told me that you understood—oh, Betty!"

She laughed. "You'll say something funny as you're dying, Windlehurst."

"Perhaps. But it will be funny to know that presently I'll have a secret that none of you know, who watch me 'launch my pinnace into the dark.' But causes? There are hundreds, and all worth while. I've come here to-night for a cause—no, don't start, it's not you, Betty, though you are worth any sacrifice. I've come here to-night to see a modern Paladin, a real crusader.

'Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
When a new planet swims into his ken.'"

"Yes, that's poetry, and you know I love it—I've always kept yours. But who's the man—the planet?"

"Egyptian Claridge."

"Ah, he is in England?"

"He will be here to-night—you shall see him."

"Really! What is his origin?"

He told her briefly, adding: "I've watched the rise of Claridge Pasha. I've watched his cause grow, and now I shall see the man—ah, but here comes our lass o' London."

The eyes of both brightened, and a whimsical pleasure came to the mask-like face of Lord Windlehurst. There was an eager and delighted look in Hylda's face also, as she quickly came to them, her cavaliers following.

The five years that had passed since that tragic night in Cairo had been more than kind to her. She was lissome, radiant, and dignified, her face was alive with expression, and a delicate grace was in every movement. The dark lashes seemed to have grown longer, the brown hair fuller, the smile softer and more alluring.

"She is an invaluable asset to the government," Lord Windlehurst murmured as she came. "No wonder the party helped the marriage on. London conspired for it, her feet got tangled in the web—and he gave her no time to think. Thinking had saved her till he came."

By instinct Lord Windlehurst knew. During the first year after the catastrophe at Abdin Palace, Hylda could scarcely endure the advances made by her many admirers, the greatly eligible and the eager ineligible, all with as real an appreciation of her wealth as of her personal attributes. But she took her place in London life with more than the old will to make for herself, with the help of her aunt Conyngham, an individual position.

The second year after her visit to Egypt, she was less haunted by the dark episode of the Palace, memory tortured her less; she came to think of David and the part he had played with less agitation. At first the thought of him had

moved her alternately to sympathy and to revolt. His chivalry had filled her with an undying admiration, with a sense of confidence, of dependence, of touching and vital obligation; but there was, too, another overmastering feeling. He had seen her life naked, as it were, stripped of all independence, with the knowledge of a dangerous indiscretion which, to say the least, was a deformity; and she inwardly resented it, as one would resent the exposure of a long-hidden physical deformity even by the surgeon who saved one's life. It was not a very lofty attitude of mind, but it was human—and feminine.

These moods had been always dissipated, however, when she recalled—as she did so often—David as he stood before Nahoum Pasha, his soul fighting in him to make of his enemy—of the man whose brother he had killed—a fellow worker in the path of altruism he had mapped out for himself. His name had been continually mentioned in telegraphic reports and journalistic correspondence from Egypt; and from this source she had learned that Nahoum Pasha was again high in the service of Prince Kaïd. When the news of David's southern expedition to the revolting slave-dealing tribes began to appear, she was deeply roused. Her agitation was the more intense because she never permitted herself to talk of him to others, even when his name was discussed at dinner-tables, accompanied by strange legends of his origin and stranger romances regarding his call to power by Kaïd.

She surrounded him with romance; he seemed more a hero of history than of her own real and living world, a being apart, a modern Buddha. Even when there came rumblings of disaster, dark dangers to be conquered by the Quaker crusader, it all was still as of another life. True it was, that when his safe return to Cairo was announced she had cried with joy and relief; but there was nothing emotional or passionate in her feeling; it was the love of the lower for the higher—the hero-worship of an idealist.

And amid it all, her mind scarcely realized that they would surely meet again. At the end of the second year the thought had receded into an almost indefinite past. She was beginning to feel that she had lived two lives, and that this life had no direct or vital bearing upon her previous existence, in which David had moved. Yet the perfume of the Egyptian garden through which she had fled to escape from tragedy, swept over her senses, clouded her eyes in the daytime, made them burn at night.

Her character had gained in strength with the travail of her mind and spirit. With deepened vision, she measured life each day more wisely. In Egypt there had been lighted a fire which slowly fused all the elements of her nature into a modulated character and force, and her impulses became regulated, her sense of proportion increased; the experience she had shared with David dwarfed to their due place the smaller things, eliminated the merely trivial from all her calculations.

At last she had come to meet and know Eglington. From the first moment they met he had directed his course towards marriage. He was the man of the moment. His ambition seemed but patriotism, his ardent and overwhelming courtship the impulse of a powerful nature. As Lord Windlehurst had said, he carried her off her feet, and, on a wave of passionate devotion and popular encouragement, he had swept her to the altar.

The Duchess held both her hands for a moment, admiring her, and, presently, with a playful remark upon her unselfishness, left her alone with Lord Windlehurst.

As they talked, his masklike face became lighted from the brilliant fire in the inquisitorial eyes, his lips played with topics of the moment in a mordant fashion, which drew from her flashing replies. Looking at her, he was conscious of the mingled qualities of three races in her, English, Welsh, and American-Dutch of the Knickerbocker strain; and he contrasted her keen perception and her exquisite sensitiveness, with the pure-bred Englishwomen round him, stately, kindly, handsome, and monotonously intelligent.

"Now I often wonder," he said, conscious of, but indifferent to, the knowledge that he and the brilliant person beside him were objects of general attention—"I often wonder, when I look



Drawn by Andre Castaigne Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

HE SAW THE DUMB AMAZEMENT IN LADY EGLINGTON'S FACE

at a gathering like this, how many undiscovered crimes there are playing about among us. They never do tell—or, shall I say, *we* never do tell?"

All day, she knew not why, Hylda had been nervous and excited. Without reason his words startled her. There flashed before her eyes a room in a palace at Cairo, and a man lying dead before her. The light slowly faded out of her eyes, leaving them almost lustreless, but her face was calm, and the smile on her lips stayed. She fanned herself slowly, and answered nonchalantly: "Crime is a word of many meanings. I read in the papers of political crimes—it is a common phrase; yet the criminals appear to go unpunished."

"There you are wrong," he answered, cynically. "The punishment is, that political virtue goes unrewarded, and in due course crime is the only refuge to most. Yet in politics the temptation to be virtuous is great."

She laughed now with a sense of relief. The intellectual stimulant had brought back the light to her face. "How is it, then, with you—inveterate habit or the strain of the ages—? For they say you have not had your due reward!"

He smiled grimly. "Ah, no, with me virtue is the act of an inquiring mind—to discover where it will lead me. I began with political crime—I was understood! I practise political virtue: it embarrasses the world, it fogs them, it seems original—because so unnecessary. Mine is the scientific life. Experiment in old substance gives new—well, say, new precipitations. But you are scientific, too. You have a laboratory, and have much to do—with retorts."

"No, you are thinking of my husband. The laboratory is his."

"But the retorts are yours."

"The precipitations are his!"

"Ah, well, at least you help him to fuse the constituents! . . . But, now, be quite confidential to an old man who has experimented too. Is your husband really an amateur scientist, or is he a scientific amateur? Is it a pose or a taste? I fiddled once—and wrote sonnets; one was a pose, the other a taste."

It was mere persiflage, but it was a jest which made an unintended wound. Hylda became conscious of a sudden sharp inquiry going on in her mind. There flashed into it the question, "Does his heart ever really throb for love of any object or any cause?" Even in moments of greatest intimacy, soon after marriage when he was most demonstrative towards her, he had seemed preoccupied, except when speaking about himself and what he meant to do. Then he made her heart throb in response to his confident, ardent words — concerning himself. But his own heart—did it throb? Or was it only his brain that throbbed?

Suddenly, with an exclamation, she involuntarily laid a hand upon his arm. She was looking down the room straight before her to a group of people towards which other groups were now converging, attracted by one who seemed to be a centre of interest.

Presently the eager onlookers drew aside, and Lord Windlehurst observed moving up the room a figure he had never seen before. The newcomer was dressed in a gray and blue official dress, unrelieved save by silver braid at the collar and at the wrists. There was no decoration, but on the head was a red fez, which gave prominence to the white, broad forehead, with the dark hair waving away behind the ears. Lord Windlehurst held his eye-glass to his eye in interested scrutiny.

"H'm," he said, with lips pursed out, "a most notable figure. A most remarkable face! My dear, there's a fortune in that face. It's a national asset."

He saw the flush, the dumb amazement, the poignant look in Lady Eglington's face, and registered it in his mind. "Poor thing," he said to himself, "I wonder what it is all about—I wonder. I thought she had no unregulated moments. She gave promise of better things!"

The Foreign Minister was bringing his guest towards them. The newcomer did not look at them till within a few steps of where they stood. Then his eyes met those of Lady Eglington. For an instant his steps were arrested. A swift light came into his face, softening its quiet austerity and strength.

It was David.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Miss Etherington

BY GWENDOLEN OVERTON

MISS ETHERINGTON excused herself as she left Poste alone and went with Darran into the hall. But Poste had no excuse to his own conscience or sense of propriety as he deliberately left his chair, walked across the drawing-room, and stationed himself where he could see the two. That he was not actuated by idle curiosity was all the justification he considered necessary. He wished to judge exactly how much Darran cared for Miss Etherington. The former, self-contained and reticent as to his own affairs, had given him very little basis for surmise. He had said that he was engaged to be married, that Miss Etherington's home and family were in Kentucky, that she had only recently come back from a long stay in Europe, and had been in New York but a short time. He had added that of course he thought her charming.

Yet Poste from his position of vantage now assured himself that Darran thought her far more than charming. And being satisfied upon the point, he turned away.

He stood with his hands behind him, looking up at Miss Etherington's framed photograph which hung against the wall. It was very like her as he had known her six years ago. She had been a beautiful girl then. She was a more beautiful woman now. And was she, besides, a consummate actress—quite the most astonishing one he had ever encountered? Or did she really not remember him? It was because he wished to find out that he had stayed behind and let Darran go on his way alone.

The front door closed, and Miss Etherington returned to the room. It was evident that she actually did not remember him. There was no one here for her to act before; and she was not a woman who was facing the prospect of an unwelcome interview. Her thought was with the man who absorbed all her real interest, though she was doing her utmost to be amiable to his friend.

For a few minutes the latter did not come to what it was his definitely taken intention to say. At least he would let her emerge from the influence of a memory which was still almost a presence. He would allow the time for her to relapse to the level of commonplace, to the indifference of mind superinduced by ordinary civilities. He talked to her of the years in Europe, of the places in which she had been—but he avoided the people she might have known. Then he arrived, without preparation, at what he had in reserve.

"Do you know," he said, "I think I am deserving of no little credit that I don't resent your obvious forgetfulness of the fact that I have met you before." The change on her face was more than that blankness which waits to have the requisite expression written upon it by further enlightenment. It was not imagination that he caught a shade, the most elusive shade, of anxiety before she could muster the query of a smile. "Six years ago"—he gave it untempered—"in your own home."

Her lips pressed together as she received the stab. He had a thrill of admiration for the way she took it.

"You have not told Mr. Darran." It was a statement, not a question. And its implication was what Poste had expected, feared—that she had never told Darran herself.

"No," he answered her. "I did not know until I saw you. I was not absolutely certain until my eyes fell upon the photograph up there," he nodded toward the wall behind her. "Naturally the name of Etherington conveyed nothing to me."

"Of course not," she admitted, lifelessly. She turned a little from him and sat looking down. Her hand was on the arm of her chair, and he saw that it was clenched. Beyond that she gave

no sign, save that she was very white. It was admirable, the way she took it. And he was sincerely sorry for her. He said to himself that she was worth marrying, whether or no. He would have been almost willing to do it himself—with his eyes open. And he was perfectly willing that Darran should do it, with *his* eyes open. But that was the thing.

Miss Etherington turned back to him. "I love Mr. Darran," she said. She had the gift of putting into the barest possible words what to an intelligent hearer must tell a great deal. And it was insidiously flattering.

"I am sure you do," Poste returned. "And Darran loves you. I wanted so much to inform myself accurately upon the score, that when you were out there alone with him I moved over by the door and watched you." She gave no expression of resentment. Was it that her trouble went too deep into fundamental emotions for her to quibble over superficialities of conduct—or that her perception of the significance of these was not fine? "Darran is not much given to talking, to displaying his sentiments," he added. "He told me very little about you, thinking, I suppose, that bringing me here to judge for myself would be more effective and convincing than any words."

She accepted the compliment without notice, condemning it thereby as being unfit and out of place; which Poste immediately appreciated that it was. But where had she acquired this nicety of discrimination? Six years ago there had been nothing in her conduct to allow of one's supposing it even latent. He felt his own cheapness rebuked. Yet again a doubt suggested itself. *Had* she ignored the compliment by her unresponsiveness, or simply taken it as usual and her due? He decided, however, to give her the benefit of his first interpretation.

"How did you come to do it?" he asked, returning to directness,—"when you love Darran."

"But I did not love him at first. For a few days he was no more to me than any other man. There was no reason for my telling him at that time. Presently I began to like him very well—so well that I preferred not to say anything. I did not think of love upon my own part, even then." Presumably she had considered the likelihood of it for Darran, but had been uninfluenced by the consideration. Poste's mind interpolated a somewhat cynical comment. "But I wanted his approval," she was keeping on. "And I realized he was fastidious. I knew he would disapprove. I had come to understand that it was all in very bad taste. Six years of another sort of life, in another sort of surroundings, have taught me many things." It was pride in humility. "After that I began to say to myself that if we should come to care for each other, it would be time enough to let him know then, because if he already loved me he would overlook it. Suddenly one day I found that he was everything in the world to me. I had not appreciated it until the moment. Perhaps you can understand that then it was harder to tell him than it would have been before."

"You might have foreseen that."

"Can any one foresee what the passion of one's life is going to be and mean and do? There *is* no foreseeing it, its power or its effects."

Poste bowed his head to an experience beyond his own—the experience without which all others were incoherent. "But have you not learned by it, at any rate? Have you not appreciated that it will grow harder to speak with every day?"

"Yes, I have appreciated it."

"Then—?"

"I don't know."

"Do you mean that you will marry him—let him marry you, in ignorance?"

"I don't know." The tone was that of a helplessness which has become indifferent.

"Is that love—Miss Etherington?"

"It is mine."

"It would not be friendship certainly."

Her apathy went on the instant. Fear came to her face, to her whole supple body.

"You don't mean—" she began, and paused to gather precision in her phrasing,—"you don't mean that because you are his friend you will tell him yourself, that you think you ought to?"

"I think I ought to, unquestionably. Unless you do."

"But it is none of your affair."

"Oh! yes, it is," he contradicted. "If

it concerns Darran nearly, I consider that it concerns me also. That it is part of my understanding of friendship."

"But I am a woman, in your power. You cannot betray me."

This was more on the order of what he would have expected. He caught the false note she struck, and it had a ring of consonance with things from out the past. So that straightway his heart hardened.

"You did not put yourself in my power voluntarily, you know," he reminded. "And in any case—I should not consider that in the smallest degree a coercion. My notion of honor is not to stand by and see a friend wronged, merely because of a woman I hardly know, who had rather sacrifice him than herself."

Miss Etherington winced. "You are very unfeeling and unimaginative."

"No, I don't think I am. I believe I understand. And I certainly am sorry for you—as well as sincerely troubled myself. This is not the sort of thing a man enjoys coming into. But it is true that you are sacrificing Darran rather than yourself. If it would be terrible for you to tell him and confront the possibility of losing him—what do you think it would mean to him to find out the truth *after* he had married you?"

"But after we were married—he would be glad that it was too late."

Poste felt himself flush at the significance behind it. This was the manner of love she felt, and upon which she meant to have her hold. The woman of six years since was plain enough now. The stuff under the surface of recent training was spurious. But was it? He obliged himself to be more dispassionate. No doubt it was not the most refined gold of delicacy and sentiment. Yet what she betrayed was not to be thought of too disparagingly. The metal was a base one perhaps, but pure of its kind and with a value of its own. More; it was an inevitable, strength-giving alloy in any devotion. To be sure, it was to her own and Darran's lower, more ignoble motives that she meant to trust, if need should be; but she was not to be altogether condemned that she would fight with any power she could muster rather than let the man she loved go from her. No doubt she would have preferred to avoid such methods, no doubt she would despise herself for them, would be miserable in the loss of Darran's reverence and respect. Yet in some way, in any way, she intended to keep him if she could. But was it for him to allow it? Quite possibly Darran would feel exactly as the woman foresaw. Her beauty was compelling. Darran was but a man, and very strongly in love.

"If you are willing to have him brought to that," he answered her, "I can't say that I am; not without giving him the chance to save himself from it. I should not like to see so fine a chap as Darran reconciled to loving a wife he did not respect."

Miss Etherington turned upon him. "You are a little absurd," she said, in a tone so well under control that the words had all their own weight, with no need for vociferation. "You are being self-righteous. What have I done that he could not respect me? I have been unfortunate, and I was possibly ill-advised."

It seemed to be the affair of the past, and, above all, the objectionable feature of its publicity, which concerned her; but hardly in the least her own position in the present and the future.

"Precisely that," agreed Poste, civilly. "And if you tell him so *now,* you will be nothing worse. My dear lady, can you not see how your best chance for *not* losing either him or his love is to tell him at once, to tell him yourself?"

She was silent, but her face said as plainly as if she had put it into words that she was afraid, that she lacked the moral courage for what he proposed. Catching the clue to the source of her actions, he tried the effect of pressing her with another fear.

"Have you never considered the chances you are taking, Miss Etherington? What has happened with me to-day is likely, has all along been likely, to happen at any moment. And some one else may prove less cautious and guarded than I have been. Or some one else may maliciously tell him, without giving you any opportunity to do it yourself. I need hardly point out that for you, for your own happiness, that would be the worst thing that could befall."

"Do you suppose I have not thought

of it?" she asked, a little contemptuous of his ability to infer mental processes. "Do you suppose that it has not kept me wretched, dreading every sight of him, every first word and look from him, every letter put into my hands, every day that brings him to me, and every night that takes him away?"

Her voice broke and nervous tears came into her eyes. For the first time he could see traces of the long-continued strain. It was as if he had looked through a transparency of the flesh and had beheld hollow, anxious, weary eyes, deep shadows of trouble, and the lovely mouth settle into hard, defiant lines. And after the one glimpse he could see it always as he talked with her, could not avoid it.

"Then, my dear Miss Etherington, why do you not have it over with? Tell Darran the whole truth now. He will understand how it was that you could not do it before. Believe me, he will only honor you, only care for you the more. You do him every injustice in thinking otherwise."

She sat looking at him unseeing, but plainly considering and weighing all the probabilities of what he urged. She had so much forgotten him that she made no attempt to hide her thoughts. And what he saw was the same fear which was always uppermost—a momentary resolve to do as he asked, after that vacillation and a stubborn decision to let matters drift and cling to the bad in dread of worse. Then there followed the quick light of some other intention, which he could not surmise. But with it she became aware of his observation, and her manner changed, growing yielding, almost humbly grateful. She smiled at him wistfully, and he felt no little of the charm which she must exercise upon a man whom she loved. There could be no danger to her happiness if she were to speak the truth to Darran now. Her power over him must be one hardly to be weakened. Perhaps, after all, it had been best for both of them that she had not enlightened him before. But if there were to be any possibility of its continuing well, she must not delay much longer.

And to this she presently agreed. Soon, at the first good opportunity that offered, she would tell Mr. Darran. It might not be for some days, of course; she would need to choose her time, but she would tell him, before they should be married, even before their marriage should be so near as to bind him more irretrievably. It would be better. She had known all along that it would be better. But she had not had the courage. He could realize how it was? By the sweetness of her voice and the light of her eyes he could realize many things. Yet he wondered what manner of woman might be the mother who had failed to insist upon the point that he himself had just gained. Mrs. Etherington, he knew, was with her; but she must be a poor adviser. He was inclined to lay the mistakes both of the past and present to an ill-judging, perhaps unscrupulous parent. For the girl herself he felt deeply sorry.

"Then if I promise to tell him myself before we are married," she said, with a pathetic little downward curve of her mouth, "*you* will promise not to say anything."

"If you tell him before your marriage, I will promise not to say anything," he answered, with an instinctive caution almost in spite of himself. She caught the differentiation and she was visibly displeased, though she passed it over in silence once again.

"You can't think how hard it will be. I have had so much trouble." She asked for sympathy, and he gave it in good measure. Yet he assured her with conviction that there could be no chance of putting her happiness in jeopardy. Darran could but be more bound to her by the realization of her need for his strength and protection. He said to himself, as he went away from her, that strength and protection were what any man with the least sense of chivalry would be only too willing to put at her disposal—that his own momentary harsh judgments had been unjustifiable—or would have been so but for his recollection of the past with its unseemly disclosures and notoriety. And very possibly the mother had been responsible for that, had done the injudicious talking. The only real fault to be found with Miss Etherington was one which had its root in her love for Darran. And it was a fault which, in so lovely a woman, any man could be trusted to condone.

Yet if Poste himself went away with the satisfaction of a good purpose carried, Miss Etherington remained with none of that which comes of a settled and definite resolve. When she was alone again all the doubts and vacillation returned upon her, all the dread and fear. She had been coerced; she was driven, threatened, harried. What affair was it of his? He mistrusted her; he had practically said so. As she thought of it she felt herself less merely helpless and cornered. She grew more annoyed and angry, with an increasing spirit for making some effort to escape, or at least to gain time. And in any case, a promise extracted as this one had been was not binding. She was as much as ever at liberty to act as seemed best to herself. She was surely wretched and miserable enough already without having some one stand over her with threats that frightened and bewildered her still more. It was not true that she meant to save herself at any cost — but she must use her own discretion—and there might still be some chance which would come to her aid.

It played into her hands within the day. She recognized it instantly as Darran, coming to her in the evening, brought the information that Poste had been called unexpectedly from the city.

"He caught me by telephone at the club just as he was leaving."

Miss Etherington raised her brows with a show of surprise and interest, suitable, if not especially keen. "Is he to be away long?" she asked. The closest observer could never have guessed that the answer would be of importance to her.

"For as much as a fortnight, at any rate," she heard, "and possibly longer."

When Darran left her again it had been arranged between them that the marriage would take place at the end of a week. If it had occurred to him to analyze step by step what had been said, he might have found that Miss Etherington had given their talk the direction which had led him to hold that there was no good and sufficient reason for the delay to which they had been looking forward. But as his mind was absorbed by contentment with the issue and all that it promised, he had no thought of tracing to its inception a course of circumstances which had resulted so entirely to his satisfaction. In his own case, as he had pointed out, there was no one beyond himself to be considered, no family to be parleyed with, no friends with claims to be consulted.

For her—she was among strangers and, after her mother's consent, entirely at her own disposal. He had, to be sure, thought of asking Poste as best man. Over this he hesitated. But Miss Etherington had argued — if so unmoved, so almost languid, a presentation of facts could be called argument — that Mr. Poste's stay was indefinite, and that if a wedding were to be a quiet one, it might better, perhaps, be so altogether. The case was already too strong in Darran's inclinations to require further urging. Yet at the last Miss Etherington saw difficulties in the way, and displayed a becoming feminine reluctance upon the plea of many matters needing her attention. Darran, the more eager, overbore them convincingly.

But with the settlement and proper ordering of his own affairs, and the exigencies of Miss Etherington's concerns, the week proved a well-occupied one. And to Darran it seemed that Miss Etherington was going beyond her strength. She looked overtired, and there was a tension of excitement, a nervousness, which did not escape him. She laughed it away. To be sure, she was tired. Was she not making ready a trousseau on brief notice? As for excitement, would he have expected, would he have wished, her to be imperturbable?

Had he heard from Mr. Poste? she asked him once, casually. He had not heard directly, but he had seen one of the firm. Poste would be back a little sooner than had been thought at first. In time for their wedding? Darran saw that the hand which went up to fasten the fur at her neck was shaking.

"I don't know," he told her, "but certainly we will not wait for him. Another week of the shops and dressmakers, and you would be a wreck."

It was not until the morning of their wedding-day that she asked about Poste again.

"I telephoned last evening," he answered. "It is barely possible he will be here by noon to-day. If he does come,



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

THE PAPER CRACKED SHARPLY AS SHE JERKED THE LETTER FROM SIGHT

I believe I should like to press him into service. He is my oldest friend."

To his surprise, a little to his dissatisfaction, she demurred, remonstrating that if it had not been agreed that only her mother was to be with them, she would have telegraphed to one of her girlhood friends in the South, who would feel quite neglected enough as it was.

As Darran yielded, there came a ring at the door-bell which caused Miss Etherington to give a sharp start. He looked at her and shook his head in disapproval of dressmakers and their visible effects. She laughed fretfully.

"My nerves *are* on edge," she confessed. "I have hardly slept for nights. And it was only the postman's ring, after all." The mistake was evident to her as she made it, so that she looked at Darran apprehensively; but he had missed any possible significance.

"If it had been any one else's—?" he suggested, carelessly, turning to take the letters which the maid was bringing in. As he held them out to Miss Etherington, his eye fell upon the topmost one. The address was in care of Miss Etherington's bank, but it had been run through and changed. "Who is Mrs. John Dalmeny?" he asked, reading.

"I don't know," she answered, but it was so inaudible that he failed to catch it.

"What?" he said, with his eyes on her face. It seemed to him that she was looking actually pinched.

"I don't know. It is some mistake." She spoke intelligibly this time, and as she laid the letters aside she fell to talking quickly. He was still noticing the change which the past week had made; her very manner had altered from the placidity and poise which he had always found so admirable. And she was colorless. It would be well for her to rest from now until the time when she and her mother were to meet him at the rectory. He might better leave her. And as he bethought himself that it would be for the last time before she should be his wife, an onrush of feeling made him draw her to him and hold her very close.

Yet the finality to farewells proved itself to have the uncertainty inherent even in plans which seem beyond all likelihood of change; and remembering something which he had wished to say to Mrs. Etherington, he turned back from the corner of the square, going up the steps again. The door was open, as the maid was taking some belated package from the errand-boy of a milliner's establishment, and he went in undelayed. When he entered the drawing-room, Miss Etherington was still there. She was reading a letter, so absorbed in it that she did not hear him. But as she became aware that he was near her she looked around.

The paper cracked sharply as she jerked the letter from sight against her skirt.

"Secrets?" said Darran, raising his brows, not altogether pleased.

She smiled falteringly. "Yes—secrets; dressmaker's bills of proportions so dreadful that I am afraid to have you see them, lest you should realize what you are undertaking and be cautious before too late."

Darran, his momentary annoyance disarmed, smiled reassurance.

"But what has brought you again?" she questioned, hastily. "Have you news of Mr. Poste?"

He gave his message for her mother. "It will do as well for you to deliver it," he averred. Glancing down upon the table beside which he had moved while he spoke, he saw, lying close to his hand, the misdirected letter. With the lover's desire to be of service, were it only in the most trivial matter, he took it up. "I will send this back for you," he said. It felt thin between his fingers, and he turned it over inquiringly. The envelope had been opened at the back and was empty. Inquiry was deeper in his eyes as they moved to Miss Etherington's. "I thought you did not know Mrs. Dalmeny?" It was a question, seeking information, but with no purpose yet of accusing. She had no answer. "Who is Mrs. John Dalmeny, Theresa?" She was crushing the sheet of paper in her hand and he caught sight of the name again. "Is it you?" he asked, quietly.

Miss Etherington's lips opened. "It was," he saw them form.

He stood looking down at her, hardly conscious that she was there before him; his vision as uncertain as if the blow had been a physical one.

"And when I left you, not ten minutes

ago, you thought—we both thought—that it was to be the last time we should see each other before our marriage."

She made no reply.

He drew up a chair and sat leaning forward, his arms folded upon the table. He was not looking at her now, but straight before him, at intangible things—which yet, he knew well, were more real, more enduring, than anything here about him; representing all that was permanent in humanity, separating, estranging, keeping asunder, though hands might touch or duty bind.

From near in sound, from infinitely far in spirit, there came to him Miss Etherington's explanations; halting at first as she tried to begin to the best advantage, growing more earnest, more intense, as she sought to rouse him to some sign, sought to find herself every justification. He heard—and shrank inwardly with heart-sick distaste. She was giving the account of her marriage, of the divorce which had rendered back her freedom and the name of her girlhood. She dwelt upon details she might better have avoided. She had been unfortunate, wretched—every one had taken her part, every one had realized what John Dalmeny was. They had all said that she had but one course. She had been forced into it. And afterwards she could not have kept even the name to remind her of the past. "This letter was from some one who did not know, who never seemed to have heard. But there was nothing for me to blame myself for, Archbold," she urged. "You may go to any one, ask any one." She caught an open gesture of repugnance, and changed instantly. "Or you may believe me," she added. "I might as well have told you at first. But you can see how I must always have hesitated to speak of it. And then when you became so much to me—it was so soon, dear—I kept putting it off from day to day, and just because I *had* put it off, every day made it harder. I was so afraid of losing you. I dreaded your disapproval."

"My disapproval?" he asked. "Did you think me so narrow that I should have wished you to continue on in a life of unhappiness?"

He had not looked at her as he spoke, but now there was some quality in her pause which made him turn and study her face.

"It was not that," the words came with faltering, "only—only I had learned to realize that the means we took, my mother and I, were—not the wisest. It was—too much talked about, that was all. The papers gave so many details, and my picture— Can't you understand?"

Darran understood. He could appreciate possibilities from which his eyes had been holden before. He knew now that it was her measure—that she could perceive his fastidiousness, but was insensible to profounder moral scruples.

"I wanted to wait until you cared for me enough to overlook mistakes of the past; to take me for what I had become, what I was, to you." It was Darran who failed in response now. "You can do that, dear; can you not? It is surely no more than you can forgive?"

He shook his head. "It does not seem to me a question of forgiveness," he answered, dully. She watched him in miserable perplexity. He was looking away from her again, his arms still folded on the table. And he did not move. "Poste was in your home about six years ago," he said, directly. "Does he know this?"

"Yes," she told him.

"And you had already met him when I brought him here?"

It struck her even through senses which were concentrated upon her own pain that it was not his friend whom he suspected of duplicity at that meeting. And yet the duplicity had been Poste's. But she had no spirit to resent it. Where he seemed to feel that she had deserved so much censure, it would perhaps be wiser to let pass this little which was unmerited.

"I had forgotten. But he remembered. That was why he stayed after you had gone away."

"And he urged you to tell me?"

"Yes," she repeated.

"And you promised that you would—or Poste would undoubtedly have come to me himself."

She had still to keep down resentment of this trust which excluded her. She said nothing whatever, and he took her silence as assent.

"That is why we were to have been married before Poste returned."

She caught the tense and its signif-



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hutchcock

SHE DROPPED ON HER KNEES BESIDE HIM

icance, and on the moment she was beside him, possessing herself of one of his hands and drawing it to her face.

"Don't be so cruel, Archbold. I have been unhappy enough. I have had my punishment, if that is what you wish. Even these last few weeks have been such an ordeal because I feared every instant of the day and night. You thought I was tired and overwrought. I may well have been. Every hour was anxiety. You cannot think what I have really suffered. Dear—I have done wrong, but it was because I cared for you so much. Surely you will not be hard with me."

He looked up at her. As she was now, with her beauty almost lost in the intensity of feeling, with all that was on the surface, all that was trivial, all that was not genuine swept away by emotion, she appealed more than ever before to the best in him, to the most enduring qualities of his affection, of his whole character.

"Do you think I am hard to you?" he asked, in a voice of dreary disheartenment. "Do you realize so little? Must I tell you that it is to myself I am hard when I do not take you in my arms and tell you we must try to let it be forgotten?"

For the first time there was borne in upon her the distance which lay between them. And with the blind impulse to reach across it by a physical nearness she dropped on her knees beside him, holding his hand closer, pressing it to her lips. He knew that she was instinctively making the same appeal to him which she had always made—the only one she was capable of making, save where grief had lifted her for an instant to a height beyond her nature. The sense of her dignity in sorrow, of her potentialities for sincerity, went from him.

"Then if you love me," she was pleading, "it *can* be forgotten."

He shook his head measuredly.

"But it can, if you are only a little generous. Surely you will not refuse to be generous. And in time you will find that you do not think of me the way you do now—as you have some reason to, I know." She had back the full consciousness of what she said and did, and there was a purposeful sweetness in her eyes.

He felt himself almost shudder at it, even while it drew him irresistibly. "It would not be what I might think of you," he said, slowly,—"not even what you might think of yourself, that would estrange us always more and more. It is what you would think of me."

He had not hoped to be understood, yet he turned away helplessly from the non-comprehension of her gaze, which was nothing more than pathetic, soft, beseeching. Her head sank against his shoulder and she was crying. He held her close while she sobbed reproaches, of herself, of him. She had done wrong, she knew that she had; but he, too, was wrong to be so pitiless, so hard and unforgiving.

He made no attempt to answer, to defend himself or her. She raised to him eyes that were hot and stained with tears, searching for some sign of change, of relenting. And finding none, she lifted herself from her knees, going back to her own chair and dropping into it as if her strength for more effort were at an end. She sat looking before her, sadly, yet not without that consciousness of her beauty which, save for the one short interval of an overmastering and real despair, was ever present. It was not a pleasure to her now, a satisfaction, the beauty; but it was a power which she understood and of which she meant to make every use.

"If it had been *you*," she said, "*I* could never have been so relentless. Yet there must have been much in your life which you have never told me." The inward repugnance toward her whole attitude came upon him again; but because of it he let her evident supposition go uncorrected. "I should forgive *you*," she went on, clearly in the belief that she had made a point. "I should not have been unkind to *you*. I should not hold myself aloof and judge *you* without any consideration of circumstances, without making any allowances. If you had suffered as I have—in my marriage and in these last weeks—I should have been sorry for you. I should not have let a past of unhappiness and trouble and of mistakes come to part us irrevocably."

She might almost have believed that he was not listening, that he did not hear —or heed. He had put his arms upon the table again, his hands shut hard together,

his whole seeming that of a concentrated thought which for the time being had eliminated every feeling, every sentiment into which reason and clear judgment did not enter. His mind was going over, incident by incident, detail by detail, all that had occurred. He obliged himself to take as nearly as possible an exact estimate of what had been, of what was, of his own nature and hers, of their influence upon each other, their true relation to each other. He tried to divest himself of the insidious bias of passion, of anger, at the treachery, at the falsehoods which had been told him—and the more which had been implied. He sought to make the blame as light as possible, and to place as much as might be with events and conditions, with the influences under which she must have lived, with the mother who could have permitted, perhaps have advised, her course. He forced himself to the point where he could look on both his love and her deception impersonally. Yet there remained the facts which did not alter, the residue of character after the incidents in which it had embodied itself were resolved to their inception. And it was not that she had lied to him, betrayed him, deceived him—it was that she was capable of doing so. That was inherent, independent of circumstances — though these might have developed it. It colored her whole attitude toward life, so that now he could see its stain through everything.

And if he were to do what she asked, what she called forgiving her; if he were to follow her desire and his own; if he were to go through with the marriage whose appointed hour was coming so near—was it supposable that they could be happy in the end, that they could eventually grow together? There would be always the vast distance between them which no ceremony, no seeming, no habit could make less; that waste of space which stretches between unlike souls, and across which not even the light of understanding, the sound of meanings can reach—which makes the doubts, the fears, the distrusts of those who have the perceptions to feel it, and who project into it all the imaginings of their uneasy minds.

Her voice had been silent for some moments, but her last words of reproach were still in his ears, as if they had just been spoken. "I should not have let a past of unhappiness and trouble and of mistakes come to part us irrevocably."

He drew slowly away from the table, and standing, went near to her, holding out his hands. She might have taken it for a gesture of yielding, of full pardon, but for a prescience of the inevitable as it showed itself to her through his eyes. She had a dull aching sense that he was bidding her a resolute farewell, from which there could be no appeal. And there was little need of his words.

"For your own sake, dear," he was saying, gently, "and for my own, I can only hope you may some day come to realize that it is not the past, but the vision of the future which cannot but keep us parted through all time."

Exercise and its Dangers

BY WOODS HUTCHINSON, M.D.

MUSCULAR movement is almost synonymous with life. The essence of life is movement. Paralyze our muscles and we are dead. More than that, paralyze our voluntary muscles only and we might as well be, for we can neither move, speak, nor think. Thought is a function of muscle. It could neither originate nor continue without words, and words are made by muscle. *Homo alalus* is separated from *homo sapiens* solely by a little special manual training. For the real origin of speech is not sound, but gesture. And it was the changing of the paw into a hand capable of wielding a club that made oratory possible.

There is, then, little danger of any physiologist underrating exercise. He knows too well that it has not only built the body, including the brain, in the past, but is its chief supporter in the present. Muscle makes up nearly half (forty-three per cent.) of our bulk, almost three times as much as any other tissue or system. Its importance is in proportion to its bulk. The brain is simply a telephone exchange to carry out the business of muscle. The bulk of our food is consumed in the muscle-cells, and two-thirds of our vital heat is produced by them. The only way to nourish the brain is through the muscles. Destroy a group of them and the area of the brain cortex, which attends to its business, wastes and atrophies at once.

It is therefore not on account of any lack of respect for the importance of muscle or any tendency to classify it as a relatively low-grade tissue as compared with brain that I wish to say a few words in regard to the dangers from its overuse. On the contrary, it is its high rank in the organism that makes its abuse so dangerous; and there is an even more vital reason for a note of warning. This is that muscular tissue is the only tissue in the body which is under the direct control of our will, as is implied in its name—"voluntary" muscle. You may order your stomach to serve a certain quality and flavor of gastric juice, or your liver to secrete a certain color of bile, and keep on ordering, with about as much result as whistling down the wind. You have absolutely no control over your heart-beat. You cannot stop breathing beyond the point of a very moderate degree of suffocation. You cannot even stop your brain from thinking; all you can do is change the subject—sometimes. But you can order practically any voluntary muscle in your body to contract, and it springs to your service at once, and will keep on obeying you until it fails from sheer exhaustion. It is on this account that the muscular system is so peculiarly defenceless and liable to abuse—because it is under the will, or reason, instead of instinct. A man cannot add a cubit, or even an inch, to his height by taking thought, but he can increase the girth of his biceps or the expansion of his chest, the lifting-power of his gastrocnemius, or even the bulk of that hybrid between voluntary and involuntary muscle, the heart, from twenty to fifty per cent. Muscle is the one tissue through which a man can directly modify and change his body. Naturally, therefore, in all our unscientific methods of bodily culture, and they are innumerable, increasing the vigor and size of the muscles is made the chief end and criterion of progress. While this increase may be attended by general bodily improvement in seventy per cent. of all cases, in the other thirty per cent. the real vigor and resisting power of the body may have been moving in the opposite direction, and this is where physiology must lift its note of warning.

Probably the greatest danger of exercise for most of my readers lies in the direction of their not getting enough of it. But this is by no means true of the

community as a whole. Two-thirds of the total community get a great deal too much muscular exercise and suffer for it. Honest toil is not the unmitigated blessing that we once supposed it to be. The Scriptural view of "By the sweat of thy brow," as a curse, has some truth in it. The very voluntariness of muscular effort has permitted its abuse. There is a certain and fairly definite limit to the amount of food which even the wealthiest individual can consume. We are utterly unable to force more air into our system than the tissues demand and can utilize. But the work that we can impose on the muscles has absolutely no limit except that of utter exhaustion. There is, of course, an instinct called fatigue, which tells us when we have labored enough, but our whole training from the cradle up has been to make us not only disregard this indication, but esteem its ignoring a virtue. The man who stops work just because he is tired is generally deemed a lazy, shiftless good-for-nothing; the man who stops eating because he feels satisfied is a rational, praiseworthy being.

As a result, muscular effort has been pushed to extremes, both in amateur athletics and in daily toil. Though highly beneficial and absolutely essential to life and happiness in considerable amounts, it has been made physically injurious and mentally degrading. Trades-unions were overwhelmingly right when they demanded as the first prerequisite for the mental, moral, or physical improvement of the laboring-man a shortening of the hours of toil. Nothing more degrading or benumbing to all that is best in human nature has ever been devised than the grinding, treadmill routine of muscular labor which was exacted of the laboring world fifty years ago, and is yet exacted to-day in regions where laborers are unable to protect themselves. Particularly is this true in the rural districts. My attention was first called to this some twenty years ago, on beginning the practice of medicine in a well-to-do country district. I was simply astonished at the number of intelligent and independent farmers, owning their own land but driven by the lash of the mortgage, who were little better than physical wrecks at the age of forty-five. I had known, of course, as a mere matter of text-book knowledge, that the average longevity of farm laborers was low, and that of farmers little better, both lower than that of business and professional men; but this was an unexpectedly vivid illustration. From that time I have watched carefully the limits of physical vigor in farmers, ranchers, lumbermen, miners, section-hands, and others engaged in prolonged and excessive muscular exertion, and have been surprised to find how rarely individuals over forty years of age are still able to do a full day's work. Between forty-five and fifty our farmer is pretty certain to be a broken man, though still retaining good color, good appetite, and fairly vigorous appearance. I have also compared notes with my brother practitioners, and find them almost invariably agreed that there are as many broken-down nervous systems, dilated hearts, fibrotic kidneys, and the supposed results of our high-tension civilization generally, to be found in quiet rural districts as in the city. The death-rate in the country is now only a fraction of a per cent. lower than that in our greatest cities, slums and all. Farmers' wives show the highest percentage of insanity of any class in the United States, chiefly from overwork, overworry, and lack of proper amusements and recreation.

Any one who has lived on a farm does not need to be told the reason, for he knows of the strain under which the American farmer lives during the five months of spring and summer. His work-day is from four or five in the morning until eight or nine at night, including chores—fifteen to seventeen hours of the hardest kind of physical labor, and every minute of it at high tension, especially during harvest. Then comes a period of relaxation in the fall, the one time in the year when he has just enough muscular exercise to keep him in health. Later, the winter season, approaching stagnation, in which he takes on flesh, gets "logy," and then a furious debauch of hard labor through the spring and summer again. No wonder that by forty-five he has had a sunstroke and "can't stand the heat," or has "a weak back," or his "heart gives out," or a chill "makes him rheumatic"; and when you add to this

furious muscular strain the fact that the farmer sees his income put in peril every season, and his very home every bad year, so that each unfavorable change in the weather sets his nerves on edge, it can be readily imagined that the real "quiet, peaceful country life" is something sadly different from the ideal.

The same conditions prevail among the working classes in our great cities, except where the eight-hour law has been put in force. It has long been known that the laboring classes have a low average longevity and a high disease and death rate, and they are subject to an enormous number of diseases from which, according to popular impression, their "active, natural life" ought to have protected them. The percentage of cases of Bright's disease, of heart-disease, of nervous breakdown, of insanity, is higher among them than in any of the so-called leisure classes. Nor can alcohol longer be made the universal scapegoat. Overwork is a far more potent factor in their production than drunkenness.

The injurious effect of city life consists not merely in overcrowding or the increased development of infectious diseases, but especially in the outrageous and abominable overworking of the laboring classes. Overwork and underfeeding have been recognized for half a century as the chief causes of the large death-rate of the laboring classes as compared with the well-to-do. Even with all the improvements that have been effected in the condition of the laboring classes, the last United States census (1900) still shows the highest death-rate among them of any "earning" class—20.2 per thousand. Farmers came next with 17.6, as compared with mercantile and trading classes at 12.1 per thousand, and clerical and official at 13.5. Thus laborers have a death-rate sixty-six per cent. higher than that of business men, and farmers forty-five per cent. higher. Overwork and overcrowding are alike responsible for the frightful tribute paid by these same classes to the Great White Plague. The improvement that occurs in most of our hospitals in patients of the laboring classes, who are not suffering from some injury or acute disease, simply from being put at rest in a well-ventilated room and given a moderate amount of nourishing food, is really astonishing. It is an open secret that in most of the chronic diseases brought to our hospitals in the large cities it makes little or no difference what medicine is given during the first week or ten days; the patients will improve on any medicine or on none at all.

Of course a proper amount of work is not only necessary to existence, but highly beneficial both physically, mentally, and morally, yet this should never exceed certain well-defined limits. The communal conscience has now agreed to the eight-hour day, and I venture to prophesy that within twenty years' time it will be reduced to six, and that this will be found to be the limit of bodily labor consistent both with health and profit.

It might simply be mentioned in passing that it has been abundantly proven that this change is not merely healthful for the worker, but profitable for the employer. Not only is more work done in the month, but a far better quality. There are less waste, less sickness, less drinking, fewer absences from work. The United States, which pays the highest wages and has the shortest average hours, has the lowest labor cost per article produced of any country in the world. At the other end of the scale, Italy, with the longest day and the lowest wages, has the highest per cent. of labor cost.

I merely wish to raise a note of warning against the impression which seems to prevail in sociologic circles that work at reasonable wages is the complete solution of the labor problem, and that there is little danger of any one getting too much of it, unless he be actually diseased, or defective. From the voluntary nature of his toil the civilized laboring man works harder and longer than any known beast of burden or any serf can be made to do. An intelligent conservation of his energies will abundantly repay both the laborer and employer.

It has been long known to sanitarians that the highest average longevity is not among farmers, but among professional and business men. The finest physical specimens of humanity that are to be found in America are not among farmers or day-laborers of any description, but among the children or grandchildren of these classes, who have been brought up

in smaller towns or in the suburbs of larger cities. While it is true that the strain and pressure and crowding of city life have been an injurious factor in our racial development, this is only, so to speak, at the lower end of the scale, among the slum and day-laboring classes. The classes of higher intelligence and reasonably comfortable circumstances, including skilled artisans, municipal business employees, and those engaged in "personal services," have been improved instead of injured by it. This can be seen at a glance when the records of our champion athletic performances are examined. The majority of our football and baseball teams and two-thirds of the winners in athletic contests will be found to come from this relatively small class of comfortably situated city and town dwellers. The well-marked tendency in recent years for city people to make their homes in the country, rendered possible by electric cars, automobiles, and other forms of rapid transit, is both a sign of increasing hygienic intelligence and an admirable factor in the betterment of the racial health. The country is the best place for children, but the finest adult development, physical as well as intellectual, will be secured in the city.

In fact, we have been, both popularly and professionally, under the same delusion with regard to the contrast between country and city dwellers as to that between the savage and civilized man. The general impression is that the savage is a perfect animal, almost free from diseases, and living to a great age. As a matter of fact, civilized man is a far superior animal to any known tribe of savages; he lives longer, is healthier and happier. He has, it is true, more diseases, but he resists them infinitely better. The reason in both cases is not far to seek. The savage is so desperately afraid of night-prowlers and night-demons that he makes his hut about as near like a prison or an iron safe as he can. Civilized man sleeps in comfortable, well-ventilated bedrooms. The savage never knows what his supply of food is going to be. It is always either a feast or a famine with him—more commonly the latter. The exercise of the savage consists in violent and furious bouts of either fighting, or escaping from or chasing his prey or his enemy, followed by long periods of idleness and torpor. His water-supply is ofen bad. He is unable to protect himself from the weather. He has infinitely less control over his environment than has civilized man.

The same comparison may be made step by step between the farmer and the average city dweller. Farmers' bedrooms are usually built chiefly for warmth and are close and stuffy. As some one has said, "The air in the country is always good, for the farmers keep all the bad air shut up in their bedrooms." Their food too often consists of that which they cannot sell. It takes them all winter to recover from the work-debauch of each summer. The city man, with his well-ventilated house, good supply of water, good drainage, regular hours, moderate muscular exercise and good food-supply, is under more favorable conditions physically. And his lessened amount of enforced exercise is not the least beneficial of his changes. Those city dwellers who work hardest and longest with their muscles have invariably the highest death-rate.

To sum up very briefly, about one-half of the enforced muscular exercise imposed upon civilized man is beneficial; the other half is either neutral or injurious.

Now as to the voluntary muscular exercise which is indulged in under the name of physical culture, athletics, or some similar title. The chief dangers in this are a lack of proper appreciation of what tissues should be developed by exercise, and failure to recognize the great fact that the value of exercise depends not so much upon its quantity as upon its quality. The general impression of the majority of athletic trainers, physical-culturists, "strong men," and of most gymnasium teachers (until within the past ten years), is that the chief thing is to develop huge and misshapen masses of muscle. The ideal man in their scheme is he who can stand in front of a camera and contort the muscles of his back until they writhe out like a basket of snakes, or can split his coat-sleeve by contracting the overgrown biceps, or lift six hundred pounds clear of the floor. Such an individual may have a vigorous constitution, but he is as abnormal and as unsymmetrically developed as the string-muscled, flat-

chested bookkeeper, and may be a much poorer life risk. As a matter of fact, that type of human ox, the "strong man," is not only not a better animal than the average man, but a poorer. The fact of his being able to get such a muscular development is proof of abnormality. Now that athletic records have been carefully investigated by the medical profession, we find that the champion athlete is extremely short-lived and highly subject to disease not only of the heart, but also of the lungs. If he marries, he has few children, and they are seldom above the average physically. In fact, he compares with the average man about as a Clydesdale draught-horse compares with a Morgan or an English thoroughbred.

Nor is this state of affairs confined to the professional athlete. Every physician who has practised in or near a university town can point to a dozen athletic young men who have been seriously injured by muscular exercise. Particularly is this true of overstraining and hypertrophic disease of the heart muscle. A recent study of the boys "in training" at a Western academy, by the school physician, showed that over sixty per cent. had cardiac murmurs.

Prolonged and fatiguing exercises, taken not for any enjoyment in them, but as a matter of conscience, "to build muscle," are distinctly dangerous. In fact, the medical profession is coming generally to regard college and high-school athletics, as now practised, as a menace to the health of the community. This was not true in earlier days, when college men took their sport like gentlemen, and the later life-records made by the Oxford and Cambridge 'varsity crews are still quoted by health journals. Nowadays, however, the results are widely different; and sufficient data have accumulated in proof thereof. Take, for instance, the data collected by Dr. Robert Coughlin* upon the causes of the deaths among athletes for the year 1905. First, of all of the 128 athletes who died during the year, 78 died from injuries received, and only 50 from disease—a huge inherent mortality to begin with. But the nature of the diseases which caused the fifty natural deaths is even more significant; for, contrary to popular impression, the death-rate from infectious diseases among these picked specimens, these prides of their clubs and colleges, was nearly double that of the other adult males of the community. For comparison Dr. Coughlin selected the deaths that year among the policy-holders in one of our large insurance companies, who were all adult males of about the same social condition as the athletes. The contrast is so striking that I shall put the figures in parallel columns.

DEATHS IN 1905 DUE TO INFECTIOUS DISEASES

	Policy-holders	Athletes
Pneumonia	10.4	14
Tuberculosis	13	14
Typhoid fever	6	8
Cerebro-spinal meningitis	0	18
	29.4	54

In non-infectious diseases likely to be due to strain the contrast is even more striking, especially when we recall the probable higher average age of the policy-holders, in connection with the fact that these diseases are far more frequent in later life.

DEATHS IN 1905 DUE TO NON-INFECTIOUS DISEASES

	Policy-holders	Athletes
Heart-diseases	6	16
Kidney "	6	10

In short, athletes are, according to these figures, two and one-half times as liable to cardiac diseases, sixty per cent. more liable to diseases of the kidney, and twenty-five per cent. more liable to die of the three main infectious diseases of adult life—pneumonia, consumption, and typhoid—than the average of their fellows. Instead of increasing their power of resistance to disease, their boasted training has apparently reduced it.

It may be justly objected that this conclusion does not necessarily follow, because this list includes a considerable percentage of professional athletes, who are often of low physical type, and bad life-risks to begin with. But a list of certain champion college athletes for fifty years, 761 in number, prepared in defence of athletics, shows that tuberculosis was the highest cause of death, with pneumonia second. While only seven per cent. of the deaths among the policy-holders were

* *The Medical Record* (New York), June 2, 1906.

from accidents and injuries, sixty-one per cent. of the athletes died from these causes—an enormous preponderance, even after allowing liberally for the greater probability of public report of deaths due to accidental causes over those due to natural causes. Furthermore, Dr. Coughlin finds, what my own investigations had also led me to believe, that "the average age at death of athletes is far below that of the average person in the ordinary walks of life." The actual average age at death of this series was only 26.2 years, as against an average of 57.2 years in all persons dying after fifteen years of age, according to the last United States census. These figures will be supported by the experience of a majority of intelligent college physicians. I might, perhaps, be permitted to say, to forestall any criticisms based upon a supposed "book-knowledge" only of these matters, that for two years during my medical-student days I was one of the executive committee of the University Athletic Association and a member of the football team; for three years medical director of a gymnasium, and for eighteen years connected with the faculties of colleges and universities in the Middle West, the East, in England, and on the Pacific coast, with students under my professional care almost constantly.

In my judgment, the champion athlete, so far from being an ideal type, a standard to aim at, is rather a necessary evil, apparently inseparable from the competitive system of athletics now in vogue. This is not to condemn athletics by any means; only their abuse. The whole trouble lies in false ideals and ignorance of the real aim of bodily training. The real tissues to be developed in athletic training are not the muscles, but the heart and the nervous system. This is clearly recognized and eagerly urged by intelligent, scientific gymnasium trainers, like Sargent of Harvard, Seaver of Yale, and Gulick of New York; but their leaven has reached but little of the mass of undergraduates and members of athletic clubs as yet.

The heaviest strain of exercise is thrown not on the muscles, but on the heart and blood-vessels. This has always been recognized by the profession and admitted by the more intelligent trainers. In an athlete under training, the heart is markedly increased not merely in vigor, but even in size—hypertrophied, as we call it. A certain amount of this hypertrophy is healthful and normal; a deer, for instance, has more than twice as large a heart in proportion to its body weight as a cow, and a race-horse nearly twenty-five per cent. larger than a dray-horse, proportionally. But we are finding out, first, that this hypertrophy may be easily driven beyond normal limits, and that the large heart of the athlete often contains inflammatory exudate—is swollen from congestion, to put it roughly. Second, that this large heart, whether normal or diseased, after the contest is over and training is relaxed, begins to shrink again. This shrinking is brought about by a fatty degeneration and absorption of both the inflammatory exudate and the surplus muscle-fibres, and if it goes a step too far, may become one of our most insidious and dangerous cardiac diseases—fatty degeneration of the heart. Whatever the mechanism of its production, all authorities are agreed that heart-disease is peculiarly common among athletes, soldiers, lumber-jacks, miners, and men whose occupations involve severe muscular effort. The entire system of blood-vessels shares in this liability, and arteriosclerosis is unusually prevalent among these classes. Let the heart, then, be carefully watched in training, and at the least permanent quickening of the pulse, the slightest cardiac nervousness, the first appreciable outward swing of the apex beat, showing hypertrophy, let the amount of exercise be cut down.

The next organ to be trained is the stomach. Naturally the more work our body-engine does, the more fuel must be shovelled under its boilers. Many athletes in training "go stale," lose their appetite, begin to sleep badly, get cross, nervous, hysterical. These again are danger-signals, and call for cutting down the exercise ration. You can't get ten horse-power work out of a five horse-power furnace and boiler. A man's capacity for development is limited by his stomach.

Last but not least, training should be aimed at the nervous system. It is astonishing how long we have ignored this, when, as a matter of fact, fully one-

third if not one-half even of pure athletic training is training of the nervous system. The mere increase in strength of a particular muscle is the smallest part. It is the rapid, accurate, purposeful combination of a dozen muscles with the eye, the ear, the sense of touch and resistance, that forms two-thirds of training. And this is done solely through the nervous system.

The man who trains his muscles, trains and builds his brain. Indeed, this is the only physical method of brain-building that we know of. Of course he can't build up what isn't there, and all we can do is to develop to the highest possibilities such potentialities of cerebral power as we were born with. Even the champion athlete has probably a better brain for his training than he would have had without it. Most of us, however, have sufficient possibilities to profitably occupy all our preadult life in developing them.

This brings us to the final consideration, that it is quality of muscular effort that counts rather than quantity. So long as muscular effort is strengthening the heart and developing the nervous system and increasing the appetite, it is doing good; beyond this it is physiologically valueless, often harmful, however great economic or sporting value it may have.

It is not difficult to determine where the dividing line falls. In fact, we have an instinct for the purpose. So long as exercise gives us pleasure, exhilaration, it is doing us good. When we cease to enjoy it, it is either neutral or harmful physically. The athlete will, and the day-laborer must, persist far beyond this line—and die early in consequence. A reasonable amount of non-enjoyable exercise is, of course, perfectly consistent with health, but of no advantage to it.

All men in vigorous health enjoy exercise in some form; and most laborers, within certain limits, enjoy their work, taking a pleasure and a pride in it. Whether it be the exhilaration of the four-mile-an-hour swing, up hill and down dale; the dash and smash of the tennis-court; the clatter and whistle of the broadswords; the swing and bite of the axe; the swish of the scythe, the crunch of the spade under the foot, the heave and swing of the pitchfork—there is a positive pleasure in vigorous exertion. In fact, in the last analysis, pleasure consists in responding to stimuli, doing things, easily, with a sense of reserve force, of power to spare. In other words, physically profitable exercise must partake of the nature of play. Nature nowhere shows a subtler wisdom than in the play instinct. The baby, like the fabled bear-cub, is born a shapeless lump mentally and played into shape.

There is no conflict whatever between bodily training and mental. They are part of one single scheme of development. Keep children growing physically, and answer their questions, and their minds will take care of themselves. The chief duty of the school-room is to keep out of the way of Nature's University, the open air.

In fine, development to be healthful must be symmetrical. You cannot profitably develop the body apart from the mind, or the mind apart from the body, or either apart from "the sense in us for conduct, the sense in us for beauty." The training which will develop the most vigorous, the most highly resisting physique, will also develop the clearest mind and the most beautiful body. Yes, and the highest sense of courtesy and chivalry. Bring to mind the Greeks and the Knights of the Round Table.

One of the chief requisites for the ideal athlete is to be a gentleman. By training like a gentleman, and treating his opponent as a gentleman, the athlete will avoid all the physical dangers and reap all the possible benefits of athletics. Practised properly, athletics is one of the finest schools of courage, of clean living, of high courtesy and chivalry; of clear thinking, of beauty and symmetry of both mind and body.

Girl and Peonies, by I. R. Wiles

THE modern ideal of pictorial expression demands that the painter give equal importance to beauty of form, of light, of color, that relationships be balanced, that methods be facile, and that the eye be trained to a nicety of vision; furthermore, that all this be supplemented by instinctive inspiration and profound knowledge of life. While it is a thing of subtleties and artifices, modern art, at the same time, is a thing of solidity and enduring value. It opposes traditional routine, and seeks inspiration in the realities of contemporary life, presenting the varied aspects of our actual environment. The older art appealed to the eye, the newer appeals to the intellect, and often, in its audacious manifestations, to the nerves. While the modern artist must be analytical, on the contrary he need not be cold or emotionless. His acute observation of elusive light should be backed by a profound love of color, and his knowing brush-work fortified by educated taste and by individuality of style. Thus each exponent becomes different from his fellows, a phenomenon apart, an individual of original personality to be studied and enjoyed *per se*.

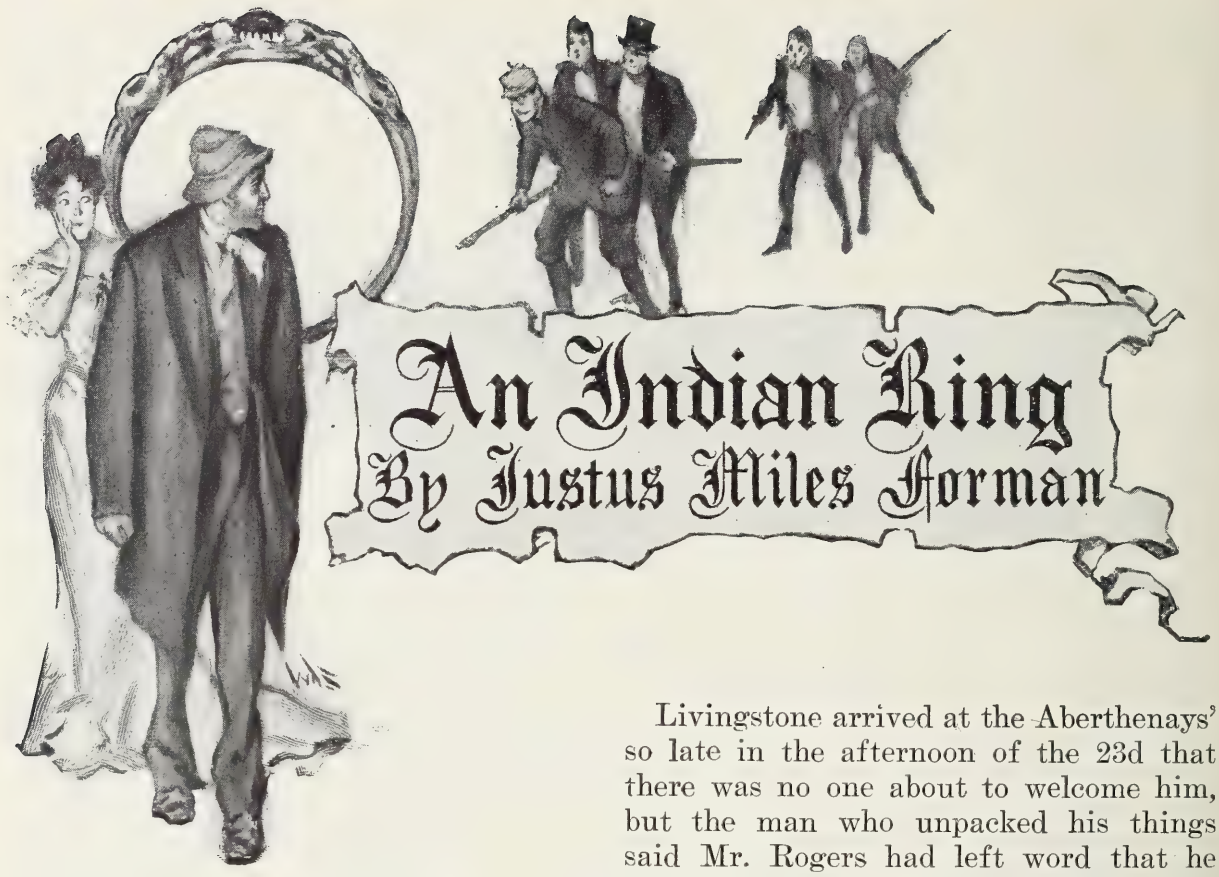
Mr. Wiles is a child of his age, with predilections for portraits of women, the niceties of the feminine toilet, with cushions, flowers, and costume. He translates the grace and charm of woman, and catches the delicate feminism of the boudoir. He shows us no complex psychology, he suggests no neuroticism, but in place he gives us brilliant harmonies of color bound together by insensible modulations, in which lights and shadows mingle and melt together. The present work shows his leaning toward decorative design, but it also shows his grace, his taste, his supple vision, as well as his joy in art and in life; and joy, be it remembered, inspires fewer great things than passion or sorrow.

W. Stanton Howard.



"GIRL AND PEONIES," BY IRVING R. WILES

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting



An Indian Ring

By Justus Miles Forman

ALL this trouble arose through Mr. Livingstone's affection—an affection verging upon the idolatrous—for a certain fat, close-jointed bamboo walking-stick of Bond Street origin. He held it as the apple of his eye. Consequently, when, one day, he entered his chambers and found Jimmy Rogers and Marcus Aurelius making merry with the holy object — striving, indeed, each to wrest it from the other's grasp—he made no attempt at all to control an already restive temper. Marcus Aurelius, inhumanly maltreated with the very object of his pleasantry, retired under a divan, emitting yelps of astonishment and dismay.

"And as for me," said Jimmy Rogers, indignantly, "I won't be called any such names just because you happen to be in a vile temper. Being engaged to people always affects you like this. You're unfit to speak to— And all about a silly fat stick! I wish we'd broken it or burned it up." He went away swearing that he would be revenged, and Livingstone saw no more of him for nearly a week, when the two met at the Aberthenays' country place, where they were to spend Christmas.

Livingstone arrived at the Aberthenays' so late in the afternoon of the 23d that there was no one about to welcome him, but the man who unpacked his things said Mr. Rogers had left word that he was to stop in at Mr. Rogers's room when he had finished dressing.

He found that young gentleman regarding with great pride a dozen white lawn cravats which had small figures worked upon them in thread.

"Why not a larger bow of soft white drooping silk?" suggested Mr. Livingstone. "Many Frenchmen affect them. There is a something of—of—chic about them, a something of careless grace."

Jimmy Rogers hurled the spotted lawn cravats into a waste-basket and selected a plain one.

"You ought to be a man milliner," he said, unpleasantly. "You're wasting your great talent. Have you beaten that poor dog to death yet?"

"I have not," said Mr. Livingstone. "The officer of the S. P. C. A. whom you so kindly sent round the other day asked me not to. Who's in the party?"

"About a dozen," said Jimmy Rogers. "The usual mixture. Elizabeth — Miss Verney's not here!" he said, in the tone of one making an accusation.

"No — no!" said Mr. Livingstone, avoiding the other's eye. "No, she— she's with those new Texan people near here, the people who bought Teddy Thorpe's place. Laurens, I believe, the name is. I'm told they're very nice,

simple bodies, but—er—climbing a bit, climbing. They've a lot of money."

But Jimmy Rogers would not be diverted.

"Now what I want to know," said he, wagging a stern hair-brush,—"what I want to know is, what are you doing here if she's there? I don't make it out."

"You see," said Livingstone, "we've had—Elizabeth and I have had—a bit of a—well, a bit of a row. It doesn't matter what it was about. I expect I'm something of a rotter, you know, as a *fiancé*. What you laughing about? I expect I leave a great deal to be desired. Of course the thing's all my fault. Elizabeth said so. I can't see it myself, but she said so, and of course she must know. She was rather—er—angry, you know. Of course we'll patch it up somehow, but meanwhile I don't know just where I stand. She wouldn't even let me give her the Christmas present I had for her. I found a particularly jolly ring—an Indian affair, with a dark ruby and some snakes and a pair of pink pearls. Sounds barbaric, but it's not too barbaric. They'd had two of them, but they'd sold one to some old chap from the South, so there won't be another in New York. Well, she said I needn't bother to send her any Christmas gift, for she'd send it back—she was angry, you know. So then *I* got a bit stuffy and said I'd put that ring in her hands myself if I died for it. And she gave a little nasty laugh, and I came away. Hang it! a chap won't stand everything! I'd been trying to live up to ideals too long." He scowled at the cigarette between his fingers and flicked it impatiently. "It was a silly boast," he said, "but I'd—I'd jolly well like to be even with her for the rowing she gave me."

Jimmy Rogers sat down on the edge of his bed with a hair-brush in either hand. It was evident from his face that he was thinking hard, and if Mr. Livingstone had not been too much absorbed in his own troubles to be observant, it might also have been evident to him that that particular gleam in Jimmy Rogers's eye



He held it as the Apple of his Eye

boded him no good. It might have occurred to him to go back over that matter of the bamboo stick.

"Elizabeth," said Mr. Rogers, slowly, "is, you say, with those new Texan people, the Laurenses?"

"Yes," said Livingstone,—"yes."

"That's not more than half a mile from here, across country," pursued Jimmy Rogers. "By the way, the Laurenses have a pretty girl—the youngest one. You ought to see her ride! Now, wait a bit! They'll have their Christmas affair, whatever it may be, on Christmas eve, as we shall here, because there's a big dance at the Country Club on the evening of Christmas day. If you're to give Elizabeth that Indian ring, it must be then—on Christmas eve. Now, how would this scheme do?" He spoke rapidly for some five minutes to the attentive Mr. Livingstone, who began, presently, to laugh. "That 'd pay her out!" concluded Jimmy Rogers, nodding, and sat back with an air of deprecatory pride.

"Yes," said Mr. Livingstone, "that 'd pay her out. I'll do it, by Jove! I'll do it to-morrow evening. Oh, I'll give her her Indian ring, right enough!"

On the next evening, immediately after dinner, he stood in his room anxiously regarding himself in a pier-glass, while Jimmy Rogers, *en connaisseur,* gave the final artistic touches, and Aberthenay *père,* who was of an apoplectic disposition, rolled upon the bed in paroxysms of laughter.

Mr. Livingstone wore an ancient and threadbare frock coat very much too large for him. The collar was turned up, and he had thoughtfully rubbed dust and tooth-powder on it here and there to give it an air of still further abandon. He carried a tourist's soft hat, once of gray felt, and this he had wet and wrinkled and soiled till it looked a brother to the flapping coat. About his neck he had twisted a bit of blue and white checked gingham, filched, like the other properties, from the Aberthenay attic. His hair was rumpled, his chin, thanks to Jimmy Rogers's really clever work with burnt cork, apparently unshaven, and he had practised a facial expression of starved hopelessness and forlorn appeal, until he was well-nigh perfect.

"Will I do?" he demanded, turning about before the mirror.

"You will!" said Jimmy Rogers, with a sigh of satisfaction. "I'm proud of you. Get along now! You mustn't be too late for the party. Got the ring?"

"Got it safe!" said Mr. Livingstone. "I'm off. See you in an hour or two, if one of the Laurenses' grooms doesn't shoot me for trespassing or turn loose a dog after me."

He went down a back stair and slipped out of a side door into the drive which circled the house. It had been snowing fitfully through the day, with a view evidently to a picture-card Christmas on the morrow, but the snow had turned to a fine cold rain, which beat cheerlessly against Mr. Livingstone's face as he stepped out into it, and trickled down the back of his neck under the gingham muffler.

"This is a fine night for a moonlight stroll!" said Mr. Livingstone, staring out through the wet gloom to where the lights of the Laurens house gleamed yellow on a far hill. His undertaking seemed to him all at once very silly and childish and very unlikely of success; but there was good sporting blood in him which not even a cold rain could dash, and he drew the gingham muffler closer about his neck and set out doggedly across the snow, cursing but determined.

He reached the Laurens grounds without accident, and made a wide circle to the farther side of the house, as he had been instructed, keeping under cover of the trees and shrubs. He noted that there were no lights in the stable—apparently the stablemen were all in the house—and that there were no dogs about. He skirted the farther side of the house and halted under a wide veranda near the front. Long French windows opened upon this veranda, and they were free of shutters or drop-curtains, so that Mr. Livingstone, crouching in the wet snow, could see everything in the room with ease.

"Now, then!" he said,—"here's for it, and may Heaven help the brave!" He vaulted the rail of the veranda and, stepping quickly across to one of the long windows, rapped on the glass with his fingers. A very pretty young girl

who happened at that moment to be passing the window stopped and turned her head. Mr. Livingstone rapped again, and the girl came to the window and looked out at him, shading her eyes from the bright lights. After a moment she turned back across the room and spoke to the elderly gentleman at the tree, who called to another young man, and all three came to the window.

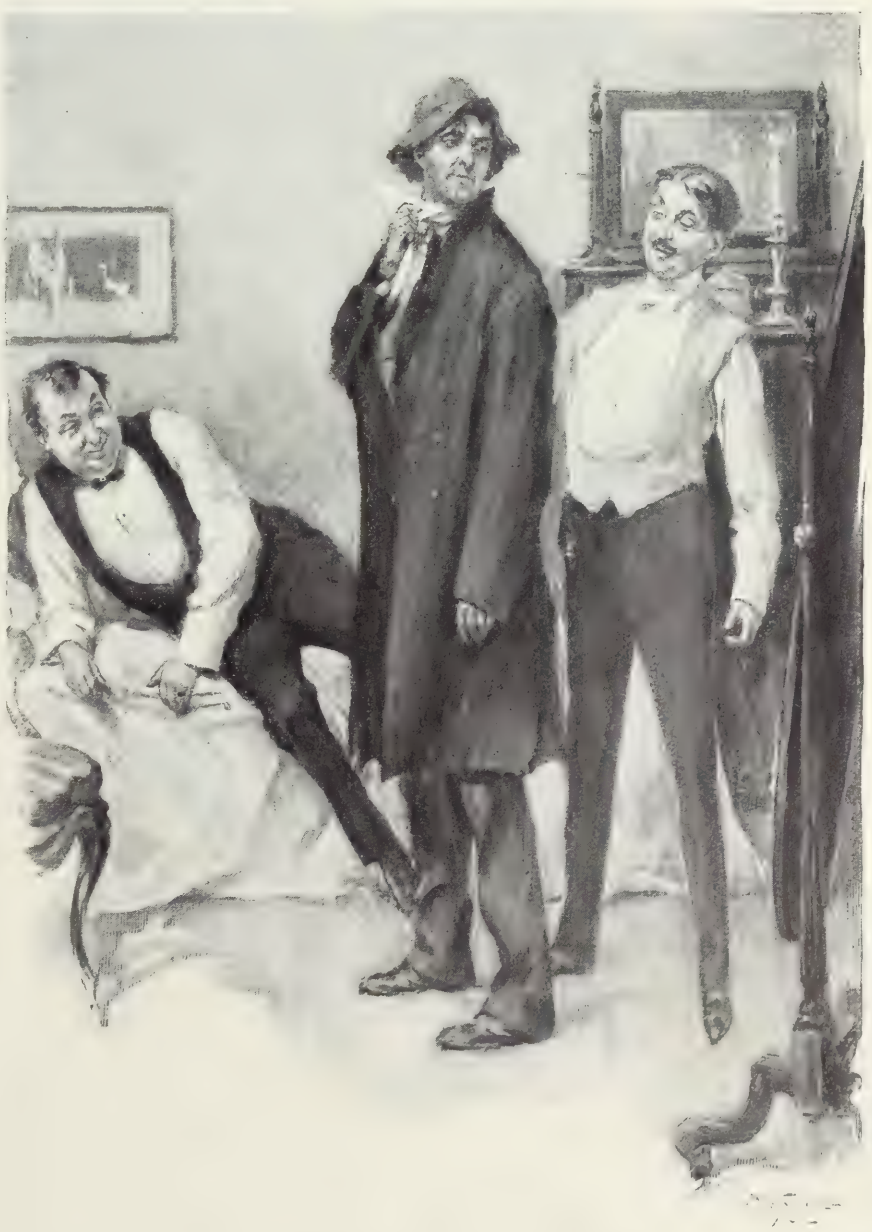
The old gentleman threw one panel of it open outward and leaned forward, peering into the gloom.

"Who is there?" he demanded. "What do you want?"

"I'm—sorry," said Mr. Livingstone, moving into the light of the window. "I didn't go to interrupt your—party. I tried the stables, but there wasn't nobody there." He made a little weary gesture with one hand and leaned against the window-frame. "I—didn't feel like I could go much farther," he said. "I haven't had nothing to eat for two or—for a long time—asking the lady's pardon." He ducked his head with a sort of shamefaced apology, as if he regretted having to drag such unpleasant things before such people, but the young girl laid a hand on her father's arm with a little cry of pity.

"He's hungry!" she said, and Mr. Livingstone had the grace to blush at the genuine pain in her voice. "He's actually hungry, while we're — we're having *fun!* Bring him in, father!"

"You just come right in, young man!" said the old gentleman, heartily. "By George! I don't calculate to let anybody go away from my door hungry, not on Christmas eve or any other eve. You just come right in!" The young people in the room had all at once ceased their laughing and chattering, and had pressed forward uncertainly with curious inquiring faces. Laurens *père* turned to them. "This young man," said he, maintaining his hospitable grasp upon Mr. Livingstone's arm, "is cold and tired and hungry on a night when everybody ought to be having a good time. He's not a thief nor a tramp. I know that by his face. He is an honest young man who is having hard luck. I want you all to treat him like one of us. Tommy, will you bring a glass of whiskey? Our friend here is



"WILL I DO?" HE DEMANDED



"HE'S NOT A THIEF. I KNOW THAT BY HIS FACE"

cold. After he's well warmed up and comfortable he must eat something."

The people scattered again about the room as if politely pretending that nothing out of the ordinary had happened, and Laurens *père* turned once more to his new guest.

"You said," he began, "that you couldn't go on much farther. May I ask where you were bound on such a night?"

"I was going to Mr. Laurens's place, sir," said young Livingstone. "He has some very fine horses—hunters. I've—I've been with horses all my life, sir. I know something about them, and I thought—I hoped Mr. Laurens might find a place for me in his stables. They said as he was a very kind gentleman."

Laurens *père* laughed gleefully and rubbed his hands together.

"This was a lucky fluke, then, my good friend," said he, "your coming in here. I'm the Mr. Laurens you want."

"*You,* sir!" cried Mr. Livingstone, starting dramatically.

"Yes," chuckled the old gentleman, "I'm the man. So you know something about hunters, eh? Good, good! We must talk about that later on. Ah, Tommy, the whiskey?"

The younger man gave Mr. Livingstone a glass and poured into it from the decanter which he had brought.

Two or three of the young women came forward and spoke to their host.

"Shall we have Uncle Billy Hemenway play Santa Claus in your place?" they asked.

"No, no!" said Laurens *père*. "I'll go on with it in just a minute. I'll leave our friend here in your care."

Mr. Livingstone gave a little wriggle of satisfaction as he saw the situation falling into his hands and felt himself complete master of it. One of the young women before him was Elizabeth Verney. He moved a bit aside from his position behind his host, and turned his face, with the light full across it, toward his *fiancée*. The tiny thrill of excitement which an actor feels when he has made a good point and has seen it instantaneously reach its mark tingled in him as he saw the girl's face go perfectly white and her eyes darken and blaze. Then, very suddenly, she turned and walked away toward the groups of people beyond.

Mr. Livingstone turned to Laurens *père*.

"If I could just sit down here, sir?" he said,—"here by the window. I'm—I'm not fit to go among all these ladies and gentlemen."

"As you like, my friend!" said Laurens *père*. "As you like. I must go and finish giving out the presents from the Christmas tree yonder—there shall be something for you, never fear! —then we shall see to getting you a good meal."

The two young women who had been standing by moved away with an obvious relief, and Livingstone sat down beside the window to keep an eye on Miss Elizabeth Verney and to watch for the opportunity to make good his boast to her. Once, as he sat watching, he caught the youngest Laurens girl staring at him with what seemed a half-puzzled, half-amused expression, and looking from him to Miss Verney, but he was too keenly watching the situation to think much of that.

"And lastly," said Laurens *père*, breaking in upon his meditations,—"lastly we have this pair of fur gloves which I wish to present to our latest guest—the gentleman who has come to us this evening, and whom I hope to know much better before another Christmas comes around."

Mr. Livingstone rose from his chair beside the window and moved across the room toward where his host stood on a little raised dais by the Christmas tree, holding out the fur gloves. He took the gloves and fumbled them awkwardly between his hands, glancing in a shamefaced, embarrassed manner at the circle of smiling people about him. He noted swiftly that, through no design of her own, Miss Elizabeth Verney stood nearest him.

"I'm sure I'm—a great deal obliged," he said, stammering. "Very much obliged. They—they seem to be particular beautiful gloves." He looked up, smiling anxiously toward the benignant Laurens. "I never did like to have presents give me," he said, "unless I could give something back." He pulled a small box from a pocket of the flapping old frock coat and began to unwrap it, dropping the fur gloves upon the floor as he did so.

"I—don't know just who to—give it to," he said, hesitatingly. "It isn't much, of course."

"Oh, to one of the ladies, by all means!" said Laurens *père*, waving a gallant arm.

"Yes," said Mr. Livingstone,—"yes, I—thought you'd say that," and for just an instant his lips quivered.

He dropped the little cardboard box and the paper wrapping upon the floor, and advanced sheepishly toward Miss Elizabeth Verney. His heart leaped with evil joy as he heard her gasp and knew that at last she understood his plot to its very bottom. He met her eyes, and they were the angriest eyes he remembered ever to have seen.

"Will *you*—take it?" he asked, gently holding out the Indian ring in such a manner that the girl could not see what it was. "Of course it ain't much," he deprecated.

Miss Verney produced a stiff and unwilling hand, but her eyes never left those of Mr. Livingstone, and there was murder in them.

There was a little chorus of surprised admiring cries from the women who stood near Miss Verney when they saw the ring which lay on her outstretched hand, and at the same moment Mr. Livingstone heard from behind him a sudden exclamation of amazement. He turned, to meet the eyes of his host staring very hard at him and to see that gentleman going through a curious sequence of actions. He stopped and felt hurriedly in all his pockets, gave a swift glance at the few parcels which remained suspended from the branches of the Christmas tree, snatched up from the floor the little cardboard box which Mr. Livingstone had dropped, and at last laid an insistent hand upon Mr. Livingstone's shoulder.

"Young man!" he said, sternly, "where did you get that ring? Tell me at once!"

"Where did I— Why, what difference does that make?" cried the startled Mr. Livingstone. "What do you care where I got it? It was mine."

"That Indian ring," said Laurens *père,* slowly, "is mine. I had meant to give it to my wife for Christmas. I bought it a fortnight ago."

"Why, nonsense!" said Mr. Livingstone, sharply, forgetting his rôle for the moment. "Nonsense! I bought it myself." Then, at the scornful, astonished laughs which met him, he looked down, realizing how absurd the statement must sound. "I mean," he stammered—"I mean that the man who gave it to me bought it. Why, hang it—" He drew back with a growl of disgust at the absurd predicament he had let himself into.

Laurens *père* had moved forward to where Miss Verney stood, motionless, holding the ring outstretched, and the others also had crowded closer in an excited, exclaiming circle, so that it was as if Livingstone had been for the moment forgotten. But the youngest Laurens girl stepped quickly to his side and touched his arm.

"Now!" she whispered in his ear. "Run for it, now! I've unfastened the window-catch. I'll get in their way when they follow you. Oh, run for it!"

Mr. Livingstone shook his head doggedly, and just then the girl's father turned once more upon him.

"You must have stolen that ring from my pocket!" said he, sternly, "while I was listening to your tales over by the window yonder. Well, have you nothing to say for yourself? Are you quite dumb?"

Mr. Livingstone stared at him blankly, but the youngest Laurens girl pushed forward.

"Why did he give it back," she demanded, "if he had stolen it? Why did he give it to Miss Verney? Why didn't he take it away if he meant to steal it? Steal it? It's absurd!" She turned toward the tongue-tied Mr. Livingstone with wide, excited eyes. "Maybe he did it just for a—a lark," she suggested.

"Nonsense!" broke out Laurens *père.* "That does not alter the case at all. I took him in here, welcomed him, offered him food and shelter, and he has, by way of return, robbed me. That is sufficiently plain."

Mr. Livingstone gave a sort of inarticulate growl of rage and bewilderment and utter exasperation. This absurd thing had fallen upon him so swiftly! He had never given the possibility of such a turn a moment's thought. It seemed to him that his brain had suddenly gone into a state of coma, leaving him without a coherent thought. He took a step forward toward Miss Elizabeth Verney, laughing and staring both together.

"Why, tell them that I'm—I'm no thief!" he said. "Tell them that I didn't steal the silly ring. They actually think— Oh, this has gone far enough!"

Laurens *père* moved up to Mr. Livingstone's side and again laid a hand upon the younger man's arm. He faced Miss Verney with a puzzled frown.

"This—person," he said, "seems to be—to be trying to claim that you can explain this theft, that you know more about the affair than the rest of us. I reckon he is just trying to work on your sympathy."

Miss Verney glanced quickly about her, with a little instinctive shiver of

distaste, at the circle of staring faces, for she was not at all the sort of young woman to extract any humor from the situation. Then she looked back at the man who had forced the situation upon her. Her eyes blazed with anger and resentment.

"I should fancy that you are right, Mr. Laurens," she said, coldly. "It seems to be an appeal to my sympathy. A very useless appeal. I know nothing about the ring."

"Tommy," said Laurens *père,* "will you telephone, or have Peters telephone, for a constable?"

"Wait, wait!" cried Mr. Livingstone, swiftly. "Wait a moment!" and he pressed forward another step, staring into Miss Verney's face. His own face had gone suddenly white, and there was no more laughter. He frowned anxiously at the girl as he spoke. "Do you—*mean* that?" he demanded. "Are you going to let these people have me—arrested? Are you actually going to do that?" Miss Verney turned impatiently away.

"Have I not been sufficiently insulted and humiliated already?" said she. "I have nothing more to say."

"A-ah!" said Mr. Livingstone, drawing a long breath. "That is all," he said to Laurens *père.* "You may telephone now for your constable. I should suggest that meanwhile you lock me up somewhere. I—I dislike interrupting your Christmas celebration. It will be some time before the constable can reach here." He spoke very quietly, with no trace of feeling, and one or two of the men who stood nearest looked at him with curious, inquiring eyes.

"We might lock him up in my room," said the young man whom Laurens *père* had called Tommy. "Come along, governor! No, we sha'n't need any of you others. Go on with the fun! We shall be down presently."

He led the way out of the room, Livingstone following quietly, and Laurens *père* guarding the rear. Mr. Livingstone looked sternly ahead of him and saw nothing, but the youngest Laurens girl noticed that, as the three men disappeared, Miss Elizabeth Verney made a quick movement as if she would, at the last moment, stop them, then drew back as if she thought better of it. And the girl noticed also that Miss Verney's face was troubled and, seemingly, a bit anxious.

Mr. Livingstone, in his prison cell above, heard the key turned on the outside of the door, and dropped into a chair with a little tired sigh. He was not thinking of the constable who was on his way to arrest him for theft, nor of the laborious explanations he would have to make to put things straight, nor yet of the evil glee of Jimmy Rogers which he knew awaited him. He was thinking of Miss Elizabeth Verney and of how she had denied all knowledge of him rather than submit to a joke.

"I wonder," he said, as his mind returned to his present troubles,—"I wonder if they've thought to guard that window." He stepped quickly over to it and threw up the lower sash, leaning out into the dark. A man in cap and gaiters looked up from the snow beneath and produced something which flashed in the light from the lower part of the house.

"Now then!" he said, promptly. "None o' that, you know. Get back inside that window!" Mr. Livingstone drew back into the room with a growl of disgust. Then he straightened himself and listened. The key was turning slowly in the outside of the door. The door opened and a woman's figure appeared, looking in.

"Ah!" said Mr. Livingstone, under his breath. "Tardy attempt to make it up. Well, it's no good!"

But as the woman closed the door after her and came quickly across the room to where he stood, he saw that it was not his late *fiancée,* but the pretty Laurens girl. The room was but dimly lighted, and the girl came close to him, staring into his face with eager, excited eyes.

"I must not stay more than a moment," she said. "They'll miss me down there. For Heaven's sake, what is it all about? Elizabeth Verney is in it, I know that much, but what is it all about? Of course you're no thief! You didn't steal that ring. And equally of course you're no hungry tramp either. Won't you explain? I'm going to help you to get away."

"How do you know I'm not a tramp?" demanded Mr. Livingstone, hurt in his histrionic pride.



Drawn by W. D. Stevens Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

"YOUNG MAN, WHERE DID YOU GET THAT RING?"



MR. LIVINGSTONE SCOWLED AT HER WITH A RESENTFUL GLOOM

The girl made an impatient gesture.

"Oh, bother!" she said. "You're wasting time. Any one with half an eye could see that you're no tramp. Your hands give you away, for one thing, and, although you've tousled your hair, it's carefully cut and trimmed; and that coat isn't really ragged, it's made to look so; and—and a thousand other things. Would you mind telling me who you are?"

"My name's Livingstone," said he, sulkily,—"Gerald Livingstone."

The girl smothered a burst of laughter with her two hands over her mouth, while Mr. Livingstone scowled at her with a resentful gloom.

"And is this," she demanded, "another one of your and Mr. Jimmy Rogers's practical jokes?"

"It is," said Livingstone; "and I don't mind admitting to you that it is a melancholy failure. I begin to suspect that Jimmy Rogers meant it to be so. I begin to suspect that I have been the goat from the very beginning. The next time I feel called upon to play a joke on anybody," he said, with some bitterness, "it will not be on a woman. They don't play back."

"On a woman?" inquired the girl. "I don't under— Oh! You were playing some joke on Elizabeth Verney! I think I see. You're—engaged to her, aren't

you?—Yes, but—but I don't quite—" She stared up at him with serious, widening eyes. "She is engaged to you," said the girl, slowly,—"*engaged* to you, and yet, just because you try to play a little harmless joke on her, she allows us to think you a—*thief*, to have you arrested for stealing! She won't stop us and explain."

"Oh, well," he deprecated, "it—you see, I put her in a very unpleasant position. She hates practical jokes. She was—angry, you know."

"I can't see that that alters it," said the girl, gravely. "You were in her hands, and she— Ah, it's unbelievable!"

"And then, besides," argued Mr. Livingstone, "we aren't engaged, you know, now. She—she broke it off just the other day. I—didn't know she meant it seriously." The girl looked up with a little quick cry.

"Not engaged?" she said, half whispering. "You're really not engaged?"

"Well," said Mr. Livingstone, "did we look like engaged people this evening? No, I'm afraid it's all off." He did not seem at all cast down or saddened at the thought.

"You must—go," said the girl, still watching his face. "I will take you through to the other side of the house, where there is no one on guard. You must go." But she made no move to start. "How about that ring?" she asked, after a moment. "Did you really take it from father's pocket?"

"Eh?" said Livingstone. "The ring? Oh, there were two rings. Your father will find his somewhere about, I fancy; I bought mine in New York. They told me they had sold another like it. By the way—" He halted for an instant with an uncomfortable frown.

"What?" said the girl.

"Why—your father!" said he. "Your people. They'll be furious, won't they? Since the thing has turned out in this absurdly serious fashion I'm in the position of—of having downright insulted you all."

"You needn't worry," said the girl, laughing again. "They'll forgive you—gladly. You're — Gerald Livingstone. Everybody knows about you. You could have burned the house down if you liked. They'd still forgive you. And besides, they need never know that it was you. You'll escape. They won't see you again. No one knows who you are but Eliz—Miss Verney and myself. She naturally will never tell, and I—"

"And you?" said Mr. Livingstone, bending his head to see her eyes.

"Why, I won't tell, either," said she. "So there you are. You win, after all, and it's a bigger thing than you'd hoped for. You will be able to make Mr. Jimmy Rogers hysterical with jealousy over it all."

"So I will, by Jove!" cried Mr. Livingstone, excitedly. "So I will! And," said he, "it's all *you*. I owe it all to you. What did you do it for?"

"Oh, I don't know," said the girl. "Just a fancy, I expect. Come, we must go!"

She led him out into the upper hall, leaving the door of the room ajar and the key on the floor as if it had been pushed out of the lock by some instrument from inside the room. And she took him to the other side of the house and down a narrow stair to an entry which he fancied must be near the back of the building.

"Here's the door," she said, looking up into his face. "You must go quickly before any one happens near." But she held the knob of the door and made no move to open it.

"By Jove!" said Mr. Livingstone, bending over her,—"by Jove! you're a—you're a—brick, you know! You—I've never known anything like you!"

"Nonsense!" said the youngest Miss Laurens, under her breath, but she did not open the door.

"Look here!" said Livingstone, after a moment, "I'm coming over to-morrow to make my peace with your people, to apologize and all that. Think they'll see me through?"

"Oh yes," said she. "We're—a bit new, you know, and you are Gerald Livingstone. Besides," she went on, "I don't see that it was so dreadful. It wasn't you made it unpleasant. But I don't see why— There's no need of your coming. You win as it stands now. You've no need to make peace with father."

"I want to come again," said Mr. Livingstone. "I want to come very often. By Jove! you—you *are* a brick, you know!" He put out his hand to hers,

which held the door-knob, and, imprisoning it, opened the door.

"I am glad you—think that," said the Laurens girl. "I'd rather you thought I was a—brick than—anything else I know of. Oh, you must go, before any one sees you!"

Mr. Livingstone, standing on the door-step, raised the two hands of the Laurens girl to his lips, and the Laurens girl said in a gasping whisper: "Oh no, no, no!" But she didn't pull her hands away.

"I'm going," said Livingstone, "but I shall see you again to-morrow—"

A church-bell, very far away across the fields, began, just then, to ring.

"—No," said Mr. Livingstone, "*to-day.* That's midnight. And, why, it's Christmas, Christmas!"

He kissed the Laurens girl's hands again.

"You're a—you're a—*dear!*" said Mr. Livingstone as if he meant it. "Merry Christmas—dear!"

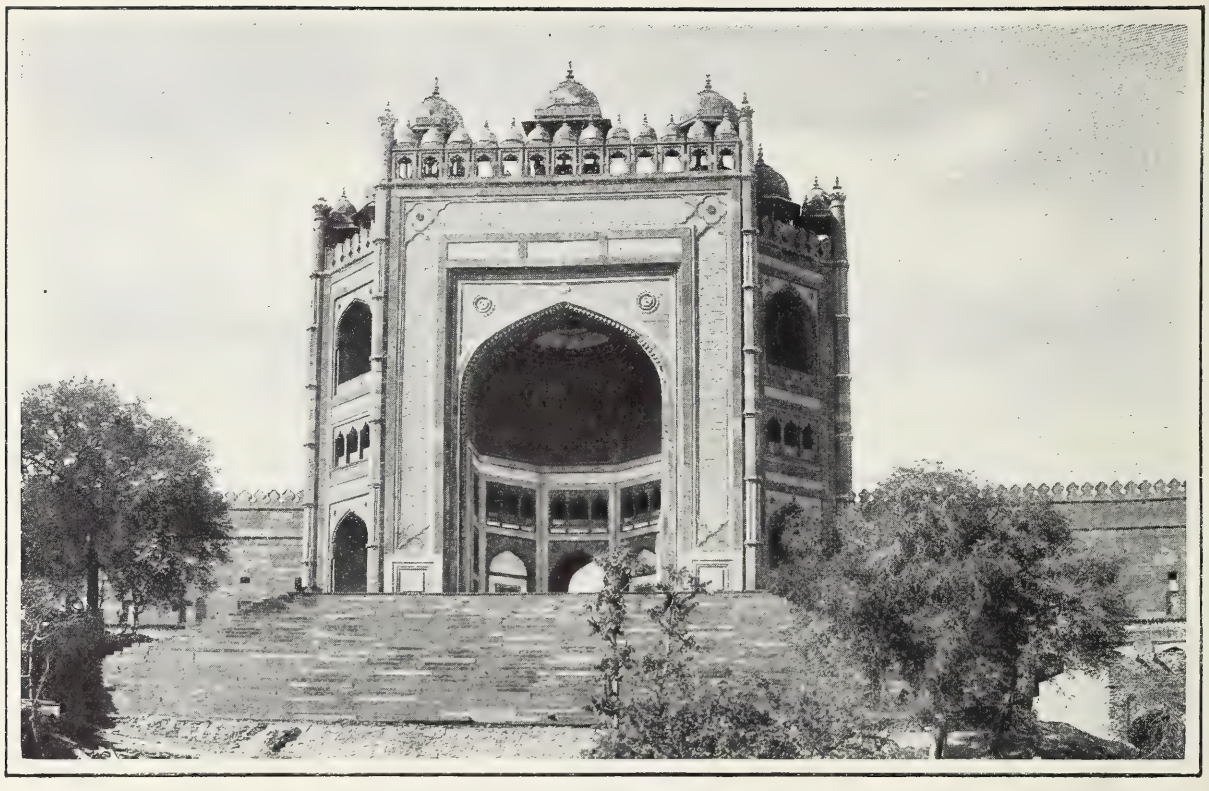
La Folie

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

HALF fun and half sorrow
Is La Folie,
There is no to-morrow
With La Folie;
And 'tis laugh while you may,
And weep when you must,
For we've only to-day,
And to-morrow we're dust—
Says La Folie.

Half good and half evil
Is La Folie,
Beware of the devil
In La Folie;
'Tis be good when you must,
And laugh all you can,
And put not your trust
In your enemy man—
Says La Folie.

Half tears and half laughter
Is La Folie,
O what comes after
For La Folie?
And 'tis give your heart,
Like a woman true,
And watch him break it
In half for you—
Says La Folie.



MAIN ENTRANCE TO FATEHPUR SIKRI

A Forgotten Capital of the Orient

BY CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

TWENTY-TWO miles by pony-tonga are nothing if by good hap you travel over one of the highways of Julal-ud-din Muhammed, "King of Kings and Shadow of God," because among the matters well understood of that sagacious monarch was the rare science of good roads. He did this for his own comfort, this hard, smooth, heavily shaded bit from Agra leading southwestward, for the fates decreed, rather strangely, that he should fare often that way, and he was one that, for all his gigantic and tireless exertions in the field, yet had mind at times upon his ease. It was he, Akbar the Great, to use the easy diminutive of his full hexametric name, who planted these trees across the baking level floor of India, and thereby cheered the heart of many a traveller who now goes up to the great sandstone ridge of Fatehpur Sikri and the bones of that good saint Sheikh Selim Chisti.

But while for the mere mortifying of the flesh this be not a pilgrimage much to be commended, in all other respects it does well enough. You start from Agra in the morning, the tonga rolls like a billiard-ball, and, for India, with incredible swiftness; and in the shade of Akbar's trees, in the freshened morning air and the sweet coolness, you can forget your bad breakfast and even conveniently overlook the bony ryot and his mud hut, and oblivious to your surroundings, bowl on at peace—if only the driver lose not his way in the city or one of the tonga's two wheels come not off.

Two hours and a little more will do it, bringing you, with but one change of ponies, plump upon the huge and splendid gate of Akbar's old capital—the gate that once looked down upon the most gorgeous pageantry in the world. Up this road in the old days the lines of swaying elephants came, literally loaded with king's ransoms, and Akbar returned incalculably rich from his marvellous campaigning.

At this gate he was welcomed by his loyal subjects, and in that gallery overhead sat the musicians to play for his triumph. On this red sandstone three hundred years have left few marks. The gate is as it was in the days of the greatest of the Great Mughals; the magnificent wall of Fatehpur Sikri, seven miles long, stretches away to right and left; and through the arch you can see something of the splendid palaces and handsome courts that made this, in its time, the most beautiful of cities.

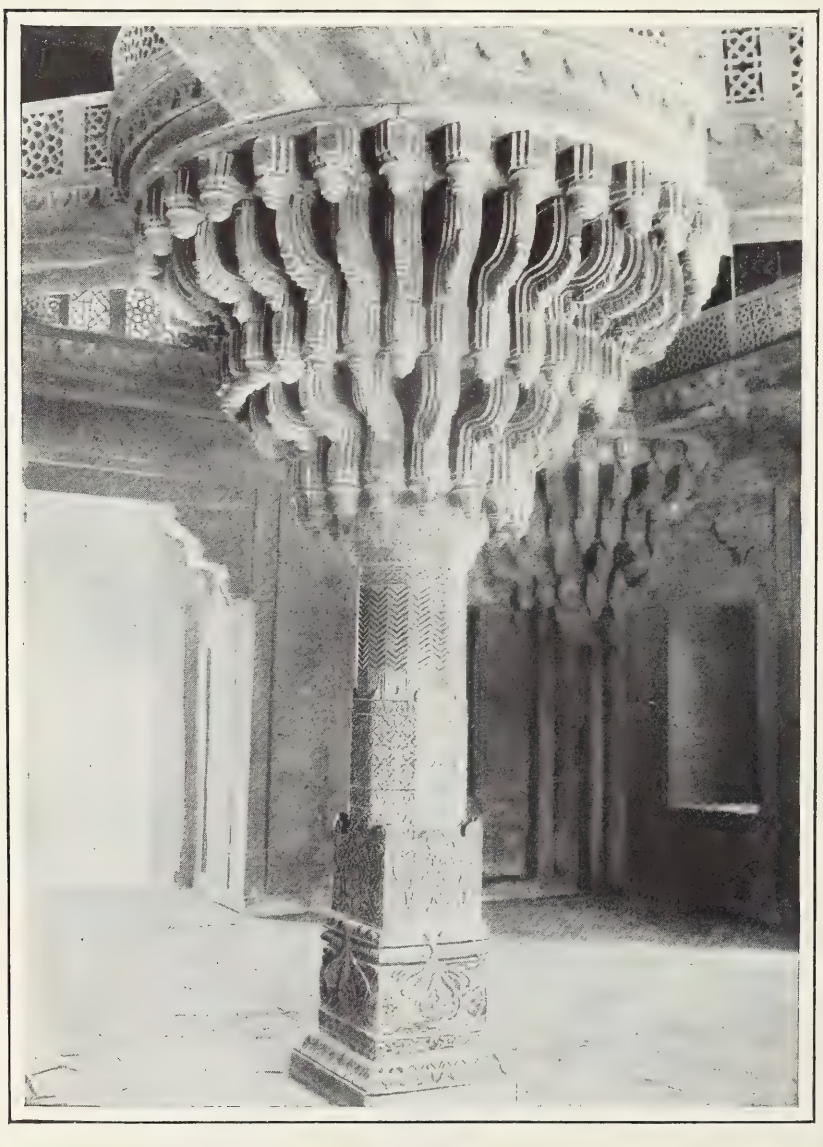
Formerly, on this sandstone ridge, you were lodged in the Record House of the lost Indian Empire, and slept, if at all, surrounded by the visible signs of Akbar's greatness. Then your cook made tea (very badly, no doubt) in the imperial hall, and your smoke helped to blacken the stone ceiling that was so justly framed and excellently wrought. But in these latter days the government has tardily built on the summit of the ridge a dak bungalow; and now, if you have brought bedding and mosquito-netting and ice and cooling drinks and other things here, you may simulate, though not too easily, the comforts of home. For so many as four days you may sit and, eating toast and buffalo butter, look through the low doorway upon the sizzling plains and the red walls visibly radiating heat and plague yourself with the baffling mystery of Fatehpur Sikri.

So far as you can go at all in these studies, the way is clear and inviting. As soon as the noonday heat is a little mollified you go forth to wander admiringly through the empty and silent streets of the city. From the great gate Akbar led the Via Sacra of his Rome past his mint on the right and his treasury on the left to his great Hall of Public Audience, the largest building of its kind in India—an imposing quadrangle 366 feet long and 181 feet wide. About three sides of this court are handsome single-storied cloisters, open towards the interior; and on the fourth is the audience-chamber proper, walled at the rear, open towards the court. In the centre is the raised and canopied platform where every day the Emperor sat to hear causes and to administer justice; for he alone was judge and jury. In adjoining spaces sat nobles, courtiers, and councillors after their order, and from these the Emperor was separated by screens of perforated stone—that marvellous work that puzzles and charms every Indian traveller. You know what it is, and how with a wire drawn back and forth the Indian patience has cut through sheets of stone the airy traceries of the most intricate designs, until the whole looks like petrified lace. But here, for almost the only instance in India, the cutting is done through red sandstone, and every observer stands amazed at the



WALL OF FATEHPUR SIKRI

infinite variety of the complex geometrical patterns. Behind the Emperor's throne more screens partition a place for the ladies of the court, who were thus privileged to see unseen the administration of justice and the brilliant and many-colored spectacle of the courtyard. Splendid beyond anything then known among men all visitors declared the pageant, for the space before the throne was filled with gorgeous soldiery, long lines of the Emperor's guards were ranged past the cloisters, the robes, insignia, and hangings were incomparably rich and costly, and the wealthiest kingdom of the world strove here to make lavish display of its resources. All the theatre of this bewildering show is still here; only the actors and the stage-settings have vanished. Dais, colonnades, cloisters, court —all remain untouched of time; even as you stand where Akbar sat you mark plainly down there to the left the great stone staple to which was tethered the elephant executioner, and you recall how many a wretch condemned by the Emperor-judge has been dragged thither shrieking, and by the great beast trampled to death in the faces of the gay assembly. Yet was Akbar, on just grounds, accounted most merciful of all Indian monarchs; he seems never to have slain wantonly nor from revenge, and his magnanimity shames the sorry record of Elizabeth or of any other of his European contemporaries. When one that from his hand had received every benefit revolted and led troops against him, the Emperor swiftly suppressed the rebellion, and capturing the traitor, disdained to take the least vengeance, but supplied his fallen enemy with means and sent him on a pilgrimage to Mecca.



PILLAR IN DIWAN-I-KHAS ON WHICH AKBAR ERECTED HIS THRONE
It stands in the centre of the building. Above are visible the balconies in which sat the four Counsellors of State

But that strange wild boyhood of Akbar's, so full of incredible romance and vicissitude, when for years he was a wanderer and ate the salt and bitter bread of exile, doubtless taught him a wisdom he could in no wise have gathered from prosperity. For the story of his amazing successes, and how, still a boy, he reconquered his stolen kingdom, there is, of course, no parallel in history; but even stranger than his military genius, fit almost to be ranked with Cæsar's or Napoleon's, was his liberality as a ruler. His family was of the extreme faith of Mohammed; he was the eighth in line of descent from the fierce Tamerlane; but early in his reign he startled India by proclaiming the absolute freedom of religious faith and abolishing all religious persecution. In England the days of Queen Mary were still a poignant reminiscence; the Smithfield fires smoked in



THE PANCH MAHAL
Place of recreation for the ladies of the court

men's nostrils; Elizabeth persecuted the Puritans; the Puritans persecuted the Quakers. Upon France had lately fallen the hideous blight of the massacre of St. Bartholomew; in Spain the Inquisition labored assiduously; elsewhere intolerance ruled undisputed. In the blackness of those times, Akbar seems to have shone with rare and grateful radiance.

To the Hall of Public Audience the common people came with their grievances, and for them, of a morning, the Emperor settled out of hand the disputed ownership of leases and adjudged the incorrigible debtor. This done, he was wont to retire to his Diwan-i-Khas, the Hall of Private Audience, or of Council. The palaces of all Eastern potentates contained these—the Diwan-i-Am for the trial of public causes and the relief of the common orders; the Diwan-i-Khas for matters of state and the receiving of ambassadors and powerful nobles. Akbar's Diwan-i-Khas was planned, as everything else in his monumental city, to be of its own kind and single. The small red sandstone building, some distance back of the Public Audience Hall, is handsomely carved within and without, and still shows in its centre the strong and elaborately ornamented pillar, perhaps ten feet high, whereon the Emperor placed his throne. From this seat he built slender stone walks, supported by carved brackets, and leading to the four corners of the chamber. In each corner sat one of the ministers of state, who, thus accessible for communication, were at the same time out of the centre of the stage, dearly beloved of the strenuous. Moreover, the arrangement had another advantage, of great practical value in a country where assassination was truly a fine art; for the Emperor's seat was reached by one flight of exceedingly steep and easily guarded stairs built into the wall, and once upon his pedestal he was out of the reach of any murderous suppliant below.

He had some taste for amusements, for all the grim nature of his daily labors; and outside the Diwan-i-Khas, on a raised platform connecting it with the other palace buildings, I found the huge parchesi-board he constructed of red and white stones, each three feet square, and in the centre an elevated seat whence he was wont to direct the movements of the game, in which all the pieces were impersonated by slave-girls of the court.

Tradition, which has dealt as ill with him as with anybody else, has assigned to his merry moods also the planning of the next building in the palace group, which, in size and outward design not unlike the Diwan-i-Khas, he is declared to have set apart for the playing of hide-and-seek with the court ladies.

But at this, a guide-book intimation, the learned Ahmud Riis, who went with me through Fatehpur Sikri, and to whom all these things are as the lore of childhood, shook his head—not too vigorously, for it was towards the end of the Month of Fasting, and he, a true Mohammedan, had no strength to waste in useless gesticulations, but strongly enough to signify utter dissent.

"It is nonsense!" he said; "quite nonsense!" He has been in England, and managed to pick up and distort some English tricks of speech. "Should he, the greatest and wisest of monarchs, build a palace for a play-room? Look—I show you." He took me to a window-seat and pointed to a hole in it and then to places that looked like the remains of closets. "This was for jewels," he said, "and this for the court insignia. Hide-and-seek! they would make a joke of him, and he was serious-minded — always; a grave, kind man. Look at his picture; you shall see."

With his other cares, the Emperor seems to have had thought for the comfort of the ladies of his household; they must have fared rather well. The loftiest, the most commodious, and the most imposing of the palace buildings he designed for their sole delectation. Five stories constitute this Panch Mahal, each smaller than that below it, so that the top is a kind of cupola, and the whole suggests a Burmese monastery—an effect rather rare in Indian architecture. One of the stories of the Panch Mahal is supported by half a hundred columns, of which no two are carved in the same pattern. Yet the good taste of all—how faultless!

But in these days European visitors to Fatehpur Sikri usually scant all other wonders of the palace until they shall have seen the "house of Miriam," the so-called Christian wife of Akbar. Of this myth the origin is probably less mysterious than its extraordinary vitality, for it seems, in truth, immortal. My Mohammedan friend sniffed scornfully at it, and said:

"You can make them believe anything about Akbar except that he had not a Christian wife. They come here and tell the guides about it. 'Four wives Akbar had,' they say, 'one Mohammedan, one Hindu, one Turkish, and one Christian—this Miriam. And here is where she lived.' You wait—I show you. It is nonsense, quite nonsense; but all the world seems to believe it, like truth."

Accepted tradition long ago declared "Miriam" to have been a Portuguese, sometime compromising with the impossible theory that she might have been a Portuguese half-caste of Goa, but usually averring pure European blood and always Christian faith. That the house declared to have been hers has among its mural paintings (an unusual form of decoration) the undeniable figure of a descending angel, easily believed to represent the Annunciation, is looked upon as conclusive evidence; and very likely even so filmy as this was the sole basis of the story. Mohammedans, to be sure, have no angels, and are strictly forbidden to picture or carve the image of any living thing, and Akbar was Mohammedan; yet the angel on Miriam's wall is as plain as may be. But the rest of the story is airy nothing. Miriam, so called, was really Mariam uz Zarnani, and she was not a Portuguese nor other Christian, but a native and princess of Jaipur in Rajputana. She was a Hindu, which was probably a sufficient eccentricity for any Mohammedan monarch. Mariam's house was gilded, lavishly painted, and surrounded with a garden. "Bir Bal's palace," another perfect specimen of Hindu architecture, presenting the square pillars, elaborately carved, the flat arches, and the profusion of images common in Hindu buildings, was erected for a wealthy native noble who was one of Akbar's friends and courtiers, and was killed in the imperial service. The Emperor's catholicity as to religion as well as friendship is shown again in this building, for here, as in Mariam's house, he retained all the emblems of the hated Hindu faith—the elephant, the monkey, the grotesque figures of Shiva, Brahma, and Kali. Another monarch reared as a Mohammedan would as lief have spoken ill

of the Prophet. For this Hindu wife he maintained, moreover, a priest of her own faith, who became one of Akbar's most intimate friends, and lodged in the imperial sleeping-apartments, no less!

Sultana Rakiyab, cousin and chief wife, lived in another house, now called the Palace of Jodh Bai, and one of the largest and most elaborate of the group, 232 feet long and almost as wide. The spacious reception-rooms, the infinite adornment of the Sultana's own chamber, the lavish outlay apparent everywhere, indicate that this building had the imperial architect's especial care. The Sultana's apartment has a fireplace — an addition, considering the climate, of exceedingly doubtful advantage. If the Sultana was of jealous disposition, she may have made more use of another feature of her dwelling, for at the rear a small room with stone-screen windows overhung Mariam's garden and commanded Mariam's residence.

For the Turkish queen, Akbar provided a house much smaller than Rakiyab's, but more lavishly decorated. Inside and out it is covered with carvings so intricate and beautiful as obviously to represent the labor of years. Its one chamber is adorned with panels that seem unsurpassable for beauty, the sandstone showing reliefs as bold and fine as the Brienz carvers make of wood. Even so early as this Akbar must have led all his court far from orthodoxy, for again on these panels are recurrent images of animal life, birds and beasts appearing as often as flowers. Yet the Turkish queen was certainly of strict Mohammedan training. Dear is the innovation now to eyes wearied by miles of the rigid rule as exhibited in mosques and tombs! Some odd but unmistakable resemblance to Chinese work in these carvings and even in the building's total design gave birth to a story that it was constructed by Chinese workmen. More likely, said Ahmud Riis, the Emperor, who seemed to know something of all architecture, chose a Chinese model to be used by his own skilled artificers. Sandstone would not seem the most promising material for these minute stems and filaments; but, except where mutilated by a fanatic, here it has wonderfully endured.

Compared with these marvels the Emperor's own dwelling, or Kwabgah, down



BIR BAL'S PALACE

Bir Bal was one of Akbar's favorite courtiers and lost his life in the Emperor's service

at the end of the irregular quadrangle of palaces and offices, looks commonplace —a two-storied structure, neither large nor sumptuous. You can climb to his bedroom, but you will not be much impressed by what is visible there. About the frieze are still to be seen remains of the paintings in which he took delight, and before one of them Ahmud Riis stopped, tapped his black cap, and declaimed with the satisfaction of one that has proved his point. The picture showed an angel, now much mutilated but once not ill done, and by the same hand, I should think, as the Annunciation on Mariam's house.

"What you say, eh?" said Ahmud. "If the angel proves Mariam a Christian, this proves Akbar a Christian also. Not? Well, I told you, it is quite nonsense."

Time and the fanatic have dealt so hardly with the other paintings that now no one can say what they showed beyond certain birds and flowers. Down-stairs, to the east, is the Emperor's dining-room, which is no great matter (since he ate but once in every twenty-four hours), and to the west is the apartment of the Hindu priest. He had a taste for poetry as well as for painting and architecture, this Emperor; you can still discern on his walls remains of quotations from the Persian poets, said to be judiciously selected. The covered ways that once connected the Emperor's house with the other palace buildings have been in recent years mostly demolished; I cannot guess why.

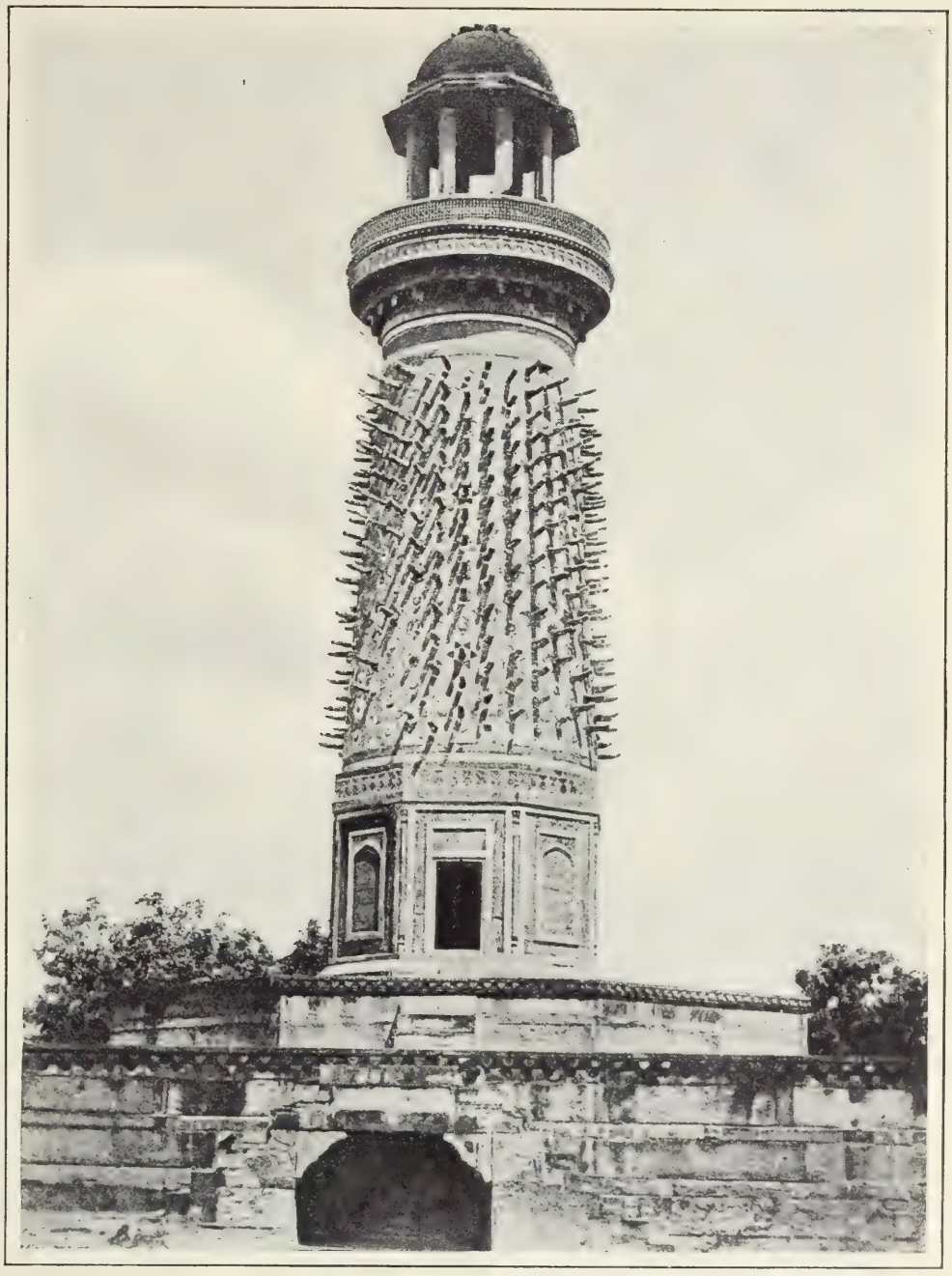
From Bir Bal's palace we went down the other side of the ridge to the plain, taking note of a powerful fortress that Akbar began, and at the special request of his friend, the good saint, left unfinished. Why the saint interfered nobody knows; perhaps he was a man of peace. Once at the bottom of the ridge, we came upon a strange round tower, seventy feet high, and thickly studded with elephant tusks done in stone. What it was meant for is one of the problems of Fatehpur Sikri, but in our day, at least, it serves to illustrate pleasantly the fact that in India you can make your own answer to every question. The accepted version of the tower's use is that safely ensconced upon its top Akbar was wont to do his hunting, the game (mostly antelope) being driven by beaters past the intrepid huntsman. Either the story corrupted the tower's name, or a corrupted name originated the story. To visitors the place is called Hiran Minar (Deer Tower), but a mention thereof merely aroused the scorn of the learned Riis. The real name, he said, is Harem Minar, but that does not explain its existence. From its adornment of elephants' tusks arose a supposition that Akbar buried beneath it the body of his favorite elephant; which may be easily true. But he did not shoot antelope nor other game from its roof for the reason that in his day an artificial lake, now dry, rolled to the tower's foot.

Near by is a large octagonal well, from which an ingenious arrangement of Persian wheels lifted the water-supply to the place through which it was conducted by pipes.

The road from the well and the Karawan Sarai Akbar defended by a great elephant gate, since much marred by the fanatics; and following this road back to the ridge, we came upon the great mosque which is the centre of the city's interest and mystery. It is very large and very stately, it has an enormous court and sweetly proportioned domes, its architecture most interestingly combines certain Hindu types with purest Mohammedan forms; but the one feature that overtowers all others and would arouse amazement and admiration in any age or any place is the great High Gate, or Gate of Victory, certainly one of the most impressive portals of the world and one of the notable works of man's hands, deserving to be classed with the Taj Mahal and the Parthenon. The top of the arch is 130 feet high; the utmost summit is 160 feet; the spread of the entrance is 60 feet. The red standstone columns seem unequalled for massive beauty even by the pillars of Milan or of Cologne. The ornamentation includes inscriptions from the Koran done in Arabic, and among them is one of this rather startling import:

"Jesus, on whom be peace, said: The world is a bridge. Pass over it, but build no house upon it. The world endures but an hour. Spend it in devotion."

From the human and romantic point



HAREM MINAR
The purpose of the tower is unknown. The projections are elephants' tusks

of view, the interest of this spot centres in the graceful white marble tomb that stands at one side of the court of the mosque, for here is buried Sheikh Selim, saint of Fatehpur Sikri, and hardly a king in India or elsewhere has a burial-place so noble. The walls are all of that same screen-work cut in marble, each screen presenting a different design; the roof and cornice are exquisitely turned, and, within, the cenotaph, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, seems fit for a deity. And here we come with one leap upon the whole strange story of Fatehpur Sikri and its fate, which turned in a way never to be revealed upon the man whose bones are hearsed in this magnificence. It was for him alone that this sandstone ridge became the capital of the vast Indian Empire, the centre of the golden East, the dazzling show-place of the most splendid of monarchs, and it may have been for him again that the city fell, though of that you shall be the judge.

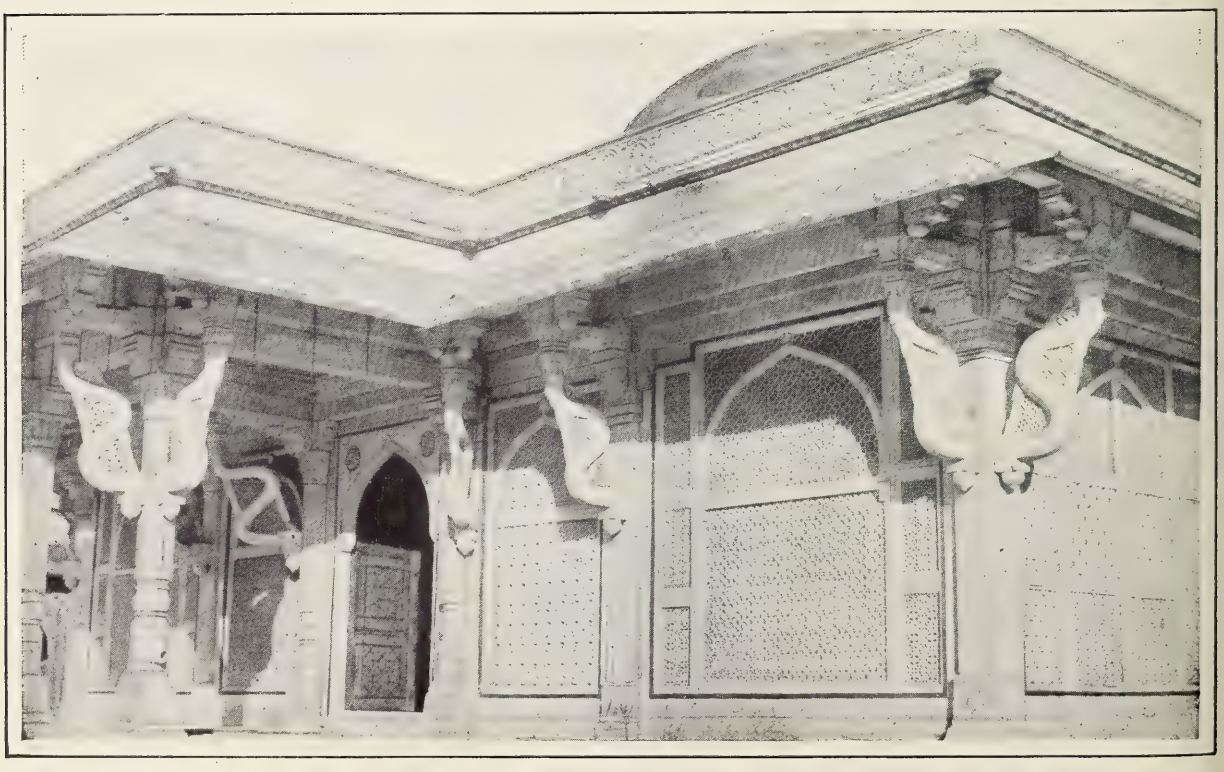
With all his liberality in religion this excellent Emperor was exceedingly pious (in his way), and one of his most fervent inclinings was towards Mohammedan saints. To one that dwelt at Ajmir he made so many pilgrimages, mostly on foot, that the road thither from his capital became known as "Akbar's way," and wherever else in his dominion one of the holy cloth was particularly famous he was reasonably certain of the imperial attention. Hence the saint of Fatehpur Sikri, at that time dwelling on the sand ridge in ascetic meditation, could hardly have escaped the Emperor's knowledge, because the saint was noted far and wide for learning and good works, and still more for successful intervention in the most important matter of male offspring. Now this was a subject on which Akbar was hardly sane. Fortunate in other respects, in this a black fate seemed to

pursue him. His sons died in infancy, his daughters lived and thrived; and he was consumed with desire to have a son for the succession of the empire. But, according to the story, the intercession of the good saint was amply rewarded in 1567, and a son was born in the imperial household that seemed likely to survive. Feeling a redoubled tie of friendship and gratitude, Akbar now desired to dwell always near one who had done so much for him, and therefore determined to move his capital to the ridge of sandstone.

Thus tradition and the trend of much conflicting testimony. Doubtless, like other men, he had more than one motive. He was now in the full tide of his glory, his mark was laid indelibly on India, the eyes of the world were turned upon him, and he resolved to build a city that, having grandeur and beauty commensurate with his fame, should endure to the ages as his monument. His plans must have been carefully matured through many years; hardly is there another extant example of a city built out of hand upon a scale so great and so wholly admirable. He was his own supervising architect, he selected and unified all the designs, and the wonderful result is as truly his creation as if it had been a poem of his dreaming.

The building of it was completed in 1571, and the imperial occupation took place. The beautiful city represented years of thought, the toil of thousands of the most skilled artisans of India had been spent upon it, the best architectural talent of that architectural age had brooded upon it; the result was one of the magnificent cities of the world, a kind of architectural dream, the ideal of uniform design and finish that has always seemed so impossible. It was the crown of Akbar's reign, the monument of his greatness, the expression of his glory and power.

Sixteen years Akbar, his court, and his people dwelt in Fatehpur Sikri. There might have been 250,000 inhabitants; I do not know; there was room for a million. And then in a day, as it were, the living part of all this glory vanished. The Emperor mounted his gem-laden elephant and rode away, the hangings were stripped from the walls, slim hands drew the jewels from those deep receptacles in the window-seats, the court ladies climbed into their curtained howdahs, the shopkeepers emptied their shops, the plain ordinary inhabitants betook themselves to bullock-carts or walked, and left the straight streets and beautiful courts of Fatehpur Sikri to the jackal.

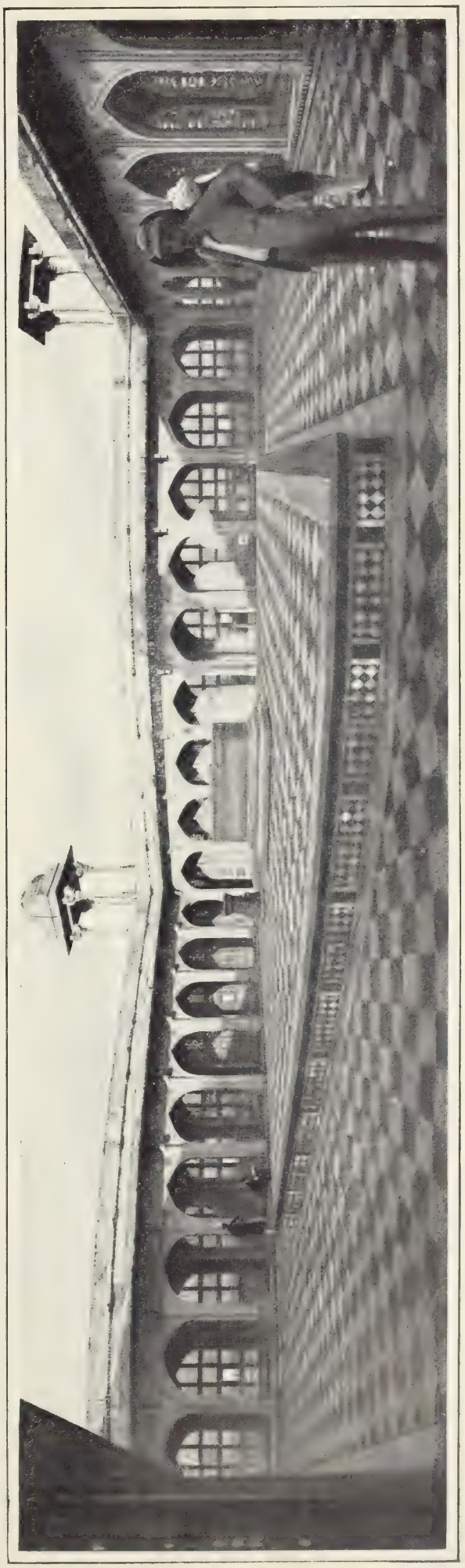


TOMB OF THE SAINT SHEIKH SELIM

The detail of decoration is all in white marble. The perforated stone patterns are among the best in India

The Emperor had ordered it. He had determined to make once more his capital at Agra. Why, no man may know. About the case of the plain, ordinary inhabitants, to be sure, there is no mystery; they went, poor, driven things! because they were commanded to go, and for the like sufficient reason would have marched into the sea or through fire. But as to what induced Akbar to abandon a creation so magnificent and famous, imagination fails. Fifty debated suppositions have fifty fatal flaws. Fitch, one of the four emissaries that the curious Elizabeth sent to spy out the strange land and make discoveries about Akbar, said that the water-supply proved brackish and unusable, but this has been denied by learned Mohammedans, like Ahmud Riis, who aver that the water-supply is still there, ample and good enough—for India. It has been urged that in sixteen years the sanitation of the place became intolerably bad; but the mind of man cannot grasp the idea that the sanitation of Fatehpur Sikri then was worse than the sanitation is now in Delhi, Agra, Cawnpore, Benares, or any one of one hundred Indian cities from which has never been an exodus. The unsanitary conditions that would expel an Indian population would smell to heaven and elsewhere. Learned Mohammedans have quite a different theory. They say that Sheikh Selim was now dead. For some time the Emperor endured the environment that was in so melancholy a way suggestive of his lost bosom friend, but finding that every sight did but remind him of his bereavement, he resolved to leave a place in which he had been happy and should now be happy no more.

Far-fetched and even fantastical as this may seem, I do not know that it is impossible, so complex and extraordinary was the character by which all these matters were determined. It appears that while the Mohammedan saint was truly his dearest friend and he was making pilgrimages to Ajmir, Akbar maintained intimate friendship with his Hindu priest and sat for hours with a Hindu garu, or teacher, and yet, meantime, was meditating heresy to both religions. For years he had dwelt much in his thought upon the relation of religion to human happiness. At different times he had



THE TOMB OF AKBAR, AT SIKANDRA, IN WHICH THE KOH-I-NOOR FORMERLY REPOSED

sent for Jewish and Christian philosophers and had listened studiously to their expositions and arguments. He now ended by founding a new religion of his own devising, the purpose of which was to combine the best ideas of Mohammedanism, Judaism, and Christianity. It had for its motto, "Allah-uddhin Akbar" ("God is greatest"), and its essential principles were the cardinal virtues and deism. While he lived his sect apparently sent root abroad and flourished, as very likely, considering his long sword, it would have flourished if it had been any other form of worship. But it was observed, even in his lifetime, that only one Hindu of note abandoned the religion of his fathers to accept the new dispensation, and at once upon its founder's death the sect collapsed.

Some other matters remain to be noted as of possible significance in these considerations. By this beautiful white marble mausoleum in the mosque there, Akbar sought to express his satisfaction with the good saint's intercession in the matter before referred to, for in the opinion of the Emperor the son of Queen Mariam survived to his wish and grew to man's estate, being subsequently the Emperor Jehangir. The phraseology seems peculiar, but is justified, since a considerable part of the present generation does not share the Emperor's belief in this matter. It appears that about the time Mariam's boy was born the saint also became the father of a fine son—celibacy, by the way, not being practised by the Mohammedan priesthood. The saint declared that if the imperial baby were delivered into his sole hands, he would guarantee its survival. Doubtless you see the materials for one of the most familiar of romances. One of the babies died, the other lived. According to the saint, he sacrificed his own son to save the life of his master's. The tomb of a baby, ostensibly and presumably the tomb of the saint's offspring, stands in a little court just back of the mosque, constituting a somewhat unusual honor. It is tolerable evidence that some infant died and was buried, but, perhaps not strangely, the belief is common about Fatehpur Sikri that even the high character of the saint was not proof against so great a temptation, and that when Akbar died the imperial throne of India was mounted by a man of humble origin.

However this may be, certainly neither Jehangir nor any of his descendants bore resemblance to Akbar. Rather oddly, but a phenomenon not without precedent, when his grinding anxiety about an heir was relieved the Emperor had other sons; and, fact still more notable, the child for whom he had so ardently longed darkened the last years of his life by heading a rebellion and trying to depose him. The unfilial fashion thus set was continued by all the others of the imperial line to the sombre and barbarous Aurangzeb, who imprisoned his father seven years.

All these were strict Mohammedans: fanaticism and bigotry in startling contrast with Akbar's liberalism grew upon the Great Mughals, and when Aurangzeb came to the throne his chiefest delight seemed to lie in undoing the work of the "King of Kings." Fatehpur Sikri was then long abandoned to the things of the desert, the grass grew thick in its silent streets, but Aurangzeb's was the hand that mutilated in the beautiful city every work of art that did not conform to the strict and narrow Mohammedan precepts. He it was who broke in pieces the two excellent stone elephants once guarding the Elephant Gate, who with mallet and chisel ruined the carved birds and beasts in the house of Bir Bal and the house of the Turkish queen, and hacked the paintings that might have thrown additional light upon the state of art in India three hundred years ago.

But the beautiful city remains, the Pompeii of the Orient, the intimate record of a vanished civilization, the mute historian of life, manners, and conditions. Almost as Akbar left them the palaces still front the sun, the streets wind down the ridge, the towers and exquisitely turned minarets look keen and perfect against the blue sky. When their creator died men built for the Napoleon of India that great mausoleum at Sikandra of which the crown was the Koh-i-noor. His most perfect monument was the ideal he left of a government directed in the interests of the people and the dream of a universal brotherhood; but in things material there could be no apter expression of the better side of his character than the stone poems of Fatehpur Sikri.

The Ninety-Ninth Notch

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

YOUNG Eli Flack was in haste upon the road from Gaunt Cove to Burnt Harbor by night in a gale of wind and rain. It was a rough road scrambling among forsaken hills: a path made by chance, narrow and crooked, wind-swept or walled by reaching spruce limbs, which were wet and cold and heavy with the drip of the gale. Dark and the sweeping rain and the complaint of the black hills; the road, perverse to hurrying feet; the wind in the black sky; the mystery of the uninhabited places; the approach of death —these terrors made the child whimper his fright. It was blowing high from the northeast, and the night was black —noisy, restlessly driving: out of patience and to be feared. He ran—splashing through the puddles, stumbling over protruding rock, crawling over the hills: an unpitying course, over which he was whipped by fear and the need of haste. He tripped upon a root and went tumbling down Lovers' Hill, coming to in a muddy torrent from Quid Nunc . . . and presently, from the crest of the Cross Bones, he caught sight of the lights of the Burnt Harbor meeting-house: whereupon, like a pious Newfoundlander, he thanked the great white God for the unmerited mercy and forgot the terrors of the way. The meeting-house windows glowed warm and cheerful in the scowling night. . . .

Rain and cold were barred out of the Burnt Harbor meeting-house. It was warm in the bare interior, and bright with lamps; and the scream of the wind was in agreeable contrast with the snoring stove—the higher the wind, the heartier the stove. Parson Lute, of Yellow Tail Tickle, a genius in the strategy of conversion, was persuading the seven shepherds of Black Bay, gathered in district meeting to determine why the devil still persisted, and to devise ways and means for ousting him from the hearts of the folk, and to report same to the impending conference — persuading them, every one, that the spread of saving grace might surely be accomplished, from Toad Point to the Scarlet Woman's Head, by means of unmitigated doctrine and more artful discourse. "Brethren," said he, with a snap of the teeth, his bony hand clenched and shaking above his gigantic head, "con-*vict* 'em! Anyhow. In any way. By any means. *Save* 'em! That's what we want in the church. Beloved," he proceeded, his voice dropping to a hissing whisper, his flaring eyes transfixing the six spellbound shepherds of Black Bay, "save 'em. *Con*-vict 'em!" His head shot forward; it was a red, bristly head, with the hair growing low on the brow, like the spruce of an overhanging cliff. "It's the only *way*," he concluded, "to save 'em!" He was a youngish man, threadbare and puckered of garment—a quivering little aggregation of bones and blood-vessels: with a lean, lipless, high-cheeked face, its pale surface splashed with freckles; green eyes, red rimmed, the lashes sparse and white; wide, restless nostrils. In the passion of argument or appeal, by some perversity of the gentle spirit within, his fantastic countenance turned fearsome; in repose, it was sweet-eyed and tender: so that it haunted the children of Yellow Tail Tickle in the dark, with the threat of damnation, but smiled upon them, to their delight, in the sunshine. "I'm hungry for souls!" he shouted from his seat, as an afterthought; and 'twas plain he would have said more had not a spasmodic cough put an end to his ecstasy.

"Praise God!" they said.

"'Low I got a cold," Parson Lute gasped.

Parson Stump, of Burnt Harbor, the secretary, who had the report to the conference in hand and ever ambitiously

in mind, made this note: "Church needs more soul-hunger."

"Good!" thought he, as he jabbed the period. "Soul-hunger. I'll use that."

Eli Flack knocked. "Some one at the door," the chairman drawled.

It had been a timid knock, according to the nature of the folk—scarcely asserting itself above the rattle of the windows, but repeated with greater courage.

"One moment," said Parson Stump.

Parson Wile, of Doubled Arm, who was upon his feet, clearing his throat, sat down, somewhat hurriedly. It was always the way, he mused—a fleeting impatience, at once forgot.

"One moment, Brother Wile," Parson Stump apologized, with a jerk of the head, "*if* you please!"

Parson Wile bowed.

"Brother Wile," the chairman declared, as he opened his pocket-knife, "you got the floor."

They waited in silence while Parson Stump tripped lightly over the worn cocoanut matting to the rear—perturbed, a little frown of impatience and bewilderment gathering between his eyes. The tails of his shiny black coat brushed the varnished pine pews, whereto, every Sunday, the simple folk of Burnt Harbor, cleansed of the sweat of the sea, came to be fed the wisdom of Parson Stump (which they called the bread of life), verily believing that they would not return empty. . . . And when he opened the door the wet wind broke in; it ran under the pews and chilled the shanks of the six shepherds of Black Bay, and made the lamps flare and smoke, and fluttered the papers on the table; intruding upon the warmth and peace of the place—a menace to fervor and deep thought. The six shepherds shivered; there was a little mutter of complaint: it concerned the draught. Parson Wile glanced at the wood-box—and, reassured, sighed without knowing it: the box was full to the brim. And he folded his arms, and dropped his head over his breast, and wondered whether or not the folk of Doubled Arm would in the name of God both feed and clothe his young ones through the winter. He was not aware of it, of course, but the problem was the most perplexing confronting him; the devil was as nothing to it.

"Dirty weather!" the chairman growled.

Presently Parson Stump returned. "Very awkward," said he. "Really, I'm very sorry." He scratched his head, fore and aft—bit his lip. "I'm called to Gaunt Cove," he explained, pulling at his nose. "I'm sorry to interrupt the business of the meeting, just at this time, but I don't see how it can be got around. I s'pose we'd better adjourn until such a time as—until such a time as I—"

"What?" said the chairman; and Parson Stump jumped at the click of the yellow teeth. "Adjourn?" the chairman inquired.

The chairman was a large man, heavily eyelidded, big-paunched, and of rather unfortunate manner; not, however, incongruous with his teeth and his paunch. He was inclined, even, as the six other shepherds whispered in one another's ears, to be domineering.

"Why, *yes,* brother!" Parson Stump mildly protested. "Adjourn until such a time as I—"

"Oh no, brother!"

Parson Stump was interested in the report for its own sake; also he had ingenuously made known his hope that the impression upon the conference might lead to his—

"No?" he asked, blankly.

The chairman blew his nose.

"But," complained the bewildered Parson Stump, "I'm the secretary!"

Upon which the chairman turned up his eyes and devoted his attention and the point of a knife-blade to an aged molar.

"No?" sighed Parson Stump.

"Oh no, brother! Brother Wile, you was about to give your impressions. Go right ahead. Brother Lute, you're a good hand with the pen; you be secretary. I guess you're able to write a report—and read it, too."

Parson Stump's larger sphere of usefulness vanished. "Well, brethren," he said, smiling bravely, "I can't very well *stay.* It's a case of—of—spiritual consolation."

"Ah!" ejaculated Parson Lute.

"And I—"

"Now, Brother Wile," the chairman interrupted, "we're ready to hear *you.*"

"One moment!" said Parson Lute, rising. He struggled to suppress his cough.

"Excuse me," he gasped. And, "I don't quite see, brethren," he proceeded, "how this meeting can get along without the services of Brother Stump. It seems to me that this meeting *needs* Brother Stump. I am of opinion that Brother Stump owes it to the cause in general, and to the clergy of this district in particular, to report this discussion to the conference. It is my conviction, brethren, that Brother Stump—by his indefatigable industry; by his thorough acquaintance with the matters under discussion; by his spiritual insight into problems of this character; by his talent for expression — ought to be present through the whole of this discussion, in its entirety, and ought to present the views of this body to the conference *in person.*" And, "Look here, Brother Stump," he concluded, turning: "why can't *I* make this call for you?"

Eli Flack, in the rear pew, with jaw hanging, wondered what it was all about.

"Well, of course, you *could,* Brother Lute," Parson Stump admitted, his face beginning to clear; "but really, I—"

"Oh, come now, brother!"

"Brother Lute," said Parson Stump, with sincere affection, "I don't like to think of you on the road to Gaunt Cove to-night. I tell you, it—it—goes against the grain. You're not well, brother. You're not well at all. And it's a long way—and there's a gale of wind and rain outside—"

"Come, come, now!"

"A *dirty* night," Parson Stump mused.

"But it's the Lord's business!"

"Of course," Parson Stump yielded, "if you *would* be so kind, I—"

Parson Lute's face brightened. "Very well," said he. "It's all settled. Now, may I have a word with you? I'll need some pointers." To the five shepherds: "One moment, brethren!"

They moved toward the rear. The chairman yawned, and began to run the point of the blade under his finger-nails. Parson Wile's thoughts slipped again to Doubled Arm. In the aisle, beyond hearing of Eli Flack, Parson Lute put his arm over Parson Stump's shoulder.

"Now," said he, briskly, "pointers!"

"Yes," Parson Stump agreed. "Well, you'll find my oilskins hanging in the hall. Mrs. Stump will give you the lantern—"

"No, no! I don't mean that. Who is this person? Man or woman?"

"Girl," said Parson Stump.

"Ah!"

Parson Stump whispered in Parson Lute's ear. Parson Lute raised his eyebrows. And the whisper had made him sad; but—

"Boy or girl?" he asked, again alert.

"Boy—a three-year-old."

"Has she repented?"

"No."

At once the battle light began to shine in Parson Lute's eyes. "I see," he snapped. "This the first?" he demanded.

"No—I can't say that it is. Really, it's rather a depraved case, I'm afraid. The first one died. She's a simple person—not altogether idiotic, of course; just a bit simple. And after it died she missed it so much that she—well, she wanted anoth—"

"I see," Parson Lute hastily interrupted. "An interesting case. Very sad, too. And you've not been able to convict her?"

Parson Stump shook his head.

"No impression whatever?"

It was inconsiderate of Parson Lute, Parson Stump thought, to compel a confession so humiliating; but—

"No, brother," he answered.

"Ever converted before?"

"Twice."

"Cause of backsliding?"

"I have told you, brother."

"I see," said Parson Lute, tapping his nose reflectively. "Well, I think I may be able to do something." He began to crack his finger joints. "Tried everything you know?" he asked.

"Yes, brother."

Parson Lute's thin lips drew away from his teeth. "I'll get at her through the child," he muttered. "That's it! I'll get at her through the child!"

"God bless you, brother!"

"God bless you, *dear* brother! Pray for me."

Parson Stump's eyes were turned upon the chairman. "Yes, brother," said he, doubtfully, "if—"

"God bless you!"

They shook hands; and Eli Flack, who had been observing the rise of emotion with some apprehension, was glad, indeed, that it had gone no further.

By night, in a gale of wind and rain

from the northeast, was no time for Parson Lute, of Yellow Tail Tickle, to be upon the long road to Gaunt Cove; nor even for a layman consumptive—nor for any other man. But the rough road, and the sweep of the wind, and the steep ascents, and the dripping limbs, and the forsaken places, lying hid in the dark, and the mud and torrents, and the knee-deep, miry puddles, were not perceived by Parson Lute while he stumbled on in the wake of Eli Flack, a shifting circle of yellow light comprehending the whole earth. He was praying—importunately, as it is written: this, that he might save the soul of the Gaunt Cove girl. She was dying. "Dyin', zur, I 'low," Eli Flack had said; "an' I 'low 'twouldn't s'prise *me* a wonderful lot," he added, in disgust, "if she goes an' doos it afore we gets there." Parson Lute, to whom death was infinitely different, made this swift interpretation: her soul was escaping. And he made haste; he would pause only at the crests of the hills—to cough and to catch his breath. Eli Flack was hard driven that night—straight into the wind, with the breathless parson forever at his heels. It puzzled him; the dogged haste of this exalted man gave strange importance to the concerns of 'Melia Mull, at whom he had often thrown the entrails of fish, with playfully accurate aim. . . . And at the Cock's Crest, whence the road tumbled down the cliff to Gaunt Cove, the wind tore the breath out of Parson Lute; and the noise of the breakers, and the white of the sea beyond, without mercy, contemptuous, confused him utterly. He fell. . . .

'Melia Mull had rallied: her breath came without wheeze or gasp; the beating of her broken-down heart no longer shook the bed. They had troubled her with questions—and she was now turned sullen: lying rigid and scowling, with her eyes fixed upon the whitewashed rafters, straying only to keep watch on an ill-tempered child, which sprawled on the floor and would not come to her. She was young—a big maid, with a round, flat face, set with dull blue eyes, sunk deep and unequally; and her lip was cleft, her chin misplaced, her forehead indented and asymmetrical. . . . The cottage was set on a ledge of the cliff; it sagged toward the edge, as if to peer at the breakers; and clammy little draughts stole through the cracks in the floor and walls, and crept about, curiously searching out the uttermost corners. The room was cold. It was a poor place—a bare, unkempt, disjointed box of a room, low-ceiled and shadowy, the walls pasted over with faded newspapers; with an outlook upon the sea through one small window, black-paned and whipped with rain and spray. . . . But 'Melia was better. There was no doubt about it. Skipper Thomas Mull, asleep by the kitchen stove, was not there to know; but the five women of Gaunt Cove, who had gathered to ease and observe her departure (she was motherless), agreed that she might once again weather it out.

"If," Aunt Phœbe Flack qualified, "she's let *be*."

"Like she done last time," said William Buttle's wife. "Ah, this heart trouble! You never knows. 'Tis slow an' suddent. I 'low our watchin's wasted. She'll be up an' about afore us knows it."

"*If*," Aunt Phœbe repeated, "she's let be."

"Hark!"

"'Tis the parson," said Aunt Phœbe, "comin' down from the Cock's Crest."

Parson Lute left his oilskins in the kitchen. When he entered he came softly, wiping the rain from his face and hands, 'Melia's father at his heels. He was worn out and downcast, for no inspiration had been vouchsafed in answer to his prayer. The five women of Gaunt Cove, taken unaware by this stranger, stood in a flutter of embarrassment. He shook hands with them, and upon each bestowed a whispered blessing—being absently said, however; and they sat down and smoothed their skirts and folded their hands, all flushed and shaking with expectation: after all, the watching was not to be fruitless of entertainment. Parson Lute was for a moment unnerved by the critical attitude of his audience—made anxious for his reputation; a purely professional concern, inevitably habitual. In response, he felt the stirring of inspiration, which failed as he turned to 'Melia Mull and realized her deformity and came near the bed. The Lord had set him a hard task, he thought;

but he had no contempt, no lack of love, for the soul the Lord had given him to lose or save; he was earnest and kind.

"Child!" he said tenderly.

'Melia Mull threw the coverlet over her head, so that only the tangled fringe of her black hair was left to see; and she began to laugh. She was half-witted —poor wretch! Parson Lute uncovered the head, and gently withdrew from 'Melia Mull's mouth a corner of the sheet with which she had tried to stifle her merriment. It was wet; he wiped his hand on the skirt of his coat. 'Melia turned her face to the wall.

"You isn't Parson Stump," she tittered.

"Turn your face this way," said Parson Lute.

She laughed uproariously.

"This way," said Parson Lute.

'Melia Mull wriggled her shoulders and wiggled her toes. "Go 'way!" she tittered. "Go on with you!" She hid her flaming face. "You didn't ought t' see me in bed!" she gasped. "Go 'way!"

"My child," said Parson Lute, patiently, "turn your face this way."

She would not. "Git out!" said she.

"This way!" Parson Lute repeated.

It had been a quiet, slow command, not to go unheeded. The five women of Gaunt Cove stiffened with amazement. They exchanged glances — exchanged nudges. The laughter ceased. All the women of Gaunt Cove waited breathless. There was silence; the commotion was all outside—wind and rain and breakers; a far-off passion, apart from the poor comedy within; the only sound in the room was the wheezing of the girl on the bed. 'Melia turned. Her brows were drawn, her eyes angry; the cleft lip was lifted. Aunt Phœbe Flack, from her place at the foot of the bed, heard the ominous wheeze in her throat and observed the labor of her heart; and she was concerned, and nudged William Buttle's wife, who would not heed her.

"'Tis not good for her," Aunt Phœbe whispered.

"'Sh-h!" was the impatient response.

"Now," said the parson, "hear the word of the Lord!"

"You leave me be!" 'Melia Mull complained.

Parson Lute took her hand—a great rough hand, with distorted fingers, and sore cracks on knuckles and palm. It was in his mind to stroke it comfortingly. But at once she broke into bashful laughter, and he dropped it—and frowned.

"Child," he cried, in distress, "don't you know that you are dying?"

Her glance ran to the child on the floor. The boy was sound asleep, lying on his back, with his mouth open and his arms flung out. She turned to the parson—an apathetic gaze fixed upon his restless nostrils.

"How is it with your soul?" he asked.

Her glance moved swiftly to his eyes, and instantly fled to his red hair, where it remained, fascinated.

"Are you trusting in your Saviour's love?"

She listlessly stared at the rafters. He was hopeless of arousing her, but would yet try.

"Have you been washed in the blood of Jesus?" he asked.

The child began to cry. 'Melia Mull's apathy vanished. "Give un here," she said.

"No, my child," the parson gently protested. He was unwise—that is all; he did not understand, and is not to be blamed. In all that occurred at the bedside of 'Melia Mull that night he followed the leading of love and high desire; he was not reprehensible—he was only mistaken. "This is not the time," said he. He bent over her and touched her hand, his voice falling to a tender, wistful whisper. "Turn your heart away from these earthly affections," he pleaded. "Fix your eyes upon Jesus."

"I wants the baby," she gasped.

"You have no time, my child, to think of him."

"I wants the baby."

"Nay," the parson gently chided. "Oh," he implored, overcome by a sudden realization of the nature and awful responsibility of his mission, "think of your soul!"

"I wants the baby!"

Aunt Phœbe rose.

"No," said the parson, quietly.

Aunt Phœbe sat down again. Four women of Gaunt Cove caught their breath. They were wise, and wondered. Aunt Phœbe's teeth snapped. Thomas Mull snored; he had fallen asleep in his

chair—he was not heartless; it was late, and the day's toil had utterly exhausted him. A gust of wind shook the house to its crazy foundations and drove the crest of a breaker upon the window-panes, but the emotions within were absorbing.

"Give un here!" 'Melia Mull pleaded.

"Fix your eyes upon Jesus," begged the parson.

Surpassing incongruity — the tender name spoken in pitiably ignorant seeking of a consummation in itself beyond reproach!

"Trust Him, my child."

All the anger had gone out of 'Melia Mull's eyes. They were filled with wonder and apprehension. Flashes of intelligence appeared and failed and came again; with her poor botch of a mind she desperately tried to solve the mystery of this refusal. Some delusion possessed her. Alarm changed to despair. She rose in bed, but put her hand to her heart and fell back.

"Give un to me!" she whimpered.

Aunt Phœbe Flack, being of a practical turn, not to be overcome by religious spectacle, observed that however salutary this excitement for the soul of 'Melia Mull, it was directly opposed to the welfare of her body.

"He better stop it!" she muttered.

There were four simultaneous snorts of indignation. Four women of Gaunt Cove murmured against her. Eight eyes were turned up, eight hands lifted.

"He's *savin'* her!" William Buttle's wife whispered, excitedly. "He'll convict her. I 'low he will." Elsewhere born, she would have been willing to wager it. "You watch," said she. "You jus' wait an' see."

"An' Parson Stump couldn't," Jinny Tool suggested. "I seen un wrastle with she for an hour an' forty-three minutes. So there now!"

Eight Gaunt Cove eyes regarded the parson from Yellow Tail Tickle with unspeakable admiration. Four Gaunt Cove hearts deliciously fluttered. There was a little stir; the four Gaunt Cove bodies had been more comfortably settled in the hard chairs.

"Well," Aunt Phœbe drawled, "he better look out."

"But he'll *save* her!" William Buttle's wife complained.

"Now, do give un a chancet," said Jinny, tartly. "For gracious' sake, shut your mouth!"

'Melia Mull's hair had fallen over her eyes. It was luxuriant, glossy, alluring as mysterious shadows; her only beauty —the hand of God had not fashioned a greater glory of that kind, but her affliction had saved her at least from the disquietude of this vanity. The parson brushed it back. She shuddered. Her skin shrank from his touch. But it was still a tender touch—animated by love and truest concern. Parson Lute courageously faced the problem of 'Melia Mull—for which his philosophy had no answer, though he did not know it. She could not save herself: her weakness appealed to him; with his whole heart he longed for her salvation. The hearts of men contain no love more sweet and valuable. But—

"Do you know the portion of the wicked?" he asked, softly, without harshness whatsoever.

"Yes, zur."

"What is it?"

She sought to placate him. "Hell," she answered.

"And are you prepared for the change?"

It was a familiar question. 'Melia's conversion had been diligently sought. At Gaunt Cove there was the impression that merit might be won in that way. Parson Stump had troubled her, and Thomas Mull, her father, and all the women of Gaunt Cove; and each had been jealous of the other. But the lean face of Parson Lute, and the fear of what he might do, and the solemn quality of his voice, and his sincere and simple desire, so impressed 'Melia Mull that she was startled into attention.

"Yes, zur," she said.

It puzzled Parson Lute. He had been otherwise informed. The girl was surely not in a state of grace. She had not repented.

"You have cast yourself upon the mercy of God?" he asked.

"No, zur."

"Then how, my child, can you say that you are prepared?"

There was no answer.

"You have been washed in the blood of the Lamb?"

"No, zur."

"But you say that you are prepared?"

"Yes, zur."

"You have repented of your sin?"

"No, zur."

Parson Lute turned impatient. "And yet," he demanded, "you expect to go to heaven?"

"No, zur."

"*What!*" cried Parson Lute.

"No, zur," she said.

Parson Lute was incredulous. "To hell?" he asked.

"Eh?" said 'Melia Mull.

"To *hell?*"

'Melia Mull hesitated. By some direct and primitively human way her benighted mind had reached its determination. But still she hesitated—frightened somewhat, it may be, by the conventionality of Gaunt Cove and Burnt Harbor.

"Yes, zur," said she. "Most men goes there."

"But you," said he, in amaze, "are not a man!"

Again her glance ran to the child. "The baby is," she said. "I lost the first. She was a girl. An' I 'low," she explained, with a gesture toward the blubbering child on the floor, "I don't want t' be parted from he!"

Four women of Gaunt Cove gasped.

Parson Lute was overcome by this impiety. He was not unkind, not lacking in compassion and simple understanding, but he was a parson, fettered by the ancient customs which still linger in far-off places. He dropped on his knees beside 'Melia Mull's bed and began fervently to pray aloud. Four women of Gaunt Cove kneeled with him; but one sat upright, with an eye upon 'Melia Mull's breast, which was significantly heaving, and upon her throat, where the great vein had begun to beat. . . . The wind rose; it was a big wind, unopposed by tree or hill; the cottage trembled, and the gale whistled and sang, and the spray was dashed against the black window, and the breakers were noisy with swish and thud below. . . . And the parson prayed for the soul of the half-witted 'Melia Mull, that it might pass through the gates of bliss and be there restored to propriety of view and of feeling. It was a heartfelt prayer offered in faith, according to the enlightenment of the man who made it, and was not to be denied—a cry for guidance, that the soul of the woman might be saved from eternal torture by fire. And while he prayed in this wise, an inspiration came to Parson Lute. His emotion was such, his longing so real and intense, that, according to his experience, the inspiration was not unexpected. The child! Of course, the child; he would get at her through the child! He was now sure of the way, and he thanked God and rose, his impoverished body shaking, for he was now sure of the leading of the Lord God Almighty. . . .

The end was soon in coming. It was inevitable, and had been; for soul-hunger has little enough to do with bodies. In innocence, in faith, giving devout thanks to the good Lord, Parson Lute proceeded to practise his inspiration.

"Take the child away," said he.

Aunt Phœbe would not budge from her place. "You better mind what you're about," said she, but so gently that the excited parson did not hear.

"You!" said Parson Lute.

"Don't take un away!" 'Melia Mull begged. "He's wantin' his mother." The parson's finger was levelled at Jinny. She got up with alacrity. It was interesting, this participation in the salvation of the soul of half-witted 'Melia Mull.

"Leave un be!" said 'Melia Mull. "For God's sake, parson!"

"Take him away!"

It was merely an illustration that Parson Lute intended. He would show the sodden soul of 'Melia Mull the bitterness of separation. She would complain. How much greater, then—how much more awful,—would be eternal separation from the Lord God Almighty! He designed to illustrate an argument—no more than that. It did not occur to him that the girl was physically unable to bear the strain; indeed, he did not know. Her soul was his only concern. That she should suffer the ultimate thing because her child was taken to the kitchen did not enter his mind.

"What you goin' t' do with un, parson?"

"Take him away!" the parson commanded.

Jinny carried the screaming child into the kitchen. 'Melia Mull's heart began to work beyond its strength. She made as if to throw off the coverlet and follow, but she was unable. Then she got cunning.

"You better look out!" Aunt Phœbe muttered.

The parson put his face close to 'Melia Mull's. "Thus," said he, "will the Lord God Almighty separate a sinful woman from Himself. Repent!" he cried. "Repent!"

She thought he meditated the destruction of the baby; she was only an idiot.

"Repent!"

"I'll repent," she gasped. "What you goin' t' do with un? Don't hurt un, parson. Bring un back," she moaned. "I'll repent. Oh, bring un back! For God's sake, parson!" The deception was not beyond her power; she had been converted twice; she was used to the patter of the penitents' bench, as it is known in Burnt Harbor. "Lord have mercy upon me!" said she, despairing. "Jesus save me! Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow!" She had a calculating eye on the face of Parson Lute. "I believe, O God!" she cried, watching him closely for some sign of relenting. "Help Thou my unbelief." The parson's face softened. "Jesus save me!" she whispered, exhausted. "Save my soul! I repent. Save my soul!" She summoned all her strength, for the parson had not yet called back the child. "Praise God!" she screamed, seeking now beyond doubt to persuade him of her salvation. "Hallelujah! Saved by the blood of the crucified Lamb! I repent! Hallelujah! I'm saved! I'm saved! I'm saved!"

"Praise God!" Parson Lute shouted.

'Melia Mull swayed and threw up her hands and fell back—dead.

"I knowed it," said Aunt Phœbe, grimly.

Parson Lute did not know that he had killed the girl. He thought the Lord had taken her, at His own appointed hour, and he was glad that he had come in time. . . .

In the Burnt Harbor meeting-house, when Parson Lute returned, the six shepherds of Burnt Bay were sitting by the stove: a jolly lot, now that the day's work was done. Parson Stump helped Parson Lute off with his oilskins and led him to the stove and gave him a seat on the wood-box, and patted him on the back and on the head, and patiently waited until the spell of coughing had passed.

"How is it with her, brother?" he whispered.

"She is with the redeemed!"

Parson Stump grasped Parson Lute's hand. "Praise God!" he said. "How can I thank you?"

The five shepherds listened.

"It's the ninety-ninth," Parson Lute whispered.

All the shepherds were glad that another soul had been saved from the lake and the worm.

"Ninety-nine!" Parson Stump marvelled. For the briefest space he was envious, then no longer; indeed, he rejoiced that 'Melia Mull was with the redeemed. "Ninety-nine!" he repeated. "Ninety-nine!"

"Ninety-nine," Parson Lute assured him. "I am very happy to-night."

"Good!" cried the chairman. "First rate, brother! Praise God!"

The chairman threw back his head and opened his mouth, and once more pressed the point of the knife-blade into service.

"Very happy," Parson Lute whispered, smiling; "but, oh, so very, very tired!"

He sighed. . .

Late that night, when poor Parson Lute lay wakeful in the little room at Jacob Worth's cottage by the Tickle, he was strangely troubled in mind. He could not sleep—the cough and fever and sweat of his disease would not give him rest; and the rain and wind and the noise of the sea filled the world. So he raised the pillows and sat up in bed; and there, alone in the dark, in an agony of weakness and distress, he mused upon the salvation of 'Melia Mull. And he was troubled—strangely troubled in heart and mind. He felt the need, then, in his weakness, of his mother's hand. He longed for that—the soothing touch of her hand; the peace which her love and presence never failed to bring. And 'Melia Mull? She had died. What of her? Parson Lute wondered, in great trouble, while he waited for the morning.

"I wonder," he thought, "if—"

Day and Night

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

BRIGHTER than yonder orbèd fire, afar,
The spirit's light;
The heart, love-kindled, not the star,
Lamps the night.

It is the soul that sheds the very day,
Not the sun,—
The best thing said that love can say,
The best deed done.

Editor's Easy Chair

TWO aging if not aged poets, one much better if not much older than the other, were talking of the Muse as she was in their day and of the Muse as she is in this. At the end, their common mind was that she was a far more facile Muse formerly than she is now. In other words, as the elder and better poet put it, they both decided that many, many pieces of verse are written in these times, and hidden away in the multitude of the magazines, which in those times would have won general recognition if not reputation for the authors; they would have been remembered from month to month, and their verses copied into the newspapers from the two or three periodicals then published, and if they were not enabled to retire upon their incomes they would have been in the enjoyment of a general attention beyond anything money can buy at the present day. This conclusion was the handsomer in the two poets, because they had nothing to gain and something to lose by it if their opinion should ever become known. It was in a sort the confession of equality, and perhaps even inferiority, which people do not make, unless they are obliged to it, in any case. But these poets were generous even beyond their unenvious tribe, and the younger, with a rashness which his years measurably excused, set about verifying his conviction in a practical way, perhaps the only practical way.

He asked his publishers to get him all the American magazines published; and has the home-keeping reader any notion of the vastness of the sea on which this poet had embarked in his daring exploration? His publishers sent him a list of some eighty-two monthly periodicals in all kinds, which, when he had begged them to confine it to the literary kind, the æsthetic kind only, amounted to some fifty. By far the greater number of these, he found, were published in New York, but two were from Philadelphia, one from Boston, one from Indianapolis, and one even from Chicago; two were from the Pacific Slope generally. That is to say, in this city there are issued every month about forty-five magazines devoted to *belles-lettres,* of varying degrees of excellence, not always connoted

by their varying prices. Most of them are of the ten-cent variety, and are worth in most cases ten cents, and in a few cases twenty-five or thirty-five cents, quite like those which ask such sums for themselves. The cheapest are not offensive to the eye altogether, as they lie closed on the dealer's counter, though when you open them you find them sometimes printed on paper of the wood-pulp, wood-pulpy sort, and very loathly to the touch. Others of the cheapest present their literature on paper apparently as good as that of the dearest; and as it is not always money which buys literary value, especially from the beginners in literature, there seemed every reason for the poet to hope that there would be as good poetry in the one sort as in the other. In his generous animation, he hoped to find some good poetry on the wood-pulp paper, just as in the golden age he might have found it carved by amorous shepherds on the bark of trees.

He promised himself a great and noble pleasure from his verification of the opinion he shared with that elder and better poet, and if his delight must be mixed with a certain feeling of reserved superiority, it could hardly be less a delight for that reason. In turning critic, the friendliest critic, he could not meet these dear and fair young poets on their own level, but he could at least keep from them, and from himself as much as possible, the fact that he was looking down on them. All the magazines before him were for the month of January, and though it was possible that they might have shown a certain exhaustion from their extraordinary efforts in their Christmas numbers, still there was a chance of the overflow of riches from those numbers which would trim the balance, and give them at least the average poetic value. At this point, however, it ought to be confessed that the poet, or critic, was never so willing a reader as writer of occasional verse, and it cannot be denied that there was some girding up of the loins for him before the grapple with that half-hundred of magazines. Though he took them at their weakest point, might they not be too much for him?

He fetched a long breath, and opened first that magazine, *clarum et venerabile nomen,* from which he might reasonably expect the greatest surprises of merit in the verse. There were only two pieces, and neither seemed to him of the old-time quality, but neither was such as he would himself have perhaps rejected, if he had been editor. Then he plunged at the heap, and in a fifteen-cent magazine of recent renown he found among five poems a good straight piece of realistic characterization, which did much to cheer him. In this, a little piece of two stanzas, the author had got at the heart of a good deal of America. In another cheap magazine, professing to be devoted wholly to stories, he hoped for a breathing-space, and was tasked by nothing less familiar than Swift's versification of a well-known maxim of La Rochefoucault. In a ten-cent magazine, which is too easily the best of that sort, he found two pieces of uncommon worth, which opened the way so promisingly, indeed, for happier fortunes, that he was not as much surprised, as he might later have been, in finding five poems, all good, in one of the four greater, or at least dearer, magazines. One of these pieces was excellent landscape, and another a capital nature piece; if a third was somewhat strained, it was also rather strong, and a fourth had the quiet which it is hard to know from repose. Two poems in another of the high-priced magazines were noticeable, one for sound poetic thinking, and the other as very truthfully pathetic. The two in a cheap magazine, by two Kentucky poets, a song, and a landscape, were one genuinely a song, and the other a charming communion with nature. In a pair of periodicals devoted to outdoor life, on the tamer or wilder scale, there were three poems, one celebrating the delights of a winter camp, which he found simple, true in feeling, and informal in phrasing; another full of the joy of a country ride, very songy, very blithe, and original; and a third a study of scenery which it realized to the mind's eye, with some straining in the wording, but much felicity in the imagining. A Mid-Western magazine had an excellent piece by a poet of noted name, who failed to observe that his poem ended a stanza sooner than he did. In a periodical devoted to short stories, or abandoned to them, there were two good pieces, one of them delicately yet distinctly re-

producing certain poetic aspects of New York, and giving the sense of a fresh talent. Where the critic would hardly have looked for them in a magazine of professed fashion and avowed smartness, he came upon three pieces, one sweet and fine, one wise and good, one fresh and well turned. A newer periodical, rather going in for literary quality, had one fine piece, with a pretty surprise in it, and another touched with imaginative observation.

The researches of the critic carried him far into the night, or at least hours beyond his bedtime, and in the dreamy state in which he finally pursued them he was more interested in certain psychological conditions of his own than in many of the verses. Together with a mounting aversion to the work, he noted a growing strength for it. He could despatch a dozen poems in almost as many minutes, and not slight them, either; but he no longer jumped to his work. He was aware of trying to cheat himself in it, of pretending that the brief space between titles in the table of contents, which naturally implied a poem, sometimes really indicated a short bit of prose. He would run his eye hastily over an index, and seek to miss rather than find the word "poem," repeated after a title, and when this ruse succeeded, he would go back to the poem he had skipped, with the utmost unwillingness. If this behavior was sinful, he was duly punished for it, in the case of a magazine which he took up, well towards midnight, rejoicing to come upon no visible sign of poetry in it. But his glance fell to a grouping of titles in a small-print paragraph at the bottom of the page, and he perceived, on close inspection, that these were all poems, and that there were eighteen of them.

He calculated, roughly, that he had read from eighty-five to a hundred poems before he finished; after a while he ceased to take accurate count, as he went on, but a subsequent review of the magazines showed that his guess was reasonably correct. From this review it appeared that the greater number of the magazines published two poems in each month, while several published but one, and several five or seven or four. Another remarkable fact was that the one or two in the more self-denying were as bad as the whole five, or seven, or nine, or eighteen of those which had more freely indulged themselves in verse. Yet another singular feature of the inquiry was that one woman had a poem in five or six of the magazines, and stranger yet, always a good poem, so that no editor would have been justified in refusing it. There was a pretty frequent recurrence of names in the title-pages, and mostly these names were a warrant of quality, but not always of the author's best quality. The authorship was rather equally divided between the sexes, and the poets were both young and old, or as old as poets ever can be.

When the explorer had returned from the search, which covered apparently a great stretch of time, but really of space, he took his notes, and went with them to that elder friend of his, whose generous enthusiasm had prompted his inquiry. Together they looked them over, and discussed the points evolved. "Then what is your conclusion?" the elder of the two demanded. "Do you still think I was right, or have you come to a different opinion?"

"Oh, how should I safely confess that I am of a different opinion? You could easily forgive me, but what would all those hundred poets whom I thought not so promising as you believed do to my next book? Especially what would the poetesses?"

"There is something in that. But you need not be explicit. If you differ with me, you can generalize. What, on the whole, was the impression you got? Had none of the pieces what we call distinction, for want of a better word, or a clearer idea?"

"I understand. No, I should say, not one; though here and there one nearly had it: so nearly that I held my breath from not being quite sure. But, on the other hand, I should say that there was a good deal of excellence, if you know what that means."

"I can imagine," the elder poet said. "It is another subterfuge. What do you really intend?"

"Why, that the level was pretty high. Never so high as the sky, but sometimes as high as the sky-scraper. There was an occasional tallness, the effect, I think, of straining to be higher than the

thought or the feeling warranted. And some of the things had a great deal of naturalness."

"Come! That isn't so bad."

"But naturalness can be carried to a point where it becomes affectation. This happened in some cases where I thought I was going to have some pleasure of the simplicity, but found at last that the simplicity was a pose. Sometimes there was a great air of being untrammelled. But there is such a thing as being informal, and there is such a thing as being unmannerly."

"Yes?"

"I think that in the endeavor to escape from convention our poets have lost the wish for elegance, which was a prime charm of the Golden Age. Technically, as well as emotionally, they let themselves loose, too much, and the people of the Golden Age never let themselves loose. There is too much Nature in them, which is to say, not enough; for, after all, in her little æsthetic attempts, Nature is very modest."

The elder poet brought the younger sharply to book. "Now you are wandering. Explain again."

"Why, when you and I were young—you were always and always will be young—"

"None of that!"

"It seemed to me that we wished to be as careful of the form as the most formal of our poetic forebears, and that we would not let the smallest irregularity escape us in our study to make the form perfect. We cut out the tall word; we restrained the straining; we tried to keep the wording within the bounds of the dictionary; we wished for beauty in our work so much that our very roughness was the effect of hammering; the grain we left was where we had used the file to produce it."

"Was it? And you say that with these new fellows it isn't so?"

"Well, what do you say to such a word as 'dankening,' which occurred in a very good landscape?"

"One such word in a hundred poems?"

"One such word in a million would have been too many. It made me feel that they would all have liked to say 'dankening' or something of the sort. And in the new poets, on other occasions, I have found faulty syntax, bad rhymes, limping feet. The editors are to blame for that, when it happens. The editor who printed 'dankening' was more to blame than the poet who wrote it, and loved the other ugly word above all his other vocables." The elder poet was silent, and the other took fresh courage. "Yes, I say it! You were wrong in your praise of the present magazine verse at the cost of that in our day. When we were commencing poets, the young or younger reputations were those of Stedman, of Bayard Taylor, of the Stoddards, of Aldrich, of Celia Thaxter, of Rose Terry, of Harriet Prescott, of Bret Harte, of Charles Warren Stoddard, of the Piatts, of Fitz James O'Brien, of Fitzhugh Ludlow, of a dozen more, whom the best of the newest moderns cannot rival. These were all delicate, and devoted, and indefatigable artists, and lovers of form. It cannot do the later generation any good to equal them with ours."

"There is something in what you say." The elder poet was silent for a time. Then he asked, "Out of the hundred poems you read in your fifty magazines, how many did you say were what you would call good?"

His junior counted up, and reported, "About twenty-four."

"Well, don't you call that pretty fair, in a hundred? I do. Reflect that these were all the magazines of one month, and it is probable that there will be as many good poems in the magazines of every month in the year. That will give us a hundred and eighty-eight good poems during 1907. Before the decade of the new century is ended, we shall have had seven hundred and eighty-five good magazine poems. Do you suppose that as many good magazine poems were written during the last four years of the first decade of the eighteenth century? Can you name as many yourself?"

"Certainly not. Nobody remembers the magazine poems of that time, and nobody will remember the poems of the four years ending the present decade."

"Do you mean to say that not one of them is worth remembering?"

The younger poet paused a moment. Then he said, with the air of a cross-examined witness, "Under advice of counsel, I decline to answer."

Editor's Study

HORACE WALPOLE, frivolous as he was, showed more insight than most of his contemporaries, when, some time after his sagacious prevision of the French Revolution, he said that the next century "will probably exhibit a very new era, which the close of this has been, and is, preparing." In every sphere of human activity the opening years of the new century bravely responded to his prophecy. In literature the transformation was a wonderful surprise, a genuine renascence, so that one looking back could not discern the elements out of which the new time had been fashioned. Only in Burns was there a prelusive suggestion of the possibility disclosed in Byron.

Scott and Byron occupied the foreground of the opening drama in the first quarter of the century; and upon these two figures the mental gaze of the world was concentrated, with an interest more significant than that which had attended the sensational career of Napoleon. These writers — one the great Unknown, the other only too well defined to the imagination of readers in every trait of his peculiar individuality — had an overwhelming appreciation and adulation from their contemporaries such as no future generation could give them. But there were others, like Coleridge, De Quincey, Lamb, Hazlitt, and that group of immortal poets, Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats, not fully recognized in their own time, but, in our view, its crowning glory. The entire literature of the preceding hundred and fifty years is dwarfed by comparison with this one little period, thronged with genius.

The intimate association of eminent writers of the nineteenth century with periodicals is, in a general way, recognized by intelligent readers. But if we attempt to trace this connection by directing to it something more than casual attention, certain features of it are disclosed which are interesting in themselves as well as in their relation to memorable writers.

The history of the daily newspaper, if anything so evanescent and at the same time so complex as this species of journalism could be caught and held within the meshes of the historian's net, would present many striking disclosures. In the eighteenth century Swift had many brilliant successors in this field. Fielding and the greatest writers of his day were influential journalists. The Letters of "Junius" were published in the *Public Advertiser*. The London *Morning Post* at the beginning of the nineteenth century was especially favored by the contributions of important writers. Coleridge wrote for it, also Southey and Arthur Young; and it was the repository of Mackworth Praed's society verses, Tom Moore's lyrics, and some of the best of Wordsworth's sonnets. There, in 1800, appeared Coleridge's "Character of Pitt." Charles James Fox attributed the rupture of the hastily patched-up treaty of Amiens to Coleridge's essays in that paper.

James Montgomery, the poet, was the editor of a provincial newspaper. De Quincey, before he became known through his more characteristic writings, was for a year the editor of the *Westmoreland Gazette* in Kendal. George Meredith also began his literary career as an editor of an eastern counties newspaper. He was afterward the special correspondent of the *Morning Post* during the Austro-Italian war of 1866. In the early forties Dickens was on the staff of the *Morning Chronicle*, in which paper, a generation earlier, Hazlitt had done his most important political work. Thackeray was for some time the literary critic of the London *Times*. Robert Hichens, the novelist, was at the beginning of his literary career associated with the London *World*.

In no other country has the connection between literature and the daily press been so close as in France, the record of the one being the history of the other.

In America, as soon as there began to be a literature at all it was through weekly, monthly, and quarterly periodicals that it found its way to the public rather than through the daily press, though some of Whittier's and Longfellow's earliest poems were published in newspapers, and Margaret Fuller was a regular contributor to the New York *Tribune*. The most distinguished American men of affairs or of letters, from Benjamin Franklin to Charles Dudley Warner, who have conducted or contributed to newspapers have done so mainly as publicists rather than as literary men. This is true of even the poet Bryant. Yet our principal dailies have always been enriched by picturesque sketches of travel, by humorous portrayals of character, by more or less able criticism, by contemporaneous poetry of varying degrees of excellence; and in recent years they have often published fiction contributed by the most popular writers of the time. Bayard Taylor and Mark Twain won their first laurels in the daily newspaper. Whittier was in his younger days editor of the *Salem Gazette*, in Haverhill, and William Gilmore Simms of the *Charleston City Gazette*, in South Carolina.

In England the position of the daily relatively to other periodicals, as to literary quality, has been very much the same that it has been in America.

During the first half of the century literary criticism and political discussion were the predominant elements in periodical literature, to almost the entire exclusion of fiction. Poetry, however, was likely to be found even in periodicals devoted to special objects, like the *Philosophical Magazine*, in which the verses were at the end of the number and conveniently detachable by those who had no taste for that kind of reading. It was through the pages thus contemptuously torn out and cast aside by his father that Crabbe was first inclined toward poetic composition. Dr. Mark Akenside, author of *Pleasures of the Imagination*, began his poetic career by contributions to the *Gentlemen's Magazine*. Hazlitt, writing of Wordsworth's "Excursion" in the *Examiner*, pronounced its finest passages "little inferior to those of his classic predecessor, Akenside!"

It was because of the special interest in politics and criticism that the *Edinburgh Review* secured early, and long maintained, its preeminence over the most entertaining of monthly miscellanies. It began almost with the century, and was for many years more characteristic of the new era than any other periodical. Even with the support of Scott, its rival, Murray's *Quarterly Review*, under the editorship of Gifford, never attained the literary distinction which Sydney Smith and, after him, Jeffrey gave to the *Edinburgh Review*.

Among the monthlies in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, the *London Magazine* was singularly fortunate in its contributors. It was there that first appeared De Quincey's "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater" and Lamb's "Elia" essays. Thomas Hood was closely associated with this periodical before he established one in his own name, in which he published his "Song of the Shirt" and "The Bridge of Sighs." Among other writers for the *London Magazine* were Cunningham, Talfourd, Proctor, Hartley Coleridge, and the peasant-poet Clare.

Colburn had started his *New Monthly Magazine* in 1814. The poet Campbell was its first editor, followed by Theodore Hook, Bulwer Lytton, and Ainsworth. Campbell later edited the *Metropolitan*, and was succeeded by Captain Marryat, many of whose sea tales appeared in that magazine.

One of the most interesting of periodical adventures in the first quarter of the century was the establishment of the *Liberal*—a literary journal planned by Lord Byron in Italy conjointly with Shelley and Leigh Hunt, who were then with him there, but to be published in London, with Hunt as editor. The consultation took place at Leghorn, a week before Shelley was drowned in the Gulf of Spezia. The *Liberal* was started in the summer of 1822, but only four numbers were issued, the first of these containing Byron's great satire, "The Vision of Judgment," two years before the poet's death. Leigh Hunt had ten years earlier set out on his journalistic career in the *Examiner*, established by his brother, in which appeared some of his most noteworthy sonnets. His most

important writing was in the *Indicator,* in the *Companion,* and in the *Talker*—"A Daily Journal of Literature and the Stage," lasting during two years, and written almost entirely by himself.

These journals with which Leigh Hunt was associated—especially the *Examiner,* to which William Hazlitt was also a regular contributor—were the natural precursors of the justly celebrated London weekly papers devoted mainly to political comment and literary criticism, beginning in 1828 with the *Athenæum* and *Spectator.* The *Saturday Review,* started in 1855, was the culmination of this order of journalism, and suggests at once the names of such writers as Edward A. Freeman, Goldwin Smith, and Lord Salisbury. Dr. Theodore Watts Dunton was for twenty-five years the leading literary critic of the *Athenæum,* to which also he contributed many of his most characteristic poems.

Returning to monthly periodicals, the establishment of *Blackwood's Magazine,* in 1817, by William Blackwood, the founder of the celebrated publishing house in Edinburgh, is the most notable event in the history of English periodical literature. It marked also the beginning of Edinburgh's brief period of literary supremacy. Constable had become the object of envy, having secured the greatest prize in the literary market, the publication of the Waverley Novels. He was the publisher of the *Scot's Magazine,* a respectable monthly which held the field in the absence of any formidable competitor, also of the great Whig periodical, the plucky and enterprising *Edinburgh Review;* and just then the Whigs were having everything their own way. Blackwood's first attempt, in the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine,* confided to the charge of two faithless and incompetent editors, proved a conspicuous failure, as mortifying to the publisher as it must have seemed ridiculous to his great rival.

At this juncture two young men fresh from Oxford—John Wilson and J. G. Lockhart—attracted the notice of Mr. Blackwood, who enlisted their interest in his new enterprise. So, with these giddy but zealous and resourceful youths to drive the horses of the sun, the seventh number of the monthly appeared under the new name of *Blackwood's Magazine.* It was an amazing number for its brilliance, its rollicking fun, and its folly. It had in it occasion for several possible libel suits. The celebrated "Chaldee Manuscript" was the *pièce de résistance*—a satire, couched in Biblical language (probably at the suggestion of James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," who was admitted to the council of conspirators), directed chiefly against the former editors of the magazine, the "crafty" Constable, and even against Scott. But it established the fame of *Blackwood.* There were other things in the number less worthy of its jolly concoctors—an article contemptuous of Coleridge, and a foolish assault on Leigh Hunt, under the caption of "The Cockney School of Poetry." The readers were promised a further consideration of this "Cockney School" criticising the *lesser* poets, Shelley and Keats! The effect intended had been accomplished. The magazine had made a tremendous sensation. The world of Edinburgh, and much of the world outside, had been upset. There was no such volcanic eruption afterward, though the hot lava continued to run afterwards in the brilliant series of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," which was extended through seventy-one numbers.

The note had been given—a note as impossible to London as it was native to Edinburgh. Thenceforth it was understood that *Blackwood* might be anything else, but it could not be dull. Wilson, who was soon installed in the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, continued faithful to two generations of *Blackwood,* but in each of these generations it was the publisher who was editor. Lockhart's contributions, if less buoyant, were of more substantial value during his ten years' service before he succeeded Gifford as editor of the *London Quarterly.* These were all young men, including the publisher, who had just turned forty; and the erratic young Irish genius, Dr. Maginn, heartily joined in their frolicsome adventure. One is reminded of that other group of young men who fifteen years earlier had with like enthusiasm started the *Edinburgh Review,* unrestrained by the natural prudence of a responsible publisher.

No other British monthly publication can show an array of contributors to

match *Blackwood's* retrospect. In its early years it had the best of De Quincey, except his "Opium-Eater," but including his most sustained work, "The Cæsars." Scott contributed to the first number an interesting brochure on "The Depravity of Animals." In 1821 Coleridge was a contributor. At a later period we find in its pages Aytoun's "Lays of the Cavaliers" and such humorous prose tales as "The Glenmutchkin Railway"; Samuel Warren's "Diary of a late Physician" and "Ten Thousand a Year"; political papers by Sir Archibald Alison; Michael Scott's "Tom Kringle's Lay" and "The Cruise of the Midge"; novels by Bulwer; Charles Lever's "Cornelius O'Dowd" sketches and "Tony Butler"; Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children"; and poems by Mrs. Hemans. George Eliot's "Scenes of Clerical Life" first appeared in *Blackwood.* Mrs. Oliphant's first story in the magazine, "Katie Stewart," appeared in 1852, and she received the proofs of it on her wedding-day. Among other contributors were Walter Savage Landor, Laurence Oliphant, and A. W. Kinglake.

It is, to us, interesting to note that the success of *Harper's Magazine* in articles of travel, brought to Blackwood's attention by Sir Richard Burton, led him to write to William Smith, the author of *Thorndale* and *Gravenhurst,* suggesting that he edit a Cyclopedia of Travel, to be published in monthly parts. From the fifties *Harper's* was in correspondence with the same eminent novelists who were contributing to *Blackwood* — Bulwer, George Eliot, Trollope, Blackmore, and Mrs. Oliphant. Thackeray never published in *Blackwood.* He offered to it some of his earlier work, which was declined; but he was always on friendly terms with the house.

Samuel Lover, the author of *Handy Andy,* was an early contributor to the *Dublin University Magazine,* started in 1833. Several of Ainsworth's novels, illustrated by Cruikshank, were first published in *Bentley's Miscellany.* During the last half of the century every important writer of fiction has contributed his, or her, best work to periodicals, for serial publication or in the form of short stories. Some of the greatest of these have been editors as well as contributors.

Dickens's editorial connection with *All the Year Round* and *Once a Week* is very well known. Thackeray wrote for *Fraser's,* and was for some time the editor of *Cornhill.* Afterward, under the editorship of Sir Leslie Stephen, Louis Stevenson and Thomas Hardy were contributors to *Cornhill.* George Meredith, for a considerable period associated with the publishing house of Chapman and Hall as its literary adviser, came into close relations with young writers of fiction. It was by his advice that the first novel written by Thomas Hardy was not published. He was editor of the *Fortnightly Review* — in the establishment of which Anthony Trollope took an active part—during John Morley's absence in America. Several of his novels were first published in that periodical. His "Adventures of Harry Richmond" appeared first in *Cornhill.*

The great English essayists, from Sydney Smith to Charles Whibley, have been contributors to periodicals—for the most part to leading reviews.

Carlyle's first writings were published in the *Edinburgh Cyclopedia,* then edited by Brewster. Some of his early work appeared in *Fraser's.* He wrote for the *Edinburgh Review* his remarkable papers on German literature. His "Sartor Resartus" was published in *Fraser's,* and was received, we are told, "with unqualified dissatisfaction." George Eliot was in 1852 assistant editor of the *Westminster Review.* James Anthony Froude was for fourteen years the editor of *Fraser's.*

Walter Pater contributed to the *Westminster* and largely to the *Fortnightly Review.* One of his Imaginary Portraits, "Apollo of Picardy," appeared first in *Harper's Magazine.*

The names of the writers we have mentioned, and the titles of the periodicals, are suggestive of the spirit which, after the cold crystallization of the two preceding centuries, created and organized a new order of imaginative literature in poetry, fiction, and criticism. This literature may not display the buoyancy and freshness of imagination which characterized the greatest Elizabethan literature, with which alone it may be compared, but it has developed a wholly new interpretation of life, faith, literature, and art, as well as of Nature.

Editor's Drawer

Minor Reflections

BY EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

I'M going down the hill with my clean dress on. Mother said I could go and see the lady that lives where the lilacs grow—the one that gave me the blue beads. These dandelions are for her; they're wilted, but she'll like them—she always likes the things I bring. When I took her the dear little turtle she put him in the bath-tub so he could swim; when I took the dead mouse she said, "Mercy!" but she liked him; she hurried up and got a spool-box, and we made a funeral for him. It was like a party. I wore a wreath, and dug the grave. She was the band of music, and played "My Country, 'tis of Thee," on a stick. The next day I wanted to dig up the mouse and have another funeral, a longer one, but she said "Mercy!" again, and wouldn't let me.

It is a long way. Past two houses and a cow and a yellow bush and Mr. Forceman's dog. If I hurry I fall down, so I walk carefully over the bumpy places.

First she will take me into her big room where the piano is, for me to sing my song. I don't know how I came to learn that song; she didn't teach it to me—she wouldn't be so mean. I just watched her when she sang it; the way her mouth goes shows the words, and the way her hands go shows the tune: all of a sudden, one day, I knew it! It's a song about Eight little Bluebells grew under a stone, Where one little Daisy she lived all alone; Prince Bumblebee came in black velvet and gold; So splendid a lover you ne'er did behold. "Ne'er" is a grown-up word for "never." After we sing "ne'er" she makes the piano go like little bells ringing, and we sing, "Tinkle, Tinkle, Ting! Was the sweet wedding-peel the eight Bluebells did ring." What's "wedding-peel"? Maybe it's the thin paper that comes off the wedding-cake.

The lady is very pretty—not as pretty as my doll, but prettier than the ladies in the pattern-book. They are proud, and look as if they wanted to slap somebody; but she



I'M GOING DOWN THE HILL WITH MY CLEAN DRESS ON

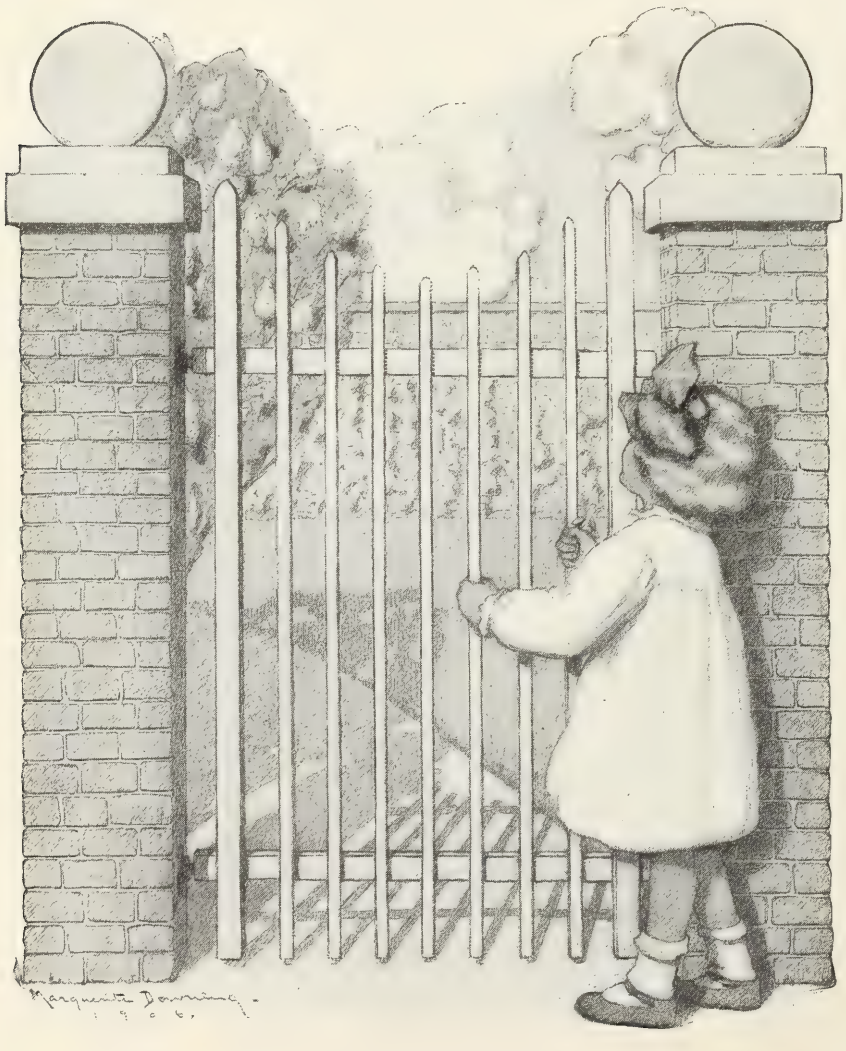
always looks laughing, and has little wrinkles in her cheeks. I can see myself and my garden hat and my white apron in her eyes. She likes all my things—my glass marble with the little lion inside of it, and my jumping-rope. She doesn't laugh when I tell how the gardener says I haven't any tongue. She never cares if people's faces are dirty.

Some day I am going to take her some worms in my little basket. She told me that she never had time to dig for worms. I said I nearly always had quite a good deal of time, and as we had so many worms in our garden I was sure mother could spare some; our worms are all so nice and tame! She'd like them.

Once I heard mother tell father that the lady was poor. I asked her if she was, and she said, "No." I said, "I knew you couldn't be, for you wear blue dresses, and you have two cats." Then she said, "Yes, and grapes grow on my arbor, and I have apple-sauce every day." "And you have white peonies—we have only red ones." "And I have chickens; you haven't any," she said, and she kissed me. So of course she isn't poor. I will ask mother what made her think so.

I'm 'most there now; the sun always looks funny on the grass under that tree. I can smell something sweet. It's the cherry blossoms; the wind is blowing them all off. See me catch 'em! Why don't they fall straight down like rain-drops, instead of shaking their heads all the way to the ground? It's because they want to stay on the tree, where they won't get stepped on.

If all the dandelions in that field were gold pennies I would fill my hat with them, and be rich enough to be a queen; but then there wouldn't be any more dandelions in the fields—only hard, gold pennies. . . . Here's the gate. I can't open it myself, but I can look through it. I can see the white door-knob, so I know this is the right house. The baby chickens are out of the coop, walking up and down the gravel path in their bare feet. One of them is eating a bug; it is too big for him; his little brothers are trying to get it away, so it won't make him sick. The greedy! He's eaten it all. . . . Some one is calling me; it is the lady. She is coming to open the gate!



I CAN'T OPEN IT MYSELF, BUT I CAN LOOK THROUGH IT

My uncle is a big man, who can play the piano. He can do it without taking his pipe out of his mouth. I like to sit on the tiger's head and listen. The tiger is the thing without any stomach that spreads out on the floor. Ours is a tame tiger. Everything is tame that has only a head and no stomach. I am not afraid of this tame tiger. It is only a wild head on a skin. If I sit on the head I don't have to see its teeth and its nasty tongue, and I can forget what a horrid way it laughs at me.

My uncle makes all kinds of faces when he plays. Sometimes he looks like the soldier in my picture-book, and sometimes like the man in the frame over the sideboard; the man has a glass of wine, and is looking very hard at a lady with a fan. Once, when he was playing, I saw my uncle looking the way the gardener did when he found out that there would never be any more roses on the climbing-rose; the gardener said, "It is my own carelessness," and he breathed hard, and shut his mouth tight.

People who play the piano can make the notes take hold of hands and run races; but sometimes a whole lot of little notes will fall down altogether, and bump their heads and cry. My uncle says he likes them best when they cry; it's queer, because he never likes me when I cry. When I ask him what he plays about, he says he plays about mountains and dark nights and sailors tossing on the sea. I wish he would play "Little drops of water," and something about dolls and kittens. . . . My uncle stopped playing, and went and looked out of the window. Grown-up people can look out of the window without seeing anything. There wasn't any smoke coming out of my uncle's pipe. I thought about there never being any more roses on the climbing-rose. I got off the tiger's head and went and stood by my uncle. He is quite a good deal bigger than I. I asked him if the music had made him think of a climbing-rose that would never have any more roses on it. He took out a little bag with a horse's head on it and filled his pipe again and laughed and said, "Out of the mouths of"—and then he wouldn't say any more. Out of what's mouth, I wondered. Then I remembered the tiger's mouth. I looked around behind me. There he was looking awful again and laughing horribly at me. I wished I had not gotten off his head. Sometimes, after the music, my uncle takes me out to the swing and swings me; he says some day he will swing me high enough to see them having tea-parties in the moon. There isn't any moon to see in the daytime, so I try to look into the sun to see if they are having any tea-parties there; but the sun always gets in my eyes, and then for the longest time, no matter where I look, I only see five pink balloons.



IF I HAD A BROOK OF MY OWN I WOULD KEEP IT IN THE NURSERY

I am making a pond for little fishes to swim in. I haven't any little fishes, but the boy that brings the watercress and the horseradish said he would bring me all I wanted. I told him I wanted about nine dozen. I am making the pond out of Mrs. Goodwin's apron and a newspaper. The apron keeps the water from getting out of the newspaper. If the little fishes want me to I will pour more water in; just now there isn't very much, because I don't want Mrs. Goodwin to see it.

Some day father is going to take me to play in the real brook. I saw it once. It is made of gold chains of water, all mixed up with each other, and nice little colored stones. When I looked at the brook it made me think of last summer, when I was not as old as I am now, and of that time I broke my doll, and of queer kinds of flowers and toys I never really saw. If I stood on the bridge and looked down at the water a long while, it seemed as if my eyes had fallen down into the brook and the brook had come up into my eyes. The bridge and the road went sliding past me, and I had to squeeze tight to the hand I had hold of so that I wouldn't go sliding away past myself.

If I had a brook of my own I would keep it in the nursery, and then I could take my bath without so much trouble. I would have the brook running around my little bed and past the window and down the stairs; Mrs. Goodwin wouldn't like that, though, because she would get her feet wet bringing up the ironing. She says she's like hens—she don't like wet feet.

If only a brook ran through the nursery I could have better times when I am sick. I could write letters, and put them in cunning little boats and send them floating down to the gardener. I would get all the Christmas-tree ornaments and let them go bobbing, bobbing past the bed, down the halls and the stairs and out on the road till they floated far, far away past other children's houses. How surprised all the other children in the world would be to see gold and red and blue balls come sailing down to them! "Who sends them?" they would ask. "It must be the person who owns the brook." But they would never guess where the brook began.

Mrs. Goodwin wants her apron. She says I have got myself all messed up; she has taken the newspaper away, and says no fish that wasn't crazy would live in that concern, and the Lord knows what I'll be doing next. I said, "Mrs. Goodwin, it is wicked to say, 'The Lord knows,' except in prayers." Then she said, "Lord save us!" I told her that was just as wicked; then she gave me a cruller. She wears a pin with a little red hand on it; the hand sticks into you when she kisses you.

He Didn't Mind

WHEN Bobbie went to see his grandmother he was much interested in whatever went on in the kitchen. One day she said to him: "I'm going to make you a nice little pie in a saucer, all for yourself. Don't you think I'm pretty good to take so much trouble?"

Bobbie pondered. "Grandma!" he said at length, "mother told me not to be a bother, and if it's goin' to be any trouble, you can just as well make my pie reg'lar size."

The Horse Doctor

LITTLE MATTIE flew into the house last evening very late for nursery tea, and hurried to her mother's chair. "Oh, mother," she cried, "don't scold me, for I've had such a disappointment! A horse fell down in the street and they said they were going to send for a horse doctor, so of course I had to stay. And after I waited and waited he came, and oh, mother, what do you think, it was *only a man!*"

Unfortunate Jenks

JENKS had the bad luck others have—
Only he had it worse.
It ranged from bumping of his head
To losing of his purse.
Some people thought that Jenks had brought
Upon himself a curse.

His collar-button he would lose—
We all do, every wight.
We take a window-curtain stick
And poke it into sight.
Perhaps a word *sometimes* is heard
That isn't *just* polite.

But Jenks could never do this way—
There was no use to poke.
He'd hold the button in his mouth—
There'd be a little choke,
And then he'd grin, "I'm so much in!"—
It was his little joke.

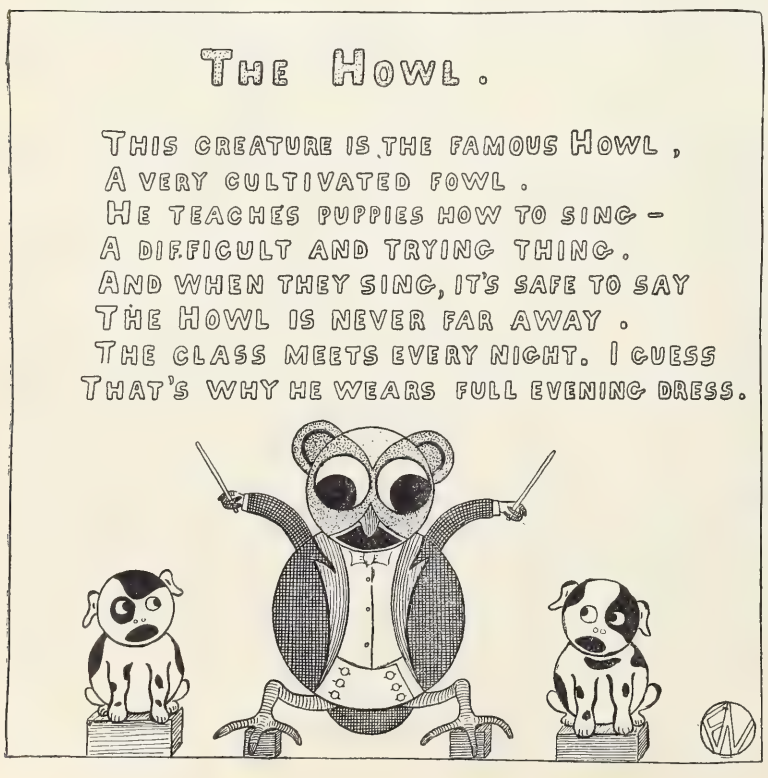
Umbrellas by the score he lost—
We all do, without fail.
The rest of us recoup sometimes
Without a thought of jail.
Jenks tried to glean, of course was seen,
And next was held in bail.

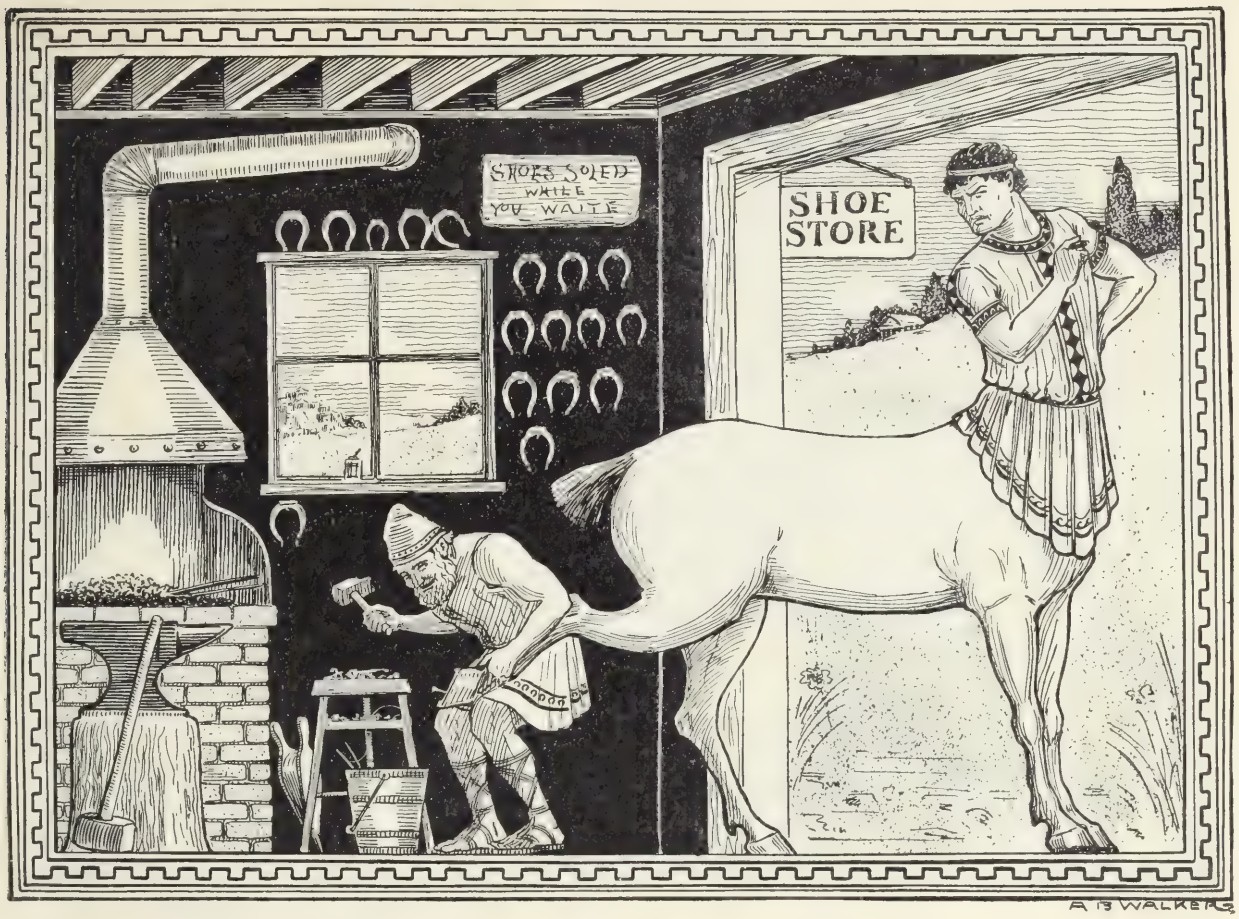
A watch-dog Jenks at one time bought,
The burglars to repel.
That night its former owner came
(It makes me grieve to tell)
And filled a bag with goodly "swag,"
And took the dog as well.

An automobile struck him once,
And did not work him weal.
Jenks was confined at home a week
To let his bruises heal.
The auto man then suit began
For damage to his wheel.

At last it seemed release had come.
A falling brick—J.'s head.
The coroner—a look—and then
(Alas, poor Jenks!) he said:
"Don't be so free to call on me—
This fellow isn't dead!"

HAYDEN CARRUTH.





Vulcan, the First Shoemaker

"This Sorry Scheme of Things"

BY ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

CLOTHES

THE birds and beasts are nice and warm
  In feathers and in fur;
They have no hooks and eyes and strings,
No buttons and such horrid things
  To make life hatefuler.

If I could make things as I chose,
  I'd give each little boy
A coat of fur from top to toe,
And feathers on each girl should grow—
  Then life would be a joy!

SNOW

Snow-stars are wonderful and pure,
And very hard to make, I'm sure;
But care like that I'd never spend
If I had charge of snow to send.
I'd make it sugary and sweet,
Flavored as children like to eat.
It would be easier, I know,
For me to make ice-cream than snow.

LEAVES

How carelessly the Mother Spring
  Must sew the leaves upon the trees!
  For with the tiniest Autumn breeze
They all rip off, like anything,
  And lie about untidily,
  A sorry sight for one to see.
I know if I were Mother Spring
I'd sew them on with stouter string!

WISDOM

We waste the precious time at school
  That might be spent at play,
If only we were born as wise
  As we shall be some day.
But when we know our books at last,
  And we are old and gray,
We'll only care to sit and think—
  We'll be too tired to play.

TIME

The Clock of Time is wrong;
  The happy hours are slow,
But saddest ones are long.
  What makes it so?

I wonder, can it be
  That Father Time's asleep?
I wish he'd given me
  His key to keep!



Indecision

I do not wonder he's mixed up,
Which way to go:
If I'd as many legs as he,
I'm sure I'd never know.

No Grace

FOUR-YEAR-OLD Anna was invited to take luncheon with the family of one of her little friends. Before they partook of their meal, the head of the house asked a blessing upon the food, during which time Anna chattered constantly. Not wishing to reprove the child, her hostess said, "I suppose you don't have grace at your house."

"Oh no," the little girl replied, "we have Bessie."

Darwinian

BETTY was just two and a half years old when she met her first organ-grinder, rough, black-bearded, with a clever little monkey, versed in many tricks, for a boon companion.

When his master's hat was thrown upon the ground, brim uppermost, over in a perfect somersault he would go, coming up with the hat held upon his head in his dusky little paws.

A few weeks later, in a distant State, Betty saw her second organ-grinder, accompanied by a pathetic, untrained little monkey. She was asked if she remembered the other funny little fellow. She quickly said, "Oh yes, I 'member, he turned a summerset in his farver's hat."

Her little cousin of the same age, when taken by her father to see her first organ-grinder, returned home to say excitedly to her mother, "Oh, I saw a funny sing—a funny sing—made out of a boy."

Granted

A BOSTON man who just returned from a hunting trip in Maine tells of an experience he had while there.

It was his misfortune to get lost one day, and, to make matters worse, just as a heavy rain set in. He started out in what he thought was the right direction and wandered on through the wet and darkness, finally stumbling on to a narrow road leading in another direction; this he took and presently came to a house. The place was all dark, but he went up and thumped loudly on the door. There was no answer, so he tried again. This time a window went up and a voice growled:

"Well, who is it?"

"A friend," the man replied.

"Well, what do you want?"

"I would like to stay here all night."

"Well, stay there, then."

And the window fell with a bang.

Amended Gems from Shakespeare

"A Midsummer-Night's Dream," Act I., Scene 1:

"*LOVE looks not with the eyes, but with the mind*"—
And vacuous enough some looks we find.

"Romeo and Juliet," Act II., Scene 2:

"*O, that I were a glove upon that hand!*"
I'd be the proudest kid in all the land.

"Macbeth," Act I., Scene 1:

"*When shall we three meet again?*
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?"
In England, Asia, or in Spain?
In foyer, steamship, or in train?
But this I say because I durst,
O, never!—if I see you first.

"Julius Cæsar," Act III., Scene 2:

"*O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!*"
'Twas more like winter. Should it come again
In protest we will band ourselves together
And form a trust against such monstrous weather.

LOUISE AYRES GARNETT.

Temporary

A CERTAIN man, who was recently re-elected to a position that he had held for many years, met a man on the street who congratulated him on his continued good fortune, and the man replied:

"Yes, but it can't always last; I'll have to give it up some day. I feel a great deal like a man I knew who worked in one place for forty years, and when discharged at last on account of old age, remarked, 'Well, when I came here I knew I wouldn't have a steady job.'"

Not Used to It

A BALTIMORE lawyer tells of the amusing plight of an Irishman summoned as a witness in a burglary trial in the city mentioned.

It was apparent from the start that the witness was much alarmed and rattled by his unsought and undesired prominence in this trial.

"Remember, Carey," said the judge presiding, "that you have sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"Yis, your honor-r," stammered Carey, his eyes wavering from the judge to the jury and back again; "an' I'll do the best I can. But I hope ye gintlemin will be a trifle aisy on me at the shtart, for I'm little used to that sort of thing, your honor-r."

The Dog

WHENEVER bowwows jump about
And make their tails go wiggle,
That means they've seen a funny sight,
For that's the way they giggle.

LOUISE AYRES GARNETT.



The Useful Dachshunds

"Henry, come right in here and stop practisin' croquet mit der dogs; you vant to tire 'em all out."



A very ambitious young Auk
Took a notion he'd learn how to talk.
He practised a year,
Then gave up with a tear,
For, "Bah! I do nothing but squawk."

Definitions

A GENERAL encyclopedia in many volumes is not the sort of book one would naturally consult if in search of a joke, yet these monumental collections of worldly wisdom sometimes draw a smile. For example, in one an article on the Garter-snake begins with, "An elastic name given in North America to any of various small snakes."

Another candidate for popular favor, referring to the churches in a Western section, informs us that "the Mormons have invaded the Territory, and outnumber all other insects together."

The Highest Form

THE brilliant author of "From Molecule to Man in three lectures" smiled amiably upon his audience of school-children as he triumphantly completed the course. "And so, my dears," he questioned benignantly, "what have we found to be the highest form of animal life?"

"The giraffe!" said the Bright Boy, joyously.



MOTHER BEAR. "*Come, Willie, it's time you were going to bed.*"
WILLIE. "*I ain't sleepy, ma; let me stay up a month longer.*"

Tempora Mutantur

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

A BOOK of verses underneath the tree
Served Omar V. Khayyam right handily.
Your modern Omar, on the other hand,
Is scarce content with anything so wee.

He wants a hammock swung from limb to limb,
And at his side, when Father Sol grows dim,
To keep his eyes unstrained, he calleth for
A pocket Edison Electric Glim.

And on the bough, beneath which he doth plan
To lie and take whatever ease he can,
To keep him cool and shoo the flies away,
He has a brazen-winged dynamic fan.

When these are set, his idle fancy roams,
Not thro' one volume of some maiden's pomes,
But all The World's Best Letters he demands
Put forth in forty-'leven quarto tomes.

As for the Jug, and single loaf of bread,
'Pon which our simple Omar one-time fed,
O'er that I draw the veil. Omar to-day
Appears to have a better appetite and—head.

And finally, as for that item "Thou"
That Omar wished for, sitting 'neath the bough,
Let it remain. In these days 'tis the same,
For "thou" 's a synonym for "thousands" now.



Painting by Howard Pyle Illustration for "In the Second April"

"THE BASTILE IS NOT A VERY HEALTHY PLACE"

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CXIV MAY, 1907 No. DCLXXXIV

The Conquest of Mount McKinley

BY FREDERICK A. COOK, M.D.

AFTER a long siege, during which we were compelled to acknowledge several disheartening defeats, we have at last conquered the highest mountain of our continent. In the prolonged expenditure of energy at high pressure this siege of Mount McKinley proved more difficult than most of the arctic projects. We were not days or weeks, but months, in desperate positions, fording icy glacial streams, pushing through thick underbrush, crossing life-sapping marshes and tundras, enduring the tortures of mosquitoes, camping on the top of wind-swept peaks, and being drenched from above and below with frigid waters; in snow-storms, on ice, in gloomy canyons and gulches; on ice cornices and precipices, always with torment and death before us. For danger, hardship, and maddening torture this essay of the great mid-Alaskan peak has been my worst experience. For hellish conditions and physical discomforts the north-pole chase is, compared with Mount McKinley, tame adventure.

Two expeditions were organized in recent years, at a combined cost of twenty-eight thousand dollars, to explore and climb Mount McKinley. An account of the first venture was published in *Harper's Magazine* of February and March of 1894. The last venture was organized in April, 1906.

Many months were previously spent in perfecting an equipment which would be light, and efficient under the severe test of exploring difficult lowlands and climbing high slopes in mid-Alaska, so near the arctic circle. To this end we adapted as far as possible the working equipment of polar explorers.

Our success was very largely due to the extreme simplicity and lightness of our climbing outfit and food. Our aim was to make an independent unit of each man, so that the party could be made up of two or more men as the conditions or our numbers warranted. All men were expected to carry an equal weight in their packs, and that weight was to be made up as far as possible of the entire needs for about two weeks, such as food, clothing, and bedding. The things which differed radically from all other alpine enterprises were a new form of silk tent large enough for three men, weighing but three pounds and requiring no pole; a sleeping-bag which could be converted into a coat or robe, weighing five pounds; and all of the usual climbers' food was discarded for pemmican, which is made of equal quantities of beef tallow and dried beef; also erbswurst, tea, sugar, and biscuits. These biscuits were baked and dried before leaving the timber zone. With our mountain needs thus simplified, I could with one or two trustworthy companions make rapid progress up difficult slopes, over mountainous country which in the usual manner of mountaineering would require

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one hundred and fifty pounds each, we started north, and many hardships were encountered. Many discoveries were made here, but the mountain offered us a succession of cliffs impossible of ascent.

Signs of an early winter were now noted by the descent of the snow-line and the early frosts. There was no prospective route which offered a promising climb, and in this hopeless position we practically abandoned the attack on the slopes of Mount McKinley. We had been over two months in the field, fording and swimming glacial streams daily; with an almost continuous cold rain pouring over us, with boots daily filled with water and our garments pasted to the skin, we were not in humor to prolong the torment. There was, however, much other work to take our attention. Browne and Beecher were sent into the Matanuska to collect natural-history specimens; Printz and Miller went into the Kichatno on a similar mission; while Porter and his party remained in the region south of Mount McKinley to make a map of that country. Professor Parker unfortunately was compelled to leave us to get to his college work in due time.

As a final task for our season's work I now determined to explore the river systems and glaciers to the east of Mount McKinley, and to examine the northern arête for a route to the top of the mountain for a possible future ascent.

As my companions for this work I selected Barrille and Dokkin—the latter joined our ranks in August. We fitted out the *Bolshoy* for the desperate task of climbing the rapids of the tumbling glacial streams, and started for the station early in September. The river was moderately high, but the signs of early winter were noted everywhere. The foliage was waving in flaming red and bright gold. Fresh tracks of bears, moose, and caribou were seen in many places along the sandy banks. The streams were as bad as we had been told, but the launch, with her splendid engines, pushed up the rapids with dignity and ease. The Susetna and Chulitna were conquered; and then we ascended the Tokosetna River to the first glacier, which



ALONG THE MORAINE

on the former trip we named Ruth Glacier. Here we were in boiling rapids and among big boulders. The face of Ruth Glacier here seemed within easy reach.

With the *Bolshoy* safely harbored, we began to establish a base camp. Our surroundings here were agreeable. To the east, but a few miles distant, were the bold uplands and the wooded lowlands of the Chulitna and Susetna valleys; to the west, the new gold country, the foot-hills of the Alaskan range, in which we had left our topographer, Mr. Porter. To the northwest, forty miles away, far above the clouds, the summit of Mount McKinley, the top of the continent, the *Ultima Thule* of our ambition, offered a tempting challenge.

In going up the Chulitna we had noted carefully every snow slope. We had already changed our minds as to the impossibility of climbing the mountain. Three promising routes were carefully charted with all possible landmarks. We aimed to tabulate three routes so thoroughly that if we were caught in a storm while climbing we could still travel by a previously noted line of landmarks. The weather during all summer had been the worst ever noted along the eastern side of the range. Continuous cold, drizzling rains made the work of exploration and climbing nearly impossible, but now there was a radical change; the thermometer fell to near the freezing-point in the lowlands, and above two thousand feet the winter snows were beginning to accumulate. There were a dryness and a briskness to the air which aroused anew our abandoned ambitions to climb Mount McKinley.

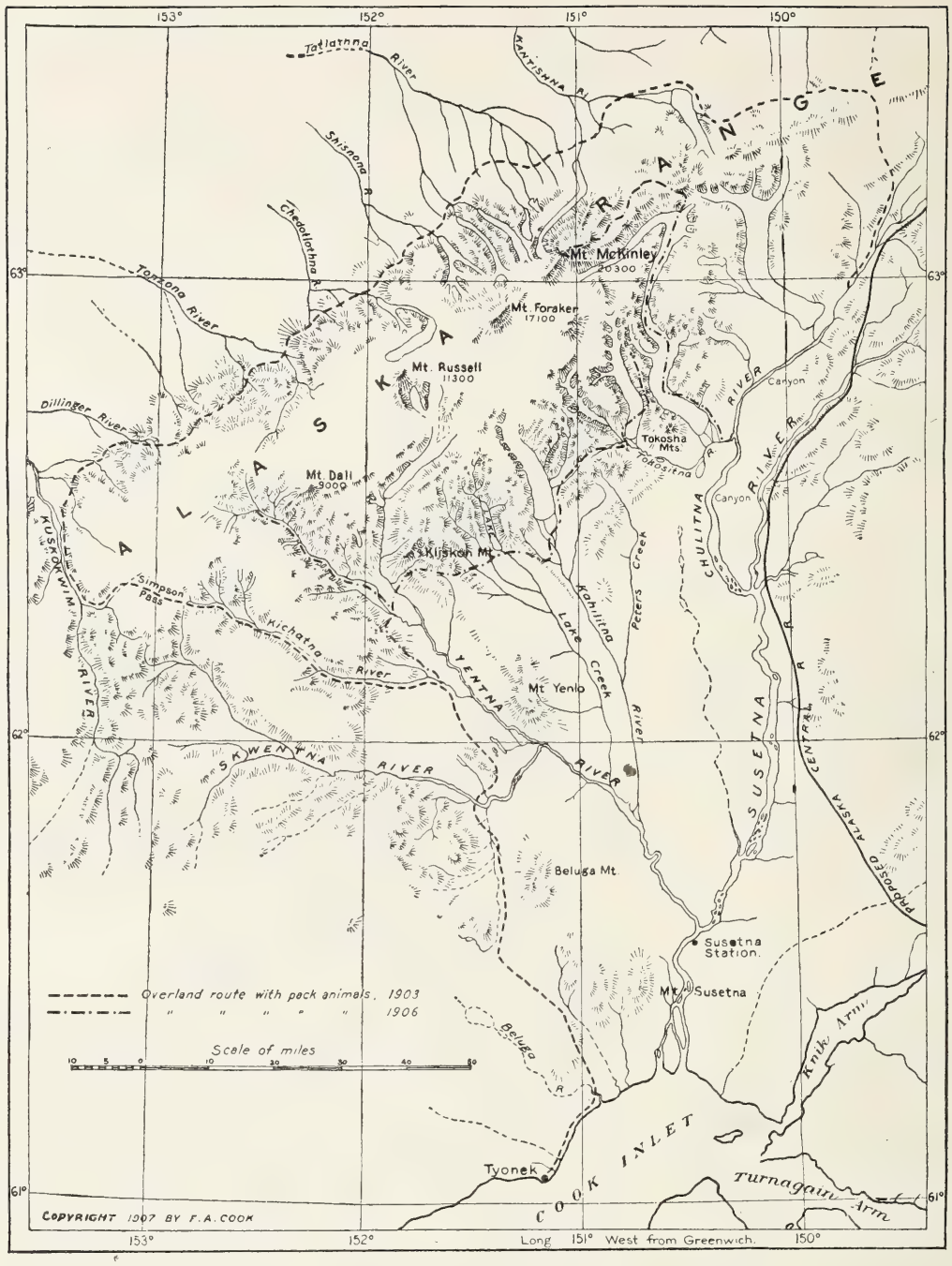
Our plans, however, were not made to climb to the top. The winter, with its heavy snowfall, its death-dealing avalanches, its storms and awful cold, was too far advanced in the upper world. We hoped only for an opportunity to examine a route for a future ascent and to explore the big glaciers starting from the northerly slopes, and to this end we prepared our equipment.

Our working plans and our equipment differed from those of all other previous mountaineering expeditions. We employed no guides nor porters nor camp-followers. We did no relay work or double-tripping. We moved no heavy tents nor other cumbersome equipment. Rapid marches, light packs, and but the prime necessities of camp life characterized our methods of action. We aimed to carry on our backs about fifty pounds each, and this pack was to contain all our needs for ten days, independent of each other and independent of our base camp or a supporting party.



MOUNT MCKINLEY, ALASKA, 1906
Highest mountain on the North-American continent. A sketch by R. W. Porter, showing the side of the mountain up which the ascent was made

We spent a day in the preparation of this pack. Our clothing required some mending, and to bake the right kind of bread required a good deal of study. Crackers and all kinds of factory-made biscuits are, in my judgment, not only troublesome to transport, but their nu-



First Complete Map of the Mount McKinley Region
Drawn from data obtained in the field by Dr. Cook's expeditions and from maps of the United States Geological Survey

tritious value is very doubtful. In our first attempt we were forced to invent some kind of mountain bread, and we then tried to imitate zwieback, which proved very good. In the preparation of any food for a high altitude one has always to keep in mind that such food should not require cooking, nor should it contain a particle of moisture. Ordinary bread would freeze so hard that it would require hours to thaw it out, consuming precious fuel, which must be carried on the back. Our experiment here resulted in the invention of a biscuit which I want to recommend for any work where the temperature is low and fuel scarce. We mixed the dough in the usual way with baking-powder, but omitting shortening. This dough was divided into little bits not larger than a good-sized marble, and baked in the reflector by a hot fire until quite brown; then the reflector was moved farther from the fire, and by slow heat the biscuits were dried and hardened. No grease was put in the pan nor the dough, for this seemed to prevent the drying process. Ten ounces of this bread was the day's allowance for each man. The daily

ration of other things was—pemmican, one pound; sugar, one-quarter pound; tea, one-half ounce; erbswurst, one-quarter pound; wood-alcohol for fuel, three ounces. Thus the food and fuel consumption was thirty-four ounces daily, but this allowance was so liberal that we were able to subsist nearly thirteen days on what was intended for ten days.

Some of the rucksacks and ice-axes were imported from Switzerland by Professor Parker; others were made in New York.

The instruments were three aneroid barometers, two thermometers, one watch, one prismatic compass, one five-by-seven camera with six film packs.

For camp equipment we had one silk tent, weighing three pounds; one sleeping-bag for each, weighing five pounds; rubber floor-cloth; tent-pegs; alcohol-stove; aluminum pail; aluminum cups and spoons; one pocket-knife; one horsehair lariat.

We carried no extra clothing, except stockings. As we left the boat we wore medium-weight suits of woollen underwear, heavy flannel shirts, and short woollen trousers, puttees, four pairs woollen socks, shoe-packs, and a felt hat.

We did all of our climbing dressed in this manner, adding sections of the sleeping-bag for excessive snow or cold. We had underestimated the arctic effects of even the low altitudes, and had not our bags been made in sections as ponchos—a splendid protection against the awful cold above—we would never have been able to even begin the upper slopes.

With all these things snugly packed from the *Bolshoy* in our rucksacks, we started on the morning of the 8th of September where the altitude was 1000 feet. It was a bright, clear day, with the temperature near the freezing-point. But a few hundred feet from camp we saw fresh moose and bear tracks. We followed these tracks a short distance, and then discovered a blazed trail cut by the gold-seekers. This trail led to Ruth Glacier, and after crossing several icy streams, in which we got wet above our waists, we found to the north side of the glacier an old caribou trail, where travelling was superb. We followed these trails, and on the evening of the second day we crossed a bend in the glacier and its first northerly tributary, camping on a beautiful moss-carpeted point about fifteen miles from Mount McKinley. We had intended to leave a cache here, but the great mountain offered better promises of an ascent as we neared the base, and so we took all our supplies to the main slopes.

As we crossed the glacier and jumped the crevasses, Dokkin developed quite a fear of the bottomless pits, and said that he would prefer not to trust his life to the security of his footing. Barrille and I had been on glaciers before, and did not entertain the same fear. Indeed, we regarded this glacier as one particularly free of danger and hardship. Its surface was unusually smooth. We had about determined that the limit of our effort would be the top of the north arête at 12,000 feet; from there we believed that we could thoroughly outline the glacial drainage and also a route up the mountain for a climb next year. For this purpose Dokkin was not needed; and since he wished to prospect for gold in the lowlands, I sent him back with instructions to read the base barometer, and to place emergency caches along the glacier.

The snow on the glacier was hard and offered a splendid surface for a rapid march, but the advantage of its hardness was offset by the treacherous manner in which it bridged dangerous crevasses. As we advanced, these snow bridges increased, and we held our horsehair rope with more interest.

The sun settled behind Mount McKinley and threw a shivering blue over the mammoth glacial canyons about us. Here our eyes first danced to the dazzling glows and the wild notes of enchantment and despair of a frigid cloud-world. We were making discoveries in every direction. The gates of a new world of arctic glory had opened. In line with the magnetic needle the glacier continued with graceful curves and like a thing of life, its arms reaching up to the easterly outline of the great monarch of mountains. To the west of this snowy bosom of ice our anxious eyes ran from peak to peak of wondrous mountains entwined by gauzy films of gold. With utter amazement we counted twelve cone-shaped peaks in an air-line, all nearly 12,000 feet high, the last a pinnacle in the huge northern arête making a barrier to the conquest of Mount McKinley. To the

east of this wonderful line of frosted and polished cones there was another row of less regular but sharper peaks with sheer walls of yellow granite, down which avalanches plunged for 5000 feet without a shelf.

The scene changed every minute; clouds came and went swiftly. The blue changed to purple, the purple to lilac, and at last a black veil of sadness dropped over this new world of arctic flitter.

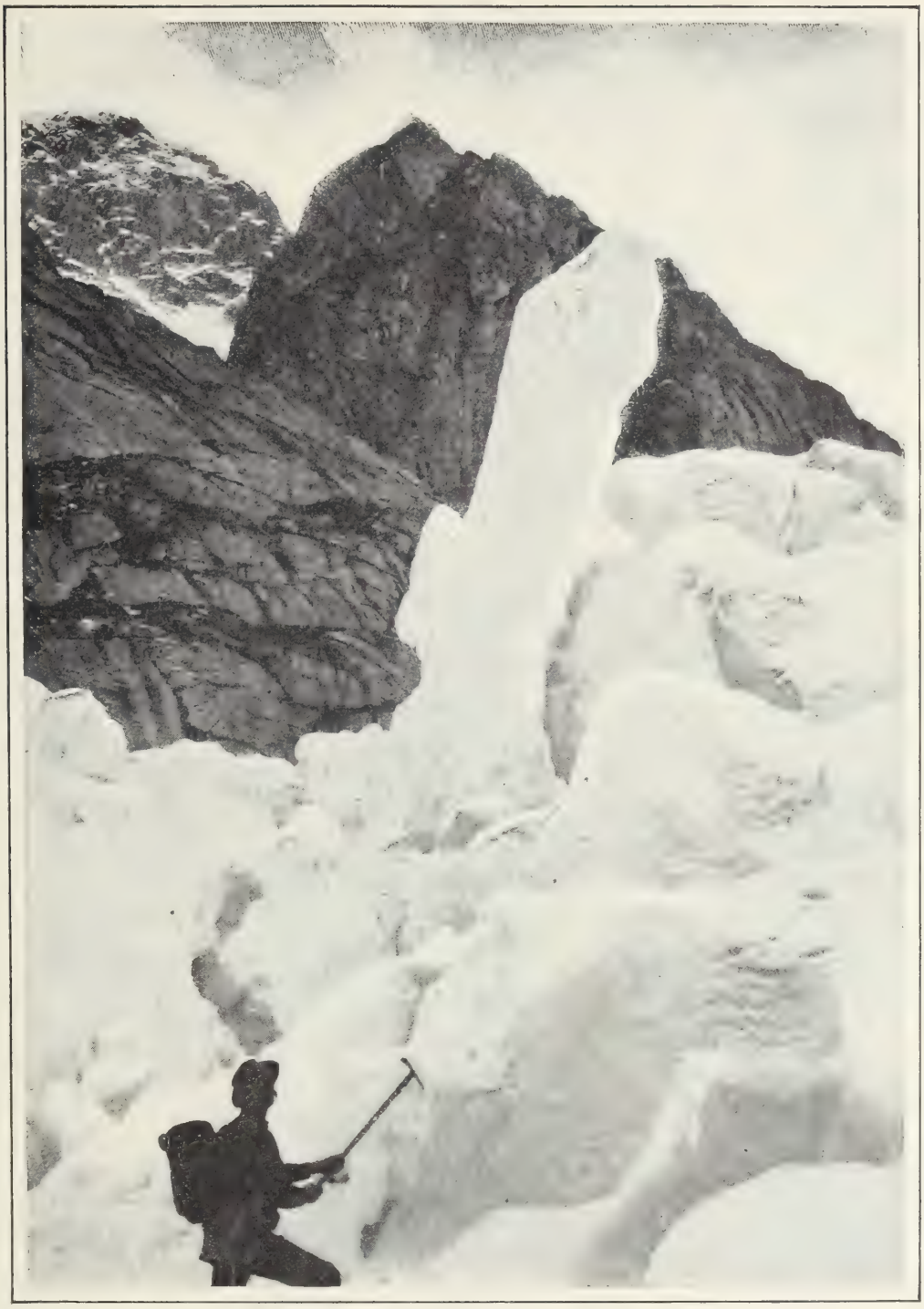
With this peep into the frosty splendor of our future camping environment our anticipations were sharpened. We knew that at this camp we would leave behind the last trace of life. We were eager to celebrate this departure from life by a feast with the greatest possible comfort, for feasts and comforts would be impossible in the upper world.

Under the silk tent was a soft carpet of moss in delicate shades of brown and green and red. From this moss we were able to make a cheerful fire, and thus save the precious alcohol which we had carried thirty miles for a fire higher up. Among the lichens of the upper rocks we heard the piercing shrieks of numerous ptarmigan. After some delicate manœuvres that would do credit to a mountain-goat, Barrille secured five of these with his rifle. To make the birds palatable proved to be a task more difficult than the hunt. With wet moss we could not get fire enough to broil the birds. To cut them and make a kind of soup was our only resource, but we had no salt and no flavoring material, and this thought of a parboiled bird without salt was not pleasant. We filled the aluminum pail with snow, cut the meat in small strips, and as the snow melted we tossed in the meat. We boiled it for about an hour and a half. Barrille tasted the meat, and said it tasted like oysters without lemon. I tasted the soup, and it was impossible. We had carefully eliminated salt from our food because of its tendency to produce thirst. Barrille put in some pemmican, which gave it a sickening sweet flavor. I added some crumbs of bread, which helped a little. Finally Barrille said, "Let's put in the mixture some sugar and tea, and our feast will be complete, and it will save us the wait for the tea after." I yielded to the sugar, and tried it, and to our great surprise this seemingly impossible mixture passed our palates without protest. A sweet soup with sugared meat, what joys it brought us! but we never repeated the experiment.

The night was dark and gloomy. There was an occasional fall of snow from the low clouds sweeping along the surface of the glacier. From a long distance there came a low-pitched rumbling noise like that of a farm-wagon over a rocky road. There were the premonitory warnings of the avalanches. Sharp winds were piping frosty notes through granite crevasses, but in our silk tent and buttoned in our eider-down bags, with stomachs full of sweet soup and sugared ptarmigan, we were serenely happy.

Dawn came with a weird blue glow from the west. The high frosted foothills to the east brightened and warmed to an orange tint, but there was a long arctic twilight with an oppressive stillness, interrupted by sharp, explosive noises due to the movement of the glacial stream. In this twilight we saw the stars through the silk mesh of the tent as clearly as at night in lower lands. The outlines of the mountains were also clearly seen through the tent while we were resting comfortably.

We made an early start over the moss to the hills of a lateral moraine. Climbing the big boulders, we studied the path through which our course forced us. The ice in the dim morning light looked enticing from a picturesque standpoint; great blue crevasses crossed the glacier, and huge pinnacles of ice rose like the pinnacles of the polar pack. We enjoyed the scene, but as a highway the outlook was discouraging. The hair rope was securely fastened about our waists, and then we descended into the largest and also the worst of the crevasses, picking our way in the blue depths below across the glacier. Rising out of this frigid gap to the main surface of the ice, we found the snow hard and a fairly clear spread of ice for miles ahead. The crevasses were still numerous; those visible were easily evaded, but those invisible were at times unintentionally located by breaking through snow bridges. Big cumulous clouds pressed against the southern slopes of the twelve peaks, but the narrow sky of the big blue canyon into which we were pushing was perfectly clear. A strong wind rolled off of



THE FIRST DIFFICULT CLIMB

the ice of the great mountain, and it pierced us like the blast of an arctic winter. It was not until noon that the sun broke through the narrow gaps of sky-piercing foot-hills, and then we changed our course to the north side of the glacier. The awful frost of the dense blue shadows, combined with the icy head-wind, made advance rather difficult. The bright burning sunbeams falling on the glittering snow of the other side of the glacier were equally uncomfortable, for now there fell from our faces big beads of perspiration, which froze in icy pinnacles on our garments. Because of the splendid progress which we had made we allowed ourselves the luxury of a midday lunch. We tried to set our alcohol-lamp in a big grotto, but deflected currents of air so blew the blue flame that the heat was lost. The tent was set up, and in it we brewed a pot of tea, ate pemmican and biscuits, and rested for two hours; and then, as the sun sank behind the big cliffs of the main mountain, we took up the march again into the frosty shadows. Before dark we pitched the tent on the glacier at an



AN ICE-HUT CAMP IN THE CLOUDS
Drawn by R. W. Porter

altitude of 8000 feet, within a few miles of the northern ridge, the summit of which, 4000 feet above, was at this time our ultimate destination.

We had every reason to be pleased with our rapid progress to this camp. In three days we pushed thirty-five miles into the foot-hills of an unexplored country, and were now in a better position to attack the mountain than at any previous time during a siege of three months.

The main glacier here narrowed, turned sharply to the southeast, sweeping the whole eastern slope of Mount McKinley. Feeders pulled the snows out of numerous amphitheatres, and the main tributary sent prongs on to the great arête. Indeed, the gathering basins of the glacier were arranged like the leaves of a tree, and huge limbs connected them with the parent mass of ice, completing the circulatory system from cloud to sea.

We realized the serious aspect of our next ascent into a region of cloud and storm, but we were now prepared for all contingencies. We had seen the great mountain from every possible side during our various campaigns. Along the west we had followed the face of the mountain for twenty-five miles. Along the east we had circled the base close enough to study carefully the giant slopes. Every glacier, every pinnacle, everything that could possibly be seen as a landmark or a route, had been carefully charted. We knew that we could not carry into the clouds a sufficient supply to permit of halts during storms. We must make progress and climb every day. Cloud obscurity or storms must not delay us, and to be able to be thus independent of weather we must always know exactly where we were, and know also the workable route and the dangers above and below. These points were splendidly met by our arctic equipment and our rapid sketch maps of the slopes of the mountain from every point of view.

The death-dealing spirit of the avalanches created more anxiety here than at any other camp, though we never failed to note this danger. The night was dark, and we were restless, like soldiers on the eve of a battle. Snugly wrapped in our bags, we rested well, but slept little, because of violent thunder of avalanches

and the angry rush of winds. Out of black clouds from the invisible upper world there rushed, with the noise of a thousand cannons and the hiss of a burning volcano, indescribable quantities of rock and ice mixed with snow and wind. The tumble from cliff to cliff, from glacier to glacier, down the seemingly endless fall, was soul-stirring to the verge of desperation. The glacier under us cracked, the whole earth about quivered as from an earthquake, and as we tossed about in our bags the snow squeaked with a metallic ring. That third night we felt as if we were at the gates of Hades. We were about ready to quit and seek a more congenial calling. But dawn brought its usual inspiration. The temperature fell to zero, a heavy fall of snow cleared the gloom out of the sky, and a bright orange glow softened the depressing chaos of cliffs and spires into a sheen of sparkling splendor. While in our bags breakfast was prepared and eaten, and as the sun broke through the granite gap we tumbled out of the tent, rolled up our bags and tent, packed all in our rucksacks, secured the life-line to our waists, and with axes in hand we started over the fresh snow for the cliffs of the northeastern ridge.

The gaps of the crevasses widened, and the ice became more irregular, but the snow improved as we advanced. We chose the lateral moraine of the cerac of the first glacial tributary as a route into an amphitheatre. Here we found ourselves rising into the breath of avalanches too numerous and too close for our sense of safety, but there were no other lines of ascent, so we pushed on into the gathering basin and into the clouds. The sunlight and snowy brightness were now obscured by a curious gray-blue mist. The frosty chill of blue shadows, as also the warm glow of sunbeams, was absent, and in its place a humid shiver, which is the usual effect of the cloud-world. With an eye on some rock, we picked our way through mists, over dangerous ceracs, to the frowning cliffs that made the circular rim of the amphitheatre. Here at noon we dropped in the snow, ate some pemmican, and rested long enough to permit the clouds to part and give us a peep at



A Spur of Mount McKinley

the cliffs above. We were thirsty, but it would take more than an hour to melt snow, and this delay we could not afford at this time. There was no place to camp in the regions above unless we reached the top of the ridge, and we still had about two thousand feet of unknown trouble above us to a possible resting-place. We rose farther and farther into the ragged edge of quickly drifting clouds. Rising from ridge to ridge and from cornice to cornice, we finally burst through the gloomy mist on to a bright snow-field, upon which fell the parting glow of the sun settling into the great green expanse beyond the Yukon. We were on the divide, the wall between the Yukon and Susetna.



CAMPING ON A SIXTY-DEGREE SLOPE
Sketched, from description, by R. W. Porter

It did not take us long to discover that we were on the battle-ground and on the firing-line of clouds from the tropic and the arctic. The winds came in gusts now from the east and then from the west; with each change there were a fall of snow and a rush of drift. This environment did not appeal to us as a camping-ground. In seeking for a sheltered nook we found a place where the snow was hard enough to cut blocks with which to build a snow house. In less than two hours our dome-shaped Eskimo igloo was completed, and thereby shelter and comfort were assured us for the time of our stay here.

The ice-axes were driven into the snow, a rope was stretched, and on this line we hung our wet stockings and puttees. We had previously learned that the best way to dry things out was to allow them to freeze, and on the following morning to shake off the frozen moisture; everything else was taken inside the snow walls, and a block of snow was pulled in as a door. In the snow house we were splendidly housed from the wind and drifting snows. Even the deafening rush of the avalanches was muffled. The temperature outside was below zero, but we were perfectly comfortable within. Thin sheets of rubber were spread on the floor first, the silk tent and all our outer clothing were put down next. The sleeping-bag was

placed on this, and into the bags we crept with the confidence of a warm, restful night. Our shoes and cameras and other bulky things were rolled up in our rucksacks and used as pillows. This done, our snow camp was complete for the culinary process. Barrille packed the aluminum pail with fine snow, while I filled the lamp with wood-alcohol. Soon the happy buzz of the numerous blue jets lowered the snow-line, and more snow was added. During this time we rested comfortably in our bags and braced our teeth to the hard fragments of tallow and dried beef. We had a sickening, empty feeling and a ravenous appetite, and felt like spending the night in filling up. We were not at all particular as to the menu. I have heard mountain-climbers speak of the difficulties of digestion; this was not one of our complaints; anything to fill the gap would have been appreciated. Fortunately, pemmican changes a hungry man's mind very quickly, and this, with tea and biscuits, raised an atmosphere of contentment which could not have been equalled by a course dinner. We lived a simple life indeed.

Little streams of snow drifted through the cuts between the blocks that night, but we rolled over now and then, shook the snow from the flap about our faces, and renewed our slumber with ever increasing joys. At the end of twelve hours we woke up with a gastric emptiness which called for immediate attention.

As we crawled out of the snow house we noted, to our surprise, that the clouds below had separated and were drifting northerly, leaving unveiled the unexplored mountains and glaciers, the study of which completed our main mission. In about an hour we had completed our observation, and then we turned for a look at the upper slopes for a route to the top. A few stratus films were brushing the snowy crests above, and the sun poured a wealth of golden light over the giant cliffs of the east, illuminating the rushing snow of the plunging avalanches with a wild fire. Along the east, among the seemingly impossible cliffs, there were several promising lines of attack over narrow overhanging glaciers and over steep ice-sheeted ridges. Every possible route, however, from this side was seen, as the eye followed it to the summit, to be crossed somewhere by avalanche tracks. Along



THE VIEW FROM 16,000 FEET

the west there was a similar danger from the sweep of the ceaseless downpouring rock and snow. Our only chance, and that seemed a hopeless one, was along the cornice of the northeastern arête upon which we were camped. For some distance there was a smooth line of crusted snow, with a sheer drop of about 4000 feet to either side. At about 13,000 feet this line was barred by a huge rock, with vertical sides of about 1000 feet. Beyond this rock there were other cliffs of ice and granite, and beyond this was a steep arête, over which we could go from the west to the northern face on to a glacier and into a valley between the two peaks which we now saw made the summit.

After so many failures along lines of attack that looked good we concluded that to determine the feasibility of this route it would be necessary to pick a way around the big rock and into the median depression of the mountain. If we succeeded, however, in doing this, we might as well prolong our siege and try for the top. We had food and fuel enough for this, but the winter was so far advanced that the venture seemed imprudent. With half a notion to climb to the summit, but with a more determined resolution to pick a route for a future ascent, we adjusted our rucksacks and life-line and started along this cornice. Soon the big southern clouds swept the mountain, and we were left to grope in the misty blue of the cloud-world. We found a way on a narrow cornice around the big rock, and then we dug and scratched for a footing among the ice blocks in the narrow gorges between sharp pinnacles. With the dimness of the light and the limited range of vision we could not determine here the prospective course of avalanches, and this uncertainty gave us a good deal of anxiety. Our course was very irregular, winding around polished granite walls into gloomy grottos, over dangerous snow bridges. Without stopping for lunch, we continued difficult step-cutting all day. Our rise in altitude was very little, but we got beyond this barrier, out of the area of windy cliffs and frigid crags, out on a steep snow-sheeted arête.

We uttered a sigh of relief as we rose on the icy steps of our "Jacob's ladder," out of the gloomy dangers from below to the upper edge of the cloud zone. We uttered a good many other sighs of despair before the night was spent. The little color which we were able to note between the cloud rifts indicated sunset. It was 7.30 by the watch and 14,200 feet by the aneroid. The mercury stood at eleven below zero, and the compass pointed to the point of a new peak above the clouds twenty-eight degrees east of north. The thin blue haze about us was thickening to a colder blue, ragged outlines of torn cloud filaments were noted, crystals of snow fell as we rested and talked of the chances of camp or shelter on a cloud-swept slope too steep for a seat. The blackness of night was thickening fast, and its chill increased in proportion with the decrease of the light. We knew that we could not descend to a shelter spot, for there was none within the day's climb. The darkness was too far advanced and we were too nearly exhausted to risk a farther ascent into the unknown dangers above. The slope upon which we had cut steps and seats in the ice was nearly sixty degrees, but the ice was secure, the snow firm, and the danger from avalanches small. As a duty to ourselves and to our families we had no alternative but to dig into the icy side of the mountain and hold on for the night.

In this side-hill ditch we fitted ourselves securely with a view to the effects of slumber movements. For if we slipped from the ditch we would plunge thousands of feet through the clouds to the smoky depths of an arctic inferno. We wrapped ourselves in a bundle, with all of our belongings, including the tent, then lashed ourselves to the axes, which were securely driven into the ice. The fine snow drifted down our necks and into the cracks of the dugout, but we did not dare to move for fear the snow would fill the gap, crowd us out, and we would be left to hold on to the axes to stay us from a death plunge.

Avalanches thundered down from both sides at close range. The night was very long and stormy. There were frequent rifts in the clouds, through which we saw clusters of stars framed by silvery films of vapor—beautiful pictures in the retrospect, but we were then not in a humor to appreciate the glories of our outlook. We were interested more in the break of



THE FLAG ON THE SUMMIT OF MT. McKINLEY, 20,300 FEET ABOVE SEA-LEVEL

day and in the chances of getting to a place of greater security. The thought of going to the top of the mountain was dispelled by the misery of that awful night. We were too tightly bundled to disagree actively, though we spent wakeful hours in mild arguments. We agreed, however, on two points—we must hold on, freeze to the ice, if possible, and with the first light take to the low country. But with the break of day, with its fetching polar glory, all of this disheartening note of abandonment and danger changed. Now our determination to retreat resolved itself into a resolution to go to the top. With the chill of dawn the upper clouds froze to the slopes, while the lower clouds settled lower and lower into the maze of glacial canyons. Through these lower clouds there was a burst of fire, and with it the great glittering spires above blazed with a glow of rose. This glow lasted but a short time, then the normal frost of purple and blue submerged every hope of feeling heat or seeing warmth in color. As we dragged ourselves out of the icy ditch of terrors we were able to see that we had passed the barriers to the ascent. The slopes above were easy, safe, and connected, but the bigness of the mountain was more and more apparent as we rose above the clouds. Instead of our having to climb one mountain, we were forced to deal with peaks upon peaks and mountains within a mountain. The task enlarged with the ascent; rising over crest after crest, we finally reached what seemed to be the top of the mountain. But it was only a spur, and beyond it were many other spurs. The air became clearer and sharper with every step, and our exhaustion, mostly the result of sleeplessness and anxiety of the previous night, was increasingly felt. Soon after noon we swung from the arête easterly to the glacier. Here, owing to fatigue, we were utterly unable to proceed. The snow was such that we were able to build a snow house, and in it we packed ourselves for a long rest.

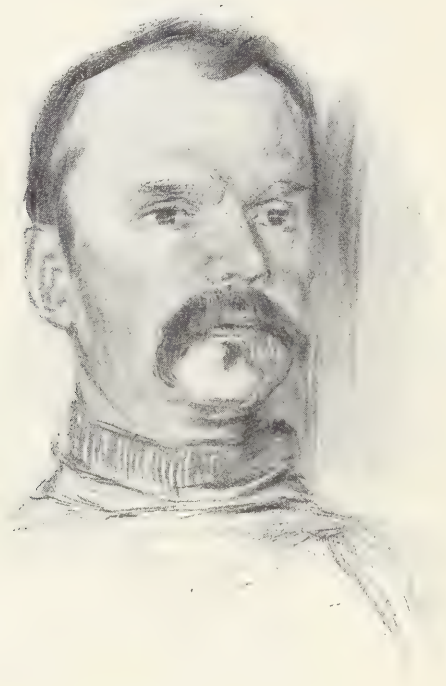
As the stars were beginning to fade on the following morning, the sixth day of our climb, we kicked out the snow block which made our door, and crawled on to the crackling surface. The temperature was 15° below zero. The light increased rapidly, and an oppressive stillness contrasted strongly with the noisy rush of avalanches which we previously noted below. The marvels in this new world of ice were slow in penetrating our frosty senses. Even after we began to appreciate the anomaly of things we questioned our perceptions. We were surely in a land of paradoxes. Here, looking down ever so far below, a sea of clouds whose upper filament waved in the gold of the rising sun, while above these was a dark gray-blue sky, with the stars still visible. The snow and the rocks glittered with a weird brightness seeming to come out of the earth—darkness above, light from below. Things were certainly twisted. This supracloud world is a land of fantasy, of strange other-world illusions. Here summers are winters, and winters are what a polar traveller believes Hades ought to be.

Starting from camp, at 16,300 feet, picking a trail around successive ceracs, our progress was good. We still felt the bad effects of our overworked muscles on the lower climbs; but we hoped to be able to push on to the summit that day. However, the increasing altitude, the very low temperatures, and the lack of reserve energy, all combined to make our ascent extremely difficult. After dragging ourselves up 2000 feet along easy snow slopes we pitched the tent early in the afternoon on the soft snow of a gathering basin within easy reach of the top.

We had seen the summit from various sides, but we were not prepared for the surprise of this great spread of surface. From below, the apex appears like a single peak, with gradual slopes. From the northern foot-hills we had previously discovered two distinct peaks. But now, from the upper slopes, we saw that there were several miniature ranges running up to two main peaks about two miles apart. To the west a ridge with a saddle, to the east a similar ridge, with one main peak to the southeast. This peak was the highest point, and to it we aimed to take our weighty selves at dawn on the following morning.

This last night of the climb was one of great restlessness. We were camped at an altitude above the summit of Mount St. Elias, a point highest in the air so near the north pole. The arctic circle was within sight. The temperature re-

mained uniformly 16° below zero, and an air with a piercing penetration drifted over us. We breathed heavily, and our hearts labored like gas-engines in trouble. The circulation was so depressed that it was impossible to dispel the sense of chilliness. Increased clothing or bed-



EDWARD BARRILLE, ALASKA, OCTOBER, 1906
From a sketch by R. W Porter

covers did not seem to make much difference. The best thing to meet the shivers was hot tea. The alcohol-lamp was not a success at this altitude. But with a good deal of nursing we succeeded in melting snow enough for our drinks. The water boiled at a point so low that the tea was weak and never too hot. Indeed, if we desired the real flavor of the tea, it was necessary to eat the tea-leaves. Though the mercury did not sink low, the cold of this night was to me worse than any arctic temperature 60° below zero at sea-level. Words did not freeze and tumble about us as did the words of Mark Twain's hero at the north pole, who found himself knee-deep in his own eloquence, but as we raised the flap from our faces we did find ourselves nose-deep in the frost of our own breath.

With numb fingers and teeth chattering we packed our sleeping-bags and a light emergency ration in the rucksack, and then, with grim determination, and with a flag, we started for the culminating peak. The sun had risen out of the great green lowland beyond Mount Hayes, and was moving toward the ice-blink caused by the extensive glacial sheets north of the St. Elias group. Our route was over a feathery snow-field which cushioned the gap between rows of granite pinnacles. During most of this ascent we were in frosty shadows which pierced to the bone, but when we did rise into the direct sunbeams there was a distinct warm sensation. Ten feet away, however, in another shadow, the air was as cold as during the frigid night. The sunbeams seemed to pass through the air without leaving behind a trace of heat, as does an electric spark through space.

One hundred steps and then a halt, leaning on our ice-axes to rest. Another hundred steps, and another halt to gape for breath, and so on in our weary efforts to rise. The last few hundred feet of the ascent so reduced our physical powers that we dropped on to the snow, completely exhausted, gasping for breath. We had gone so near the limit of human endurance that we did not appreciate the proud moments of the hard-earned success. Glad enough were we to pull the eider-down robes about us, and allow our thumping, overworked hearts, as well as our lungs laboring in less than half an atmosphere, to catch up. We puffed and puffed, and after a while the sickening thump under the left fifth rib became less noticeable. Breath came and went easier, and then the call of the top was again uppermost. It was an awful task, how-

ever, to pick ourselves up out of the deep snow and set the unwilling muscles to work pulling up our legs of stone. The mind was fixed on the glitter of the summit, but the motive force was not in harmony with this ambition. I shall never forget, however, the notable moments when the rope became taut with a nervous pull, and we crept impatiently over the heaven-scraped granite toward the top.

We stood up under a black sky so low that we felt as if we could nearly touch it. We had reached the top. What a task! Without the aid of guides we had at last reached our goal. Almost unconsciously our hands were locked, with a look of satisfaction at each other; not a word nor a yell was uttered. We had not the breath to spare. It was September 16, 1906, ten o'clock in the morning, the temperature —16°; the altitude 20,391 feet. Then followed a long gaze over the cold wide world spread out at our feet. To the south the eye ran over the steaming volcanoes, Redoubt and Illiamina, down Cook Inlet to the point of Kenai Peninsula and the Pacific, two hundred and fifty miles away. Narrow, winding, pearly ribbons marked the courses of the Koskokwim, Yukon, Tanana, and Susetna rivers. Out of the Pacific rose a line of clouds drifting over the Chugach Mountains, to deposit their snows in the glaciers of the Alaskan Range. A similar train of clouds came out of the Bering Sea and swept the western side of the range. These clouds blotted out most of the mountains near the main range. This lower world of lesser mountains did not impress us so much as the little sky-world about us. Here, under our feet, was the top of the continent, the north pole of our ambitions, probably the coldest spot on earth, and we were the most miserable of men at a time when we should have been elated. Nevertheless, I shall always remember, with a mental focus sharpened by time, the warm friendship of my companion, Edward Barrille, the curious low dark sky, the dazzling brightness of the sky-scraped granite blocks, the neutral gray-blue of space, the frosty dark blue of the shadows, and, above all, the final pictures which I took of Barrille with the flag lashed to his axe as an arctic air froze the impression into a relief which no words can tell.

A record of our conquest was left, with a small flag, in a metallic tube in a protected nook a short distance below the summit. A round of angles was taken with the prismatic compass. The barometers and thermometers were read and hasty notes jotted down in our notebook. The descent was less difficult, but it took us four days to tumble down to our base camp.

That's for Remembrance

BY MILDRED HOWELLS

FOR roses red with rapture,
For lilies pale with pride,
Why should I ask, well knowing
My wish must be denied?

For rosemary I pray, then,
With sorrow's shadow gray,
The memories that others,
More favored, throw away.

Time and the Hour

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

"Time and the hour runs through the roughest day."—*Shakespeare.*

"THE thing has got to be stopped," said Bess, sternly

Her husband looked at her across the breakfast-table with a certain apprehension. Bess was the most plastic of creatures—up to a certain point. It was always a mystery where she hid that point beneath so soft an exterior. She was a creature of softly fluffed hair, mild blue eyes, and the dancing shape of girlhood, in spite of the robust figure of her son, aged three, now patiently reposing beside her in a high chair. But she had spoken in her New England tone, and Comyns recognized it. His six feet two of height, lofty bearing, and strongly chiselled chin went for nothing against Bess's childlike contours *and* the tone. Her face now was as placid as ever, but held no delusions for her husband.

"It is true,—it is hardly ever on time," he said, weakly.

"On time!—it is never on time!" Bess's voice grew in scorn, "but an hour and a half after. What is needed is a little firmness,—you must stand by me."

"Don't I always?" asked Comyns, meekly.

"Not when it means a fuss."

Her husband was silent, guiltily conscious of weak masculine tendencies to let well alone, rather than make it worse; conscious also of his wife's entire superiority to this logic.

The minutes passed. Tony began to be restless, and Bess's eye to glow with a calm but dangerous light.

Then Giuseppina entered with a dish of rolls, a flask of milk, a pat of butter, and the air of a miracle-maker. Comyns, with an involuntary sigh of relief, stretched a hand, to drop it hastily at a look from his wife which said, as plainly as words, "Didn't I tell you so?"

"Send all that back," said Bess, with a lofty wave of her hand.

"But, signora,—it is already late," exclaimed Giuseppina.

"Precisely. *Therefore* send it back."

Giuseppina stared open-mouthed, then moved reluctantly from the room.

"Are you going to starve Tony too?" inquired Comyns, with disinterested cheerfulness.

Bess repaid this with an indignant glance.

"It is better he should go hungry once, to some purpose, than every day. Besides," she added, hastily, as Tony's face began to screw up alarmingly, "of course we are not going hungry. Giuseppina—get what you can at the nearest place;—we must eat."

"Devil!—yes," breathed Giuseppina, vanishing.

Giuseppina was elderly, mild, sweet-faced, low-voiced, a compendium of every known virtue, and she swore with gentle alternation by God and the devil.

"We might call it luncheon," observed Comyns, lightly, when some time had elapsed. He added hurriedly, "Rather hard on the little chap, isn't it?—to face a reformer's fate so early."

"He can never begin *too* early," replied Bess, sternly, but surreptitiously cuddling her victim.

And this was the trivial manner of their entrance upon martyrdom,—or of their being entered by Bess.

Easy was the descent; after the breadman and the milkman went the meatman, and as the superior shops were invariably the most faithless (they could best afford to be), there was an end of their juiciest steaks, their tenderest chickens. Moreover, since in Roman fashion it was not a question of one meatman, but of a different man for every kind of meat, they were soon involved in a series of changes over which Bess herself became bewildered, and of which Comyns lost all count. He could only tell—but he could *always* tell—when they had

changed once more by the sudden promptitude of their meals, or, when a change was imminent, by the increasing variation from the normal schedule. Yes, there was one other way,—he could tell by the slowly decadent quality of the food.

"I judge we have got down to horse-meat by now," he cheerfully observed one day, after wrestling silently with a stringy substance on the platter.

Bess looked worried for a moment. She prided herself on the perfection of her modest table, reflected in the ruddy health of the two male creatures dependent upon her mercy. But there was Spartan material in Bess.

"In that case," she answered, firmly, "we shall soon, by your own showing, have reached the ascending curve of the spiral; nothing *below* horse is sold."

She immolated herself as consistently.

"I have waited six weeks for the *sarta,*" she announced, indignantly. "Now I have sent Giuseppina to bring back my coat as it stands."

"You should have said 'with it or inside of it,'" corrected Comyns. "Incidentally — you know you'll wait six weeks to find another sarta, who will keep you waiting twelve more."

But when Giuseppina returned it was neither with nor within—but *without* the coat.

"You didn't bring it!" exclaimed Bess, gazing blankly.

Giuseppina shrugged deprecatingly.

"I would have, signora,—O my God, yes!—but she wouldn't let me, that sarta, evil be to her! She said it was all done but one sleeve and a collar, and she would send it in a pair of hours."

Bess's eye blazed.

"Get a cab!" she commanded Giuseppina. "Hurry!" she added, turning upon Comyns, while hastily spearing on her own hat. "Get on your coat. Quick! Oh, *please* be quicker,—*or she will finish before we get there!*"

Comyns disappeared into the next room, whence he was heard struggling with his coat and smothered sounds. Bess urged the cab-driver to the last point consistent with a conflicting principle—that of humanity to animals,—and shot from the cab ere it fairly stopped at the dressmaker's door. Comyns, chasing breathlessly after, up some hundred and fifty dark steps, came upon her in a dingy room at a dramatic moment. A company of young women stood transfixed, with lifted needles, which had apparently been engaged in the very act of finishing the garment that Bess held by one sleeve, the sarta by the other. Both were looking white and determined.

"But you must be mad — *cattiva-pazza!*" the sarta was crying out, "when I am finishing it for you as fast as possible!"

"You should have done that six weeks ago. Make out your bill," said Bess, firmly.

"I appeal to the signore!"

Comyns was struggling with emotions, but he preserved a dignified demeanor.

"The garment is the signora's,—make out your bill, as she says."

The sarta fell back into her chair with a gasp. Bess seized the released garment and folded it under her arm.

"Make out your bill," she repeated.

The sarta rose. Protest, animation, life itself seemed to have oozed out of her; she looked at Bess as if she thought her dangerous, and meekly made out the *conto,* which she handed to Comyns, avoiding Bess by a considerable détour. A group of awed faces watching from a window was the last thing he saw as the carriage rolled away.

Bess, however, was oblivious; she was anxiously inspecting the rescued garment.

"Thank goodness!" she exclaimed, lifting her head with an air of indescribable relief, "she *didn't* get it finished; the sleeve is only *basted* in!"

Her countenance was beatific; Comyns took one look at it, and bending double, wept meekly into his handkerchief.

"Well," said Bess, relaxing into a smile, "there was a principle involved."

It was Easter when she first appeared in her winter suit, and as if she must needs go out and look for fresh trouble, at Easter also it was that the fell inspiration of repapering seized her. The wall-paper was a thing of chocolate flowers, ramping on a muddier ground. While it might match, if it did not lighten, the winter gloom, it grew a horrible incongruity with the golden green

of young trees and the flooding tide of sunlight in a Roman spring.

One day Comyns rebelled outright.

"It gets on one's nerves," he declared.

"I have read that the youthful brain soaks up impressions, and is modified by them through life," observed Bess, cheerfully. "I do hope Tony won't soak up that wall-paper and be modified to this pattern."

"Good heavens,—what an idea!" exclaimed Comyns, catching up his son and contemplating him closely.

Bess laughed.

"Oh, I don't think his features are changing yet;—but do let's see what Giuseppina calls an 'artist' about the paper."

There were charming papers, they found, at a few cents a roll, and Giuseppina reported that the "artist" would condescend to hang them for one cent more.

Bess and Comyns looked at each other in silence.

"And to think," said Bess, with slow scorn, "that we have suffered that lentil soup on the walls all winter! Giuseppina, you will have the artist here next Monday."

"Devil!—yes," said Giuseppina, sweetly.

"And, Giuseppina" — Bess's voice grew stern,—"I will not have this house torn up for a month. The artist comes Monday; he papers one room that day, another Tuesday, a third Wednesday—and on Thursday it is finished."

"Dio mio! signora," exclaimed Giuseppina, "artists are not like that! He won't do it."

He promised, however,—he promised everything, and the landlady — "the padrona of the walls"—promised all the rest.

"In a week," said Bess, joyously, "we shall be in perfect order. What did you say?"

"Nothing," said Comyns.

"Then why *don't* you say something?" said Bess, indignantly.

Comyns roared.

He showed but a half-hearted interest in the selection of papers, suspicious, according to his wife, in a person whom colors affected as noises, and shapes as blows.

"Well," he defended himself, weakly, "the first choice is purely formal, anyway. You are bound to change 'artists' half a dozen times; each man will have a different set of patterns (I don't know how they do it, but they seem to run the thing in monopolies); what is the use of setting my affections on something I can't have?"

He did, however, firmly, in the end, and Bess and Giuseppina sacrificed one golden Sunday in dismantling the rooms, that the "artist" might have a clear field.

Monday morning a few rolls of paper appeared; towards noon a boy followed languidly with some planks; towards dusk the artist strolled in to look over the situation, and announced that it was too late to begin that evening.

Bess, from the only unlittered chair, regarded him speechless.

"And, anyway," said the artist, "there is not paper enough."

"*You* measured it—and *you* ordered it," said Bess, controlling herself. "And you promised to paper one room to-day."

"But, signora"—the artist held up deprecating hands—"how was I to foresee I should not be able?—and it is very difficult to estimate paper."

"Very well." Bess rose from the chair ominously, but Comyns intervened.

"Now see here, Bess,—you are not going to send those papers out of the house, have six weeks' worry, and end by more lentil soup at last!"

"You prefer a pattern to a principle?" demanded Bess.

"Yes, I do," Comyns answered, unabashed; "if I've got to live with it right along, I do. A principle is nothing but a pattern of conduct, anyhow."

"You have *no* principle," said Bess.

"Never mind," replied Comyns, soothingly, "you have enough for both. Heaven designed us for one another."

Bess turned away to hide her dimples.

"Well, don't blame me if you are homeless for a month. At exactly eight to-morrow you will be here with your son," she said, with dignity, waving the artist out of the room, through which he backed, still smiling and bowing and waving apologies with his hands.

He was there at eight, with the son, and they made a great and hopeful show

of cutting lengths of paper and pasting them over. By nightfall they had a few desolate strips hanging in the smallest room.

On the second day they hung a few more—in another room—and encountered a second deficiency of paper. Bess exhausted her vocabulary of withering speeches, and her spinal column by perching permanently on a step-ladder. The third day the boy appeared alone and cheerfully began upon the third and last room.

"Where is your father?" demanded Bess.

"Coming, signora,—coming," responded the boy, encouragingly,—while Giuseppina, moving back and forth, murmured consolingly: "The *artisti!* Dio mio, the *artisti!*"

On the fourth day nobody came. Comyns, going in with a tale of anemone-fields under sunlight, found Bess sitting on the step-ladder, stonily gazing at three décolleté rooms. To all his seductions she responded with a shrug and a "How can I?—those 'artists' may return."

"They won't,—it's a festa."

"Then *that's* what ails them," exclaimed Bess, springing up. "Oh, for Heaven's sake, let's go!"

The boy turned up cheerfully next morning, and courteously explained that they had overlooked the feast.

"You have only about three a week on an average," said Bess, "five on a good week, and *eight* in the really festal season,—no wonder you get out of practice occasionally."

"The signora has holy reason," assented the boy, nodding.

"But why on earth," asked Bess, "don't you finish *one* room, and then another, instead of getting all three into a half-finished condition together?"

"Signora," said the boy, mildly, "this is the proper way,—the way it is always done."

"It is the way of artists," further elucidated Giuseppina.

"It is an *idiotic way,*" said Bess.

"Signora," the boy spoke, still with a patient respect, "if you had three coats to make, you wouldn't take each coat and put on the collars, cuffs, and buttons in turn,—by Bacchus, no!"

"By Bacchus, yes, I would!" declared Bess, with energy. "I should finish them each to the last stitch."

"Oh no, you wouldn't,—with respect, signora," said the boy. "You would sew up all the seams, then you would put in all the sleeves, then you would sew on all the collars,—and then the cuffs,—and last the buttons."

"*You* would, I don't doubt," retorted Bess, witheringly, "if only for the pleasure of keeping three customers waiting instead of one. Meanwhile"—she pointed a peremptory finger—"you will kindly put the collar on that room at once,—*subito,*—do you understand?"

"Signora," said the boy, as he slowly gathered his tools to do her bidding, "if all my customers were like you, business would be ruined."

It was with a sigh of contentment that Bess and Comyns at last surveyed their recovered territory.

"It has taken only six weeks—instead of one," said Comyns, "but I had so little hope of emerging with the same paper—and the same paper-hangers—that I obliterate the item of time."

"It was not *all* time wasted," replied Bess, pensively. "I *now* understand the national character; it proceeds on different lines from our own. We, for example, should put in our gas-pipes before papering,—thus robbing the gas-man of his natural pleasure in punching holes through the paper. *We* should paper before waxing the floors,—thus again depriving the paperers of their innocent joy in sprinkling paste. *They* wax first, then they bring in the heavy trestles and planks and papers and paste and destroy the wax; then the gas-man comes and destroys the paper; then they rewax and bring in the electric man to pull down the paper borders for his wires,—and when every other diversion has been exhausted, the painters come in and give a 'hand of varnish' to the window-frames and the doors. Perhaps you thought our brass knobs were white-enamelled? No; they're merely splashed. And now, having got all our rugs and furniture in, the stove-man is coming to-morrow,—nothing would induce him to come before."

"I see," said Comyns. "It seems a simple system, when you once grasp it."

It was, however, several to-morrows before Giuseppina ushered in a joyous personality, who stood smiling disarmingly and twirling his cap, while Giuseppina announced:

"He is here, signora,—devil! yes—at last!"

Bess surveyed him irresponsively, and he presently appeared embarrassed.

"Signora," he ventured, placatingly, "I have been much occupied."

"Since you are so greatly occupied"—Bess's tone was impersonal—"I will not detain you. Giuseppina,—the door!"

The man stood suddenly erect, transfixed.

"Signora, you have all the reason in the world. I should have come without doubt; you have holy reason; but now that I am here,—*infino,* since I am here—"

"There is no reason that you should be here a moment longer. It is not your fault that my husband and child have not died of *polmonitis.* Giuseppina—"

The man gave Giuseppina one rapid glance, which asked, "Does she really mean it?" and Giuseppina answered with a swift movement of the hands, which said plainly, "Devil! *yes!*"

"As the signora pleases; she will wait many weeks for another artist,—and meanwhile her husband and child may die many times of *polmonitis,*—but that, too, is as the signora pleases."

Bess shrugged silently, as who should convey, "These things are sent," and the man shrugged also, as who should reply, "So is madness," and departed.

Comyns meanwhile was pensively whistling, "There 'll be a hot time"—a singularly inappropriate choice.

"I do hope the weather won't change!" Bess turned upon him apprehensively.

"Never mind, my dear," her husband soothed her. "If we fall, we fall the martyrs of a great Idea; every missionary runs these risks."

"Yes,—but Tony is too young to have a mission," said Bess, anxiously stuffing her son's plump arms into the sleeves of an outgrown woollen jacket. "And you were cut out for an artist—not a martyr."

"*Same thing,*" said Comyns.

Victory, however, is understood to follow martyrdom as the fish course follows the soup. From the bonfire to the palm is a natural progression, and all at once Comyns was made almost stunningly aware of a great and seemly peace pervading his domestic sphere. It overflowed, indeed, the bounds of domesticity and flooded the adjacent cabstand. Coming home from the studio one day, Comyns's ear was saluted by the following speech of one vetturino to another:

"Change it, Gigi, change it," the man was saying, "if it is the small blond signora. It *is* the small blond signora!—I was sure of it! Change it—*prestissimo!* It is quite true the animal likes it; he is happier as it is,—but what of that? When the signora sends me an order, do I make any words about it? Not I. If she tells me to harness my beast backwards, I shall harness it; it saves time. She is an excellent little signora, and gives a good *per bere,* but *change that rein,* Gigi, if she has said it."

It was not only the cabmen;—tradespeople, artisans, these might lightly flout the native nobility, but they walked humbly before Bess. Breakfast, lunch, dinner, boots, clothing,—even the post—all arrived on time.

"I've a mind to turn you loose upon my studio," said Comyns. "You are a miracle; we are personages; everybody salutes *me* when *you* walk abroad. Life has become a little heaven here below."

"Not quite," replied Bess, with unexpected humility. "There is still Giuseppina—"

"*Still Giuseppina!* What on earth do you mean? I thought she in particular was Heaven's last, best gift,—the only Perfect—the Too-Good-to-Live!"

"She is,—she's everything *but* prompt. And yet she doesn't look as if she slept enough, late as she arrives every morning. I think perhaps she doesn't sleep *because* she has it on her mind, and then oversleeps, so I have bought her a guaranteed American alarm-clock. *Now* you'll get some morning sketching."

Giuseppina's worn face brightened when Bess presented her formally with the glittering gift. Carolina's weasel countenance, at her mother's side, gleamed still more. Carolina was twelve, with a taste for mechanics.

"You see," said Bess, graciously, "it

is so simple that even Carolina can wind it; and you hear"—she let the alarm go at its hideous length—"no one could possibly sleep through that!"

"Devil!—no," breathed Giuseppina, with awe.

"So you can sleep all night comfortably,—and after this I shall not expect to have breakfast late again this winter." Bess's voice took a firm inflection.

"Dio mio! no," sighed Giuseppina. "There could be no reason."

Nothing could have been prompter than the breakfasts which followed. Comyns got a whole week of sketching, and Bess and Tony wore early roses in their cheeks. Then breakfast fell slowly farther and farther from its true estate, and Giuseppina took to arriving at an unseemly double-trot, gasping out vague apologetic phrases. She had slept—she had not slept—she had slept too much—she had overslept.

"What—with *that alarm!*" said Bess.

Giuseppina murmured more apologies, vague formless things; and Bess, glancing at the dark circles under her servitor's eyes, concluded she had some secret trouble and forbore to press her. She watched over Giuseppina rather tenderly for some days, but as these went by and she saw the strained dark circles deepen, and breakfast wandered farther into the domains of lunch, she was troubled in spirit.

"Doesn't the clock work?" she asked.

"It works," replied Giuseppina. "Yes, it works, signora."

"And you don't sit up after you go home?"

"I? O devil! no, signora. I go to bed almost with my boots on—with respect, signora"—and Giuseppina sighed.

Bess was completely puzzled.

Then she caught Giuseppina yawning in broad daylight.

"Really—she looks just fit to be put to bed now; I can't imagine what ails her!" declared Bess in despair.

"I can't imagine what ails that guaranteed clock," replied Comyns, with some exasperation, casting down his now useless sketching outfit. "Do you suppose they run it backwards?"

"I'll find out," said Bess.

She summoned Giuseppina, and when that handmaid stood meekly before them, Bess began, in a voice stern enough for her Revolutionary great-grandfather.

"Now, Giuseppina, this cannot go on. The signore has lost a whole morning's work again. I must have the truth—the *whole* truth. What is the reason you cannot get here promptly?"

Giuseppina, heavy-eyed and pale, but imperturbably respectful, looked meekly at the bar of justice.

"I will tell the whole truth, signora."

"Well, then—is the clock broken?" said Bess, encouragingly. "I will get you another."

"Oh, signora, no! there is no need of another," exclaimed Giuseppina, agitatedly. "This one suffices—it suffices, and it runs—*how* it runs! It is a devil of a clock."

"Doesn't it ring?"

"It rings—it rings, signora. There is nothing the matter with the little clock; it is a good machine."

"Well, then—"

"Signora, I am going to tell you the whole truth."

"Go on, Giuseppina."

She seemed in no hurry, however, but began slowly.

"Signora—signore—it is a house of poor people where we others live—there are many of us, and we all work. First"—she began counting, Italian fashion, with her thumb—"there is Beppino. He is the husband of the little sarta, and he is a night-watchman; the poor man goes on duty at two"—Giuseppina sighed a little.

"Well?"

"Then there is the carabiniere—the signora has seen him in my kitchen—such a good boy, signore, and the support of eight—his mother and the seven little ones—*he* goes out at three. Then there are the children themselves—they go out at four. Will the signora think of that?" broke off Giuseppina,—"*they go out at four,* those children, while the signori are sleeping—to earn a piece of bread—and the mornings like ice! And the littlest not greatly bigger than our own signorino!"

Instinctively the three pairs of eyes fell upon the "signorino" in his high chair, and Giuseppina resumed with a sigh.

"Well—there is also the little sarta herself—she must go out at six, and her son

a quarter before; the poor boy works in the country, very remote, and what does he get?—half a franc a day, *signori miei,* at most!"

Giuseppina drew another deep sigh. "I am fortunate — *felice* — *felicissima,*" she continued; "a good place—a good signora—twenty-five francs a month, and only Carolina to feed!" She paused to contemplate her felicity. "But it was not always so, not even—with respect to the souls of the dead!—when my poor husband was alive (*Benedetta sia!*). I have known tribulation!—yes—and I remember." She drew the deepest sigh yet, and continued:

"There I lie in my warm bed with Carolina, and listen to all that poor people going out into the cold for a piece of bread. But the worst of all is the little children—and God has made us all neighbors — we have all one heart—" Here Giuseppina began to speak rapidly, with a visible effect of getting her defences together.

"We have also but one clock," she said, and stopped.

Comyns looked up with sudden intelligence.

"But one clock," repeated Giuseppina, her faltering eye on Bess. "It does not run too well either, and all that *povera gente* must go out early. So when Beppino, seeing the beautiful clock of the signori, came to me first of all and asked if I would ring the little bell for him, I did it *willingly,* signori—Beppino does not eat too much bread. And when the carabiniere came to me and asked if I would ring for him, I did that also *di cuore.* A carabiniere is a soldier; he must be at his post—and the boy helps feed seven. And when Carlotta asked if I would ring for the bambani, that they might sleep as late as possible —would *any one* refuse to do that, signori? And after that the sarta—and the sarta's son—"

"Giuseppina!" Bess gasped, "you have kept that bell ringing all night, and had *no* sleep whatever!"

"I would not say *no* sleep, signora—and it is not so much the little bell as that when it is not ringing one or the other comes to my door and knocks to say, 'Giuseppina, are you sure the little bell has not rung without your hearing it?' And as that might happen (for now Nina no longer hears it—it has ceased to divert her and she sleeps), why, I do not sleep much myself, for fear of letting some of those poor people oversleep; and then, when every one is gone and the house is still, alas! I sleep *too* much, and that makes the signore's coffee late and disturbs the good signora, and so, and so—" She looked contritely from one to the other, adding, with sudden hopefulness, "*Però,* after to-day it will all be different. Blessed be the Madonna—we have had a misfortune!"

"Carolina!" exclaimed Bess.

"No, no—devil! no, signora,—it is the little clock. Being late, in my fury of haste this morning I knocked it from the table, and now, *signori miei,* it does not run any more!"

"Hallelujah!" Comyns ejaculated, devoutly.

"So, then," said Bess, hastily, with a glance at her husband, "you will have nothing to wake you up mornings any more—nor nights, either?"

"Nothing; but also, signora," Giuseppina replied even more hastily, "there will be no need. The mornings being longer—and the summer near, and the sun no longer in a shirt—I shall be on time — yes. The signora will see, she will never again have a late breakfast," she wound up with reassuring fervor.

There was a silence, during which Bess's eye rested with a strange softness on Giuseppina.

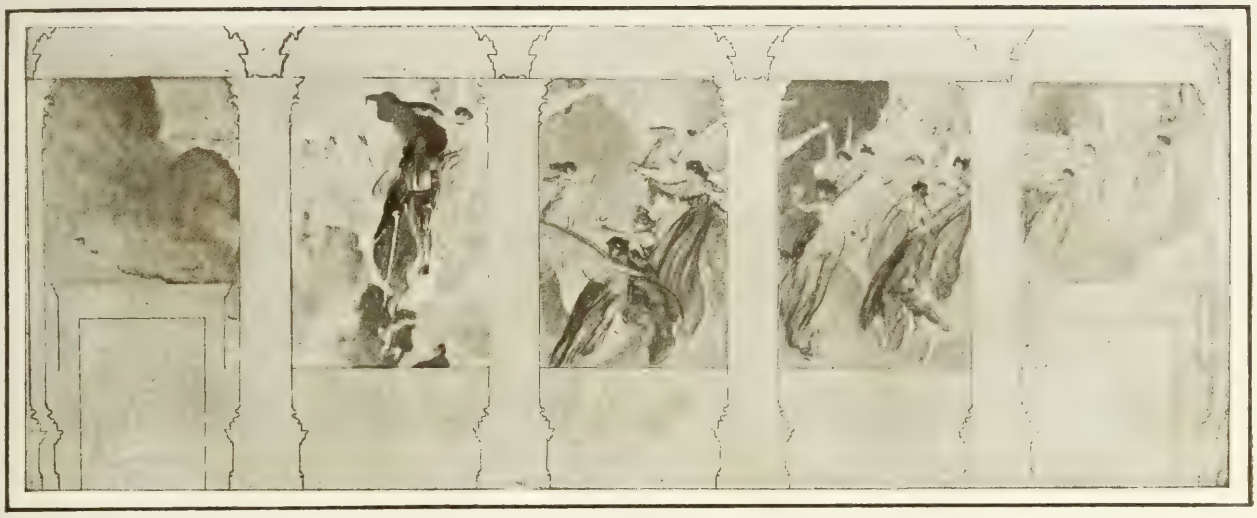
"Then you don't want me to buy you another clock?" she asked, soberly.

Giuseppina's answer came with almost frantic haste and emphasis.

"*Devil!—no.*" Her distraught glance, seeking escape, encountered Comyns's, and encountered something kindred in it. Her lips relaxed; she began to smile discreetly, while Bess and Comyns gave way simultaneously, and Tony, with one comprehensive glance at his companions, broke into the delirious laughter of childhood, laughing at it knows not what, but bent upon outlaughing all the rest.

"Giuseppina," said Bess at last, wiping away what she hoped might pass for tears of unadulterated mirth, "go home and go to sleep."

"Dio mio—*willingly!*" answered Giuseppina.



ARTIST'S SKETCH SHOWING THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE LARGER DECORATIONS IN THE MAIN ENTRANCE-HALL

THE NEW MURAL DECORATIONS OF JOHN W. ALEXANDER

Comment By
CHARLES H. CAFFIN

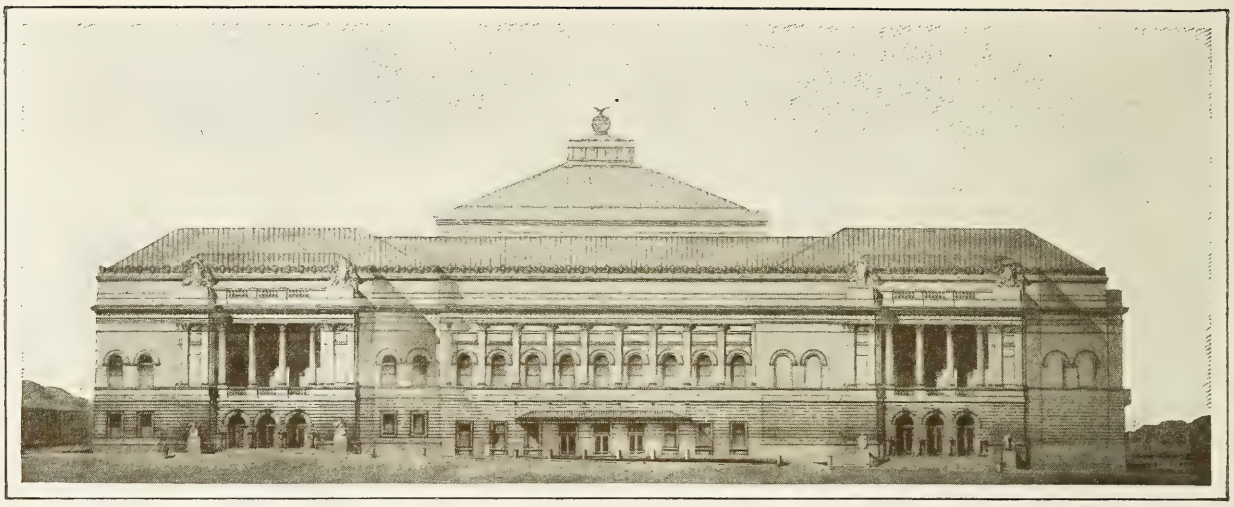
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CURTIS BELL

THE largest commission for mural decoration ever received by a single painter in this country was awarded some two years ago to John W. Alexander by the trustees of the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburg. When these words reach the reader, a portion of the paintings will have been set in place and become, as everything else in the institution, "free to the people."

Things grow pretty rapidly in this country, but not always under conditions so favorable and in response to needs so enlightened as those which have promoted the development of the Carnegie Institute. The Institute, in its inception, was to be a library, the nucleus of a system of branches throughout the city, for the disseminating of information among the people by the circulation of books. But already while it was in process of construction a wider scope of usefulness was unfolding itself. To enhance the interest of the inauguration ceremonies, a loan exhibition of pictures had been organized and a fine orchestra engaged, and, following the logic of events, the founder, on the opening day, presented to the trustees a sum of money, the income of which was to maintain, as additions to the library, a museum of natural history, a department of fine arts, and a school of music. It has been in this fourfold capacity, and especially, to outsiders at any rate, in connection with the last two branches, that the Institute during the last ten years has ranked among the greatest centres of cultivation in America.

But the real test of such an institution lay neither in the ability of the handful of men who are shaping the departments nor in the widely felt approval of persons already interested in their special lines of work, but in its capacity to secure and hold the interest of the people of

Paintings Copyright, 1907, by John W. Alexander



FACADE OF THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, PITTSBURG
Photograph from architect's drawing

its own community. That it has done so the yearly average of attendance proves. While the population of Pittsburg, according to the census of 1900, was 321,616, and that of Allegheny, a year later, 129,896—a total of 451,512,—the yearly average of visitors to the Carnegie Institute has been 500,000! In fact, under the pressure of popular interest, the original departments were found to be already inadequate, while the appetite for instruction demanded still wider satisfaction. Once more the logic of events has been accepted by the founder; the original building has been remodelled, the space allotted to the departments increased, and new schools of technical instruction have been added. These schools have been in operation about two years, and are attended by nearly one thousand pupils. But already there is a waiting-list of nearly ten thousand young men and women, and for these it is hoped to provide additional facilities in the near future. By that time the buildings of this colossus of public instruction will cover thirty-two acres.

The mind fails to grasp the significance of all this; it may realize the motive and trace the steps, but loses itself in the attempt to fathom the limitlessness of the continuing and accumulating results that will flow from it. One falls back on one's imagination, which sometimes brings one nearer to understanding than will any process of thinking. And to me the spirit of it all was revealed one dull November evening, as I stood on the rolling hills of Schenley Park, within which the Institute is situated.

Immediately about one it is drear—the grass colorless and thin in the grip of winter; twilight laying a chill, damp hand upon one's face; intermittent lights pricking the gloom that closes round one, creeping up, as it seems, from a murky pit below the hills. Down there is the city, metropolis of mines and rolling-mills, of factories and warehouses, the heart of a huge arterial system of com-





merce throbbing through the lives of countless men and women. And spread low above them is a pall. It is the breath of their nostrils, mingled with the murk and grime from the bowels of the earth and smoke from the fire of their furnaces. One shudders; it is appalling, the reek of foulness suffocating the souls of men; one's eyes turn from it involuntarily and seek the cleanliness of the sky. But, lo! a marvel! The reek is lifting, pouring up as from a volcano's mouth, drawing to itself in its ascent a reflection of the setting sun. The light upon it is at first a faint glow, waking it into life; becoming warmer and more varied in its iridescence as the column of vapor rises, and still warmer and more iridescent, until it trembles softly with color, like the neck of some beautiful bird, far above one. Gradually the vapor expands into a volume of body, dappled with the plumage of little clouds, dyed as with molten colors, while higher still spread innumerable pinions, floating, sweeping, eddying in a slow surge of movement, changing as they move to violet, saffron, rose, and golden glory. All the sky is occupied with glory, tumultuous, serene, superb, and tender. Then sight is lost in sound, and the sky seems full of singing—swelling, dying away, and swelling again, until it rises in an ocean of triumphant sound as from a thousand times ten thousand hearts.

Some such vision as this, to be seen in Pittsburg often by any one with eyes in his soul, prompted, one may believe, Mr. Alexander's decoration. This work adorns the great entrance-hall of the enlarged building. Enter this hall in imagination. It is some sixty-six feet square; half-way across the pavement there mounts a central flight of stairs that, turning to right and left, communicate with a gallery; the whole interior constructed of grayish yellow-buff marble. Along the lower part of the walls, at a height of ten feet from the floor, runs a series of oblong panels; higher up, beginning at a line some four feet above the level of the gallery floor, is another series of panels,





broad and tall, above which once more is a third tier of lunette-shaped spaces. The panels in the lowest range, fifteen in all, are filled with paintings typifying the labor of the city, while an allegory of her triumph occupies the five big spaces over the staircase that front you upon entrance. This represents what is so far completed of the scheme. Later, the remaining panels on the second tier will commemorate the means of approach to the city by river and rail, and the lunettes above will typify the arts and sciences of which the building itself is the home.

In his treatment of the Labor panels Mr. Alexander has avoided any direct illustrations of actual processes of work, yet the various scenes are suggestive of the particular kind of labor identified with the industries of Pittsburg. Himself a native of the city and in his boyhood familiar with the spectacle of labor in the mills and foundries and around the coke-ovens, the painter has realized a quantity of impressions locally characteristic and powerfully suggestive. For it is Labor, as the foundation of the city's material greatness and as the base on which she builds her efforts toward the ideal, that he set out to commemorate. Nor did he view it, either mentally or artistically, in its crudity of contrasts, as a lurid drama of Cyclopean energy. He saw it rather as a union of mind and muscle, and has sought to bring out the controlling element of intelligence in the conflict of humanity with matter. While, almost without exception, the men he has represented are physically powerful, with backs and chests on which the muscles lie in firm slabs, and with arms that are strong with cords of steel, they have heads expressive of more than average intelligence. For he has not been betrayed into the foolishness of overdoing this suggestion. The heads are not fantastically ennobled; still less do they indicate any self-consciousness of superiority, or any pose of playing a great rôle. Their demeanor, like their movements, seems to be a natural product of, as well





as a controlling factor in, the character of their labor.

So with studied moderation and yet with an appearance of inevitable and resistless impetus the action of the figures is carried through the sequence of panels; a rhythm of movement, rising and falling like the swell of Atlantic rollers. And as the latter may be seen looming out of a fog and into fog retreating, so these figures appear and disappear, are seen in part or whole, clearly or vaguely, through the steam and smoke in which their labor is enveloped. As color-spots the forms are vibrant and decisive. Brown tones of flesh, ruddier hue in many of the faces, and in the clothes dull blue, or blackish blue, and drabs and tawny buffs, break clearly against the gray swirls of atmosphere that is mellowed with rose and yellow and murky brown glows from unseen fires. From out the smoke-wreaths looms here and there some hint of mechanical contrivance—girder, crane, wheels, a hanging-tackle; sometimes the men are laboring on the workshop floor, other times suspended in mid-air; one gets a notion of the strenuousness and the hazard of their lives, of the putting forth of might and the power of mental poise. And while the movement of the figures proceeds around the lower part of the hall, the steam and smoke ascend, carrying one's thought up to the representation of the City's Triumph.

Of the five panels in which the triumph is celebrated, the end ones are shadowed by the architecture. In these, therefore, the artist has mainly suggested the ascending vapor, which, in one part forming into globular masses with fantastic faces, spreads from the sides and fills the three central panels. Thus to the upturned eyes the effect is of gazing up into the sky, where one of Pittsburg's atmospheric pageants has taken shape in semblance of an allegory. Poised on the left in mid-air is a figure typifying the city. It is a man clad from head to heels in black armor, that reflects the glare of furnaces far below. The face shows





LEFT PANEL OF MAIN DECORATION



CENTRE PANEL OF MAIN DECORATION



squarely above the short curly beard; it has no majesty of mien, but steady and dauntless resolution; it is the workaday face of one who acts quickly and surely and never flinches, with a fixed deliberation in his gaze.

What I am trying to express is that here again Mr. Alexander has kept clear of heroics. There is no parade of sentiment, no pose of pomp and affectation. Moreover, he has had the courage and discretion to get away from the traditional device of embodying the city as a woman, recognizing that the labor of Pittsburg is man's labor and typifying it by a man. But why in armor? you may ask. I cannot say. However, for my own part, the anachronism does not jar; I am conscious of no suggestion of medievalism, but rather of the constant type of the warrior, handed on from days when it was the man-to-man fight that counted; until, with the thought that life is as much as ever a fight, and remembering also what is Pittsburg's chief product, I find myself regarding as quite natural the city's embodiment as a knight in steel.

But while the application of mental and physical labor to material results is typified by a man, the reward of labor in wealth of resources and in the grace and heightening of life is symbolized by beautiful maiden forms. These creatures of the upper air come trooping in from near and far with gifts of cunning craftsmanship from the looms, the workshops, and the studios of the world. Like swallows homing at twilight, they skim the air, and poise, and wheel. The smoke-wreaths have taken shape in draperies that cling to their lovely forms and stream below their feet in buoyant volumes.

One grows pardonably enthusiastic over the beauty of these forms and their grace of rapid movement, and perhaps even more over the subtlety with which the intense eagerness of movement is tempered with a certain plastic immobility. The artist, in fact, has kept the feeling of the figures nicely poised be-





RIGHT PANEL OF MAIN DECORATION



A GROUP OF THE SMALLER PANELS



DETAIL FROM THE RIGHT-HAND PANEL OF MAIN DECORATION

tween reality and imagination; and this more than anything, perhaps, is the secret of the truly decorative character of the composition. For something more than handsome patterning of full and empty spaces and harmonious bloom of color is necessary before the discerning mind will accept a painting on a wall as indeed a mural decoration. And that something, I feel assured, is the direction given to the mind, not obviously, but imperceptibly, that the thing is not real to sense but an appeal to the imagination. When the painting exhibits real figures doing real things, we may easily mistake it for an illustration on a grandiose scale; when its figures seem real but are engaged in unreal attitudes and occupations, it is not difficult to feel the whole an affectation, trite and tedious. For in both there is an obviousness; in the one case of reality, in the other of unreality. On the other hand, the impression that architecture produces on the mind is the reverse of obvious; it is abstract, indefinable, an appeal to pure imagination. Such subtlety, then, must be represented in the painting, if it is to accord with the feeling of the architecture and be characteristically mural.

It remains to say something of the spirit of these decorations. I think it likely that many share my notion that hitherto very few decorations have been



produced in this country which might not quite as appropriately adorn some edifice in Europe. The most part have nothing of the American spirit, or, for that matter, of the spirit of modern progress. They are workings-over of old motives, worn threadbare with much imitation, and from our standpoint of to-day seem like rather puerile affectations. While musicians, poets, and novelists are expected to respond to the modern spirit, the mural painter too frequently is satisfied to glean from the musty granary of the past.

This charge cannot be brought against Mr. Alexander's decorations. They are unequivocally modern. It is not only that the male types represent a conception of the rights and possibilities of labor that is a part of our present-day understanding of democracy, nor that the girl types are drawn from such as we can see around us. These are but contributory touches. The real reason is that just as Strauss has invented new forms of harmonic structure, so the painter has here cut clean away from the old method of piled-up, obviously balanced composition, and flung on the canvas in the freedom of apparent unrestraint a distribution of forms the secret of whose rhythm and balance is evasive. Mannerism disappears and spontaneity is suggested.

To this allegory, besides arraying it in a grace characteristically modern, Mr. Alexander has given an import that is partly American in its ideal and partly local to Pittsburg. We welcome the decorations, therefore, not only for the charm of their appeal to imagination and eye, but as marking a new departure in the embellishment of buildings dedicated to the people.



The Dream of the Morning

BY ABBY MEGUIRE ROACH

THE old Walnut Woods house was built, from bricks made on the place, in the days when slaves were as thick as blackberries and labor-saving devices were neither a personal profit nor a philanthropy. The walls were two feet thick, with every other brick a tie, and the joists, the laths even, were of hard ash. The white woodwork was hand-cut and carved, and was brought over the mountains from what is still Virginia into the present Kentucky, which was then Virginia, too.

The Sutcliffes builded, but now in the fifth generation the only Sutcliffes resident at Walnut Woods were those in the old graveyard by the garden, the deed to which was never transferred, and two sisters, twenty-odd years apart, who still owned a former overseer's cottage on the edge of the place, together with a few acres, and an old darky of incredible antiquity who insisted that he had never gone free.

The war stripped the last Sutcliffe even of his life. It was told of his wife that in their golden days she never left the house except to drive, and then always by way of a crimson carpet unrolled across the porch and down the steps to her carriage. When the artistic effect of crimson way and black Sambo laying it became impossible, she never left the house at all; never again until they carried her down the walk to the little Campo Santo, in a state hardly less vital, though more enviable, than that in which she had lived for the preceding five or six years.

Whether her daughters were of her temper seems not to have been considered. They left the house shortly and with equal finality. And Miss Felicia, already a woman, set about hedging and screening with thickets and vines the little foothold left them on earth — a foothold which to her was simply a private waiting-room for death and the end of the Sutcliffes.

The man-destroying war rendered an inestimable benefit to the old maids of the South. It gave them the benefit of a doubt, and of a doubt most creditable to their sentiments. The protection was worth more then than now, when every one knows that to be or not to be married is an individual option.

Concerning Miss Felicia, there was talk of a lover given to the lost cause. But if Miss Felicia had ever been young no one would have suspected it nor accused her of it as she neared sixty. And yet then she was not a shade older than as the younger Surprise had always known her. She was absolutely unchanged, even to the black false front that matched her ungrayed hair, the old-style basque, tight-fitting and coming well down over the hips outside the skirt, the short skimpy skirt that left her activity unimpeded. She never sat down without a piece of knitting in hand, and never did she condescend to the familiarity of touching backs with a chair.

Probably the consecrated-lover myth was only a variant of the lost-father anecdote, with no more foundation than the tradition of a buried treasure of silver and jewelry hidden for safety by the departing master and never found by the survivors. Of that story the only proof was the neighborhood answer: "Well, then, what became of all the stuff they had? They *had* it. And not a personal article was sold with the house and furniture. And you certainly don't imagine those two girls have gone on starving all these years with no need!"

The younger sister was born at the close of the war, her very existence undreamed of by her father. And her mother, with an interesting blend of candor and poetry, named her Dolores Surprise. "My Dolores," she called her. But after she was gone, Miss Felicia softened one at least of the contrasts between them, by calling her Surprise.

They lived alone, but for Old Uncle Jerry, who was already *Old* Uncle Jerry when Surprise first remembered him, and who continued to grow older every year —older and smaller, as if his method of transfiguration were to gradually dwindle until he went out altogether.

They had no other servant, and the neighborhood said that, from the first, little as Surprise then was, the girls got up alternate mornings to serve each other coffee in bed, so that they might be ladies at least half the time!

So for twenty-five years they lived, hedged in by a bristling reserve. Those of the neighborhood who attempted their enchantment did not know the magic password of their own speech. And within their enclosure life dreamed itself away, one brooding over the past, the other over the future.

Meantime Walnut Woods passed through several hands before the Paisley Lockards bought it, changed the name to Buena Vista, enlarged the lawn, built a porte-cochère, put in steam-heat and their own gas, water, and refrigerating works —turned it, in short, from a farm to a place.

"She never uses the spring-house at all!" Miss Felicia reported local gossip to Surprise as she rubbed out the towels after the breakfast dish-washing. "It's going to ruins. The finest spring in the county! And she has filled the house with the kind of old mahogany stuff mother sent to the servants' quarters when she got her new rosewood and black walnut." There were both indignation and pitying contempt in Miss Felicia's tone. "And at what she called her house-warming, the other night, she didn't use the gas, after all. Had the whole place lighted with candles. Candles, mind you! Colored candles. As if their being red made them anything but candles. It's like a darky dressed up." Candles, too, Miss Felicia had seen discarded. It was in her plastic age that oil had become a luxury. With gas or electricity she had no experience in her isolated life. She would have been afraid of them. And for candles she had, in her own phrase, "no respect." "Oh, they say I wouldn't know the old place!" Miss Felicia sounded exasperated and tantalized. Though the house was a scant mile away, Miss Felicia had not seen the outside of it since she turned her back on it twenty-five years before. She went to town, when she went, by a longer route, to avoid it. But Surprise secretly passed it at every opportunity. She could have contributed to her sister's intelligence now, had she chosen or dared.

As it was, she sat silent in the kitchen doorway, her hands listless in her lap. The large head with its weight of coiled braids was heavy on the slight neck. Surprise had passed thirty, but the tall body was undeveloped, and she had the look of suspended youth of those to whom the years have meant time, not experience. The droop of the body and the curve of the full lips were wistful. If to her sister their retreat was the waiting-room to another world (and a surreptitious peep-hole on this), Surprise had always expected it to prove the vestibule to life. But lately she had begun to wonder if life would ever come, if things did come to those who only waited.

"And they say she's paying the most ridiculous prices for things through the country." Miss Felicia gathered up the wet cloths and stepped out to the sun. "Bellows, and bed-warmers, and three-legged stands, and brass preserving-kettles. And there's a spinning-wheel in the front hall. In the front hall, of all places! Might as well put an ice-cream freezer or a bicycle there."

Surprise looked up—and justified her name. The eyes lighted the face, vitalized it, glorified it. "But if she admires them, sister!" she said, quickly, a trifle breathlessly. "And if she pays for them!" Then the whole mobile face darkened and set. "Why shouldn't we sell her some of ours?" she challenged.

"Dolores Surprise Sutcliffe!" But there was something unconvincing about Miss Felicia's astonishment. Evidently, though they came to speak of it for the first time, it was not the first time Surprise had thought of it or Miss Felicia had it suggested to her.

"Grandfather's snuff-box, now," Surprise pushed on. "To other people it would be General Sutcliffe's snuff-box. And the gold and amethysts in it alone are surely worth twenty-five dollars."

"If people knew we had things like that—" Miss Felicia began.

"Things! One snuff-box. And I might get a quarter's painting-lessons out of it—"

"Those painting-lessons again!"

"And then I could sell plates and cards, and make enough, after a while, to go to New York and—"

"And by that time," Miss Felicia cut in, incisively, "you'd be ready to sell the graveyard, I suppose. Well,"—she paused, struck with her own idea,—"I dare say Mrs. Paisley Lockard would jump at the chance to lay in a supply of ancestors. But that," she added with grim satisfaction, not so much in her own having as in the other's lack, "money can't get one."

Surprise looked at her with little pools of laughter brimming slowly in her eyes. Her lashes fell. "But the snuff-box, sister! Do you think that's a very ladylike thing for us to have about? or a very creditable souvenir of grandfather?" She glanced at Miss Felicia under curtaining lids. "You know how stained that old shirt-front of his is. Is it nice to be reminded of him so?"

"How'd you get it to her?" Miss Felicia demanded, abruptly.

"I'll take it."

"You'll do no such thing. I'll go myself." Surprise's eyes flew wide open. "If you will be so stubborn"—Miss Felicia shook out the last cloth with a snap —"at least I'll do the errand." Evidently if Surprise could stoop to sacrifice the family to the personal pride, Miss Felicia could rise to sacrifice the personal to the sisterly. She came back up the step.

Surprise caught at her skirt. "Sister!" In animation, her whole body, like her face, rippled into life. "Are you going now?" Alarm warred with delight. To Miss Felicia, up since four, the day was far spent, but the people at Buena Vista did not keep country hours. "*Now,* sister?"

Miss Felicia pulled away. "Certainly I'll do it now. Don't I always?"

The girl's hands dropped. She followed her in more quietly. "Can I help you?" softly. "Shall I get it out?"

"No; let it alone."

Surprise turned away meekly, but her mouth looked wise. And as Miss Felicia went up the lane (there was no path through the grass in that direction, as there was toward the road) she leaned over the gate, looking after the departing shawl and bonnet, her eyes alive with mischief. "Poor old thing!" she mused. "It's been so long! and now all this talk of changes sets her wild! After all, she has come to the same conclusion with me and Mohammed—if things don't come to you, go to them. I will learn to paint—I *will*." The expression of her face was kaleidoscopic. "In the end she always does anything she can for me. Is it so much for me to let her do it her own way and grumble a little?"

Now Miss Felicia was not really old, not so much older than Mrs. Paisley Lockard. "But you would have thought her a bride," she told Surprise afterward, "the way she was dressed. In a baby-blue silk Mother Hubbard at eight o'clock in the morning! And she didn't put it on for me. She came right in from the dining-room. I hadn't a good chance to look around."

She saw one or two things, however. When Mrs. Paisley Lockard paused in the doorway, waiting (Miss Sutcliffe? the man had said, and she had heard of two old sisters still clinging to the fringe of the once royal garment), Miss Felicia turned on her. "So you've taken out even our stairway!" she accused her, with a gesture toward a corner of the room, where, up the wall, under the heavy new paper, the lines of old steps were discernible.

"Why, yes; and we cut doors in the room above. It was a curious arrangement."

"Curious!" said Miss Felicia, as though Mrs. Paisley Lockard had said "criminal." "This room," she condescended to inform her, "was the bedroom of the mistress, the housekeeper, next the dining-room. The girls' room was above, and there was no access to it except by that stairway through the mother's room."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Paisley Lockard. "Dear me! what espionage!"

"Espionage!" Miss Felicia looked at her with pity and wonder. "It was our privacy."

"To be sure. In slave days. Now that is interesting and a side-light on the Orient." Mrs. Paisley Lockard was considering her caller and the hour. "Did you wish to look at the old house, Miss—Sutcliffe, I believe?"

"Thank you, I've seen enough," said Miss Felicia.

Mrs. Paisley Lockard's brows contracted. "But you asked to see me, I believe?" The tone was full of nuances—that went over Miss Felicia's head.

Miss Felicia produced the snuff-box. "They say you buy your heirlooms, and we have so many." Mrs. Paisley Lockard looked at her quickly, but the manner was matter-of-fact as the tone. "And Surprise is so set on painting-lessons. You know how it is with a child."

"I didn't know there was a child at your place!"

"Well, she is about grown now."

"Or a young person, even."

"Well, there's Surprise."

"Oh, I see!" But Mrs. Paisley Lockard didn't sound as if she saw. "But twenty-five dollars? Any collector would give you a hundred. And as General Sutcliffe's it's particularly valuable to me, like the place, because an own cousin of my mother's married his own cousin, you know."

"No, I didn't know," said Miss Felicia, and it sounded as if her ignorance remained unaffected by any such statement. Claiming kin with the Sutcliffes indeed! She got up. "You'll take it, then."

Mrs. Paisley Lockard was still looking at her curiously. She had known great ladies equally brusque. The face, detached from the dress of the woman, was finely chiselled, refined, and sensitive, though its lines were a silent exegesis on the difference between discontent and grief. Mrs. Paisley Lockard herself not only had experience, but that insight which is so large a part of the social gift. She had a flashing glimpse into the other woman's situation. "I'll mail you the check," she said, gently. "And the box sha'n't go out of the family. I'll prize it, too. And if ever you want it back, it's yours for the same price." She laid a manicured and ringed hand on Miss Felicia's shawl, looking at her with humorous deprecation. "And, Miss Sutcliffe, don't blame me because your former luxuries are my inconveniences. It isn't I who make the changes, but the progress of life."

But Miss Felicia had shrunk from the first touch. She answered not one word, but turned and went through the hall and across the porch—the new porch never dignified by the crimson carpet.

A colored boy in a cart had just driven up with the mail. Mrs. Paisley Lockard stopped him. "John will drive you home, Miss Sutcliffe."

But Miss Felicia was stiff to the very curls of her black false front. "Oh no! I can walk. I'm used to walking." And she started. "You go about your business," she said, imperiously, to the negro, who stirred not an eyelash, until his mistress, with one short gesture, dismissed both him and her visitor.

But as she stepped back into the hall, Mrs. Paisley Lockard began to smile again.

"Well, I hope you're satisfied!" Miss Felicia said when the check came. And Surprise, to whom it had seemed for a moment that the gates of Paradise were opening out through their hedges for her, felt as if they were slammed back in her face.

"Well, I hope you'll get enough out of it to feel that it pays for everything," Miss Felicia said as Surprise started for the cars and the first lesson. Surprise expected to get a great deal out of it, and felt it worth much, but the bloom on the fruit was already spoiled, the apple of her desire subtly depreciated.

"How soon will you be able to do things to sell?" Miss Felicia asked, after a few weeks. "You know she said we could buy it back any time."

"But, sister, I'm just beginning! I didn't know nearly as much as I thought. And nobody will want my things till they are better than other people's. But a hundred dollars will give me nearly a year, even with car fare, and maybe then—"

"You'll want another year."

For a moment Surprise did not answer. She had begun to realize that herself—that her goal was not only remote, but ever fugitive, and she herself slow of foot. "The pearls would give it to me," she said at last, growing white at her own words. "In New York— Now, don't explode, sister. Cleopatra ate pearls for the sake of no higher art than that of hospitality." But she spoke as one who voices a regret, not a plan.

"Well, I hope you enjoy working so hard to accept a charity from Mrs. Pais-



Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens

MISS FELICIA BROUGHT HER SUPPER

ley Lockard," Miss Felicia said one January day, when afternoon sleet had added to the morning snow through which Surprise had made her way to and from the cars.

Surprise stopped, one wet shoe, just pulled off, in her hand. "I always felt that it came from grandfather," she said. "Anyway, it was a matter of business."

"Your grandfather, General Sutcliffe, would feel complimented at the idea of his pawning himself! And he never accepted a favor in his life that he couldn't repay."

Surprise jumped to her feet. Her eyes blazed. "Very well, sister, I'll take no more lessons and spend no more of the money. I'll find some way of making it. You shall have your snuff-box back."

"Why, Surprise Sutcliffe! You know I wouldn't rob you of your lessons—if you care so much. I just couldn't understand—"

"That's it exactly; you can't understand anything but just what *you* think and like. Oh no, you wouldn't rob me of the lessons, but you'll see that I *pay* for them. I won't have your old lessons! And don't you ever say snuff-box to me again. You'll get it back, in time." She went into the bedroom and shut the door hard.

Miss Felicia sat down abruptly. Her hands trembled. The idea of a lady being short and sharp like that! Surprise had never spoken so before! The child must be ill.

She got up hurriedly and made a pot of tea and insisted that Surprise should go to bed at once and drink it—the walk in the storm had upset her. The girl drank, though grudging the very comfort it gave her, and irritated additionally that her righteous wrath should be slighted as nerves.

Then Miss Felicia brought her supper in bed, toast and eggs, on the old silver tray, laid with pieces of their mother's white gold-rimmed china, rarely used. Miss Felicia boiled the eggs because she knew Surprise preferred them so, though for her part she thought frying the only way to cook an egg. But she boiled them four minutes, though she knew Surprise for herself always took them out at two and a half—couldn't humor the child in too many newfangled cranks!

Surprise, trying to stir the eggs, shook her head over them hopelessly. But, at the very hopelessness, her unfailing humor began to bubble up again. She stooped over the tray to hide the twitching smile.

"Feel better now?" Miss Felicia asked anxiously as she took away the things.

Surprise turned swiftly. Under the cover her whole long body moved in flowing lines. She put a warm hand on the other's. Miss Felicia's slipped, startled, from under hers. Miss Felicia was never emotional or demonstrative. She had never cuddled Surprise in all her life. But Surprise knew her—it was withdrawal, not rebuff; and she knew, perhaps better than Miss Felicia herself, how dependent the older woman was on affection. "Oh, I'm all right," Surprise laughed. "It was mostly that I, too, had found out how silly it all is. I'm too old, and the way is too long." The laughter died. "I'll find something else to take hold of."

Old! and she had never had her youth, and now it was too late for everything.

She *was* tired.

But in the morning she woke early, planning the something she would take hold of next.

The snuff-box and the lessons, to all appearances, dropped completely from their lives.

But Surprise started window-boxes early, and hotbeds. And from the time the first hardy perennials began in the old garden, from daffodils and narcissus, through lilacs, lilies-of-the-valley, and peonies, to the roses, with her own seedlings of pansies, sweet peas, and nasturtiums, day after day, two or even three times, with a basket of wet bunches on her arm, and her face indistinguishable in a cavernous sunbonnet, she walked across the country three miles to a railroad junction, where bad connections, a water-tank, and a lunch-counter made a stopping-place for trains and passengers.

But the roses were nearly gone before the hole eaten in the hundred dollars by her lessons was filled out.

The Paisley Lockards, with some guests, were in the pergola for the sunset.

Mrs. Paisley Lockard noticed a tall woman coming, bareheaded, with long,

free steps, a hobbling darky following. The woman's skirt clung and fluttered. She wore a kind of shirt-waist, cut round at the neck, English fashion—"the line of decapitation" Paisley Lockard once called it—emphasized in this case by a standing frill of lace, as if to offer the trophy as attractively as possible! The look of the yet dissimilar clothes, and that look of the face which even in persons radically different still makes the family resemblance, Mrs. Paisley Lockard's fine social senses identified at once. The "child"! the "young person"!

With the instinct of courtesy she rose and went to meet her away from the others. As she advanced, Surprise stopped and stood, and Mrs. Paisley Lockard noticed the height and slimness, the stoop of the shoulders and droop of the heavy head, even the slight mustache. If the other was odd, she thought, this one was positively grotesque. Then Surprise looked at her. Grotesque? Why, she was beautiful! And what shimmering sweetness.

She took the girl's outheld hand in both hers.

Dobson Kinnard was leaning forward in his seat. "Whence the Burne-Jones, Paisley?" he asked.

Then Paisley Lockard looked at the newcomer. "Trust the artist to see," he said to the others. "Doesn't that place her exactly? Mopy and drawn all out of proportion."

Kinnard's lips parted, then drew close. He got up. "Paisley," he said, solemnly, "you will never be able to estimate my friendship for a Philistine like you. Why, look at her, boy!" Surprise was moving again, away, toward the house, with Mrs. Paisley Lockard. "What vitality! what joy! what youth! and with it all what refinement!"

Paisley Lockard raised humorous eyebrows at his departure.

When Surprise came out again, Dobson Kinnard was waiting on the porch. With his obvious wish Mrs. Paisley Lockard complied. But Surprise merely recognized the presentation, and, with one final shining look for her hostess, turned to go.

Dobson Kinnard leaned after her. "You're not going so soon?" His manner was intent, like a musician's listening as he tries the string.

Surprise looked at him now with the shy fearlessness of the creature that has grown up wild in a protected place. "Soon and late, and far and near, are comparative," she answered, simply. Then her whole face lightened with laughter. "My sister, for instance, will be going to bed now. Now!" She spread out her hands to the evening.

Kinnard straightened up, at ease. How often before he had bespoken The Goddess only to see the first breath of a word burst the bubble beauty in which she appeared! "But you're not going alone? It's nearly dark."

Surprise indicated Old Uncle Jerry. But Mrs. Paisley Lockard spoke quickly. "It will take only a minute to order the carriage." If at the beginning of this call she had hesitated even to "cousin" the dead general, now there was nothing but friendliness in her manner.

But Kinnard gave her one thunderous look. "Walking?" he said to Surprise. "Across such country, on such a night! Oh, let me go!"

For a full minute the girl questioned him with the unwavering, uncompromising gaze of childhood. He met it unafraid, waiting, one hand half out, faintly smiling. And gradually her lips parted, a smile broke over her face.

Mrs. Paisley Lockard went back amused to her guests. "Dobson claims every artistic license," she said.

"I didn't know he was an antiquarian," teased her husband.

"Only for the old masters," a girl put in; "Botticelli, say."

"In need of restoration?"

"You none of you spoke to her." Mrs. Paisley Lockard had the justice to be serious. "Never mind her clothes. She's not old, and her personality is the very bouquet of race, all the more for her perfect unconsciousness of it. I suppose it's the tang of race that Miss Felicia has," she reflected, with remembered humor, "because she's afraid other people are too unconscious of it. At any rate, I have lost my snuff-box. They will allow me no claim on the old general, except his ghost (which you can hear snoring in the house any winter morning—when the steam begins to rise), and the site of the undiscoverable buried treasure."

"Who are you?" Dobson Kinnard asked Surprise. "Where did you come from?"

"And there," she answered, "you have said it all. I? I am nobody"—she shook her head lightly—"but the daughter of my ancestors. I came—from the Sutcliffe graveyard." Her hand swept it in passing. "And when I go there I will fill the last space. Nobody will ever boast back to me. My whole life has been an accident. I'm neither a goal in myself nor a link to something else. I have always been going to be an artist, but—"

"You want to *paint?*"

His emphasis arrested her. "Now I wonder," she mused, "if that was the trouble. Did I want to paint, or just to do something? Maybe it was only the means. And art is jealous, they say. Still, I would have loved that means itself. Oh, I would have loved to paint!"

"Why should you?" he protested. "I paint. And I am somebody — in my world; which you may add to your comparatives. I am middle-aged and I have been all over the civilized globe, always trying to find and to give to the world the inner with the outer beauty. With Apollo I have pursued the Dream of the Morning and have captured—a laurel, not a woman. Meantime I have painted—but what else?"

They had come to a turn in the road and a stile. She stopped. "I always cut across here."

"Come on!"

But at the first swish of the deep grass she stopped again. "The dew," she said, "in poetry glistens; in fact, it wets. Hadn't you better turn back? Old Uncle Jerry will catch up in a minute."

"If I'm going to make a path this way," he said, "this is a fine time to begin."

She smiled at him without evasion, and it seemed as if something tangible leaped between the two.

An early moon made the dusk faintly glimmering. The rolling meadows, with here and there a clump of trees, gleamed in a white dimness. The incense of the cooling grass came up sweet to them. Over the two impressionable children Nature easily cast her whole spell.

Surprise drew a deep breath. "It must be true," she said, softly. "There *is* Beauty. Look. Yes, I know that in that cottage a woman is dying of cancer, and in that farmhouse the family quarrelled so last winter that one brother killed another. But out here, with us, how lovely it is!"

They turned into the shaded lane. In the darkness he put an instinctive hand of knighthood to her elbow and she drew a little closer to him with the trust of a won child.

He swung open the cottage gate for her. "Don't you bother about painting. I'm going to paint you. Neither as Hope nor Spring, but as Daphne coming swiftly into the dusk void, bringing the glory with her."

"Oh, I should like that," she said, freshly. "And I should like to see some of your work. I think"—she considered him seriously, judgment suspended for a moment, and then smiled out—"yes, I am sure, it is spiritual and sympathetic and inspiring." Quite self-unconscious, her look was confiding, admiring. "But why sad? It need not be sad."

"No," he agreed, "I see that now. It need not be sad. But never mind so much about the painting. That is not the chief thing for either of us. Auch das Leben ist eine Kunst."

"Oh, that's just it!" she sighed. "And I—have done nothing but dream."

Miss Felicia was not in bed, after all. She rose anxiously from the obscurity of the porch.

As Surprise went up the path, she braced herself. She was white when she reached the steps. "I've been to Buena Vista. Here's your snuff-box. And I'm sorry we couldn't have let her keep it. She's lovely."

"So she was kind to you, too," said Miss Felicia.

Surprise looked up. Why not? But, "No," she realized, "she wasn't. She hasn't even the *good* manners of superiority. She's a lady. I suppose it's because she has never lost any of the proofs of it that it never occurs to her to assert it. She doesn't need the snuff-box. But I would love her to have it."

"Well," said Miss Felicia, pushing her chair back against the house wall for the night, "at least we shall not have to give her any further occasions to pity us."

"She didn't pity *me!*" cried Surprise. "And, sister, if she pitied you, it was—not for your circumstances." But Miss



Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens

SHE TOOK THE GIRL'S OUTHELD HAND IN BOTH OF HERS

Felicia was rattling the door-knob for her to come and be locked in. "And apart from everything else," said Surprise, entering, "she wanted the snuff-box."

"Are you ready for me to blow out this lamp?" asked Miss Felicia.

Dobson Kinnard hated to wake next morning. He had grown suspicious of his life-mirage. But as he followed last night's trail, now vivid in green and sunlight and blue sky, his spirits soared again. Oh, the world was as good in daylight as under any half-concealing and glorifying moon.

And did one ask the Sistine or the Milo for time to consider?

The figure on the cottage porch in blouse and sunbonnet was—the old sister?

At the sound of his voice she pushed the bonnet back. Recognition gave him one shock of fear. But, simultaneous as light, the flash of her face reassured him. Oh yes, it was all true, not a dream, a twilight vapor. The beauty of the person was but the visualizing of the Soul of Beauty within; for beauty and goodness and happiness are the three sides of an equilateral triangle—turn it how you will, it is all one and always the same.

Surprise jumped up, shedding her green lapful into a pan beside her with a long free movement full of grace. Her bonnet fell off. She ran toward him delightedly.

But half down the walk she began to slacken. And in the last ten paces, under his widening eyes, she was transformed as strangely and as materially as if from the Wonderland working of one of Alice's astonishing refections.

She reached him languid and indifferent. "Isn't this early for you?"

"I'm getting old enough," he said, "to begin to be afraid of being too late."

Her answering gleam was almost as swiftly veiled. "And yet, evidently, you have plenty of time on your hands."

The tone nettled him. "Are *you* busy?"

Leaning over the gate she looked half up at him and laughed—at what? "Well, Old Uncle Jerry isn't exactly a patent reversible servant, 'warranted to be good at anything, from ploughing to fluting a lady's ruffles.' He's a wonderful negro, but wonderful chiefly for eld and faithfulness."

"Then I won't keep you." Kinnard began stiffly and ended good-humoredly: "But this evening, now, you won't be busy, surely. At moonrise?"

He waited.

"No, I won't be busy this evening," she admitted at last.

"And the stile," he suggested, appetizingly, "is a kind of turning-point, and a fair enough half-way point, and it isn't crowded, and offers a pleasant outlook."

"Yes," she conceded, with a ripple in her throat, "the prospect is attractive."

"Till to-night, then." He lifted his hat.

"Well—good-by . . ." Her voice lingered.

She had distinctly dismissed him! Why act now as if he might have stayed?

But as he wavered, she turned toward the house.

When she did not come to the stile, though he waited and waited, he explained to himself that he had not been definite. Besides, he had offered to deliver a note from Mrs. Paisley Lockard.

The two sisters were on the porch, the long length of the younger on the steps, the elder upright in her chair, her knitting idle in the uncertain light that was only a suffusion from a lamp indoors.

The girl greeted him without surprise or expectation. She seemed, indeed, a trifle *blasé* as to his visit, though willing to be amused and to be amusing. She talked gayly and simply, but with evasive eyes. Only when he talked, he felt her grave regard searching, weighing him. His quick smile petitioned for a spark of yesterday's spontaneous liking. But her look instantly eluded his. Except for that first fleeting glimpse of her in the morning, the subtle woman of to-day was not the frank, friendly girl of yesterday.

She talked quite as if her sister were one of the bushes. But Kinnard could not so ignore the silent shadow motionless and straight in its chair. He rose earlier than he meant to go, hoping, when Surprise rose, too, to drift her to the gate.

But Surprise did not rise.

He lingered. "You didn't come to the stile."

"No? Did you expect me?" There was a breath of mockery in the intonation. And in the light through the window he saw her eyes, laughing, inviting, daring, forbidding.

Ough! that rigid old gorgon in the chair!

"I have a note to deliver," he said, hastily, "and though I assure you I didn't read it on the way, I'll risk saying that it's an invitation to the garden-party to-morrow night at Buena Vista. Will you come?"

"Will I come!" cried Surprise, rapturously, and gave him another glimpse of the girl of yesterday.

"Then I'll tell Mrs. Paisley Lockard to count on you, too. And come early, do. The party won't really begin till you get there."

"You certainly won't go!" In Miss Felicia's voice horror spoke.

Surprise rose slowly, drawing a heavy breath, lifting both palms. "If Fate will only give me a chance!" she said, deeply.

"Nonsense! What could you wear?" said Miss Felicia, oblivious of any betrayal of inconsistency.

"I'll wear the blue-flowered silk that was in mother's trousseau. With the full skirt and sleeves, it's not so very out of style. And the turquoises and pearls, and the ivory comb, and the mother-of-pearl fan, and the point scarf, and the slippers with the gold buckles—"

"Surprise Sutcliffe! I've told you dozens of times that if it's ever known we have those things—"

"I don't care if they are all stolen that night. I'll get the good of things once, whatever follows. They might as well be really buried. It's no use to say a word, sister. This one time I carry my own way through."

But she did not come, and did not come.

Perhaps she thought they were to meet at the stile.

He reached there, breathless.

A figure rose stiffly. Miss Felicia!

She held out to him a parcel whose mere size and shape Surprise would have recognized. "Take this to Mrs. Paisley Lockard," she said—Miss Felicia never said *please* nor sounded it—"with the compliments of the Misses Sutcliffe, and tell her that if she will call, Miss Felicia will be pleased to have her taste some of her raspberry shrub made from an old recipe of her mother's, Mrs. Sutcliffe of Walnut Woods."

"But—Surprise?" Kinnard stammered.

Without another word the old woman walked off.

Just as he stepped into the shadow of the lane, Kinnard saw Surprise lean cautiously over the gate, lean gleaming in soft stuff and jewelry, and look, and draw back.

He stopped. He turned himself about face. If it had been another fellow he would have thought it funny. As it was, he raged. And that rage wheeled him around once more face forward. But with the rage came strategy. He advanced on the far side of the lane, in deep shade, until, directly opposite the gate, just as she leaned to peep again, he stepped out and confronted her.

Surprise breathed a soft "Oh!" She seemed gathering herself for flight. Then, her draperies caught to her bosom, she peered in nonchalant inquiry. "Who is it? The light—"

He pushed through the gate. "Why didn't you come? What do you expect a man to care for in you when you are rude and deceitful and capricious, and make a fool of him, and care only for your power of self and sex? Is that being pretty?" But under his indignation he was fascinated by her look. In spite of full sleeves and skirt, the old costume had not, of course, the current lines. Its quaintness accented her. And the flow and color of it and her extra touches in ornament expressed her as the soft iridescence does the dove. "What do you expect a man to care for in you?"

"When, pray, did I ask a man to care?"

"You were waiting. You were beginning to be afraid I wouldn't come."

Her hand, pulling carelessly at the rose-bush, trembled. "Well, he came," she said. "What *did* he care for, then?" The eyes teased, the mouth quivered.

Instinct, older than speech or reason, actuated him. He caught her in his arms, a man, compelling.

And the eternal feminine answered him.

When he emerged, dripping, from ecstasy, he realized it. "You *do* love me!"

She pulled away. "How you spoil things! That isn't the thing for you to

say." Then she faced him with white passion. "Of course I didn't come, not half-way, not one step. Even if I have never had another lover! Oh, for that very reason! Now I'll have the best or nothing. Give all or not at all."

"Never have had another lover. You? Oh! You masterpiece! you treasure! Buried. Here. Well, at least I have unearthed you at last. And for me—the Dream of the Morning has materialized." Her color rose again like flame in an upward draught. "You do love me!" he repeated, with a wonder that never expected to grow old.

She laughed softly, pushing back with her crossed arms against his breast. "You *will* say the wrong side of the responses! Like Old Uncle Jerry. He was a preacher once, would be nothing but Episcopalian like quality white folks, and always insisted on reading *all* the service himself. Still, since you say *both* sides—"

"Some one has to say yours," Kinnard reminded her. "Will you?"

"What is that hard thing in your pocket? Grandfather's snuff-box! Well, dear old sister! So she and Mrs. Paisley Lockard can meet as equals at last."

"Come with me to give it to her," he said. "Yes, do. I want them to see you as you are to-night."

Joan of Arc at Domrémy

BY CHARLES BUXTON GOING

LORD CHRIST, if I might serve Thee in my heart
Within some convent close, whose quiet walls
Enfold a garden—there with Thee apart
To walk in holiness, where sunshine falls

And birds sing through the arbors all the day!
Or, if this may not be, then in my room
Warded by angels, might I hide away
And, glad and silent, with my wheel and loom

In toil and meditation, maidenly,
With prayer and fasting, make my soul so white
The Blessed Virgin might reach forth to me
Her arms that cradled Thee! Lord, if I might!

But ah, the Visions and the Voices, Lord!
Thy heaven is all a flashing of white fire
And every angel bears a flaming sword
Calling me forth. . . . Lord, if at Thy desire

I must put by the distaff and the wheel,
I am Thy handmaid. . . . Make me unto France
A heart of adamant and edge of steel
Like Deborah of old. Cry the advance!

Yet be Thou near, in this Thy way I take—
For look, dear God! Across it falls the shame,
The shadow of the scaffold and the stake—
And in my flesh the writhing of the flame!

Our Navy Before the War of Secession

BY CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN, U.S.N.

OF immense timeliness as a preparative to the War of Secession was the reconstitution of the material of the navy, practically coincident with the regeneration of the personnel, between 1850 and 1860. The causes which led to this are before my time and beyond my contemporary knowledge. They therefore form no part of my theme; but the result, which is more important than the process, was strictly contemporary with me. It marked a definite parting with sails as the motive reliance of a ship of war, but at the same time was characterized by an extreme conservatism, which was probably judicious at the time, and certainly represented general contemporary naval opinion. It must be remembered that the Atlantic was first crossed by a steamer in 1837 (a feat shortly before thought impossible on account of coal consumption), and that the screw propeller was not largely adopted till several years afterwards. In 1855 the transatlantic liners were still paddlers; but the paddle-wheel shaft was far above the water, and so, in necessary consequence, was much of the machinery which transmitted power from the boilers to the wheel. All battle experience avouched the probability of disabling injury under such exposure; not more certain, but probably more fatal, than that to spars and sails of sailing-ships. Despite this drawback, paddle-wheel men-of-war were being built between 1840 and 1850. Our own navy had of these two large and powerful vessels, sisters, the *Missouri* and the *Mississippi*. Singularly enough, both met the same end—by fire; the *Missouri* being burned in the Bay of Gibraltar, in 1843, the *Mississippi* in the river of the same name in the course of Farragut's passage of the batteries at Port Hudson, in 1863. This engagement marked the end of the admiral's achievements in the river, throughout which, beginning with the passage of the forts and the capture of New Orleans, the *Mississippi* had done good work. At the time of her destruction the present Admiral Dewey was her first lieutenant. Besides these two we had the *Susquehanna*, "paddle-wheel steam-frigate," which also served manfully through the war, and was in commission after it. It was she who carried General Sherman on his mission to Mexico in 1866. As usual, the principal European navies had built many more of these vessels — that is, had adopted improvements more readily than we did. During my first cruise after graduation, on the coast of Brazil, 1859-61, the British squadron there was composed chiefly of paddlers, the flag-ship *Leopard* being one. As I remember, there was only one screw steamer, the sloop of war *Curaçao*.

By that time, however, the paddlers were only survivals; but it may be noted, in passing, with reference to the cry of obsolescence so readily raised in our day, that these survivals did yeoman service in the War of Secession. It is possible to be too quick in discarding as well as too slow in adopting. By 1850 the screw had made good its position; and the difficulty which had impeded the progress of steam in men-of-war disappeared when it became possible to place all machinery below water. There were, however, many improvements still to come before it could be frankly and fully accepted as the sole motive power. It is not well to let go with one hand till sure of your grip with the other. So in the early days of electric lighting, prudent steamship companies kept their oil-lamps trimmed and filled in the brackets alongside of the

electric globes. Apart from the difficulty experienced by the average man—and governments are almost always averages—in adjusting his action to novel conditions, the science of steam-enginery was still very backward. Notably the expenditure of coal was excessive; to produce a given result, in miles travelled or speed attained, much more had to be burned than now—a condition to which contributed also the lack of rigidity in the wooden hulls, which still held their ground. Sails were very expensive articles, as I heard said by an accomplished officer of the olden days; but they were less costly than coal. Steam, therefore, was accepted at the first only as an accessory, for emergencies. It was too evident for question, that in battle a vessel independent of the wind would have an unqualified advantage over one dependent; though an early acquaintance of mine, a sailmaker in the navy—a man of unusual intelligence and tried courage—used to maintain that steam would never prevail. Small steamers, he contended, would accompany sailing fleets to tow vessels becalmed or disabled in battle; a most entertaining instance of professional prepossession. What would be his reflections, had he survived till this year of grace, to see only six sailmakers on the active list of the navy, the last appointed in 1888, and not one of them afloat? Likewise, in breasting the continuous headwinds that mark some ocean districts, or traversing the calms of others, there would be gain; but for the most part sailing, it was thought, was sufficiently expeditious, decidedly cheaper, and more generally reliable; for steamers "broke down." Admiral Baudin, a French veteran of the Napoleonic period, was very sniffy over the uncertainties of action of the steamers accompanying his sailing frigates when he bombarded Vera Cruz in 1839; and since writing these words I have come across the following quotation, of several years later, from the London *Guardian,* which is republishing some of its ancient news under the title "'Tis Sixty Years Since":

Naval Manœuvres in 1846. The Squadron of Evolution is one of the topics of the present week (June 10, 1846). Its arrival in the Cove of Cork, after a cruise which has tested by every variety of weather the sailing qualities of the vessels, has furnished the world with a few particulars of its doings, and with some materials for speculating on the problems it was sent out to solve. The result, as far as it goes, is certainly unfavorable to the exclusive prevalence of steam agency in naval warfare. Sailing-ships, it is seen, can do things which steamers, as at present constructed, cannot accomplish. They can keep the sea when steamers cannot. But the screw steamer, which is reported "to have astonished everybody," is certainly an exception. Perhaps by this contrivance the rapidity and convenience of steam locomotion may be combined with the power and stability of our huge sailing batteries.

Under convictions thus slowly recasting, the first big steam ships of war carried merely "auxiliary" engines; were, in fact, sailing-vessels, of the types in use for over a century, into which machinery was introduced to meet occasional emergencies. In some cases, probably in many, ships already built as sailers were lengthened and engined. As late as 1868 we were station-mates with one such, the *Rodney* of ninety guns, then the flagship of the British China squadron; and we had already met another, the *Princess Royal,* at the Cape of Good Hope, homeward bound. She, however, had been built as a steamer. She was a singularly handsome vessel, of her majestic type; and, as she lay close by us, I remember commenting on her appearance to one of my messmates—poor Stewart, who afterwards went down in the *Oneida.* "Yes," he replied, "she possesses several elements of the sublime." They certainly were imposing creations, with their double and treble tiers of guns, thrusting their black muzzles through the successive ports which, to the number of fifteen to twenty, broke through the two broad white bands that from bow to stern traversed the blackness of their hulls; above which rose spars as tall and broad as ever graced the days of Nelson. To make the illusion of the past as complete as possible, and the dissemblance from the sailing-ship as slight, the smoke-stack—or funnel—was telescopic, permitting it to be lowered almost out of sight. For those who can recall these predecessors of the modern battle-ships, the latter can make slight claim to beauty or im-

pressiveness; yet, despite the ugliness of their angular broken sky-line, they have a gracefulness all their own when moving slowly in still water. I remember, a dozen years ago, watching the French Mediterranean fleet of six or eight battleships leaving the harbor of Villefranche, near Nice. There was some manœuvring to get their several stations, during which, here and there, a vessel lying quiet waiting her opportunity would glide forward with a dozen slow turns of the screws, not agitating the water beyond a light ripple at the bows. The bay at the moment was quiet as a mill-pond, and it needed little imagination to prompt recognition of the identity of dignified movement with that of a swan making its leisurely way by means equally unseen; no turbulent display of energy, yet suggestive of mysterious power.

Before the War of Secession, and indeed for some twenty years after it, the United States never inclined to the maintenance of squadrons, properly so called. It is true that a dozen ships of the line were built during the sail period, but they never sailed together; and the essence of the battle-ship in all eras is combined action. Our squadrons, till long after I entered the navy, were simply aggregations of vessels, no two of which were necessarily of the same size or class. When a ship of the line went to sea (which never happened in my time) she went without mates—a palpable paradox: a ship of the line which to no line belonged. Ours was a navy of single, isolated cruisers; and under that condition we had received a correct tradition that, whatever the nominal class of an American ship of war, she should be somewhat stronger than the corresponding vessels built by other nations. Each cruiser, therefore, would bring superior force to any field of battle at all possible to her. This was a perfectly just military conception, to which in great measure we owed our successes in 1812. The same rule does not apply to fleets, which to achieve the like superiority rely upon united action, and upon tactical facility obtained by the homogeneous qualities of the several ships, enabling them to combine greater numbers upon a part of the enemy. Therefore Great Britain, which so long ruled the world by fleets, attached less importance to size in the particular vessel. Class for class her ships were weaker than her enemies', but in fleet action they usually won. At the period of which I am writing, the screw propeller, having fairly established its position, prompted a reconstruction of the navy, with no change of the principles just mentioned. The cruiser idea dictated the classes of vessels ordered, and the idea of relative size prescribed their dimensions. There were to be six steam-frigates of the largest class, six steam-sloops, and six smaller vessels, a precise title for which I do not know. I myself have usually called them by the French name corvette, which has a recognized place in English marine phraseology, and means a sloop of war of the smallest class. A transfer of terms, accompanying a change of system, is apt to be marked by anomalies.

These eighteen vessels were the nucleus of the fighting force with which the government met the War of Secession. In the frigates and sloops steam was purely auxiliary; they had every spar and sail of the sailing-ships to which they corresponded. Four of the larger sloops —the *Hartford, Richmond, Brooklyn,* and *Pensacola* — constituted the backbone of Farragut's fleet throughout his operations in the Mississippi. The *Lancaster,* one of the finest of these five sisters, was already in the Pacific, and there remained throughout the war; while the *San Jacinto,* being of different type and size, was employed rather as a cruiser than for the important operations of war. It was she that arrested the Confederate commissioners, Slidell and Mason, on board the British mail-steamer *Trent,* in 1861. The corvettes were also employed for the most part as cruisers, being at once less effective in battery, for river work, and swifter. They alone of the vessels built in the fifties were engined for speed, as speed went in those days; but their sail power also was ample, though somewhat reduced. One of them, the *Iroquois,* accompanied Farragut to New Orleans, as did a sister ship to her, the *Oneida,* which was laid down in 1861, after many Southern Senators and Representatives had left their seats in Congress, and the secession movement became ominous of war; when it began to

be admitted that perhaps, after all, for sufficient cause, brothers might shed the blood of brothers. The steam-frigates were of too deep draught to be of much use in the shoal waters to which the nature of the hostilities and the character of the Southern coast confined naval operations. Being extremely expensive in up-keep, with enormous crews, and not having speed under steam to make them effective chasers, they were of little avail against an enemy who had not, and could not have, any ships at sea heavy enough to compete with them. The *Wabash* of this class bore the flag of Admiral Dupont at the capture of Port Royal; and after the fight the negroes who had witnessed it from shore reported that when "that checker-sided ship," following the elliptical course prescribed to the squadron for the engagement, came abreast the enemy's works, the gunners after one experience took at once to cover. No barbette or merely embrasured battery of that day could stand up against the twenty or more heavy guns carried on each broadside by the steam-frigates, if these could get near enough. At New Orleans, even the less numerous pieces of the sloops beat down opposition, so long as they remained in front of Fort St. Philip and close to; but when they passed on, so the first lieutenant of one of them told me, the enemy returned to his guns and hammered them severely. This showed that the fort was not seriously injured, nor its armament decisively crippled; but that the personnel was completely dominated by the fire of many heavy guns during the critical period required for the smaller as well as larger vessels to pass. As most of the river work was of this character, the broadsides of the sloops were determinative, and those of the frigates would have been more so could they have been brought to the scene; but they could not. Much labor was expended in the attempt to drag the *Colorado,* sister ship to the *Wabash,* across the bar of the Mississippi; but fruitlessly.

For the reasons named, the screw frigates built in the fifties had little active share in the War of Secession. Were they, then, from a national standpoint, uselessly built? Not unless preparation for war is to be rejected and reliance placed upon extemporized means. To this resort our people have always been inclined to trust unduly, owing to a false or partial reading of history; but to it they were excusably compelled by the extensive demands of the War of Secession, which could scarcely have been anticipated. At the time these frigates were built they were, by their dimensions and the character of their armaments, much the most formidable ships of their class afloat, or as yet designed. Though correctly styled frigates—having but one covered deck of guns — they were open to the charge, brought against our frigates in 1812 by the British, of being ships of the line in disguise; and being homogeneous in qualities, they would, in acting together, have presented a line of battle extorting very serious consideration from any probable foreign enemy. It was for such purpose they were built; and it was no reproach to their designers that, being adapted to meet a probable contingency, they were too big for one which very few men thought likely. At that moment, when the portentous evolution of naval material which my time has witnessed was but just beginning, they were thoroughly up to date, abreast and rather ahead of the conclusions as yet reached by contemporary opinion. The best of compliments was paid them by the imitation of other navies; for, when the first one was built, we sent her abroad on exhibition, much like a hen cackling over its last performance, with the result that we had not long to congratulate ourselves on the newest and best thing. It is this place in a long series of development which gives them their historical interest. But if the frigates were unfitted to the particular emergency of a civil contest, scarcely to be discerned as imminent in 1855, the advantage of preparation for general service is avouched by the history of the first year of hostilities, even so exceptional as those of 1861 and 1862. Within a year of the first Bull Run, Farragut's squadron had fought its way from the mouth of the Mississippi to Vicksburg. That the extreme position was not held was not the fault of the ships, but of backwardness in other preparations of the nation. Save the *Oneida,* all the naval vessels that subdued New Orleans had been launched and ready before the war,

except the gunboats; and to attribute any determinative effect in such operations to these, with their one heavy gun, is to misunderstand the conditions. Even a year later, at the very important passage of Port Hudson, the fighting work was done by the *Hartford, Richmond, Mississippi,* and *Monongahela;* of which only the last named and least powerful was built after the war began. It would be difficult to overrate the value, material and moral, of the early successes which led the way to the opening of the great river, due to having the ships and officers ready. So the important advantages obtained by the capture of Port Royal in South Carolina, and of Hatteras Inlet in North Carolina, within the first six months, were the results of readiness; slight and inadequate as that was in reference to anything like a great naval war.

A brief analysis of the composition of the navy at the opening of the War of Secession will bring out still more vividly how vitally important to the issue were the constructions of the decade, 1850-1860. In March, 1861, when Lincoln was inaugurated, the available ships of war at sea or in the yards numbered sixty-one. Of these, thirty-four were sailing-vessels, substantially worthless; although, as the commerce of the world was still chiefly carried on by sailing-ships, they could be of some slight service against these attempting to pass a blockade. For the most part, however, they were but scarecrows, if even respected as such. Of the twenty-seven steamers, only six dated from before 1850; the remainder were being built when I entered the Naval Academy in September, 1856. Their construction, with all that it meant, constituted a principal part of the environment into which I was then brought, of which the recasting of the list of officers was the other most important and significant feature. Both were revolutionary in character, and prophetic of further changes quite beyond the foresight of contemporaries. From this point of view the period in question has the character of an epoch, initiated, made possible, by the invention of the screw propeller; which, in addition to the better nautical qualities associated with it, permitted the defence of the machinery by submersion, and of the sides of the ship by the application of armor. In this lay the germ of the race between the armor and the gun, involving almost directly the attempt to reach the parts which armor cannot protect—the underwater body—by means of the torpedo. The increases of weight induced by the competition of gun and armor led necessarily to increase of size, which in turn lent itself to increases of speed that have been pushed beyond the strictly necessary, and at all events are neither militarily nor logically involved in the progress made. It has remained to me always a matter of interest and satisfaction that I first knew the navy, was in close personal contact and association with it, in this period of unconscious transition; and that to the fact of its being yet incomplete I have owed the experience of vessels, now wholly extinct, of which it would be less than truth to say that in all essential details they were familiar to the men of two hundred years ago. Nay, in their predecessors of that date, as transmitted to us by contemporary prints, it is easy to trace the development in form of the ships I have known from the medieval galley; and this, were the records equally complete, would doubtless find its rudimentary outlines in the triremes of the ancient world. Of this evolution of structure clear evidences remain also in terminology, even now current; survivals which, if the facts were unknown, would provoke curiosity and inquiry as to their origin, as physiologists seek to reconstruct the past of a race from scanty traces still extant.

I have said that the character of the ships then building constituted a chief part of my environment in entering the navy. The effect was inevitable, and amounted, in fact, simply to making me a man of my period. My most susceptible years were colored by the still lingering traditions of the sail era and of the "marlingspike seaman"; not that I, always clumsy with my fingers, had any promise of ever distinguishing myself with the marlingspike. This expressive phrase, derived from its chief tool, characterized the whole professional equipment of the then mechanic of the sea; of the man who, given the necessary rope-yarns, and the spars shaped by a carpenter, could take a bare hull as she lay for the first time quietly at anchor

from the impetus of her launch and equip her for sea without other assistance; "parbuckle" on board her spars lying alongside her in the stream, fit her rigging, bend her sails, stow her hold, and present her all a-taunt-o to the men who were to sail her. The navigation of a ship thus equipped was a field of seamanship apart from that of the marlingspike; but the men who sailed her to all parts of the earth were expected to be able to do all the preliminary work themselves, often did do it, and considered it quite as truly a part of their business as the handling her at sea. Of course, in equipping ships, as in all other business, specialization had come in with progress; there were ropemakers, there were riggers who took the ropes ready made and fitted them for the ship, and there were stevedores to stow holds, etc.; but the tradition ran that the seaman should be able on a pinch to do all this himself, and the tradition kept alive the practice, which derived from the days, not yet wholly passed away, when he might, and often did have to, refit his vessel in scenes far distant from any assistance other than his own, and often without any resources save those which his ready wit could adapt from materials meant for quite different uses. How to make a jib-boom do the work of a topsail-yard, and to utilize spare spars in rigging a jury-rudder, were specimens of the problems then presented to the aspiring seaman. It was somewhere in the thirties, not so very long before my time, that a Captain Rous of the British navy achieved renown—I would say immortal, were I not afraid that most people have forgotten—by bringing his frigate home from Labrador to England after losing her rudder. It is said that he afterwards ran for Parliament, and when on the hustings some doubter asked about his political record, he announced, "I am Captain Rous who brought the *Pique* across the Atlantic without a rudder." Of course the reply was lustily cheered, and deservedly; for in such seas, with a ship dependent upon sails only, it was a splendid, if somewhat reckless, achievement. Cooper, in his *Homeward Bound,* places the ship dismasted on the coast of Africa. Close at hand, but on the beach, lies a wrecked vessel with her spars standing; and there is no exaggeration in the words he puts in the mouth of Captain Truck: "The seaman who with sticks and ropes and blocks enough cannot rig his ship, might as well stay ashore and publish an hebdomadal."

Such was the marlingspike seaman of the days of Cooper and Marryat, and such was still the able seaman, the "A.B.," of 1855. It was not indeed necessary nor expected that most naval officers should be able to do such things with their own hands; but it was justly required that they should know when a job of marlingspike seamanship was well or ill done, and to supervise when necessary. Napoleon is reported to have said that he could judge personally whether the shoes furnished his soldiers were well or ill made; but he needed not to be a shoemaker. Marryat, commenting on one of his characters, says that he had seldom known an officer who prided himself on his "practical" knowledge who was at the same time a good navigator; and that such too often "lower the respect due to them by assuming the Jack Tar." Oddly enough, lunching once with an old and distinguished British admiral, who had been a midshipman while Marryat still lived, he told me that he remembered him well; his reputation, he added, was that of "an excellent seaman, but not much of an officer"—an expressive phrase, current in our own service, and which doubtless has its equivalent in all maritime languages.

In the Second April

BY JAMES BRANCH CABELL

A STORY IN TWO PARTS

II

AS John Bulmer leisurely ascended from the village the birds were waking. Whether day were at hand or no was a matter of twittering debate overhead, but in the west the stars were paling one by one, like candles puffed out by the pretentious little wind that was bustling about the turquoise cupola of heaven; and eastward Bellegarde showed stark, as though scissored from a painting, against a sky of gray and rose. Here was a world of faint ambiguity. Here was the exquisite tension of dawn, curiously achime with his mood, for just now he found the universe too beautiful to put any actual faith in its existence. He had strayed into Faëry, somehow,—into Atlantis, or Avalon, or "a wood near Athens"—a land of opalescence and vapor and delicate color, that would vanish bubblelike at the discreet tap of Pawsey fetching in his shaving-water; and meantime his memory snatched at each loveliness, jealously, as a pug snatches bits of sugar.

Beneath her window he paused and shifted his lute before him. Then he began to sing, exultant in the unreality of everything and of himself in particular.

Sang John Bulmer:

"Speed forth, my song, the sun's ambassador,
Lest in the east night prove the conqueror,
And day be slain, and darkness triumph,—for
The sun is single, but her eyes are twain.

"And now the sunlight and the night contest
A doubtful battle, and day bides at best
Doubtful, until she waken. 'Tis attest
The sun is single.

"But her eyes are twain,—
And should the light of all the world delay,
And darkness prove victorious? Is it day
Now that the sun alone is risen?

"Nay,
The sun is single, but her eyes are twain,—
Twain firmaments that mock with heavenlier hue
The heavens' less lordly and less gracious blue,
And lit with sunlier sunlight through and through.

"The sun is single, but her eyes are twain,
And of fair things this side of Paradise
Fairest, of goodly things most goodly."

He paused here and smote a resonant and louder chord. His voice, too, ascended in dulcet supplication.

"Rise,
And succor the benighted world that cries,
The sun is single, but her eyes are twain!"

"Eh—? So it is you, is it?" Claire was peeping disdainfully from the window. Her throat was bare—a superfluous miracle among so many—and her dusky hair was a shade dishevelled, and in her meditative eyes he caught the flicker of her tardiest dream just as it vanished.

"It is I," John Bulmer confessed—"come to awaken you according to the ancient custom of Poictesme."

"I had much rather have had my sleep out," said she, resentfully. "In perfect frankness, I find you and your ancient customs a nuisance."

"You lack romance, my wife."

"Oh—?" She was a person of many cryptic exclamations, this bride of his. Presently she said: "Indeed, Monsieur Bulmer, I entreat you to leave Poictesme. I have informed Louis of everything and he is rather furious."

John Bulmer said, "Do you comprehend why I have not already played the emigrant?"

"Yes," she answered, after a little pause.

"And for the same reason I can never leave you so long as this gross body be at my disposal. You are about to tell me that if I remain here I shall probably be hanged on account of what happened yesterday. There are reasons why I do not consider this likely, but if I knew it to be true—if I had but one hour's start of Jack Ketch—I swear to you I would not budge."

"I am heartily sorry," she replied, "since if I had known you really cared for me—so much—I would never have married you. Oh, it is impossible!" the girl laughed with a trace of hysteria, "you had not laid eyes on me until a week ago yesterday."

"My dear," John Bulmer answered, "I am perhaps inadequately acquainted with the etiquette of such matters, but I make bold to question if love is exclusively regulated by clock-ticks. Observe!" he said, with a sort of fury; "there is a mocking demon in me who twists my tongue into a jest even when I am most serious. I love you; and I dare not tell you so without a grin. Then when you laugh at me I, too, can laugh, and the whole transaction be regarded as a parody. Oh, I am indeed a coward!"

"Not so!" she earnestly replied. "You proved that yesterday."

"Yesterday I shot an unsuspecting man, and afterward fenced with another—in a shirt of Milanese armor! Yes, I was astoundingly heroic yesterday, for the simple reason that all the while I knew myself to be as safe as though I were snug at home snoring under an eider-down quilt. Yet, to do me justice, I am a shade less afraid of physical danger than of ridicule."

She gave him a womanly answer. "You are not ridiculous, and to wear armor was very sensible of you."

"To the contrary, I am extremely ridiculous. For observe: I am an elderly man, quite old enough to be your father; I am fat—no, that is kind of you, but I am not well built, I am merely and unpardonably fat; and I believe I am not possessed of any fatal beauty of feature such as would by ordinary impel young women to pursue me with unsolicited affection: and being all this, I presume to love you. To me, at least, that appears ridiculous."

"Ah, do not laugh!" she said. "Do not laugh, Monsieur Bulmer!"

But John Bulmer persisted in that curious laughter, which somehow was peculiarly unjovial. "Because," he presently stated, "the whole affair is so very, very diverting."

"Believe me," Claire began, "I am sorry that you care—so much. I—do not understand. I am sorry—I am not," the girl said, in a new tone, and you saw her honest face transfigured; "I am glad! Do you comprehend?—I am glad!" And then she swiftly closed the window.

John Bulmer observed, "I am perhaps subject to hallucinations, for otherwise the fact had been previously noted by geographers that Heaven is immediately adjacent to Poictesme."

Presently the old flippancy came back to him, since an ancient custom is not lightly broken, and John Bulmer smiled sleepily and shook his head. "Here am I on my honeymoon, with my wife locked up in the château and me locked out of it. My position savors too much of George Dandin's to be quite acceptable. Let us, then, set about rectifying matters."

He came to the great gate of the castle later and found two sentries there. He thought this odd, but they recognized him as de Soyecourt's guest, and, after a whispered consultation, admitted him. In the courtyard a lackey took charge of Monsieur Bulmer, and he was conducted into the presence of the Marquis de Soyecourt. "What the devil!" he thought, "is Bellegarde in a state of siege?"

The little Marquis sat beside the Duchesse de Puysange to the rear of a long table with a crimson cover. Their attitudes smacked vaguely of the judicial, and before them stood a ragged, dissolute fellow, guarded by four attendants, whom the Marquis was languidly considering.

"My dear man," de Soyecourt was saying as John Bulmer came into the room, "when you brought this extraordinary epistle to Bellegarde, you must have been perfectly aware that thereby you were forfeiting your life. Accordingly, I am in nature compelled to deny your absurd claims to the immunity of a herald, just as I would decline to receive a herald from the cockroaches."

"That is cowardly," the man said. "I come as the representative of an honorable enemy who desires to warn you before he strikes."

"You come as the representative of vermin," de Soyecourt retorted, "and as such I receive you. You will, therefore, permit me to wish you a pleasant journey into eternity. Why, holà, madame! here is that vagabond guest of ours returned to observation!" The Marquis rose and stepped forward, all abeam. "Mr. Bulmer," said he, with an intense cordiality, "I can assure you that I was never more delighted to see any one in my entire life."

"Pardon, monseigneur," one of the attendants here put in—"but what shall we do with this Achon?"

The Marquis slightly turned his head, his hand still grasping John Bulmer's. "Why, hang him, of course," he said. "Did I forget to tell you? But yes, take him out and hang him at once." The four men conducted their prisoner from the room.

"You find us in the act of dispensing justice," the Marquis continued, "yet at Bellegarde we temper it with mercy, so that I shall ask no indiscreet questions concerning your absence of last night."

"But I, monsieur," said John Bulmer, "I, too, have come to demand justice."

"Tête-bleu, Mr. Bulmer! and what can I have the pleasure of doing for you in that respect?"

"You can restore to me my wife," John Bulmer said.

And now de Soyecourt cast a smile toward the Duchess, though the latter was plainly troubled. "Would you not have known this was an Englishman," he queried, "by the avowed desire for the society of his own wife? They are a mad race. And indeed, Mr. Bulmer, I would very gladly restore to you this hitherto unheard-of spouse, if only I were blest with her acquaintance. As it is—" He waved his hand.

"I married her but yesterday," said John Bulmer, "and I have reason to believe that she is now within Bellegarde."

He saw the eyes of de Soyecourt slowly narrow. "Jacques," said the Marquis, "fetch me the pistol within that cabinet." He resumed his seat to the rear of the table, the weapon lying before him. "You may go now, Jacques; this gentleman and I are about to hold a little private conversation." Then, when the door had closed upon the lackey, de Soyecourt said, "Pray draw up a chair within just ten feet of this table, monsieur, and oblige me with your wife's maiden name."

"She was formerly known," John Bulmer answered, "as Mademoiselle Claire de Puysange."

The Duchess spoke for the first time. "Oh, the poor man! Monsieur de Soyecourt, he is evidently insane."

"I do not know about that," the Marquis said, fretfully, "but in any event I wish that people would not rush into Bellegarde and absolutely compel me to kill them. First there was this Achon, and now you, Mr. Bulmer, come to annoy me. Listen, monsieur," he went on, presently, "last evening Mademoiselle de Puysange triumphantly announced both to the Duchess and to me that her impending match with the Duke of Ormskirk must necessarily be broken off, as she was already married. She had, she stated, casually encountered you in the forest, where on the spur of the moment you two had espoused one another; and was quite unable to inform us what had become of you after the ceremony. You can conceive that as a sensible man I did not credit a word of her story. But now, as I understand it, you corroborate this moonstruck narrative?"

John Bulmer bowed his head. "I have that honor, monsieur."

De Soyecourt sounded the gong beside him. "In that event, it is uncommonly convenient to have you in hand. Your return to Bellegarde I regard as opportune, even though I am compelled to attribute it to insanity; personally, I disapprove of this match with Milor Ormskirk, but as Gaston is bent upon it, you will understand that in reason my only course is to make Claire a widow as soon as may be possible."

"It is intended, then," John Bulmer queried, "that I am to follow the late and unlamented Achon?"

"I can but trust," said the Marquis, politely, "that your course of life has qualified you for a superior flight, since Achon's departure, I apprehend, was not unakin to a descent."

"No!" the Duchess cried, suddenly; "Monsieur de Soyecourt, can you not see the man is out of his senses? Let Claire be sent for. There is some mistake."

De Soyecourt shrugged. "You know that I can refuse you nothing. Jacques," he called to the appearing lackey, "request Mademoiselle de Puysange to honor us, if it be convenient, with her presence. Nay, I pray you, do not rise, Mr. Bulmer; I am of a nervous disposition, startled by the least movement, and my finger, as you may note, is immediately upon the trigger."

So they sat thus, John Bulmer beginning to feel rather foolish as time wore on, though actually it was not a long while before Claire had appeared in the doorway and had paused there quite unruffled. You saw a great wave of color flood her countenance, and then swiftly ebb and leave it ashen. John Bulmer observed, with a thrill, that she made no sound, but simply waited, composed and alert, almost stolidly, to find out how much de Soyecourt knew before she spoke.

The little Marquis said, "Claire, this gentleman informs us that you married him yesterday."

Tranquilly she inspected her claimant. "I did not see Monsieur Bulmer at all yesterday, so far as I remember. Why, surely, Louis, you did not take my nonsense of last night in earnest?" she demanded, and gave a mellow ripple of laughter. "Yes, you actually believed it; you actually believed that I walked into the forest and married the first unpetticoated person I met there, and that this is he. As it happens, I did not; so please let Monsieur Bulmer go at once and put away that absurd pistol—at once, Louis, do you hear?"

The Duchess shook her head. "She is lying, Monsieur de Soyecourt, and undoubtedly this is the man. Her denial would not be so convincing were it not a lie."

"It is a lie," John Bulmer said; "and I praise God for the nobility which prompted it." He went straight to the girl and took her hand. "You are trying to save me, because you know I must be hanged in order you may wed the Duke of Ormskirk. Yet I warn you that the fate of Ananias was never a synonym for felicity."

"Jean Bulmer! Jean Bulmer!" the girl wailed, and her voice was tender; "why did you return to Bellegarde, Jean Bulmer?"

"I came," he answered, "for the very absurd reason that I cannot live without you."

They stood thus for a while, both her hands clasped in his. "I believe you," she said, at last, "even though I do not understand at all, Jean Bulmer." And then she wheeled upon the Marquis. "Yes, yes!" Claire said; "the man is my husband. And I will not have him harmed. Do you comprehend?—you shall not touch him, because you are not fit to touch him, Louis, and also because I do not wish it."

De Soyecourt looked toward the Duchess for advice. "It is a nuisance, but evidently she cannot marry Milor Ormskirk so long as Mr. Bulmer is alive. I suppose it would be better to hang him out-of-hand?"

"Monsieur de Puysange would prefer it, I imagine," said the Duchess; "nevertheless, it appears a great pity."

"In nature," the Marquis assented, "we deplore the loss of Mr. Bulmer's company. Yet as matters stand—"

"But they are in love with one another," the Duchess pointed out, with a sorry little laugh. "Can you not see that, my friend?"

"Hein?" said the Marquis; "in that event it is doubly important Mr. Bulmer be locked up somewhere overnight and hanged the first thing in the morning." He reached for the gong, but Claire had begun to speak.

"I am *not* in love with him! You do not realize your profound imbecility, Hélène. I think he is a detestable man, because he always looks at you as if he saw something extremely ridiculous but was too polite to notice it. He is invariably making me suspect I have a smut on my nose. But in spite of that, I consider him a very pleasant old gentleman, and I will *not* have him hanged." With which ultimatum she stamped her foot.

"Yes, madame," said the Marquis, critically; "after all, she is in love with him. That is unfortunate, is it not, for Milor Ormskirk—and even for Achille Cazaio," he added, with a listless shrug.

"I fail to see," a dignified young lady stated, "what Cazaio, at least, has to do with your galimatias."

"Simply that I received this morning a letter demanding you be surrendered to Cazaio," de Soyecourt answered, as he sounded the gong. "Otherwise, our amiable friend of the Taunenfels announces he will attack Bellegarde at his convenience. I, of course, hanged his herald and despatched messengers to Gaston, whom I look for to-morrow. If he indeed arrive to-morrow morning, Mr. Bulmer, I shall relinquish you to him; in other circumstances I shall have the melancholy pleasure of summoning a Protestant minister from Manneville, and afterward of hanging you—suppose we say at noon?"

"The hour suits me," said John Bulmer, "as well as another. But no better. And I warn you it will not suit the Duke of Ormskirk, either, whose relative—whose very near relative—" He posed for the astounding revelation.

But little de Soyecourt had drawn closer to him. "Mr. Bulmer," said he, with a certain intensity, "I have somehow omitted to mention that two years ago I was at Aix-la-Chapelle, when the treaty was in progress, and there saw your great kinsman. I cut no particular figure at the convocation, so that it is unlikely he recalls my features; but I remember his quite clearly."

"Indeed?" said John Bulmer, courteously; "it appears, then, that monsieur is a physiognomist?"

"You flatter me," the Marquis returned; "my skill enabled me to deduce the veriest truisms only—such as that the man who for fifteen years had beaten France, had hoodwinked France, would in France be not oversafe could we conceive him fool enough to hazard a trip into this country."

"Especially alone?" said John Bulmer.

"Especially," the Marquis assented, "if he came alone. But, ma foi! I am discourteous— You were about to say—?"

"That a comic subject declines to be set forth in tragic verse," John Bulmer answered; "and afterward to inquire the way to my dungeon."

But he escaped a dungeon, after all, for at parting de Soyecourt had graciously offered to accept Mr. Bulmer's parole, which he gave willingly enough, and thereby obtained the liberty of a tiny enclosed garden, whence a stairway led to his new apartment on the second floor of what had been known as the Constable's Tower, since du Guesclin held it for six weeks against Sir Robert Knollys, when Bellegarde was only a fortress.

The garden, gravel-pathed, was a trim place, all green and white, containing four poplars, and in the centre a fountain where three Nereids contended with a brawny Triton for the possession of a turtle whose nostrils spurted water. A circle of attendant turtles, half submerged, shot inferior jets from their gaping mouths. It was an odd and not unhandsome piece, and John Bulmer inspected it with appreciation, and latterly the garden, and having found all things satisfactory, sat down and chuckled sleepily and waited.

"De Soyecourt has been aware of my identity throughout the entire week! Faith, then, I am a greater fool than even I suspected, since this fop of the Boulevards has been able to trick me so long. He has some card up his sleeve, too, has our good Marquis—eh, well! Gaston comes to-morrow, and thenceforward all is plain sailing. Meantime I suspicion that the poor captive will presently have visitors."

He had dinner first, though, and at this meal gave an excellent account of himself. Shortly afterward, as he sat over his coffee, little de Soyecourt unlocked the high and narrow gate which constituted the one entrance to the garden and sauntered forward, dapper and smiling.

"I entreat your pardon, Monsieur le Duc," de Soyecourt began, "that I have not visited you sooner. But in unsettled times, you comprehend, the master of a beleaguered fortress is kept busy. Cazaio, I now learn, means to attack to-morrow, and I have been fortifying against him. However, I attach no particular importance to the man's threats, as I have despatched three couriers to Gaston, one of whom must in reason get to him; and in that event he will arrive early in the afternoon, and accompanied by the dragoons of Entréchat. And subsequently—eh bien! if Cazaio has

stirred up a hornets' nest he has only himself to thank for it." He snapped his fingers and hummed a merry air, being to all appearances in excellent spirits.

"That is well," said John Bulmer—"for, believe me, I shall be unfeignedly glad to see Gaston once more."

"Decidedly," said the Marquis, sniffing, "they give my prisoners much better coffee than they deign to afford me. I shall make bold to ask you for a cup of it, what time we converse sensibly." He sat down opposite John Bulmer. "Oh, about Gaston!" said the Marquis, as he added the sugar—"it is deplorable that you will not see Gaston again, at least not in this naughty world of ours."

"I am the more grieved," said John Bulmer, gravely, "for I love the man."

"It is necessary, you conceive, that I hang you, at latest, before twelve o'clock to-morrow, since Gaston is a little too fond of you to fall in with my plans. His premature arrival would in effect admit the bull of equity into the china-shop of my intentions. And day-dreams are fragile stuff, Monsieur d'Ormskirk! Indeed, I am giving you this so brief reprieve only because I am unwilling to have upon my conscience the reproach of hanging without due preparation a man whom of all politicians in the universe I most unfeignedly like and respect. The Protestant minister has been sent for, and will, I sincerely trust, be here at dawn. Otherwise—really, I am desolated, Monsieur le Duc, but you surely comprehend that I cannot wait upon his leisure."

John Bulmer cracked a filbert. "So I die to-morrow? I do not presume to dictate, monsieur, but I would appreciate some explanation of your motive."

"Which I freely render," the Marquis replied. "When I recognized you a week ago—as I did at first glance—I was astounded. That you, the man in all the world most cordially hated by Frenchmen, should venture into France quite unattended was a conception to confound belief. Still, here you were, and I realized that such an opportunity would not rap twice upon the door. So I despatched a letter post-haste to Madame de Pompadour at Marly—"

"I begin to comprehend," John Bulmer said. "Old Tournehem's daughter hates me as she hates no man alive. Frankly, monsieur, your excellent directress of the Parc-aux-Cerfs has cause to—may I trouble you for the nut-crackers? a thousand thanks—since I have outwitted her more than once both in diplomacy and on the battle-field. With me out of the way, I comprehend that France might attempt to renew the war, and our late treaty would be so much wasted paper. Yes, I comprehend that she would give a deal for me—but what the devil! France has no allies. She dare not provoke England just at present; she has no allies, monsieur, for I can assure you that Prussia is out of the game. Then what is the woman driving at?"

"Far be it from me," said the Marquis, with becoming modesty, "to meddle with affairs of state. Nevertheless, madame is willing to purchase you—at any price."

John Bulmer slapped his thigh. "Kaunitz! behold the key. Eh, eh, I have it now; the Empress despatched o' late a special ambassador to Versailles—one Anton Wenzel Kaunitz, a man I never heard of. Why, this Moravian count is a genius of the first water. He will combine France and Austria, implacable enemies since the Great Cardinal's time. Ah, I have it now, monsieur—Frederick of Prussia has published verses against the Pompadour she can never pardon—eh, against the Czaritza, too! Why, what a thing it is to be a poet! now Russia will join the league. And Sweden, of course, because she wants Pomerania, which the Emperor Frederick claims. Monsieur de Soyecourt, I protest it will be one of the prettiest messes ever stirred up in history! And to think that I am to miss it all!"

"I regret," de Soyecourt said, "to deny you the pleasure of participation. In sober verity I regret it. But unluckily, Monsieur d'Ormskirk, your dissolution is the sole security of my happiness; and in effect"—he shrugged—"you comprehend my unfortunate position."

"One of the prettiest messes ever stirred up in all history!" John Bulmer lamented; "and I to miss it! The policy of centuries shrugged aside, like

a last year's fashion! Decidedly I shall never again cast reflections upon the woman in politics, for this is superb. Why, this coup is worthy of me! And what is Petticoat the Second to give you, pray, for making all this possible?"

"She will give me," the Marquis retorted, "according to advices received from her yesterday, a lettre-de-cachet for Gaston de Puysange. Gaston is a man of ability, but he is also a man of unbridled tongue. He has expressed his opinion concerning the Pompadour, to cite an instance, as freely as the Comte de Maurepas did. You know what happened to him. Ah yes, Gaston is undoubtedly a peer of France, but the Pompadour is Queen of that kingdom. And in consequence—on the day that Madame de Pompadour learns of your death—Gaston goes to the Bastile."

"Naturally," John Bulmer assented, "since it is by ordinary the reward of common sense when manifested by a Frenchman. What the devil, monsieur! Maréchal Richelieu has been there four times and Gaston himself, if I am not mistaken, twice. And neither is one whit the worse for it."

The Marquis sipped his coffee. "The Bastile is not a very healthy place. Besides, I have a friend there—a gaoler. He was formerly a chemist."

John Bulmer elevated the left eyebrow. "Poison?"

"Dieu m'en garde!" The Marquis was appalled. "Nay, monsieur, merely an unforeseen attack of heart-disease."

"Ah! ah!" said John Bulmer, very slowly. He presently resumed: "And afterward the Duchesse de Puysange will be a widow. And already she is fond of you; but unfortunately the Duchess—with every possible deference—is a trifle prudish. I see it all now, quite plainly; and out of pure friendliness I warn you that in my opinion the Duchess is hopelessly in love with her husband."

"I sometimes fear she has been guilty of that weakness," said the Marquis, gloomily, "yet I shall take my only chance. Believe me, Monsieur le Duc, I profoundly regret that you and Gaston must be sacrificed in order to afford me this same chance."

But John Bulmer was chuckling. "My faith!" he said, and softly chafed his hands together, "how sincerely you will be horrified when your impetuous error is discovered—just too late. You were merely endeavoring to serve your beloved Gaston and the Duke of Ormskirk when you hanged the rascal who had impudently stolen the woman intended to cement their friendship! The Duke fell a victim to his own folly, and you acted precipitately perhaps, but out of pure zeal. You will probably weep. Meanwhile your lettre-de-cachet is on the road, and presently Gaston, too, is trapped and murdered. You weep yet more tears—oh, vociferous tears!—and the Duchess marries you because you were so devotedly attached to her former husband. And England will sit snug while France reconquers Europe. Monsieur, I make you my compliments on one of the tidiest plots ever brooded over."

"It rejoices me," the Marquis returned, "that a conspirator of many years' standing should commend my maiden effort." He rose to his feet. "And now, Monsieur d'Ormskirk," he continued, with extended hand, "matters being thus amicably adjusted, shall we say adieu?"

John Bulmer considered. "Well—no!" said he, at last; "for there are, after all, such things as decency and honor. I commend your cleverness, Monsieur de Soyecourt, but as concerns your hand I must confess to a distaste."

The Marquis had gone white. "Because at the bottom of your heart you despise me," he said. "Ah, believe me, monsieur, your contempt for de Soyecourt is less great than mine." And presently he had left the garden.

John Bulmer sat down to consider more at leisure these revelations. He foreread like a placard Jeanne d'Étoiles' magnificent scheme: it would convulse all Europe, while England would remain supine, simply because Newcastle was a fool and Ormskirk would be dead. He would barter his soul for one hour of liberty, he thought. A riot, now,—ay, a riot in Paris, a blow from within, would temporarily at least stupefy French enterprise and gain England time for preparation. And it was so simple! Meanwhile he was a prisoner, and Newcastle was a fool, and the Pompadour was disastrously remote from being a fool.

"It is easy to announce that I am the Duke of Ormskirk—and to what end? Faith, I had as well proclaim myself the Pope of Rome or the Cazique of Mexico: the jackanapes will affect to regard my confession as the device of a desperate man and hang me just the same; and his infernal comedy will go on without a hitch. Nay, I am fairly trapped, and Monsieur de Soyecourt holds the winning hand — more thanks to my egregious folly! But to be outwitted—and hanged —by a smirking Hop-o'-my-thumb!

"Oh, this is very annoying!" said John Bulmer, in his impotence.

He sat down once more, sulkily, like an overfed cat, and began to read with desperate attention: "'Here may men understand that be of worship, that he was never formed that at every time might stand, but sometimes he was put to the worse by evil fortune. And at sometimes the worse knight putteth the better knight into rebuke.' Behold a niggardly salve rather than a panacea." He skipped. "'And then said Sir Tristram to Sir Lamorake, "I require you if ye happen to meet with Sir Palomides—"'" Startled, he glanced about the garden.

And later it turned on a sudden into the primal Garden of Paradise. "I came," she loftily explained, "because I considered it my duty to apologize in person for leading you into great danger. Our scouts tell us that already Cazaio is marshalling his men upon the Taunenfels."

"And yet," John Bulmer said, as he rose from his reading—though he was but cloudily cognizant of what he said—"Bellegarde is a strong place. And our good Marquis, whatever else he may be, is neither a fool nor a coward."

Claire shrugged. "Cazaio has ten men to our one. Yet perhaps we can hold out till Gaston comes with his dragoons. And then—I have much influence with Gaston. He will not deny me,—ah, surely he will not deny me if I go down on my knees to him and wear my very prettiest gown. Nay, at bottom Gaston is kind, my friend, and he will spare you."

"To be your husband?" said John Bulmer.

Twice she faltered "No," all one blush. And then she cried with a sudden flare of irritation: "I do not love you. I cannot help that. Oh, you—you unutterable bully!"

Gravely he shook his head at her.

"You *are* a bully. You are trying to bully me into loving you, and you know it. What else moved you to return to Bellegarde,—and to sit here, a doomed man, tranquilly reading? Yes, you were, —I happened to see you through the keyhole in the gate. And why else were you doing that?"

"Because I adore you," said John Bulmer, "and because in this noble and joyous history of the great conqueror and excellent monarch, King Arthur, I find much diverting matter, and because, to be quite frank, Claire, I consider an existence without you neither alluring nor possible."

She had pinkened. But, "Oh, monsieur," the girl cried, "you are laughing because you are afraid that I will laugh at what you are saying to me. Believe me, I have no desire to laugh. It frightens me, rather. I had not known that nowadays men might love so greatly and with a foolishness so divine. I had thought all that perished with the Lancelot and Palomides of your book. I had thought—that in any event you had no earthly right to call me Claire."

"Superficially, the reproach is just," he assented, "but what was the name your Palomides cried in battle, pray? Was it not *Ysoude* when the searching sword had at last found the joints of the foeman's armor and his casque spouted blood?—*Ysoude* when the line of adverse spears wavered and broke and dissolved into nothingness, and the Saracen was victor? Was it not *Ysoude* he murmured riding over alien hill and dale in pursuit of the Questing Beast?—'the glatisant beast'? Assuredly: and meantime La Beale Ysoude sits snug in Cornwall, with Tristram, who dons his armor once in a while to roll Palomides in the sand *coram populo*. Still, the name was sweet, and I protest the Saracen had a perfect right to mention it whenever he felt so inclined."

"You jest at everything," she lamented—"which is one of the many traits that I dislike in you."

"Knowing your heart to be very tender," he submitted, "I am perhaps endeavoring to present as jovial and indif-

ferent an appearance as may be possible in spite of your rejection of my addresses—to you, whom I love as Palomides loved Ysoude. Otherwise you would be torn with anguish. Yet stay; is there not another similitude? Assuredly, for you love me much as Ysoude loved Palomides. What the deuce is all this lamentation to you? You don't value it the beard of an onion,—while of course grieving that your friendship, your most sincere friendship, should have been so utterly misconstrued, and wrongly interpreted, and trusting, etc., etc. Oh, I know you women!"

"I sometimes wonder," she reflected, "what sort of women you *have* known—before?"

He waved the implied query to the evening breeze. "It is not a matter of particular import. We have fought, you and I, the eternal duel of the sexes. The battle is over, so far as I am concerned, and the other side has won. Well! Pompey was reckoned a very pretty fellow in his day, but he took to his heels at Pharsalia, for all that; and Hannibal, I have heard, did not have matters entirely his own way at Zama. In any event, good men have been beaten before this. So, without stopping to cry over spilt milk—heigho!" he interpolated, with a grimace; "it was uncommonly sweet milk, though,—let's back to our tents and reckon up our wounds."

"I am decidedly of the opinion," she said, "that for all your talk you will find your heart unscratched." Irony bewildered Claire, though she invariably greeted it with a polite smile.

John Bulmer said: "Faith, I do not intend to flatter your vanity by going into a decline on the spot. For in perfect frankness I find no mortal wounds anywhere. We have it on the best authority that while many men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, it was never for love. I am inclined to agree with Rosalind; an aneurism may be fatal, but a broken heart is scarcely so. Lovers have died in divers manners since the antique world was made, but not the most luckless of them was slain by love. Even Palomides, as my book informs me, went abroad with Lancelot and probably died an old man here in France,—peaceably, in his bed, as genteel people should; and I dare assert that long ere this unchronicled demise he had learned to chuckle over his youthful follies, and had assured his wife that La Beale Ysoude squinted, or was freckled, or the like; and had protested laughingly that the best of us must sow our wild oats. And at the last it was his wife who mixed his gruel and smoothed his pillow and sat up with him o' nights, and if he died thinking of Madame Palomides rather than La Beale Ysoude, who shall blame him? Not I, for one," said John Bulmer, stoutly; "if it was not heroic, it was at least respectable, and, above all, natural; and I expect some day to stammer through a twin valedictory. When I set about the process of dying, I may be thinking of you, O fair lost lady! and again I may not. Who can say? A fly, for instance, may have lighted upon my nose and his tickling may have distracted my ultimate thoughts. Meanwhile, I love you consumedly, and you don't care a snap of your fingers for me. Faith, it is very amusing."

"I—I am sorry," she said, inadequately.

"You are the more gracious." And his face sank down into his hands, and even Claire was forgotten, for he was remembering Alison Pleydell and that ancient bankruptcy of his heart in youth. And the man groaned aloud.

A hand, feather-soft, fell upon his shoulder. "And who was your Ysoude, Jean Bulmer?"

"A woman who died twenty years ago,—a woman dead ere you were born, my dear."

Claire gave a little stifled cry. "Oh—oh, I *loathe* her!" she cried.

But when he raised his head she was gone.

He sat long in the twilight, now rising insensibly about him. The garden had become a grave, yet not unfriendly, place; the white straining Nereids were taking on a tinge of violet, the verdure was of a deeper hue, that was all; and the fountain plashed unhurriedly, as though measuring a reasonable interval (he whimsically thought), between the asking of a riddle and its solution given gratis by the asker.

He loved the woman; granted: but did

not love rise the higher above a corner-stone of delusion? And this he could never afford: he considered Claire to be not extravagantly clever, he could have improved upon her ears (to cite one instance), which were rather clumsily modelled; her finger-tips were a thought too thick, a shade too practical, and in fine she was no more the most beautiful woman in the world than she was the tallest: and yet he loved her. Here was no infatuation, no roseate and kindly haze surrounding a goddess, such as that which had by ordinary accompanied Alison Pleydell.

"I am grown older, perhaps. Perhaps it is merely that I am fashioned of baser stuff than—say, Achille Cazaio or de Soyecourt. Or perhaps it is that this overmastering, all-engulfing love is a mere figment of the poet, an age-long superstition as zealously preserved as that of the inscrutability of women, and both by men who don't believe a syllable of either. Ysoude is dead; and I love my young French wife as thoroughly as Palomides did, with as great a passion as was possible to either of us oldsters. Well! all life is a compromise; I compromise with tradition by loving her unselfishly, by loving her with the very best that remains in John Bulmer. *Soit!* I love her and the die is cast. I mean to have her, and afterward she shall be content.

"True, I may be hanged at noon tomorrow, which would somewhat disconcert my plan. I shall not bother about that. Always there remains the slender chance that, somehow, Gaston may arrive in time; and otherwise—why, otherwise I shall be hanged, and as to what will happen afterward I decline to enter into any discussion even with myself. I have my belief, but it is bolstered by no iota of knowledge. Faith, let us live this life as a gentleman should, and keep our hands and our consciences as clean as may be possible, and after that trust to God's common sense. There are certain people who must divert Him vastly by their frantic efforts to keep out of hell. For my own part, I would not think of wearing a pelisse in the Desert of Sahara merely because I happened to be sailing for Greenland during the ensuing week. I shall trust to His common sense.

"I wish that Reinault would hurry with the supper-trays. I am growing very hungry."

That night he was roused by a tapping at his door. "Jean Bulmer, Jean Bulmer! I have bribed Reinault. I have the keys. Come, and I will set you free."

"To do what?" said John Bulmer.

"To escape—to flee to your foggy England," said the voice without,—"and to your hideous Englishwomen."

"Do you go with me?" said John Bulmer.

"I do *not*." This was spoken from the turrets of decision.

"In that event," said John Bulmer, "I shall return to my dreams, which I infinitely prefer to the realities of a hollow existence. And besides, now one thinks of it, I have given my parole."

An infuriate voice came through the keyhole. "You *are* a bully," it stated. "I loathe you." Followed silence.

Presently the voice said: "Because if you really loved her you were no better than she was, and so I hate you both."

"'Beautiful as an angel, and headstrong as a devil,'" was John Bulmer's meditation. "And if I slink off to-night I shall never be to her anything more than her husband." Afterward John Bulmer turned over and went back to sleep.

For after all, as he reflected, he had given his parole; and always it pleased the notorious trickster, by some odd quirk of vanity, to have it said of Ormskirk that the formal word of Ormskirk, once given, had never yet been broken.

He was awakened later by a shriek, that was followed by a hubbub of tumult, what time John Bulmer sat erect in bed. Ensued a medley of yelling, of musketry, and of crashes, as the dilapidation of falling battlements. He knew well enough what had happened. Cazaio and his men were making a night attack upon Bellegarde.

John Bulmer arose and, having lighted two candles, dressed himself. He cast aside the first cravat as a failure, knotted the second with scrupulous nicety, and afterward sat down, facing the door to his apartment, and trimmed his finger-nails. Outside was pande-

monium, as the saying is, and the little scrap of sky visible from his one window was now of a sullen red.

"It is very curious I do not suffer more acutely. As a matter of fact, I am not conscious of any particular feeling at all. I believe that most of us, when we are confronted with a situation demanding high joy or agony, find ourselves quite void of emotion. They have evidently taken de Soyecourt by surprise. She is yonder in that hell outside and will probably be captured by its most lustful devil—or else be murdered. I am here like a trapped rat, impotent, waiting to be killed, which Cazaio's men will certainly attend to when they ransack the place and find me. And I feel nothing, absolutely nothing.

"By this she has probably fallen into Cazaio's power—"

And the man went mad. "God, God!" he wailed aloud, like a whipped child. And he dashed upon the locked door, and tore at it with soft white hands, so that presently they were all blood. He beat his face upon the door, cutting open his forehead. He sobbed with odd bestial noises and bit at the air.

He shook his bleeding hands toward heaven. "In my time I have been cruel. I am less cruel than You! Let me go!"

The door opened and she stood upon the threshold. His arms were about her and repeatedly he kissed her, mercilessly, with hard kisses, crushing her in his embrace.

"Jean, Jean!" she sobbed, beneath his lips, and lay quite still in his arms. He saw how white and tender a thing she was, and the fierce embrace relaxed.

"You came to me," he said, stupidly.

"Louis had forgotten you. They had all retreated to the Inner Tower. Cazaio cannot take that, for he has no cannon. Louis can hold out there until Gaston comes with help," Claire rapidly said. "But the thieves are burning Bellegarde. I could bribe no man to set you free. They were afraid to venture."

"And you came," said John Bulmer,—"you left the safe Inner Tower to come to me!"

"I could not let you die, Jean Bulmer."

"No? Then I will live—I will live not unworthily the life which you have given me. O God!" John Bulmer cried, "what a pitiful creature was that great Duke of Ormskirk! Now make a man of me, O God!"

"Listen, dear madman," she breathed; "we cannot go out into Bellegarde. They are everywhere—Cazaio's men. They are building huge fires about the Inner Tower, but it is all stone, and I think Louis can hold out. But we, Jean Bulmer, can only retreat to the roofing of this place. There is but a trap-door to admit you to the top, and there—there we can at least live until the dawn."

"I am unarmed," John Bulmer said, "and weaponless I cannot hold even a trap-door against armed men."

"I have brought you weapons," Claire said, and waved one hand toward the outer passageway. "Naturally I would not overlook that. There were many dead men on my way hither, and they had no need of weapons. I have a sword here and two pistols."

"You are," said John Bulmer, with supreme conviction, "the most wonderful woman in the universe. By all means let us get to the top of this infernal tower and live there as long as we may find it possible. But first, will you permit me to make myself a thought tidier? For in my recent agitation as to your whereabouts I have, I perceive, somewhat disordered both my person and my apparel."

Claire laughed a little sadly. "You have been sincere for once in your existence, and you are hideously ashamed, is it not? Ah, my friend, I would like you so much better if you were not always playing at life, not always posing as for your portrait."

"For my part," said he, obscurely, from the rear of a wet towel, "I fail to perceive any particular merit in dying with a dirty face. We are about to deal with the most important and, by an ill chance, the final crisis of our lives. So let us do it with decency."

Afterward he changed his cravat, since the one he wore was soiled and crumpled and stained a little with his blood, and they went up the winding stairway to the top of the Constable's Tower. These two passed through the trap-door into moonlight that drenched the world; westward the higher walls of the Hugonet

Wing shut off that part of Bellegarde where men were slaughtering one another, and the turrets of it, black and untenanted, stood in strong relief against a sky of shifting crimson and gold. At their feet was the tiny enclosed garden, half hidden by the poplar boughs. And to the east the tower dropped sheer to the moat; and past that was the curve of the highway leading to the main entrance of the château, and the moonlighted plains of the Duardenez, and one little tributary, a thread of pulsing silver, in passage to the great river that showed as a smear of white, a chalk-mark on the world's rim.

John Bulmer closed the trap-door. They stood with clasped hands, eyes straining toward the east, whence help must arrive if it came at all.

"No sign of Gaston," the girl said. "We must die presently, Jean Bulmer."

"I am sorry," he said,—"oh, I am hideously sorry that we two must die."

"I am not afraid, Jean Bulmer. But life would be very sweet with you."

"That was my thought, too. . . . I have always bungled this affair of living, you conceive. I had considered the world a healthy and not intolerable prison, where each man must get through his day's work as best he might, soiling his fingers as much as necessity demanded—but no more—so that at the end he might sleep soundly,—or perhaps that he might go to heaven and pluck eternally at a harp, or else to hell and burn eternally, just as divines say we will. I never bothered about it much, so long as there was any work at hand which demanded performance. And in consequence I missed the whole meaning of life."

"Not so!" Claire replied. "No man has played a greater part in our little world."

This was an odd speech. But he answered idly: "Eh, I have done well enough as respectable persons judge these matters. And I went to church on Sunday, and I paid my tithes. Trifles, these, sweetheart; for in every man, as I now see quite plainly, there is a god. And the god must judge, and the man himself be but the temple and the instrument of the god. It is very simple, I think. And whether he go to church or no, is a matter of trivial importance, so long as the man obey the god which is within him." He was silent now, staring vaguely toward the blank horizon.

"And now that you have discovered this," she murmured, "therefore you wish to live?"

"Why, partly on account of that," he said, "yet perhaps mostly on account of you. . . . But heigho!" said John Bulmer; "I am disfiguring my last hours by inflicting upon a lady my half-baked theology. Let us sit down, my dear, and talk of trifles till they find us. And then I will kill you, sweetheart, and afterward myself. Presently come dawn and death; and my heart, according to the ancient custom of Poictesme, cries *'Oy Dieus! Oy Dieus, de l'alba tantost ve!'* but for all that my mouth will resolutely discourse of the last Parisian flounces, or of your unfathomable eyes, or of Monsieur de Voltaire's new tragedy of *Oreste*—or, in fine, of any topic you may elect."

He smiled, with a twinging undercurrent of regret that not even in impendent death did he find any stimulus to the heroical. But the girl had given a muffled cry.

"Look, Jean! Already they come for us."

Through the little garden a man was running, doubling like a cornered beast when he found the place had no entrance save the gate through which he had scuttled. It was fat Guiton, the steward of the Duc de Puysange. Presently came Achille Cazaio and harried the unarmed old man with a wet sword, wantonly driving him about the poplars, pricking him in the quivering shoulders, but never killing him. All the while the steward screamed with the monotonous and shrill wail of a mad woman.

After a little he fell at Cazaio's feet, shrieking for mercy.

"Fool!" said the latter, "I am Achille Cazaio. I have no mercy in me."

He kicked the steward in the face two or three times, and Guiton, his countenance all blood, black in the moonlight, embraced his knees and wept. Presently Cazaio slowly drove his sword into the back of the prostrate man, who shrieked, "O Jesu!" and began to cough and choke. Five times Cazaio spitted the writhing thing, and afterward was Guiton's soul released from the tortured body.



Painting by Howard Pyle

THE DEATH OF CAZAIO

"Is it well, think you," said John Bulmer, "that I should die without first killing Achille Cazaio?"

"No!" Claire answered, fiercely.

Then John Bulmer leaned upon the parapet of the Constable's Tower and called aloud: "Friend Achille, your conduct vexes me."

The man started, peered about, and presently stared upward. "Monsieur Bulmaire, this is indeed an unlooked-for pleasure. May I inquire wherein I have been so ill-fated as to offend you?"

"You have an engagement to fight me on Thursday afternoon, friend Achille, so that to all intent I hold a sort of mortgage on your life. I submit that in consequence you have no right to endanger it by besieging castles and wasting the night in horticultural assassinations."

"There is something in what you say, Monsieur Bulmaire," the brigand replied, "and I very heartily apologize for not thinking of it earlier. But in the way of business, you understand— However, may I trust it will please you to release me from this inconvenient obligation?" Cazaio added, with a smile. "My men are waiting for me yonder, you comprehend."

"In fact," said John Bulmer, hospitably, "the moonlight up here is clear as day. We can settle our affair in five minutes."

"I come," said Cazaio, and plunged into the entrance to the Constable's Tower.

"The pistol! quick!" said Claire.

"And for what, pray?" said John Bulmer.

"So that from behind, as he lifts the trap-door, I may shoot him through the head. Do you stand in front as though to receive him. It will be quite simple."

"My dear creature," said John Bulmer, "I am now doubly persuaded that God had entirely run out of what we term a sense of honor when He created the woman. I mean to kill this rapscallion, but in passing I mean to kill him fairly." He unbolted the trap-door, and immediately Cazaio stood upon the roof, his sword drawn.

Achille Cazaio stared at the tranquil woman, and now his countenance was less that of a satyr than of a demon. "At four in the morning! I congratulate you, Monsieur Bulmaire," he said, —"oh, decidedly, I congratulate you."

"Thank you," said John Bulmer, sword in hand; "yes, we were married yesterday."

Cazaio, with the agility of a snake, drew a pistol from his girdle and fired full in John Bulmer's face; but more quickly the latter had fallen upon one knee, and the ball sped harmlessly above him.

"You are very careless with firearms," John Bulmer lamented. "Really, friend Achille, if you are not more circumspect you will presently injure somebody and forever afterward be consumed with unavailing regret and that sort of thing. Now let us get down to our affair."

They crossed blades in the moonlight. Cazaio was in vein to-night; John Bulmer's tolerant acceptance of any meanness that a Cazaio might attempt, the vital shame of this new and baser failure before Claire's very eyes, had made of Cazaio a crazed beast. He slobbered little flecks of foam, clinging like hoar frost to the tangled beard, and breathed with shuddering inhalations, like a man in agony, what time he charged with redoubling thrusts. The Englishman appeared to be enjoying himself, but quite discreetly; he chuckled as the other cursed and shifted from tierce to quart, and met the assault with a nice inevitableness; in short, each movement had the comely precision of some finely adjusted clockwork, though at times John Bulmer's face showed a spurt of mild amusement, roused by the brigand's extravagancy of gesture and his contortions as he strove to pass the line of steel that flickered cannily between his sword and John Bulmer's portly bosom.

Then John Bulmer, too, attacked. "For Guiton!" said he, as his point slipped into Cazaio's breast. He recoiled and lodged another thrust in the brigand's throat. "For attempting to assassinate me!" His foot stamped as his sword ran deep into Cazaio's belly. "For insulting my wife by thinking of her obscenely. You are a dead man, friend Achille."

Cazaio had dropped his sword, reeling as drunken against the western battlement. "My comfort," he said, hoarsely, while one hand tore at his jetting throat,

—"my comfort is that I could not die slain by a braver enemy." He moaned and stumbled backward. Momentarily his knees gripped the low embrasure. Then his feet flipped upward, convulsively, so that John Bulmer saw his spurs glitter and twitch in the moonlight, and there was a snapping and crackling and swishing among the poplars, and immediately the slump of his body upon the turf below.

"May he find more mercy than he has merited," said John Bulmer, "for the man had excellent traits. Yes, in him the making of a very good swordsman was spoiled by that abominable Boisrobert."

But Claire had caught him by the shoulder. "Look, Jean!"

He turned and stared toward the Duardenez. A troop of horse was nearing. Now they had swept about the curve in the highway, and at their head was Gaston, laughing terribly. They went by like a tumult in some sick man's dream, and the Hugonet Wing had screened them, swift as thought.

"Then is Bellegarde relieved," said John Bulmer, "and your life, at least, is saved."

The girl stormed. "You—you *thing!*" said she; "you would not be content with the keys of heaven if you had not got them by outwitting somebody! Do you fancy I had never seen the Duke of Ormskirk's portrait? Gaston sent me one six months ago."

"Ah!" said John Bulmer, very quietly. He took up the discarded scabbard and sheathed his sword without speaking.

Presently he said, "You have been cognizant all along that I was the Duke of Ormskirk?"

"Yes," she answered, promptly.

"And you married me, knowing that I was—God save the mark!—the great Duke of Ormskirk? knowing that you made what we must grossly term a brilliant match?"

"I married you because, in spite of Jean Bulmer, you had betrayed yourself to be a daring and a gallant gentleman,—and because for a moment I thought that I did not dislike the Duke of Ormskirk quite so much as I ought to."

He digested this.

"Oh, Jean Bulmer," the girl said, "they tell me you were ever a fortunate man, but I consider you the unluckiest I know of. For always you are afraid to be yourself. Sometimes you forget, and are just *you*,—and then, ohé! you remember, and are only a sulky, fat old gentleman who is not you at all, somehow; so that at times I detest you, and at times I cannot thoroughly detest you. So that I played out the comedy, Jean Bulmer. I meant in the end to tell Louis who you were, of course, and not let them hang you, but I never quite trusted you; and I never knew whether I detested you or no, at bottom, until last night."

"Last night you left the safe Inner Tower to come to me—to save me at all hazards or else to die with me—" His voice rang like a trumpet. "And for what reason, Claire?"

"You are bullying me!" she wailed.

"And for what reason, Claire?" he repeated, without any change of intonation.

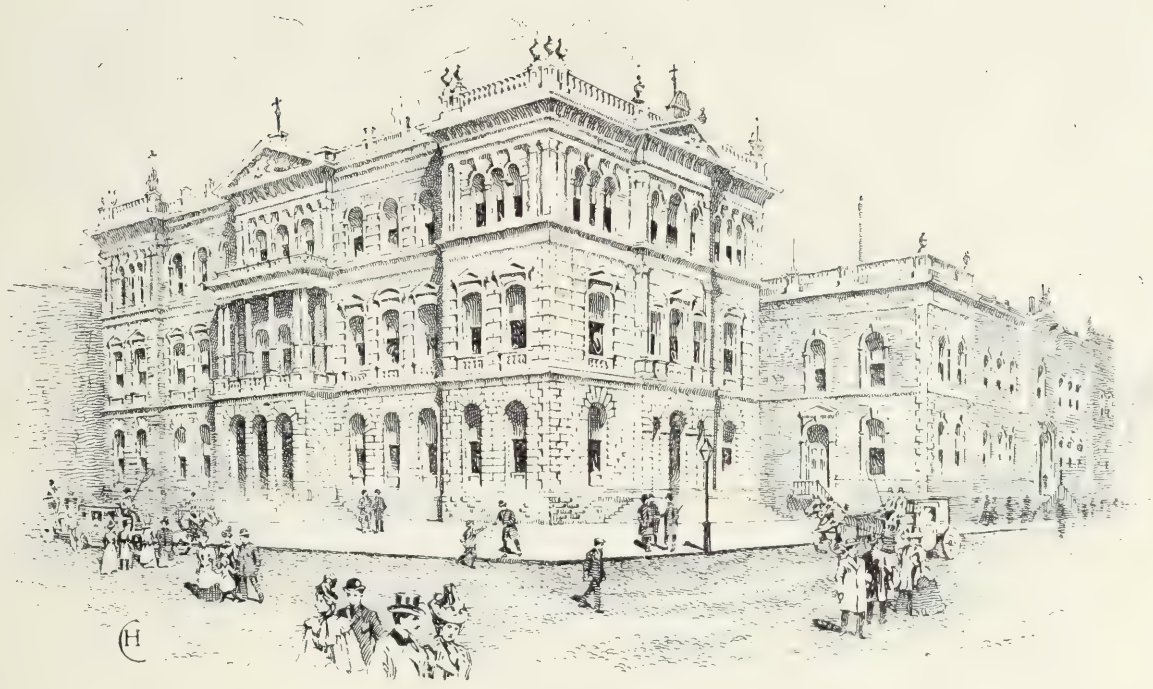
"Can you not guess?" she said. "Oh, because I am a *fool!*" she said, but very happily, for his arms were about her.

"Eh, in that event—" said the Duke of Ormskirk. "Look!" said he, with a deeper thrill of speech, "it is the dawn."

They turned hand in hand; and out of the east the sun came statelily, and a new day was upon them.

[THE END.]





CRIMINAL COURT BUILDING OF COOK COUNTY
Where the trial was held
Redrawn from photograph in the collection of the Chicago Historical Society

Decisive Battles of the Law

THE CHICAGO ANARCHISTS' CASE

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

THE atmosphere of the Criminal Court of Cook County was ominously businesslike on the morning of June 21, 1886. Save for the group of women gathered about the judge behind the judicial desk, no one in the huge, barnlike court-room seemed to be in attendance from mere idle curiosity, and every one, from the judge upon the bench to the bailiffs guarding the doors, looked unmistakably grave. Far larger audiences had frequently assembled in that unpretentious chamber, for the long galleries at either end were closed to the public, and comparatively few of the spectators on the floor were standing; but unusual as this condition of affairs was for the opening of an important murder trial, it did not apparently satisfy the presiding official, whose severe glance swept disapprovingly over the scene. "Persons who cannot find seats must instantly leave the room," he commanded, sharply. "The bailiffs will immediately enforce this rule."

There was no mistaking the determination of the speaker. Slowly, but without resistance, the unseated spectators were herded from the court and the doors closed behind them. Then the judge turned to the prosecutor's table at the right of the low platform supporting the bench and nodded to an intellectual-looking man, who seemed to be awaiting the signal, for he immediately rose and broke the intense silence by observing that the State was ready in No. 1195.

This conventional announcement, uttered in a quiet, conversational tone, marked the opening of a cause wholly

unprecedented in the United States, and in many respects unparalleled in the history of the world, but those who anticipated something more dramatic were destined to have their expectations realized in a most surprising manner before many minutes had elapsed.

For nearly seven weeks Chicago had been feverishly awaiting judicial action on an outrage which had at first horrified, then frightened, and finally exasperated the community to a point which threatened the due administration of justice. On the night of May 4, 1886, a mass-meeting had been held near Haymarket Square under the auspices of certain anarchist organizations to protest against the action of the police in repressing disorder during a wide-spread strike to enforce the eight-hour labor day. While this meeting was in progress a company of policemen had appeared under the command of Inspector Bonfield, and Captain Ward, one of the subordinate officers, ordered the crowd to disperse. The words had scarcely left his lips when some one hurled a dynamite bomb among the men behind him, killing seven of them and injuring sixty others, and in the excitement and confusion that followed the assassin had easily made his escape.



HON. JOSEPH E. GARY
The presiding judge

It did not take long for the citizens of Chicago to realize the menacing nature of this attack upon law and order, but before they fairly recovered from the shock the authorities began an investigation which for thoroughness and intelligence has never been surpassed in the annals of the American police. Within a week almost every prominent anarchist in the city was under arrest, and the newspapers, teeming with stories of their plots for wholesale murder, roused the public to the point of fury. Execration of such outrages was confined to no particular class of citizens. All sorts and conditions of men — wage-earners and capitalists alike throughout the country—vied with each other in demanding the prompt suppression of anarchy, and although the first burst of popular rage had undoubtedly spent itself before the accused men were arraigned at the bar, the feeling that followed was perhaps even more dangerous to their safety. The wild denunciations of existing social conditions which had been openly uttered in the city for years only to be disregarded or laughed at had suddenly become infamous, and there was no mistaking the popular temper in regard to them. If free speech had been abused, and its abuse encouraged by the indifference of a good-natured people, it was high time that those who had overstepped their privileges learned that they had done so at their peril, and public opinion demanded that the lesson be so taught that it would never be forgotten.

This was the spirit animating the crowd which hung upon the prosecutor's opening words on the longest day in the year 1886, and a more thoroughly informed audience never assembled in a court of law. Not only was every detail of the police investigations familiar to all newspaper readers, but through the publication of their photographs and records all the principal actors in the impending drama had long been public characters. Probably every man and woman in the court-room recognized the severe, distin-

guished-looking judge as the Hon. Joseph E. Gary, who had fought his way from the carpenter's to the judicial bench, and whose reputation as jurist and martinet insured dignity and effectiveness to all legal proceedings over which he presided. Similar details concerning other officials and parties in interest were matters of common knowledge. State's Attorney Julius S. Grinnell, the intellectual-looking man with eye-glasses, who had answered the judge's initial nod, was almost a national character, for his duties as public prosecutor had made him one of the most conspicuous officials in the United States, and the young men gathered about him in close consultation—Francis W. Walker and Edmund Furthman, of his official staff, and George C. Ingham, specially retained to supplement their efforts—had already acquired considerable local celebrity. Perfect confidence was reposed in this legal quartet, for Mr. Grinnell, fully realizing that Chicago's reputation for law and order was at stake, and that the opportunity of his life lay before him, had prepared his case in almost record time, and had selected as his subordinates men well fitted for the work at hand.

Their opponents were not so well known, for the press had devoted little space to them, and the state of public opinion in regard to the case made the task of its defence particularly ungrateful. Of the four lawyers representing the accused, two had had very little experience in the courts, for Sigmund Zeisler, though an able man, was a foreigner only recently admitted to the Illinois bar, and his partner, Moses Salomon, was a beardless youth of no recognized standing. William P. Black and William A. Foster, the senior counsel, were, however, experienced advocates, the former being a familiar figure in the local courts, where he had acquired a reputation for pugnacity which boded ill for that swift and unobstructed administration of the law then generally regarded as essential to the public safety. Indeed, it was with no little relief that the overanxious champions of law and order noted his absence when the prisoners were brought into court, and the rumor swiftly spread that he had abandoned the case. Black, however, was planning a very different and far more startling move.

Bitter as was the public feeling against the closely guarded prisoners who sat at the left of their counsels' table, it was generally understood that none of them had personally committed the crime with which they stood charged, and with the exception of the wild-eyed young degenerate Louis Lingg, there was nothing even suggesting a criminal in their appearance. August Spies, the editor of the anarchist paper *Die Arbeiter Zeitung,* looked like a German student, his little mustache with waxed ends giving him quite a military air. His associate, Michael Schwab, with his long beard and spectacles and intellectual face, might easily have passed for a German professor. Samuel Fielden, the English agitator and anarchist, likewise suggested the student and scholar, and his strong, intelligent face bespoke a man of unusual ability. Adolph Fischer, George Engel, and Oscar W. Neebe, the other defendants, were weak rather than vicious looking, and a glance at their faces was sufficient to suggest how dangerous a little knowledge might prove to their minds. All of these men were foreigners, and some of them did not even speak the English language, but there was absolutely no prejudice against them on this account. Indeed, the



JULIUS S. GRINNELL
State's Attorney
By courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society



FRANCIS W. WALKER
Assistant State's Attorney

public indignation, as far as it was directed against any particular individual, centred upon the only American accused of the crime, and the fact that he was not in court was a bitter disappointment to the police, for of all the anarchist leaders he was the only one who had even attempted to escape. It was not because they had not sought him diligently that Albert R. Parsons was still at large. Never had a fugitive from justice been more systematically hunted, but though the police force of the entire world had been upon his track, they had not run him down. For a time his disappearance was interpreted as a confession of guilt, and it would have surprised no one if he had been indicted as a principal, but the Grand Jury merely named him as an accessory, charged, like the others, with having instigated and encouraged the crime. Meanwhile the search for him continued unabated, for as long as he remained at liberty the record of the police was seriously marred. The day of trial had arrived, however, without the slightest clue to his hiding-place, and not the least damaging circumstance that confronted the seven prisoners on trial was the incriminating flight of the leader who had addressed their meeting only a few minutes before the explosion of the fatal bomb.

Such was the situation when Mr. Grinnell moved his case to trial, but the preliminary examination of talesmen for the jury had scarcely begun before the proceedings were interrupted by the entrance of two men, one of whom was readily identified as Captain Black, the missing counsel for the defence. The other was not, however, immediately recognized, and he had almost reached the bench before the prosecutor sprang excitedly to his feet.

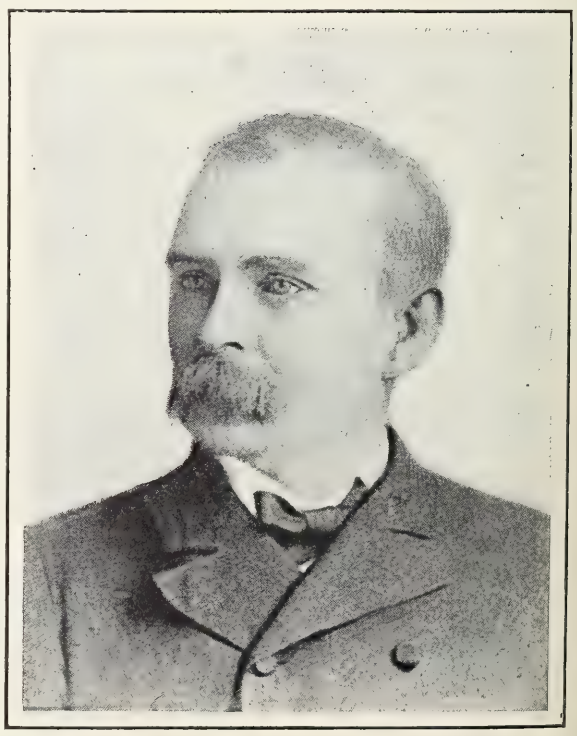
"I see Albert R. Parsons, indicted for murder, in this court, and demand his instant arrest!" he shouted.

Captain Black halted, turning savagely upon the speaker.

"This man is in my charge, and such a demand is not only theatrical claptrap, but an insult to me!" he retorted, indignantly.

Captain Schaack, Inspector Bonfield, and a dozen other detectives and police officials were instantly upon their feet, but the audience, scarcely believing its eyes or ears, sat in dumb amazement as the two lawyers angrily faced each other. Before another word could be uttered, however, Parsons himself set all doubts at rest.

"I present myself for trial with my



GEORGE C. INGHAM
Special counsel to the State's attorneys
By courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

comrades, your Honor," he observed, with perfect calmness.

If Judge Gary did not entirely retain his composure, he at least gave no outward evidence of astonishment.

"You will take a seat with the prisoners, Mr. Parsons," he directed, as though nothing unusual had occurred, and immediately instructed the counsel to prepare the necessary papers, allowing the new defendant to enter a plea and stand trial with the others. An eighth chair was thereupon added to the prisoners' row, and Parsons was soon shaking hands and conversing with his codefendants, while his lawyers complied with the legal formalities, and in a few minutes the great case was again under way.

Whatever may be thought of the strategic expediency of Parsons's move—and there is strong evidence that it was positively disapproved by at least one of his counsel—there can be no question that it displayed courage and unselfishness of a high order. Had he continued in hiding until a jury had been empanelled, he would have secured the immense advantage of a separate trial after the public clamor had been satisfied or diminished, without depriving the other defendants of the benefit of his presence or his testimony. Mr. Foster urged this course, pointing out the danger of a trial with seven other persons, where all sorts of testimony would be admitted, and the innocent be likely to suffer with the guilty, but his advice was disregarded. Parsons deliberately chose to share the hazard of his friends' fortunes, and in so choosing it cannot be denied that he displayed a fortitude and devotion well worthy of respect. Such, however, was not the opinion of Chicago, where his return was interpreted as further evidence of his notorious contempt and defiance of the law, and the fact that he was an American deepened the feeling against him. But if, as has been claimed, he was unaware that the public indifference toward anarchy had given place to detestation of its teachings, the examination of the citizens summoned for jury duty must have completely disillusioned him. Certainly no court record in the United States reveals a deeper or more wide-spread public prejudice than that disclosed by the sworn testimony of the talesmen in this case. Hour after hour passed without the discovery of even one candidate fitted for dispassionate service, and panel after panel of prospective jurymen was exhausted with like result. Days passed without much better success, and the days stretched into weeks. Every-



EDMUND FURTHMAN
Assistant State's Attorney
By courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

body seemed to have an opinion—and a decided opinion, too—that the men on trial were guilty, and the few who did not hold such positive views were so convinced that something radical ought to be done to discourage lawlessness that they could not trust themselves to judge the case upon its merits. Finally the defence exhausted all its peremptory challenges, and after twenty-two days of unremitting labor, *during which no less than 981 persons were examined,* twelve men were sworn into the jury-box who, while not ideal jurors, were perhaps as open-minded as could be expected under the existing condition of public sentiment. No enviable fate awaited those twelve good men and true. From the moment of their acceptance as jurors they were virtual prisoners, confined when out of court in an adjoining hotel, guarded by bailiffs night and day, and cut off from all communication with the outer world.

It was the 15th of July before Mr. Grinnell rose to make his opening address, which, despite the minute information furnished by the press, was a revelation to his audience, and not until they had listened to his bitter, forceful arraignment did the counsel for the defence fully realize the desperate fight that lay before them. Amid breathless silence the prosecutor claimed that he would show that the defendants were not indirectly but directly responsible for the crime, having deliberately planned it and other similar outrages, and that he would produce the man who had done the deed. The sensation created by this announcement was not confined to the outsiders, for in the excitement of the moment Mr. Grinnell had promised more proof than he had in his possession, and under different circumstances his overzealousness in this and other respects might have seriously damaged his case. The details which he gave, however, disposed of the theory that the defendants were to be prosecuted because of their opinions, and that no direct proof of their connection with the crime could be produced—a story which was already beginning to win sympathy for their cause. At the conclusion of this startling address the first witness was called to the stand, and from that moment the trial proceeded rapidly. Without difficulty it was proved that all the defendants were members of an anarchist society known as the International Working Men's Association—some affiliated with one group and some with another. Fischer and Engel belonged to what was known as the Northwest Side group; Schwab, Neebe, and Lingg to the North Side; and Spies, Fielden, and Parsons to the so-called American group. Each of these groups or chapters had a sub-organization of a military character known as the Armed Section, in which all members having weapons were enrolled.

The conditions of the strike which began on May 1 were then developed by the testimony of the witnesses, and it was soon shown that Spies had been present during a riot at the McCormick factory which had occurred on May 3, resulting in a collision with the police and the death of several persons. A few hours after this event, Spies had written and caused to be distributed an inflammatory circular, headed "Revenge!" calling upon the people to avenge the alleged murder of the strikers who had fallen in the fight with the police. No response of any kind followed the distribution of this handbill, which, though declamatory and denunciatory, called for no particular action. It was then proved that two circulars had been issued announcing a mass-meeting for the night of May 4, one urging working-men to come armed, and the other omitting that direction, the former, prepared by Fischer and Engel, being suppressed in favor of the latter at the dictation of Spies. Two witnesses who had turned State's evidence, and were themselves under indictment for murder, were then called, and revealed a madhouse plan of action.

According to these witnesses a meeting of the Armed Sections had been held on the 3d of May, at which it had been agreed that when the word "Ruhe" appeared in Spies's paper, *Die Arbeiter Zeitung,* the members should assemble, provided with dynamite bombs, and distribute themselves so as to cover the various police stations. "A committee of observation" was then to act with those men, and upon any report of collisions with the police the conspirators were to hurl their bombs into the station-houses, and shoot down all who attempted to escape. This murderous plan, according to the eye-witnesses, originated with Engel, and both he and Fischer were active in arranging the details.

There was much to impeach the story told by the informers, one of whom had apparently made suspicious overtures to the defence. Under skilful cross-examination it was shown that he had confessed and retracted and reconfessed, and very little reliance would have been placed upon his testimony had it not been supported by other proofs. It was, however, most significantly corroborated. The signal "Ruhe" *had* been anonymously sent to *Die Arbeiter* for publication, and the paper containing it was admitted in evidence, together with Spies's written direction to his compositor to insert it in the column known as "The Post Box."

This was the first link in the remarkable chain of exhibits which was to make

this case unique in the annals of criminal law.

Another informer then took the stand, and testified that he had aided the defendant Lingg to manufacture dynamite bombs for the use of the Armed Sections according to the plan previously agreed upon, and that early on the evening of May 4 he and Lingg had carried a satchel full of the deadly missiles to a saloon frequented by their group, deconfessed that he and Lingg had secreted under a sidewalk where they were located by the police, and a fuse and fulminating cap found in the pocket of Fischer's coat at the time of his arrest.

All the proof up to this point, however, involved only Fischer, Engel, Lingg, and Neebe, and there was very little to connect the last named with the case. Beyond the fact that he was a small stockholder in *Die Arbeiter,* of whose property



THE ANARCHIST RIOT IN CHICAGO—A DYNAMITE BOMB EXPLODING AMONG THE POLICE
Drawn at the time by T. de Thulstrup for *Harper's Weekly* from sketches by H Jeanneret

positing it in the basement hallway of this resort, where any one who chose to do so could enter and help himself. Neither the appearance of the man who told this tale, nor his record, nor his motives entitled him to credence, but again the exhibits spoke louder than any words, and corroborated him beyond hope of contradiction. These silent witnesses were the materials and apparatus for making bombs discovered in Lingg's rooms, the fragments of the exploded bomb, which conclusively proved that it was the sort which Lingg had manufactured, the bombs which the witness he assumed charge after the arrest of its editors, and that he had distributed some of the "Revenge" circulars, there was no evidence against him, and nothing further developed as the trial progressed.

Then followed the history of the Haymarket mass-meeting at which Spies, Parsons, and Fielden spoke. All accounts agreed that the meeting was orderly, and the speeches, if intended to inflame the audience, were ill adapted to that end and signally failed of their purpose. Even Fielden's address, which apparently moved the police to interfere, was less violent than the average stump-speaker's ha-

rangue, and the crowd did not seem to have been excited by it. Finally a witness named Gilmer was produced, who swore that he had seen something that might have been a bomb pass between Spies, Schwab, and a man named Schnaubelt, and that later, when Captain Ward ordered the crowd to disperse, he saw this man draw a bomb from his pocket and hurl it at the police after Spies had lit the fuse.

Formidable as this testimony appeared to be, it was badly shattered under cross-examination. The witness, it appeared, had kept his information to himself for several days after the event, during which time the man Schnaubelt was twice arrested and discharged, and his whole story and his manner of telling it indicated that he was a notoriety-seeker who had concocted the tale in order to attract public attention and gratify his pitiful vanity, if not for mercenary motives. Dozens of witnesses subsequently took the stand and swore that he was a notorious liar who lived by his wits, and the contrary statements of those who were called to support his reputation for veracity were utterly unconvincing. There was some corroboration of this witness in the testimony of a man named Thompson, and the disappearance of Schnaubelt and his relationship to Schwab were suspicious circumstances, but the proof fell far short of the prosecutor's claim that he would produce the actual assassin, whose identity has never been satisfactorily established to this day. Some policemen then attempted to show that Fielden had fired upon them from behind the cart which served as the speaker's platform after the bomb had been thrown, but their assertions partially disproved themselves, and there was an utter absence of convincing confirmation. In fact, none of the oral testimony strongly inculpated either Spies, Schwab, Fielden, or Parsons, but before long telltale exhibits which could not be impeached began to pile up against them.

For some years Spies and Schwab had been conducting *Die Arbeiter Zeitung,* and Parsons had been editing *The Alarm,* and very close relations existed between these two journals. In the offices of the first named the police found dynamite and dynamite bombs, which were produced and exhibited to the jury. Then red flags and banners inscribed with incendiary mottoes seized in the same office were carried into court, and from the editorial library came Most's *Science of Revolutionary Warfare.* The admission of this last exhibit was bitterly opposed by the defence, but upon proof that the book had been advertised for sale by the editors, and that it had been peddled at anarchist fairs attended by some of the defendants, it was received and its diabolical contents read in full to the jury. This, however, was not the most questionable ruling at the trial, for the court permitted the prosecution to place in evidence several bombs which had been discovered by the police weeks after the crime and miles away from the scene of action, and to exhibit their destructive qualities despite the fact that not one of them was clearly traced into the possession of the defendants. There has never been any satisfactory defence of those extremely dubious rulings, but it is very doubtful if they affected the result, for the most damaging evidence of the whole trial was furnished by the written words of the prisoners themselves.

Copy after copy of the *Arbeiter* and the *Alarm* was produced, and their articles and editorials, as read to the jury, must have convinced any intelligent body of men of the purpose for which they were written. Certainly nothing could have been more injurious to Spies, Schwab, and Parsons than their editorial utterances, which included every possible incitement to the use of dynamite and the commission of wholesale murder. In the issue of November 27, 1885, the editors of the *Arbeiter* made the significant announcement that "*Steel and iron are not on hand, but tin two or three inches in diameter. The price is cheap*"—a virtual advertisement of material for bombs.

On April 8 the same paper observed: "*A number of strikers at Quincy yesterday fired upon their bosses and not at the scabs. This is recommended most emphatically for imitation.*"

On June 27 of the same year Spies wrote a signed essay in the *Alarm,* explaining in detail the preparation of dynamite bombs, and closed it with these words: "*It is necessary for the revolutionist to experiment for himself. Es-*

pecially should he practise the knack of throwing bombs."

Advice of this nature appeared in almost every issue of the *Arbeiter* up to the time of the outrage, and in the copy of March 15, 1886, the editors answered a suggestive communication signed "Seven Lovers of Peace" as follows: "*A dynamite cartridge explodes not through mere concussion when thrown. A concussion-primer is necessary.*"

Indefatigable as Spies and Schwab were in the dissemination of such information and advice, Parsons was even more active. In the columns of the *Alarm* on February 21, 1885, he openly advocated murder as follows: "*Dynamite! Of all good stuff this is the stuff. Stuff several pounds of this sublime stuff into an inch pipe (gas or water), plug up both ends, insert a cap with a fuse attached, place this in the immediate vicinity of a lot of rich loafers who live by the sweat of other men's brows, and light the fuse. A most cheerful and gratifying result will follow.*"



SIGMUND ZEISLER
Of counsel for the defence

Again he declared: "*Nothing but the uprising of the people and a bursting open of the stores . . . and a free application of dynamite to every one who opposes will relieve the world. . . . Seeing the amount of needless suffering about us, we say a vigorous use of dynamite is both human and economical.*"

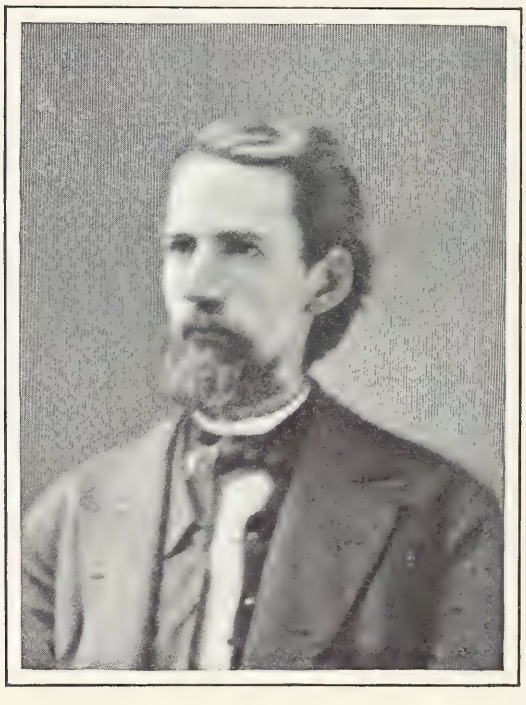
Day after day he had reiterated this policy in varying forms, and on April 24, 1886, only a short time before the Haymarket meeting, he had emphasized it in this fashion: "*Working-men to Arms! War to the palace—peace to the cottage, and death to luxurious idleness. . . . One pound of dynamite is better than a bushel of bullets. Make your demand for eight hours with weapons in your hands to meet the capitalistic bloodhounds, police and militia, in the proper manner.*"

Not only did these and similar exhortations reveal the writers' intentions, but their printed and spoken words proved that their only remedy for grievances was terrorism through wholesale murder and violence. With the eight-hour strike or the ballot or any similar effort on the part of workingmen to better their condition they displayed little or no sympathy. In fact, they frankly declared their disbelief in such methods, and it was evident that their only interest in the labor movement was the chance it afforded for collisions with the authorities and the carrying out of their desperate programme.

This sort of evidence accumulated day after day, until the court-room was fairly littered with papers, and when the prosecution closed its case on the 31st of July, the preaching if not the practice of the defendants had been demonstrated beyond any chance of contradiction.

Confronted by this overwhelming proof, the counsel for the defence set valiantly to work directing their efforts to proving that neither Fischer, Engel, Schwab, Lingg, or Neebe was at or near the Haymarket when the crime was committed; that the meeting had been orderly, and that none of the defendants had resisted the police. In all of this they were fairly successful, but the proofs did not meet the issues, for the presence or absence of the defendants was not material in view

of the conspiracy charged. Moreover, in its issue of March 16, 1885, the *Arbeiter* gave specific advice on this very point to those contemplating a "revolutionary deed." *"Whoever is willing to execute a deed,"* wrote the editors, *"has to put the question to himself whether he is able or not to carry out the action by himself. . . . If not, let him look for just as many fellows as he must have. Not one more nor less; with these let him unite himself*



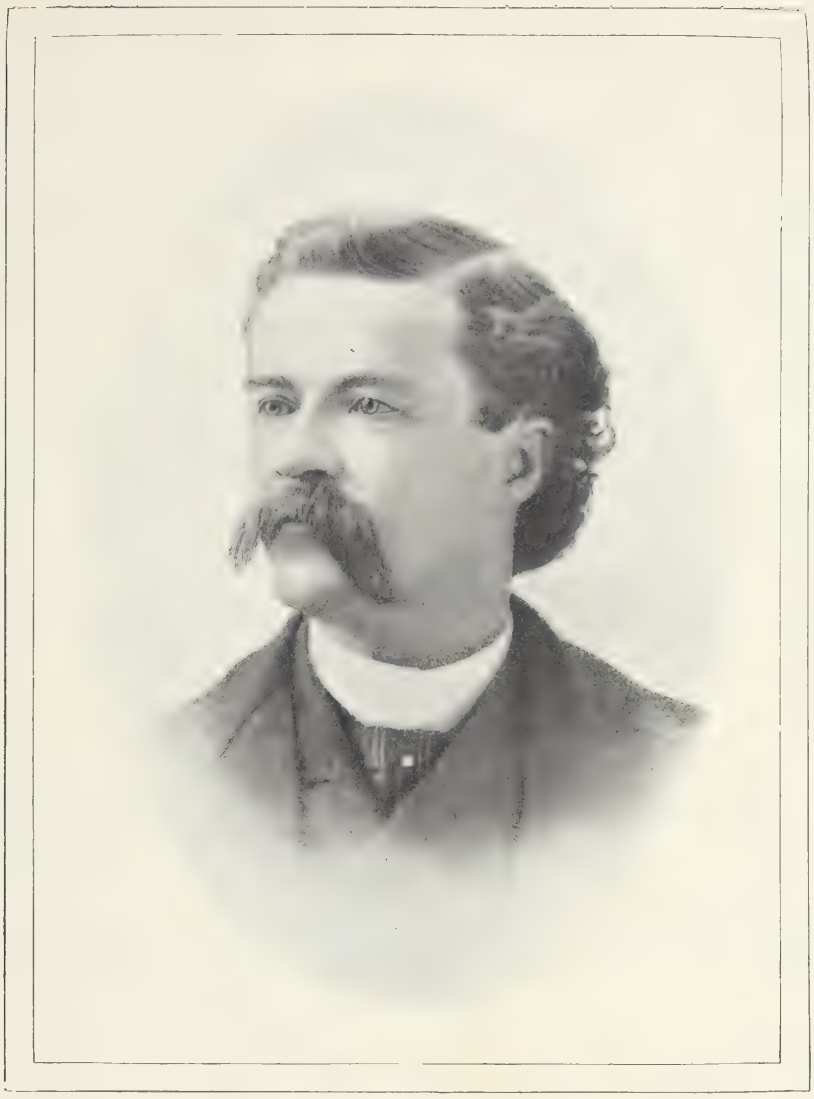
W. P. Black
Of counsel for the defence

to a fighting group. . . . Has the deed been completed? Then the group of action dissolves at once . . . according to an understanding which must be had beforehand, leaves the place of action, and scatters in all directions."

Finally, Spies, Fielden, Schwab, and Parsons led a forlorn hope by taking the stand and endeavoring to overcome the unfavorable impression which their writings and speeches had created. But though they stoutly asserted their innocence of any specific plot against the police, and denied all knowledge of the perpetrator of the crime, they could not but admit that they had advocated similar deeds for years, and the fact that they disapproved and deprecated the particular violence of the moment was no answer to the charge that they had openly encouraged murderous defiance of the law, and zealously endeavored to commit other less intelligent men to the execution of their mad designs.

For seven days the fight continued on these lines, but on August 11, both sides having rested, Assistant State's-Attorney Walker began to sum up for the prosecution. During the next eight days the lawyers for the defence and the State alternated in addressing the jury, but here again the exhibits spoke louder than any words, for on the table before which Mr. Ingham stood during his summing up lay bombs of all descriptions, fulminating caps, shells, melting-ladles, and other tools of the dynamiter's trade, and in plain sight of the jury were the red banners and flags of the terrorists blazing with mottoes urging defiance of the law.

Even with such odds against them the counsel for the defence might still have made some impression upon the jury had they been permitted to follow the tactics adopted by Mr. Foster, who, without attempting any defence of anarchy, made a dispassionate, logical, and lawyerlike argument, admitting the criminal folly of his clients' utterances, but insisting that there was no proof that any word of theirs, written or spoken, had ever reached the bomb-thrower's ears, or that his monstrous deed had in any way been instigated by the defendants. The jury had no right to suppose this was so. The mere fact that the defendants advocated violence was not enough. For years freedom of speech had been flagrantly abused without remonstrance, the license of the press had been permitted to menace true liberty with impunity, and there were other circumstances inculpating the public and inviting mitigation of severity toward the accused. The prisoners themselves, however, some of whom seemed not unanxious to pose as martyrs for the "cause," hotly resented Mr. Foster's plea, which resulted in his withdrawal from the case, and they practically dictated the policy of their other counsel. The public was in no mood, however, for a defence of terrorism, and although Messrs. Zeisler and Black made admirable pleas along lines acceptable to their clients, the audience was visibly unsympathetic, and when Mr. Grinnell replied, declaring that no one in America was afraid of anarchists, the galleries,



WILLIAM A. FOSTER
Of counsel for the defence

which had been unwisely opened to spectators, thundered with ominous applause. This outbreak, however, was the only disturbance which marred the dignity of the trial.

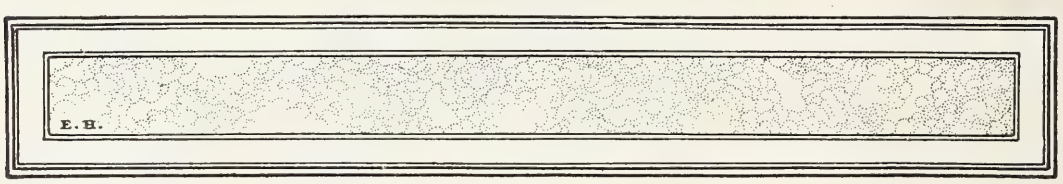
The judge then charged the jury, reciting, among many other points, the Illinois statutes defining an accessory *as one who stands by and aids in the commission of a crime, or who, not being present, advises, encourages, aids, or abets in its commission, and declaring that such accessories be considered principals and punished accordingly.* It was late in the afternoon of August 19—almost two months after the opening of the trial—when the jury retired, and a few hours later it was rumored that they had reached an agreement, and would render a sealed verdict the next morning.

Under the Illinois law the jurors were required not only to declare the guilt or innocence of the accused, but to prescribe the penalty in case of conviction. It was therefore in their power to acquit or to demand the death penalty or to punish the defendants with imprisonment for any term of years not less than fourteen. In his closing address Mr. Grinnell had not invoked the extremity of the law against Neebe, but he had declared all the others deserving of death, and the speedy agreement of the jurors was regarded as highly significant. The moment they resumed their places in front of the bench the foreman rose and handed a sealed paper to the clerk, who opened it and read as follows: "We, the jury, find the defendants, August Spies, Michael Schwab, Samuel Fielden, Albert R. Parsons, Adolph Fischer, George Engel, and Louis Lingg, guilty of murder in the

manner and form charged in the indictment, and fix the penalty at death. We find the defendant Oscar W. Neebe guilty of murder in the manner and form charged in the indictment, and fix the penalty at imprisonment for fifteen years."

No demonstration on the part of the audience greeted this announcement, but a roar of cheers from the crowd gathered before the court-house floated in through the windows, and in the hush that followed the jury was solemnly polled, each juror signifying his individual concurrence in the verdict. Thus ended the first capital case in the United States involving abuse of the liberty of the press.

The fight for the prisoners' lives did not, however, cease with the verdict. At the October term of the court, on a motion for a new trial, all of the condemned made long and some of them very able speeches, demonstrating that they were right-hearted though wrong-headed men, and a year later, after an elaborate argument, in which Leonard Swett, Lincoln's old associate, appeared for the defence, the Supreme Court affirmed the verdict, one of the judges declaring, however, that the trial had not been free of legal error. Lingg then committed suicide; Spies, Parsons, Fischer, and Engel were executed; the sentences of Schwab and Fielden were commuted to imprisonment for life, and they, together with Neebe, were pardoned, after serving seven years, by Governor Altgeld, whose action, bitterly resented at the time, has come to be regarded as a legitimate exercise of executive discretion.



The Adventurer

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON

CONTENT I am for evermore
To walk green earth nor run;
The soul of me must soar and soar
An eagle 'gainst the sun!

The paths of quiet suit my mood;
But aye in age and youth,
The soul of me must spill its blood
On every field of truth!

I love the wayside bloom of dew;
The soul of me afar
Forever seeks the rose of blue,
The amaranthine star!

Of loaves and fishes I partake,
One with the multitude;
The soul of me must banquet make
In God's last solitude!

The Substance of Things Hoped For

BY ROSE YOUNG

ALTHOUGH I know that beyond such a place as Twin Oaks people have to hope hard if they are going to hope effectively through the bewilderments of cities and the confusions of commerce, laws, formalities, and indigestion, I doubt that those complexer individuals ever hope any harder than we hoped there in the simple Twin Oaks world; and I doubt that they ever face signs set in the heavens with any more shaking consciousness of the coming of things hoped for than that with which we three children, perched on the Eldridges' front fence, faced our sign early one Monday morning. Our sign was not set in the heavens. Being the Eldridges' farm-wagon, hitched to the Eldridges' mules, our sign stood at the Eldridges' front gate.

If you can remember the tremor of an hour when some sign of yours wavered like a wind-blown flame between an old order and a new, its illumination now on what had always been, now on what was about to be, its upleaping recorded by the beating of your heart, you will understand why our voices quivered and our faces twitched as we sat there and faced the wagon and the mules, waiting so passively, meaning so much. Now and again I said to myself, "This is really what we have been hoping for; really, really it is." Once in a way, from some trickery recess of human nature, the echo came back twisted—"Is it?" Whenever that happened I glanced at Brad in order to have the dubiety that the perverse echo roused transmuted into glad assurance. There was no dubiety in Brad's acceptance of the hour and the sign. Brad's lineaments shone.

"Sorry to say that I don't believe that I can get out home frequent' this winter." That was Brad. He let his remark sink in, while he nibbled at a sappy twig that he held, taking little tastes of it and smacking his lips over its aromatic woodsiness. He did not seem enfeebled by regret when he began again: "Shiloh's a sizable place; no two ways about that; and I calc'late that I'll get some work to do on Saddays. And then there'll be things that a feller 'll like to take in, there, in the city."

"Ye-eh, cirkiss," suggested Than, who had been to town and would have you remember that he knew town ways.

Brad laughed benevolently. It always enraged us for Brad to laugh benevolently, but he was always doing it. This laugh was thirty-five years old. "Yes, oh yes, 'cirkiss,' once in a while, when it comes around. And there's a mill there in Shiloh with some runnin'-gear that I ain't ever got a chanst to invest'gate. And the steam-cars come in both mornin' and evenin'—so I un'stand. And the Academy library has pud' near six hundred books in it. And there's also—well, a plenty other things." He didn't know any better than we did what to expect of a town beyond its court-house square and its post-office. But he knew how to pretend to know. "I'll have the place down pat by the time you and Than are ready to enter. I can show you two gumps from the backwoods how to act in town. And I don't want ever to catch one of you standin' round with your finger in your mouth either—you hear?" Well satisfied with the effect of his balderdash, he spat with merciless accuracy into the eye of a passing rooster.

I was stirred to caustic speech. "Prob-'ly you'll get so homesick this first year that you'll have to give up and come back and wait for Than and me."

Again Brad laughed. "Home's all right," he said, loyally—you won't understand how loyally because you never saw his "home"—"but my education is what

I'm sick for just now. Wisht I could snap my fingers and know all I'm going to know in the next three years."

"Oh, I don't. I want to live it. I don't want to snap it." I was greedy for living.

"Yes, but I need the time." There was, indeed, behind Brad and Than an urge of necessity that was ever hurrying them into midstream, where, as Brad said, they would have to paddle their own canoes. "It's goin' to eat up three of my years just at the Academy." He could tell you to the minute his plans for every one of "his years."

"Mr. Squid says I can get through in three myself. Then four more at college," I supplemented, forgetting to be controversial for the moment.

"And after college, two more, at least, for law, for me. Then *I'm* ready."

Being a girl, I couldn't see beyond college with his kind of definity; but I could, and did, lift my head and listen to vague sweet music. "I'll be ready, too," I cried.

"Ready for what?" asked Brad, squinting at me with the banter that was always meant to remind me that girls were expected to sit around and crochet when they grew up.

"Ready for a lot of things that 'll be bigger than any of the things you do," I retorted, prompted to answer like that partly by the desire to get the best of him, and partly by the intuition that life was calling for me, and that in one way or another I was bound to answer the call. I looked at the far-away Camelot Hills. That call of life always seemed to come from beyond Camelot. The world lay waiting over there somewhere. Now and again, on the right sort of day, you could hear the triumphant screech of the steam-cars going toward it. I should go toward it some day, with a triumphant screech, probably. I began to breathe deeply.

"Are you seein' it?" asked Brad, interested in spite of himself. He referred to what we had named the Vision, trying by that word to get a grasp on a fugitive something that we did not see at all, only felt—though what, asks my mother, is feeling but the soul's way of seeing?—something that, trembling out of spirit places, came to us as light, as melody, as color, as glory, thrilling us with the sentient harmony that you often hear ripple from the throat of a shining-eyed, music-mad bird;—the same thing that came to you times without number in childhood; and comes to you yet, I hope, on runaway days, under blue skies, by crystal rivers; and, in spite of all that has gone before and all that may come afterward, makes you take off your hat to the joy of living.

"You bet your boots I'm seeing it," I answered Brad, with proprietary pride.

"Oh, I'm seein' it, too, don't you fret," he chuckled, so blandly that I lost my focus. I felt resentful. For, after all, wasn't it more my vision than his? Hadn't I talked about it more than he had? Wasn't it more my doing than his that we could, in a way, name it as we felt it?

"Oh, goodness, I wish I'd kept it to myself!" I grumbled.

"'Twasn't yours to keep," he said, calmly. "It's any feller's that sees it. Just because you talk so much is no sign of a duck's nest." He began to whistle, and the tune that he selected was "The Conquering Hero Comes."

"D'you reckon"—that was Than, the small-eyed one—"that a feller could make his money first and go to college aft'wards? Because, like as not," he continued, tentatively illuminating the secret workings of his soul, "I'll go to clerkin' before I go to college."

"Naw, you got to go to college first. Old Squid says you can't go out into the world and sell a yard of calico as well without a college education as with one." Old Squid, the "man that made the Academy" and brought the college idea into the country, was mighty in the settlement of this, a constantly recurring, argument.

"My father says that, too, about boys," I sang out. The effect of our domineering over Than was to make him slink his shoulders together—as if to shield his heart's desires from our uncongeniality. Brad and I went on seeing visions, boasting of great intentions, puffing with doughty ambitions, not quite knowing when we were lying and when we were not. I suspect that if you had seen us and heard us talking of academy and college and the world like that, gawky little rustics though we were, you would

have been reminded of pointers, we so sniffed with impatience; the impulse of our spirits along the trail of education, which seemed to lead so straightly into Life, was such a visible thing.

"It's cert'nly mighty interestin' to be gettin' grown," breathed Brad, in final summary. He pronounced it inter*est*in', but no matter; his eyes were starlike with the glow of dreams.

"Brad!" interrupted Mr. Eldridge, calling to Brad from the house corner, "your mother has decided for you children to go on across the pasture to Twin Oaks, so as you can tell Colonel and Mrs. Gordon good-by, and be ready to start right on when I come by with the wagon. Come in and tell your mother"—the "good-by" dropped far down into Mr. Eldridge's throat.

"You kids stay where you are," commanded Brad, threateningly. He jumped from the fence and ran into the house.

Left to ourselves, Than and I stared for a moment into a curiously large space. "We've been waitin' a long time for this day. And now it's come," said Than at last. He clasped his hands together. His eyes had a dry glitter in them.

"And it's just as grand as we ever hoped it would be." I brought my own hands together with a noisy smack, and tried to make an assertion, not a question, out of the remark.

"Ye-eh," assented Than. I could not but notice that his voice sounded like the cheep of a sick pewee.

"Shows that you get what you want if you don't forget to keep on wanting it," I hurried on, so inflating my words with cheer that they sailed over our heads as empty as toy balloons. "I'm awf'ly glad that we're beginning to change at last. It's fine that Brad's making the start—"

"Wait a minute," begged Than. I was likely to go too fast for Than. He bent over double and fumbled with his shoelaces. I saw a round, wet, spherical thing roll from his lashes. He slapped his hand to his eyes and said, "Plague take that old gnat!" But there were no gnats. There had been one light frost that September.

I stopped trying to talk. As if instinctively, we moved a little nearer together on the fence. I can see us there now, rigid little child figures, suddenly chilled through and through; trying suddenly to tuck up out of reach of the tide of change; getting suddenly a surprising warmth from the fact that nothing was different yet, that the old child-world was still all around us, with its ways and faces and places. In proof could we not lift our eyes and see it, could we not stretch out our hands and touch it? Wasn't Brad in the house there behind us? Wasn't the house itself there, just as warped, just as little, just as solemn as ever? Wasn't the lean, shrubless, hen-scratched yard there at our backs in its old immutable ugliness? Wasn't there all about the place the old accustomed gloom, intangible as mist, definite as a shadow? And beyond the gloom, miles beyond it, wasn't there the early morning sunshine streaming over the Marigold Knolls, the Twin Oaks meadows, and the Camelot Hills, trailing Indian summer's hyacinth glory in the old September way? Indeed, it was all so recognizable, so insistent that what had always been must always be, small wonder that we were persuaded for a moment that the thing that was about to happen was not about to happen at all; that Brad would presently call to us, and we would roll off the fence and begin to play some hilarious game; that the wagon would by and by creak away toward Shiloh in pursuance of no more disturbing purpose than to get some squawking chickens to market.

But the minutes went by, and Brad did not call to us. The minutes went by, and the wagon did not creak away toward Shiloh; and Than and I, no longer able to tuck up past the tide of change, virtually washed off the fence by it, jumped to the ground and, in spite of our best endeavors to heed Brad's commands, turned toward the house.

Framed in the front doorway stood Mrs. Eldridge, the sadness of her face somehow set in deeper, her lean body, in its scant calico gown, held stiffly, in spite of the boyish arms that encircled it. We could hear what she was saying, and her voice was quite even as she said it:

"Brad, your chance has come. You must make the most of it. Everything, everything, depends on you now, my son."

Brad turned away from her with his head so high that he seemed a foot taller;

and from the gate he called back to her, with what might have passed for a laugh and might have passed for a sob: "I'll be dogged if I don't make every minute count, maw."

And next, he ceased to be the little lad shouting comfort to his mother, and became the youth starting forth the world to conquer, frankly brutal. "Get out of my way, so's I can see if my things are O. K.," he ordered, though nobody was in his way. He climbed into the wagon and straddled the carpetbag that sat on the wagon floor. As he wrestled with the clamps, Than and I hung over the side of the wagon and watched him. "Don't think I can have forgotten anything," he muttered through clenched teeth. It hardly seemed possible that he had, in view of the fact that he had been packing and repacking all summer; but he checked up the contents of one compartment of the carpetbag with a frowning caution —"Wentworth, Maury, Ridpath"—and tapped the back of each of a dozen books jealously. He didn't bother at all about the opposite compartment, in which, as Than and I well knew, were his six handkerchiefs, his three shirts, his four standing collars, his change of underclothes, and his "other" suit. "All safe, I reckon." He closed the carpetbag, swung his arms up and down, and jumped, "flat-footed," to the middle of the road. "Come along, now, and let's step it to Twin Oaks."

But Than took occasion just here to say that he was not going with us. Said he would rather stay with his mother. The parting between the two boys went off in this wise: Brad seized Than by the shoulders and shook him rollickingly. "Don't forget to feed my Brahmas, Bud."

"No." Than did not look up. His lips pulled back in a tight smile.

"Some Sadday, when I'm out home, I'll fix them sled-runners, so's you'll be ready for the winter."

"All right." Than, an easily moved boy, squirmed out of Brad's grasp and fled to the house. Watching him, a sort of blustery paternalism swept over Brad's freckled face. You never in the world would have guessed that there was only one year's difference in their ages.

Mrs. Eldridge, with Than beside her, was still standing in the doorway, as we crossed the road and climbed the fence into the home pasture; from the top of the fence Brad waved to his mother. We walked, silently, across the home pasture to the sycamore windbreak; and at the windbreak Brad waved to his mother. Just after we had cleared Perch Creek with a running jump each, he waved again; and one last time from the haystack nearest our barn. The haystack was on rising ground, and Brad stood beside it for a moment, looking back at the Eldridge farm. "Good-by, old actin'-pole. Good-by, old cider-press. Good-by, old house." He must have divined that even if he was coming back soon he would never see those things with the same eyes again. Then he turned toward Twin Oaks, which was sparkling with life in the early morning sunshine. With its story of realized effort and ambition, it must have been just the sort of thing for him to turn to at that formative moment. It was as different from the Eldridge-farm sort of thing as one place could be different from another. The Eldridge farm stood for defeat. Twin Oaks stood for success.

Conversation had lagged all the way across the home pasture. But when, there at the haystack, Brad lost sight of his mother and got that Twin Oaks view, he seemed deliberately to set his back to the past and his face to the future and his voice to music. During the rest of our journey, when he was not talking, he was singing, and when he was not singing he was whistling. It became noticeable that he was barely conscious of my presence. If he asked a question, he answered it himself; and if he made an assertion, he didn't care whether I agreed with it or contradicted it. Soon I saw fit to contradict, and sharply, whenever occasion presented.

"Paw and I've got such an early start we'll get to Shiloh long before the Academy takes up—*diddledy-dee—daddle dum.*"

"I don't know about that. Sun's getting high."

"Hey! There go Rube and Jake to the fields. No more fodder-stacking for me —*doodledy—daddledy—doo.*"

"I don't know about that. Rube and Jake may die."

At least this showed him that I was



Drawn by Charlotte Harding Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

THAN AND I HUNG OVER THE WAGON AND WATCHED HIM

in the land of the living, for he made a direct answer to it. This was the answer: "Aoh, that you? Well, le' me tell you something: when they're dead I won't be shockin' corn; I'll be governin' Mizzourah."

"Yes, you will; you won't."

"'Jaybird sittin' on a hick'ry limb,
He looked at me and I winked at him.'"

Brad, singing lustily, had not even heard me. Taking counsel with myself, I added another to my numerous private ambitions—to forget all about him some day; forget that he even existed; just become so busy that I would walk miles or work weeks before it would occur to me to hear him calling. Then, finally, turn around and say, "Aoh, you?"

Going across the barn lot, he was in the air most of the time and hard to watch, but for a time I kept my eyes on him questioningly, trying to see, I suppose, what were his various values in the new light of detachment in which he was now moving and having his being. Heretofore he had always been one of "the Eldridge boys," livelier than Than, but to be considered as one half of something that Than was the other half of. Now, curiously, I noticed how brown and hard his hands were, how broad his shoulders were, how freckled his face was—how nearly the freckles had caught even the smile that flashed from the corners of his mouth to the corners of his eyes; how high he cocked up his head; how far he kicked things out of his path. Then I looked away from him at Henway Wood; but the trees over there cocked up their heads. Then I looked up at the sky; but there were freckles on the sky.

"I don't believe that I like the day that a person starts for the Academy, after all," I said. I was very much perplexed, to tell you the truth. I could not quite understand why to-day, here in our hands, slipping through our fingers, did not seem to be made of the same stuff that it had seemed to be made of when it had streamed out like a banner from behind the setting sun of yesterday.

"Wait till you are the person that starts," said Brad, blithely. But I shook my head. I had begun to feel as if a weeping-willow were growing straight up out of the pit of my stomach. Brad whistled all the rest of the way across the barn lot, and my tree grew as fast as he whistled.

When we reached the well, which stood on high ground in the Twin Oaks yard, Brad leaped up on the well-crib and peaked both hands over his eyes. "Say, there comes paw down the long lane!" He sprang back to the ground, and we walked on toward the side porch. He was whistling again.

"Ugh! The wagon is a-coming," I corroborated, finally. "I hear it." Then a lamentable thing happened. My eyes filled with tears. Now I could stand tumbling head first out of the sour-apple tree, or being pitched into the ice-pond by one of the half-broken colts from the Camelot stud; but I could not stand for anybody to see me cry. "Scoot along!" I shouted. "I got something else to 'tend to. I want to see if there are any eggs in this nest." It was a foolish thing to say in September, but I have said even less timely things than that in September —and in October, too—and, at least, it gave me a chance to stop at the calacanthus bushes and to pretend to be interested in the abandoned little twig house that hung in the top of the highest. Through the interstices of the bushes I observed the backs of Brad's legs marching straight forward. And while I watched, he twisted his head and glanced down, with a dandified concern, at the brass-toed boots, the tops of which were prominently concealed by his shin-length jean breeches.

As he neared the side porch, a gentleman sitting on the porch rail—my uncle Norval, the Wild One—turned and regarded him in a spellbound sort of way. Then a well-manipulated light of recognition passed over Norval's face, and he unwrapped his long legs and jumped from the rail to the ground.

"Why, it's the Governor of Mizzourah!" he cried, and shook hands with Brad like a politician seeking an appointment.

Brad went through the rigmarole seriously. He was used to it. It was as well known among the grown ones as among us children that Brad meant to be the Governor of Missouri as soon as the matter could be conveniently arranged. He could be embarrassed about it, but he had long since shown that he could not be laughed out of it.



Drawn by Charlotte Harding Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

BRAD WAVED TO HIS MOTHER

My father and mother also were on the side porch, and my father broke in upon Norval's gibing with interest: "Well, Brad, you're surely making the start toward Jefferson City this morning. All the straight roads to the high places lead past the Academy."

Listening, I had almost forgotten the wagon; but just then its rumble became distinctly audible. Audible? It was like the roar of cannon. I lost several things that were said next up at the side porch. I put my hands to my eyes and pressed so hard that all the world looked as black as ink.

"Aw shucks!"—that was a boy's voice, close at hand, subdued and troubled—"don't you cry! You know you and Than are comin' next year. And what's one winter? It's got to pass."

I grasped at the chance to stuff the whole matter into the niche that held my desires for an education at the Academy. Taking my hands from my face, I kept my lip steady, and gave him a look that dared him to think that I would cry for anything less than knowledge. "This here waiting business is terrible," I said. "It's no fun to be the one that watches somebody else get to go. You try it once." I had to put my hands back to my eyes. You see, this whole belt of experience was new to me. I knew the ways of trees and books, and what to expect of a bucking horse. I knew hopes. I knew the more quivery feelings of religion, having learned them from Miss Nigger, my black friend. I even knew how to suffer—a little—for my sins. But I did not know at all how to suffer through the comings and goings of Another. "Go away. I'd rather be by myself. Leave me alone."

But he didn't. Instead, he dropped an arm hastily across my shoulders, and something soft and cool and straight, that reminded me of two angleworms side by side, brushed the tip of my right ear. "I *wisht* you were goin', too," he said. And whether it was the words or the angleworms, there was comfort in it. I dried my eyes and wrapped my arms round my body and held it still.

"Do you think you'll come out home next Friday?" It was a prayer.

"D'you want me to?"

"Uh-huh."

"I think I shall." It was a promise.

"Come on, children," called my mother, "Mr. Eldridge is waiting at the gate."

"You are going to have a mighty fine day for your drive," I remarked to Brad, as we went toward the porch. "The roads are good."

My father and mother and Norval came down the porch steps, and walked with Brad and me to the gate. "Of course," said my mother, one of her white hands on Brad's shoulder, but her eyes talking to the smears on my cheeks, I think, "it is not as if Brad were going very far, or to stay away very long at a time. None of us must forget that he will come out every Friday, and, short as a week is, we are all going to be very glad when Friday comes." I was glad that she said it. It was almost exactly what I had meant when I remarked that he would have a fine day for his drive.

"And as for your school work, Brad, we expect nothing but the best of you," declared my father, in that way of his that made his expectations as hard to elude as his commands. I was glad that he said it. It was about what I had meant when I said that the roads were good.

"I'm *goin'* to do my best," declared Brad, with the downward twist of the head that everybody knew so well. At the gate he shook hands with the grown ones; and while they were exchanging greetings with Mr. Eldridge, he turned to me. "Tell Than to remember my Brahmas." Then he snapped his fingers in my face and said, "I got your nose," and proved it by sticking his thumb forward between the first and second fingers of his left hand.

"I don't care, you can keep it," I answered, with rather histrionic meekness.

Then he climbed into the wagon and sat there, pulling his flexile upper lip down to keep from smiling out his serene satisfaction with the whole course of events. Mr. Eldridge clucked to the mules. The wagon creaked off up the long lane. My father and mother, and Norval and I, lingered at the gate, watching. When the wagon had reached the crest of Sugar Tree Hill, Brad flung himself about, lifted his round felt hat by the peak of the crown as high as he could reach, and let it tumble back upon his head as it listed.

"It is to be remembered," said my father, musingly—the wagon had gone over the hill—"that men high in state and nation to-day set out for the Academy like that in long-ago Septembers." I did not know then what made him thoughtful; but I have seen other boys set out for the Academy since that day, and I understand better now how a slim figure, with its unconscious insistence upon its potentiality, can impress a grown one who watches it go. "I do not believe," continued my father, his mouth grave, but his eyes dancing, "that any of them could have looked any funnier than Brad looks; so maybe none of them has gone any farther than Brad will go."

"Brad is not going any farther than I go," I hastened to say, thinking of my own ambitions.

Norval shook his head and gave a low whistle. "Sounds mighty like a threat," he said; "seems like somebody ought to warn that boy." Now, in spite of the fact that my right ear still tingled a little, and was fated to tingle a little all the rest of my life, I did not understand him.

"What I am hoping for now," I began again, not finding it worth while to puzzle over Norval's words, "is for the day to come—"

"Yesterday," interrupted my father, "you were hoping for this day to come—going to be always hoping for a day that is to come?"

"I am learning to believe that it is the beauty of living," said my mother, softly. "What day are you hoping for now?"

"Why, for the day when I can go over that hill after Brad."

And again Norval whistled.

Amor Creator

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

LOVE is enough: were all we fondly cherish
To pass as visions melt at dawn of day;
Were bud and blossom, fruit and leaf, to perish,
Love could rebuild them in his perfect way;
For he, who makes the tides to ebb and flow,
Each secret of creation well doth know.

His warmth illumes the glowworm's fickle spark,
And beams in Aldebaran's steadfast fire:
With him there is no winter and no dark;
The font, the burning font, of pure desire,
All forms of beauty unto him belong,—
The rose, the avalanche, the wild bird's song.

On Latmos' height pale Dian dreams about him,
His voice low echoes in the ocean shell,
The bee could fill no honey-cup without him,
The violet no fragrant secret tell:
Remote yet near, changeful yet still the same,
Love is Creation's breath and vital flame!

The Weavers

A NOVEL

BY GILBERT PARKER

CHAPTER XXIII

THE TENTS OF CUSHAN

"I saw the tents of Cushan in affliction, and the curtains of the Land of Midian did tremble."

A HURDY-GURDY was standing at the corner, playing with shrill insistence a medley of Scottish airs. Now "Loch Lomond" pleaded for pennies from the upper windows.

"For you'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland before ye:
But I and my true love will never meet again,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond!"

The hurdy-gurdy was strident and insistent, but for a long time no response came. At last, however, as the strains of "Loch Lomond" ceased, a lady appeared on the balcony of a drawing-room, and leaning over a little forest of flowers and plants, threw a half-crown to the sorry street-musician. She watched the grotesque thing trundle away, then entering the house again, took a 'cello from the corner of the room and tuned the instrument tenderly. It was Hylda.

Something of the peace of Hamley had followed her to London, but the poignant pain of it had come also. Like Melisande, she had looked into the quiet pool of life, and had seen her own face, its story and its foreshadowings. Since then she had been "apart." She had watched life move on rather than had shared in its movement. Things stood still for her. That apathy of soul was upon her which follows the inward struggle which exhausts the throb and fret of inward emotions, leaving the mind dominant, the will in abeyance.

She had become conscious that her fate and future were suspended over a chasm, as on the trapeze of a balloon an adventurous aeronaut hangs uncertain over the hungry sea, waiting for the coming wind which will either blow the hazardous vessel to its doom or to safe refuge on the earth.

She had not seen David after he left Hamley. Their last words had been spoken at the Meeting-house when he gave Faith to her care. That scene came back to her now, and a flush crept slowly over her face and faded away again. She was recalling, too, the afternoon of that day when she and David had parted in the drawing-room of the Cloistered House, and Eglington had asked her to sing. She thought of the hours with Eglington that followed, first at the piano, and afterwards in the laboratory, where in his long blue smock he made experiments. Had she not been conscious of something enigmatical in his gayety that afternoon, in his cheerful yet cheerless words, she would have been deeply impressed by his appreciation of her playing, and his keen reflections on the merits of the composers; by his still keener attention to his subsequent experiments, and his amusing comments upon them. But, somehow, that very cheerless cheerfulness seemed to proclaim him superficial. Though she had no knowledge of science, she instinctively doubted his earnestness even in this work, which certainly was not pursued for effect. She had put the feeling from her, but it kept returning. She felt that in nothing did he touch the depths. Nothing could possess him wholly; nothing inherent could make him self-effacing.

Yet she wondered, too, if she was right, when she saw his fox-terrier watching him, ever watching him with his big brown eyes as he buoyantly worked,

and saw him stoop to pat its head. Or was this, after all, mere animalism, mere superficial vitality, love of health and being? She shuddered, and shut her eyes, for it came home to her that to him she was just such a being of health, vitality, and comeliness, on a little higher plane. She put the thought from her, but it had had its birth, and it would not down. He had immense vitality, he was tireless, and abundant in work and industry; he went from one thing to another with ease and swiftly changing eagerness. Was it all mere force—mere man and mind? Was there no soul behind it? There in the laboratory she had laid her hand on the terrier, and prayed in her heart that she might understand him—for her own good, her own happiness, and his. Above all else she wanted to love him truly, and to be loved truly, and duty was to her a daily sacrifice, a constant memorial. She realized to the full that there lay before her a long race unilluminated by the sacred lamp which, lighted at the altar, should still be burning beside the grave.

Now, as she thought of him, she kept saying to herself: "We should have worked out his life together. Work together would have brought peace. He shuts me out. He shuts me out."

At last she drew the bow across the instrument, once, twice, and then she began to play, forgetful of the world. She had a contralto voice, and she sang with a depth of feeling and a delicate form worthy of a professional. On the piano she was effective and charming, but in the 'cello she poured her soul.

For quite an hour she played with scarce an interruption. At last, with a sigh, she laid the instrument against her knee and gazed out of the window. As she sat lost in her dream—a dream of the desert, a servant entered with letters. One caught her eye. It was from Egypt—from her cousin Lacey! Her heart throbbed violently, yet she opened the official-looking envelope with steady fingers. She would not admit even to herself that news from the desert could move her so. She began to read slowly, but presently, with a little cry, hastened through the pages. It ran:

"The Soudan, *July 2, 18—*.

"Dear Lady Cousin,—I'm still not certain how I ought to style you, but I thought I'd compromise as per above. Anyway, it's a sure thing that I haven't bothered you much with country-cousin letters. I figure, however, that you've put some money in Egypt, so to speak, and what happens to this sandy-eyed foundling of the Nile you would like to know. So I've studied the only 'complete letter-writer' I could find between the tropic of Capricorn and Khartoum, and this is the contemptible result, as the dagos in Japan say. This is a hot place by reason of the sun that shines above us, and likewise it is hot because of the niggers that swarm around us. I figure, if we get out of this portion of the African continent inside our skins, that we will have put up a pretty good bluff, and pulled off a ticklish proposition. They say that folks have lived charmed lives in this world. I guess that's pretty near right. I remember a horse-dealer in Mexico, that had been potted at by every rifle and shotgun from Monterey to Oaxaca, but they didn't make him stay where he was wanted. They say he used to eat the bullets. He had a lot of luck, and he put up a lot of face. And he was a horse-stealer! They actually had to buy him in—they gave him a government position to coax him into civilization and a quiet life. Well, I don't need any coaxing to slope back to Cairo on the Nile. But I'm not taking the lightning express and a seventy-five-cent dinner *en route*. I'm staying here with my charmed life to cultivate my soul, because I've got to. We didn't come to stay; the visit has got beyond schedule-time.

"It's a sort of Christian Science business. You see, David Pasha is great on moral suasion—he's a master of it; and he's never failed yet—not altogether; though there have been minutes by a stop-watch when I've thought it wouldn't stand the strain, like the Mississippi steamboat—it was so weak that when the whistles blew the engines stopped! When those frozen minutes have come to us, I've tried to remember the correct religious etiquette, but I've not had much practice since I stayed with Aunt

Melissa and lived on skim-milk and early piety. When things were looking as bad as they did for Dives, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' and 'For what we are about to receive,' was all that I could think of. But David Pasha, he's a wonder from Wondertown. He believes in his faith-cure, and with a little stick, or maybe his flute under his arm, he'll smile and jolly these heathen along, when you'd think they weren't waiting for anybody. A spear took off his fez yesterday. He never blinked — he's a jim-dandy at keeping cool; and when a hundred mounted heathens made a rush down on him the other day, spears sticking out like quills on a porcupine—2.5 on the shell-road the chargers were going—did he stir? Say! he watched 'em as if they were playing for his benefit. And sure enough, he was right. They parted either side of him when they were ten feet away, and there he was quite safe, a blessing in the storm, a little rock island in the rapids—but I couldn't remember a proper hymn of praise to say.

"There's no getting away from the fact that he's got a will or something, a sort of force different from most of us, or perhaps any of us. These heathen feel it, and keep their hands off him. They say he's mad, but they've got great respect for mad people, when their madness is consistent; for they think that God has got their souls above with Him, and that what's left behind on earth is sacred. He talks to them, too, like a father in Israel; tells 'em they must stop buying and selling slaves, and that if they don't he will have to punish them! And I sit holding my sides, for we're only two white men and forty 'friendlies' altogether, and two revolvers among us; and I've got the two! And they listen to his jollying, and say, '*Aiwa, saadat, aiwa, saadat,*' as if he had an army of fifty thousand behind him. Sometimes I've sort of hinted that his canoe was carrying a lot of sail; but my! he believes in it all as if there wasn't a spear or a battle-axe or a rifle within a hundred miles of him. We've been at this for two months now, and a lot of ground we covered till we got here. I've ridden the gentle camel at the rate of sixty and seventy miles a day—sort of sweeping through the land, making treaties, giving presents, freeing slaves, appointing mudirs and sheikhs-el-beled —doing it as if we owned the continent. He mesmerized 'em, simply mesmerized 'em—till we got here. I don't know what happened then. Now we're distinctly rating low—the laugh is on us somehow. But he—mind it? He doesn't seem to take things at their usual value. He goes about talking to the sheikhs as though we were all eating off the same corn-cob, and it seems to stupefy them; they don't grasp it. He goes on arranging for a post here and a station there, and it never occurs to him that it ain't really actual. He doesn't tell me, and I don't ask him, for I came along to wipe his stirrups, so to speak. I put my money on him, and I'm not going to worry him. He's so dead certain in what he does, and what he is, that I don't lose any sleep guessing about him. It will be funny if we do win out on this proposition—funnier than anything.

"Now, there's one curious thing about it all which ought to be whispered, for I'm only guessing, and I'm not a good guesser; I guessed too much in Mexico about three railways and two silver-mines. The first two days after we came here, everything was all right. Then there came an Egyptian, Halim Bey, with a handful of niggers from Cairo, and letters for Claridge Pasha. From that minute there was trouble. I figure it out this way: Halim was sent by Nahoum Pasha to bring letters that said one thing to David Pasha, and, when quite convenient, to say other things to Mustafa, the boss-sheikh of this settlement. Halim Bey has gone again, but he has left his tale behind him. I'd stake all Mexico on that. David Pasha believes in Nahoum, and has made Nahoum what he is; and on the surface Nahoum pretends to help him; but he is running underground all the time. I'd like to help give him a villa at Fazougli. When David Pasha was in England there was a bad time in Egypt. I was in Cairo: I know. It was the same bad old game—the *corvée,* the kourbash, conscription, a war manufactured to fill the pockets of a few, while the poor starved and died. It didn't come off, because David Pasha wasn't gone long enough, and he stopped it when



Drawn by Andre Castaigne

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

AS HYLDA READ THE LETTER SHE SAW ALL THAT DAVID WAS DOING

he came back. But Nahoum—he laid the blame on others, and David Pasha took his word for it, and instead of a war, there came this expedition of his own.

"*Ten days later.*—Things have happened. First, there's been awful sickness among the natives, and David Pasha has had his chance. His medicine-chest was loaded—he had a special camel for it and for presents—and he has fired it off. Night and day he has worked, never resting, never sleeping, curing most, burying a few. He looks like a ghost now, but it's no use saying or doing anything. He says, 'Sink your own will, let it be subject to a higher, and you need take no thought.' It's eating away his life and strength, but it has given us our return tickets, I guess. They hang about him as if he was Moses in the wilderness smiting the rock. It's his luck. Just when I get scared to death, and run down, and want a tonic, and it looks as if there'd be no need to put out next week's washing, then his luck steps in, and we get another run. But it takes a lot out of a man, getting scared; that is, if he hasn't any particular cause to leave the world behind, and go to another—if there is another, without any passport—if there is any passport. Whenever I look out on a lot of green trees and cattle and horses, and the sun, to say nothing of women and children, and listen to music, or feel a horse eating up the ground under me 2.10 in the sand, I hate to think of leaving it; and I try to prevent it. Besides, I don't like the proposition of going I don't know where. That's why I get scared. But he says that it's no more than turning down the light and turning it up again.

"They used to call me a dreamer in Mexico, because I kept seeing things that no one else had thought of, and laid out railways, and tapped mines for the future; but I was nothing to him. I'm a high and dry hedge-clipper alongside. I'm betting on him all the time, but no one seems to be working to make his dreams come true, except himself. I don't count; I'm no good, no real good. I'm only fit to run the commissariat, and see that he gets enough to eat, and has a safe camel, and so on. Why doesn't some one else help him? He's working for humanity. Give him half a chance, and Haroun-al-Raschid won't be in it! Kaïd trusts him, depends on him, stands by him, but doesn't seem to know how to help him when help would do most good. He does it all himself; and if it wasn't that the poor devil of a fellah sees what he's doing, and worships him, and the dervishes and Arabs *feel* he's right, he might as well leave. But it's just there he counts. There's something about him, something that's Quaker in him, primitive, silent, and perceptive—if that's a real word—which makes them feel that he's honest, and isn't after anything for himself. They don't talk much; they make each other understand without many words. They think with all their might on one thing at a time, and they think things into happening—and so does he. He's a thousand years old, which is about as old-fashioned as I mean, and as wise, and as plain to read as though you'd write the letters of words as big as a date-palm. That's where he makes the running with them, and they can read their title clear to mansions in the skies!

"You should hear him talk with Ebn Ezra Bey—perhaps you don't know of Ezra! He was a friend of his uncle Benn, and brought the news of his massacre to England, and came back with David Pasha. Any one will tell you about that in England, I expect, if you don't know it. Well, three days ago Ebn Ezra came, and there came with him, too, Halim Bey the Egyptian, who had brought the letters to us from Cairo. Ebn Ezra found him down the river deserted by his niggers, and sick with this new sort of fever, which Our Man is knocking out of time. And there he lies, Our Man caring for him as though he was his brother. But that's his way; though, now I come to think of it, David Pasha doesn't suspect what I suspect, that Halim Bey brought word from Nahoum to our sheikhs here to keep us here, or lose us, or do away with us. Old Ebn Ezra doesn't say much himself, doesn't say anything about *that;* but he's guessing the same as me, or I'm a camel. And David Pasha looks as though he was ready for his grave—and keeps going, going, going. He never seems to sleep. What keeps him alive I

don't know. Sometimes I feel clean knocked out myself with the little I do, but he's a travelling hospital all by his lonesome.

"*Later.*—I had to stop writing, for things have been going on—several. I can see that Ebn Ezra has told David Pasha things that make him want to get away to Cairo as soon as possible. That it's Nahoum Pasha and others—oh, plenty of others, of course—I'm certain, but what the particular game is I don't know. Perhaps you know over in England, for you're nearer Cairo than we are by a few miles, and you've got the telegraph. Perhaps there's a revolution, perhaps there's been a massacre of Europeans, perhaps Turkey is kicking up a dust, perhaps Europe is interfering—all of it, all at once.

"*Later still.*—I've found out it's a little of all, and David Pasha is ready to go as soon as he can. I guess he can go now pretty soon, for the worst of the fever is over. But something has happened that's upset him—knocked him stony for a minute, it did. The Egyptian Halim Bey was killed last night—by order of the sheikhs, they say, but the sheikhs won't give it away. When David Pasha went to them, his eyes blazing, his face pale as a sheet, put up the bluff on them, and as good as swore at them, and treated them as though he'd have their heads off the next minute, they only put their hands on their heads, and bowed over so as their foreheads touched the ground almost, and said they were 'the fallen leaves for his foot to scatter,' the 'snow on the hill for his breath to melt';—but they wouldn't give him any satisfaction. So he came back and shut himself up in his tent; and he sits there like a ghost all shrivelled up for want of sleep; and his eyes like a lime-kiln burning, and God knows what in his heart; for now he knows this at least, that Halim Bey had brought some word from Abdin Palace that set these Arabs against him, and nearly stopped my correspondence. You see, there's a widow in Cairo—she's a sister of the American consul, and I promised to take her with a party camping in the Fayoum—cute as she can be, and plays the guitar! But it's all right now, except that David Pasha is running it too close and fine. If he has any real friends in England among the government people or among those who can make the government people sit up and think what's coming to Egypt and to him, they'll help him now when he needs it. He'll need help real bad when he gets back to Cairo—if we get that far. It isn't yet a sure thing, for we've got to fight in the next day or two—I forgot to tell you that sooner. There's a bull-Arab on the rampage with five thousand men; and he's got a claim out on our sheikh Mustafa for ivory he has here, and there's going to be a scrimmage. We've got to make for a better position to-morrow, and meet Abdullah, the bull-Arab, further down the river. That's one reason why Mustafa and all our friends here are so sweet on us now. They look on David Pasha as a kind of mascot, and they think that he can wipe out the enemy with his flute, which they believe is a witch-stick to work wonders. It can work wonders on me anyhow.

"He's just sent for me to come, and I must stop soon. Say, he hasn't had sleep for a fortnight. It's too much; he can't stand it. I tried it, and couldn't. He wore me down. I'm going to *make* him sleep to-night. He's killing himself for others. I can't manage him; but I guess you could. Say, I apologize, dear Lady Cousin. I'm only a hayseed, and a failure, but I guess you'll understand that I haven't thought only of myself as I wrote this letter. The higher *you* go in life the more *you'll* understand; that's *your* nature. I'll get this letter off by a nigger to-morrow, with those David Pasha is sending through to Cairo by some friendlies. It's only a chance; but it's all chance here now. Anyhow it's safer than leaving it till after the scrimmage. If you get this, won't you try and make the British government stand by Our Man? Your husband, the lord, could pull it off, if he tried; and if you ask him, I guess he'd try. I must be off now. David Pasha will be waiting. Well, give my love to the girls!

Your affectionate cousin,

TOM LACEY.

"P. S.—I've got a first-class camel—a *hasheen*—for our scrimmage day after to-morrow. The sheikh Mustafa sent it to me this morning. I had a fight on mules once, down at Oaxaca, but that

was child's play. This will be 'slaughter in the pan,' if David Pasha doesn't stop it somehow. Perhaps he will. If I wasn't so scared I'd wish he couldn't stop it, for it will be a way-up Barbarian scrap, the tongs and the kettle, a bully panjandrum. It gets mighty dull in the desert when you're not moving. But 'it makes to think,' as the French say. Since I came out here I've had several real centre thoughts, sort of main principles —key-thoughts, that's it. What I want now is a sort of safety key-ring to string them on and keep them safe; for I haven't a good memory, and I get mighty rattled sometimes. Thoughts like these are like the secret of a combination lock, they let you into the place where the gold and securities and title-deeds of life are. Trouble is, I haven't got a safety key-ring, and I'm certain to lose them. I haven't got what you'd call an intellectual memory. Things come in flashes to me out of experiences, and pull me up short, and I say, 'Yes, that's it—*that's* it; I understand!' I see why it's so, and what it means and where it leads, and how far it spreads. It's five thousand years old. Adam thought it after Cain killed Abel, or Abel thought it just before he died, or Eve learnt it from Lilith, or it struck Abraham when he went to sacrifice Isaac. Sometimes things I think hit me deep like that here in the desert. Then I feel I can see just over on the horizon the tents of Moab in the wilderness; that yesterday and to-day are the same; that I've crossed the prairies of the everlasting years, and am playing about with Ishmael in the wild hills, or fighting with Ahab. Then the world and time seem pretty small potatoes.

"You see how it is. I never was trained to think, and I get stunned by thoughts that strike me as being dug right out of the centre. Sometimes I'd like to write them down; but I can't write; I can only talk as I'm talking to you. If you weren't so high up, and so much cleverer than I am, and such a thinker, I'd like you to be my safety key-ring, if you would. I could tell the key-thoughts to you when they came to me, before I forgot them with all their bearings; and by and by they'd do me a lot of good when I got away from this influence, and back into the machinery of the Western world again. If you could come out here; if you could feel what I feel here—and you would feel a thousand times as much, I don't know what you wouldn't do! It's pretty wonderful. The nights with the stars so white and glittering, and so near that you'd think you could reach up and hand them down; the dark deep blue beyond; such a width of life all round you, a sort of never-ending space, that everything you ever saw or did seems little, and God so great in a kind of hovering sense like a pair of wings; and all the secrets of time coming out of it all, and sort of touching your face like a velvet wind. I expect you'll think me sentimental, a first-class squash out of the pumpkin-garden;—but it's in the desert, it gets into you and saturates you, till you feel that this is a kind of middle place between the world of cities, and factories, and railways, and tenement-houses, and the quiet world to come—a place where they think out things for the benefit of future generations, and convey them through incarnations, or through the desert. Say, your ladyship, I'm a chatterer, I'm a two-cent philosopher, I'm a baby; but you are too much like your grandmother, who was the daughter of a Quaker like David Pasha, to laugh at me.

"I've got a suit of fine chain-armor which I bought of an Arab down by Darfûr. I'm wondering if it would be too cowardly to wear it in the scrap that's coming. I don't know, though, but what I'll wear it, I get so scared. But it will be a frightful hot thing under my clothes, and it's hot enough without that, so I'm not sure. It depends how much my teeth chatter when I see 'the dawn of battle.'

"I've got one more thing to write about before I stop. I'm going to send you a piece of poetry which David Pasha wrote, and tore in two, and threw away. He was working off his imagination, I guess, as you have to do out here. I collected it and copied it, and put in the punctuation—he didn't bother about that. Perhaps he can't punctuate. I don't understand quite what the poetry means, but maybe you will. Anyway you'll see that it's a real desert piece, with desert air and feeling in every line. Here it is:

"THE DESERT ROAD

"In the sands I lived, in a hut of palm,
There was never a garden to see;
There was never a path through the desert calm,
Nor a way through its storms for me.

"Tenant was I of a lone domain;
The far pale caravans wound
To the rim of the sky, and vanished again;
My call in the waste was drowned.

"The vultures came and hovered and fled;
And once there stole to my door
A white gazelle, but its eyes were dread
With the hurt of the wounds it bore.

"It passed in the dusk with a foot of fear,
And the white cold mists rolled in;
And my heart was the heart of a stricken deer,
Of a soul in the snare of sin.

"My days they withered like rootless things,
And the sands rolled on, rolled wide;
Like a pelican I, with broken wings,
Like a drifting barque on the tide.

"But at last, in the light of a rose-red day,
In the windless glow of the morn,
From over the hills and from far away,
You came—ah, the joy of the morn!

"And wherever your footsteps fell, there crept
A path—it was fair and wide:
A desert-road which no sands have swept,
Where never a hope has died.

"I followed you forth, and your beauty held
My heart like an ancient song;
By that desert road to the blossoming plains
I came—and the way was long!

"So I set my course by the light of your eyes;
I care not what fate may send;
On the road I tread shine the love-starred skies—
The road with never an end.

"Not many men can do things like that, and the other things, too, that he does. Perhaps he will win through, by himself, but is it fair to have him run the risk? If he ever did you a good turn, as you once said to me he did, won't you help him now? You are on the inside of political things, and if you make up your mind to do so, nothing will stop you—that was your grandmother's way. He ought to get his backing pretty soon, or it won't be any good. . . . I hear him at his flute. I expect he's tired waiting for me. Well, give my love to the girls!

T. L."

As Hylda read, she passed through phases of feeling begotten of new understanding which shook her composure. She had seen David and all that David was doing; Egypt, and all that was threatening the land through the eyes of another who told the whole truth—except about his own cowardice, which was untrue. She felt the issues at stake. While the mention of David's personal danger left her sick for a moment, she saw the wider peril also to the work he had set out to do.

What was the thing without the man? It could not exist—it had no meaning. Where was he now? What had been the end of the battle? He had saved others, had he saved himself? The most charmed life must be pierced by the shaft of doom sooner or later; but he was little more than a youth yet, he had only just begun!

"*Though David Pasha looks as if he was ready for his grave—and he keeps going, going, going!*" The words kept ringing in her ears. Again: "*And he sits there like a ghost all parched up for want of sleep, and his eyes like a lime-kiln burning, and God knows what in his heart. . . . He hasn't had sleep for a fortnight. . . . He's killing himself for others.*"

Her own eyes were shining with a dry hot light, her lips were quivering, but her hands upon the letter were steady and firm. What could she do?

She went to a table, picked up the afternoon papers, and scanned them hurriedly. Not a word about Egypt. She thought for a moment, then left the drawing-room. Passing up a flight of stairs to her husband's study, she knocked and entered. It was empty; but Eglington was in the house, for a red despatch-box lay open on his table. Instinctively she glanced at the papers exposed in the despatch-box, and at the letters beside it. The document on the top of the pile in the despatch-box related to Cyprus—the name caught her eye. Another document was half exposed beneath it. Her hand went to her heart. She saw the words "Soudan" and

"Claridge Pasha." She reached for it, then drew back her hand, and her eyes closed as though to shut it out from her sight. Why should she not see it?—they were her husband's papers, husband and wife were one. Husband and wife one! She shrank back. Were they one? An overmastering desire was on her. It seemed terrible to wait, when here before her was news of David, of life or death. Suddenly she put out her hand and drew the Cyprus paper over the Egyptian document, so that she might not see it.

As she did so, the door opened on her, and Eglington entered. He had seen the swift motion of her hand, and again a look peculiar to him crossed his face, enigmatical, cynical, not pleasant to see at least.

She turned on him slowly, and he was aware of her inward distress to some degree, though her face was ruled to quietness.

He nodded at her and smiled. She shrank, for she saw in his nod and his smile that suggestion of knowing all about everything and everybody, and thinking the worst, which had chilled her so often. Even in their short married life it had chilled those confidences which she would gladly have poured out before him, if he had been a man with an open soul. Had there been joined to his intellect and the temperament a heart capable of true convictions and abiding love, what a man he might have been! But his intellect was superficial, and his temperament was dangerous, because there were not the experiences of a soul of truth to give the deeper hold upon life and the meaning of life. She shrank now, as, with a little laugh and glancing suggestively at the despatch-box, he said:

"And what do you think of it all?"

She felt as though something was crushing her heart within its grasp, and her eyes took on a new look of pain. "I did not read the papers," she answered, quietly.

"I saw them in your fingers. What creatures women are—so dishonorable in little things!" he said, ironically.

She laid a hand on his arm. "I did not read them, Harry," she urged.

He smiled and patted her arm. "There, there, it doesn't matter," he laughed. He watched her narrowly.

"It matters greatly," she answered gently, though his words had cut her like a knife. "I did not read the papers. I only saw the word 'Cyprus' on the first paper, and I pushed it over the paper which had the word 'Egypt' on it—'Egypt' and 'Claridge,' lest I should read it. I did not wish to read it. I am not dishonorable, Harry."

He had hurt her more than he had ever done; and only the great matter at stake had prevented the lesser part of her from bursting forth in indignation, from saying things which she did not wish to say. She had given him devotion—such devotion, such self-effacement in his career as few gave. Her wealth—that was so little in comparison with the richness of her nature—had been his; and yet his vast egotism took it all as his right, and she was repaid in a kind of tyranny, the more galling and cruel because it was wielded by a man of intellect and culture and ancient name and tradition. If he had been warned that he was losing his wife's love, he would have scouted the idea—his self-assurance was so strong, his vanity complete. If, however, he had been told that another man was thinking of his wife, he would have believed it, as he believed now that David had done; and he cherished that belief, and let resentment grow. He was the Earl of Eglington, and no matter what reputation David had reached, he was still a member of a Quaker trader's family, with an origin slightly touched with scandal. Another resentment, however, was steadily rising in him. It galled him that Hylda should take so powerful an interest in David's work in Egypt; and he knew now that she had always done so. It did not ease his vexed spirit to know that thousands of others of his fellow countrymen did the same. They might do so, but she was his wife, and his own work should be the sun round which her mind and interest should revolve.

"Why should you be so keen about Egypt and Claridge Pasha?" he said to her now.

Her face hardened a little. Had he the right to torture her so? To suspect her? She could read it in his eyes. Her conscience was clear. She was no man's slave. She would not be any man's slave.

She was master of her own soul. What right had he to catechise her—as though she was a servant or a criminal? But she checked the answer on her tongue, because she was hurt deeper than words could express, and she said, composedly:

"I have here a letter from my cousin Lacey, who is with Claridge Pasha. It has news of him, of events in the Soudan. He had fever, there was to be a fight, and I wished to know if you have any later news. I thought that document there might contain news, but I did not read it. I realized that it was not yours, that it belonged to the government, that I had no right. Perhaps you will tell me if you have news. Will you?" She leaned against the table wearily, holding her letter.

"Let me read your letter first," he said, wilfully.

A mist seemed to come before her eyes; but she was schooled to self-command, and he did not see he had given her a shock. Her first impulse was to hand the letter over at once; then there came the remembrance of all it contained, all it suggested. Would he see all it suggested? Would he interpret rightly all it contained? She recalled the words Lacey had used regarding a service which David had once done her. If Eglington asked, what could she say? It was not her secret alone, it was another's. Would she have the right, even if she wished it, to tell the truth, or part of the truth? Or, would she be entitled to relate some immaterial incident which would evade the real truth? What good could it do to tell the dark story? What could it serve? Eglington would horribly misunderstand it—that she knew. There were the verses also. They were more suggestive than anything else, though, indeed, they might have referred to another woman, or were even merely impersonal; but she felt that was not so. And there was Eglington's innate unbelief in man and woman! Her first impulse held, however. She would act honestly. She would face whatever there was to face. She would not shelter herself; she would not give him the right in the future to say she had not dealt fairly by him, had evaded any inquest of her life or mind which he might make.

She gave him the letter, her heart standing still, but she was filled with a regnant determination to defend herself, to defend David against any attack, or from any consequences.

All her life and hopes seemed hanging in the balance, as he began to read the letter. With fear she saw his face cloud over, heard an impatient exclamation pass his lips. She closed her eyes to gather strength for the conflict which was upon her. He spoke, and she vaguely wondered what passage in the letter had fixed his attention. His voice seemed very far away. She scarcely understood. But presently it pierced the clouds of numbness between them, and she realized what he was saying:

"Vulgar fellow—I can't congratulate you upon your American cousin. So, 'David Pasha is great on moral suasion, master of it—never failed yet—not altogether—and Aunt Melissa and skim-milk and early piety!' And 'David Pasha is a wonder from Wondertown'—like a side-show to a circus, a marvel on the flying trapeze! Perhaps you can give me the sense of the letter, if there is any sense in it. I can't read his writing, and it seems interminable. Would you mind?"

A sigh of relief broke from her. A weight slipped away from her heart and brain. It was as though one in armor awaited the impact of a heavy, cruel, overwhelming foe, who suddenly disappeared, and the armor fell from one's shoulders, and breath came easily once again.

"Would you mind?" he repeated dryly, as he folded up the letter slowly.

He handed it back to her, the note of sarcasm in his voice pricking her like the point of a dagger. She felt angered with herself that he could rouse her temper by such small mean irony. She had a sense of bitter disappointment in him—or was it a deep hurt?—that she had not made him love her, truly love her. If he had only meant the love that he swore before they had married! Why had he deceived her? It had all been in his hands, her fate and future; but almost before the bridal flowers had faded, she had come to know two bitter things: that he had married with a sordid mind; that he was incapable of the love which transmutes



Drawn by Andre Castaigne Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

WITH FEAR SHE SAW HIS FACE CLOUD OVER

the half-comprehending, half-developed affection of the maid into the absorbing, understanding, beautiful passion of the woman. She had married not knowing what love and passion were; uncomprehending, and innocent because uncomprehending; with a fine affection, but capable of loving wholly. One thing had purified her motives and her life—the desire to share with Eglington his public duty and private hopes, to be his *confidante,* his friend, his coadjutor, proud of him, eager for him, determined to help him. But he had blocked the path to all inner companionship. He did no more than let her share the obvious and outer responsibilities of his life. From the vital things, if there were vital things, she was shut out. What would she not give for one day of simple tenderness and quiet affection, a true day with a true love!

She was now perfectly composed. She told him the substance of the letter, of David's plight, of the fever, of the intended fight, of Nahoum Pasha, of the peril to David's work. He continued to interrogate her, while she could have shrieked out the question, "What is in yonder document? What do you know? Have you news of his safety?" Would he never stop his questioning? It was trying her strength and patience beyond endurance. At last he drew the document slowly from the despatch-box, and glanced up and down it musingly.

"I fancy he won the battle," he said, slowly, "for they have news of him much farther down the river than Sobat or Khartoum. But from this letter I take it he is not yet within the zone of safety—so Nahoum Pasha says." He flicked the document upwards with his thumb.

"What is our government doing to help him?" she asked, checking her eagerness.

His heart had gradually hardened towards Egypt. Power had emphasized a certain smallness in him. Personal considerations informed the policy of the moment. He was not going to be dragged at the chariot-wheels of the Quaker! To be passive, when David in Egypt had asked for active interest; to delay, when urgency was important to Claridge Pasha; to speak coldly on Egyptian affairs to his chief, the weak Foreign Secretary, while European chancelleries spoke warmly in the interests of international finance and the integrity of the country—this was the policy he had begun.

So he answered now: "It is the duty of the Egyptian government to help him—of Prince Kaïd, of Nahoum Pasha, who is acting for him in his absence, who governs finance and therefore the army. Egypt does not belong to England."

"Nahoum Pasha is his enemy. He will do nothing to help, unless you force him."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because I know Nahoum Pasha."

"When did you know Nahoum?"

"In Egypt, years ago."

"Your acquaintance is more varied than I thought," he said sarcastically.

"Oh, do not speak to me like that," she said, in a low, indignant voice. "Do not patronize me; do not be sarcastic."

"Do not be so sensitive," he answered unemotionally.

"You surely do not mean that you—that the government will not help him? He is doing the work of Europe, of civilization, of Christianity there. He is sacrificing himself for the world. Do you not see it? Oh, but you do! You would realize his work if you knew Egypt as I have seen it."

"Expediency must govern the policy of nations," he answered, critically.

"But, if through your expediency he is killed like a rat in a trap, and his work goes to pieces—all undone! Is there no right in the matter?"

"In affairs of state other circumstances than absolute 'right' enter. Here and there the individual is sacrificed who otherwise would be saved—if it were expedient."

"Oh, Eglington! He is of your own county, of your own village, is your neighbor—a man of whom all England should be proud. You can intervene if you will—be just, and say you will. I know that intervention has been discussed in the cabinet."

"You say he is of my county. So are many people, and yet they are not county people. A neighbor he was, but more in a Scriptural than a social sense." He was hurting her purposely.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE QUESTIONER

"WHAT has thee come to say?"

Sitting in his high-backed chair, Luke Claridge seemed a part of its dignified severity. In the sparsely furnished room with its uncarpeted floor, its plain teak table, its high wainscoting and undecorated walls, the old man had the look of one who belonged to some ancient consistory, a judge whose piety would march with an austerity that would save a human soul by destroying the body, if need be.

A crisis had come, vaguely foreseen, sombrely eluded. A questioner was before him who, poor, unheeded, an ancient victim of vice, could yet wield a weapon whose sweep of wounds would be wide. Stern and masterful as he looked in his arid isolation, beneath all was a shaking anxiety.

He knew well what the old chair-maker had come to say, but in the prologue of the struggle before him he was unwittingly manœuvring for position.

"Speak," he added presently, as Soolsby fumbled in his great loose pockets and drew forth a paper. "What has thee to say?"

There seemed a strange hidden anger in the tone, though it was rather the tenseness of suspense, a nervous trepidation, which gave the usually smooth and quiet voice a sharpness of its own.

Without a word, Soolsby handed over the paper, but the other would not take it.

"What is it?" he asked, his lips growing pale. "Read—if thee can read."

The gibe in the last words made the color leap into Soolsby's face, and a fighting look came. He too had staved off this inevitable hour, had dreaded it, but now his courage shot up high.

"Doost think I have forgotten how to read since the day I put my hand to a writing you've hid so long from them it most concerns? Ay, I can read, and I can write, and I will prove that I can speak too before I've done."

"Read—read," rejoined the old man, hoarsely, his hands tightly gripping the chair-arm.

"The fever caught him at Shendy—that is the place—"

"He is not dead—David is not dead?" came the sharp, pained interruption. The old man's head strained forward, his eyes were misty and dazed.

Soolsby's face showed no pity for the other's anxiety; it had a kind of triumph in it. "Nay, he is living," he answered. "He got well of the fever, and came to Cairo, but he's off again into the desert. It's the third time—you can't be tempting Providence forever. This paper here says it's too big a job for one man—like throwing a good life away. Here in England is his place, it says. And so say I—and so I have come to say, and to hear you say so too. What is he there? One man against a million! What put it in his head that he thinks he can do it?"

His voice became lower; he fixed his eyes meaningly on the other. "When a man's life's got a twist at the start, no wonder it flies off madlike to do the thing that isn't to be done, and leave undone the thing that's here for it to do. Doost think a straight line could come from the crooked line y' drew for him?"

"He is safe—he is well and strong again?" asked the old man, painfully. Suddenly he reached out a hand for the paper. "Let me read," he said, in a voice scarce above a whisper.

He essayed to take the paper calmly, but it trembled in his hands. He spread it out and fumbled for his glasses, but could not find them, and he gazed helplessly at the page before him. Soolsby took the paper from him and read slowly:

> ". . . . Claridge Pasha has done good work in Egypt, but he is a generation too soon—it may be two or three too soon. We can but regard this fresh enterprise as a temptation to Fate to take from our race one of the most promising spirits and vital personalities which this generation has produced. It is a forlorn hope. Most Englishmen familiar with Claridge Pasha's life and aims will ask—"

An exclamation broke from the old man. In the pause which followed he said: "It was none of my doing. He went to Egypt against my will."

"Ay, so many a man's said that's not wanted to look his own acts straight in the face. If Our Man had been started different, if he'd started in the path where God A'mighty dropped him,

and not in the path Luke Claridge chose, would he have been in Egypt to-day wearing out his life? He's not making carpets there, he's only beating them."

The homely illustration drawn from the business in which he had been interested so many years went home to Claridge's mind. He shrank back, and sat rigid, his brows drawing over the eyes, till they seemed sunk in caverns of the head. Suddenly Soolsby's voice rose angrily. The old man seemed so remorseless and unyielding, so set in his vanity and self-will! Soolsby misread the rigid look in the face, the pale sternness. He did not know that there had suddenly come upon Luke Claridge a full consciousness of an agonizing truth—that all he had done where David was concerned had been a mistake. The hard look, the sternness, were the signals of a soul challenging itself.

"Ay, you've had your own will," cried Soolsby, mercilessly. "You've said to God A'mighty that He wasn't able to work out to a good end what He'd let happen; and so you'd do His work for Him. You kept the lad hid away from the people that belonged to him, you kept him out of his own, you let others take his birthright. You put a shame upon him, hiding who his father and his father's people were, and you put a shame upon her that lies in the graveyard—as sweet a lass, as good, as ever lived on earth. Ay, a shame and a scandal! For your eyes were shut always to the sidelong looks, your ears never heard the things people said—*'A good-for-nothing ship-captain, a scamp and a ne'er-do-weel, one that had a lass at every port, and, maybe, wives too; one that none knew or ever had seen—a pirate maybe, or a slave-dealer, or a jail-bird, for all they knew! Married—oh yes, married right enough, but nothing else—not even a home. Just a ring on the finger, and then, beyond and away!'* Around her life that brought into the world our lad yonder you let a cloud draw down; and you let it draw round his too, for he didn't even bear his father's name—much less knew who his father was—or live in his father's home, or come by his own in the end. You gave the lad shame and scandal—do you think he didn't feel it—was it much or little? He wasn't walking in the sun, but—"

"Mercy! Mercy!" broke in the old man, his hand before his eyes. He was thinking of Mercy his daughter, of the words she had said to him when she died, *"Set him in the sun, father, where God can find him,"* and her name now broke from his lips.

Soolsby misunderstood. "Ay, there'll be mercy when right's been done Our Man, and not till then. I've held my tongue for half a lifetime, but I'll speak now and bring him back. Ay, he shall come back, and take the place that is his, and all that belongs to him. That lordship yonder—let him go out into the world and make his place as the Egyptian did. He's had his chance to help Our Man, and he has only hurt, not helped him. We've had enough of his second-best lordship and his ways."

The old man's face was terrible in its stricken stillness now. He had regained control of himself, his brain had recovered greatly from its first suffusion of excitement.

"How does thee know my lord yonder has hurt and not helped him?" he asked, in an even voice, his lips tightening, however. "How does thee know it surely?"

"From Kate Heaver, my lady's maid. My lady's illness—what was it? Because she would help Our Man, and, out of his hatred, yonder second son said that to her which no woman can bear that's a true woman; and then, what with a chill and fever, she's been yonder ailing these weeks past. She did what she could for him, and her husband did what he could against him."

The old man settled back in his chair again. "Thee has kept silent all these years? Thee has never told any that lives?"

"I gave my word to her that died—to our Egyptian's mother—that I would never speak unless you gave me leave to speak, or if you should die before me. It was but a day before the lad was born. So have I kept my word. But now you shall speak. Ay, then, but you shall speak, or I'll break my word to her, to do right by her son. She herself would speak if she was here, and I'll answer her, if ever I see her after purgatory, for speaking now."

The old man drew himself up in his chair as though in pain, and said very

slowly, almost thickly: "I shall answer also for all I did. The spirit moved me. He is of my blood—his mother was dead—in his veins is the blood that runs in mine. His father — aristocrat, spendthrift, adventurer, renegade, who married her in secret, and left her, bidding her return to me, until he came again, and she to bear him a child—was he fit to bring up the boy!"

He breathed heavily, his face became wan and haggard, as he continued: "Restless on land or sea, forever seeking some new thing, and when he found it, and saw what was therein, he turned away forgetful. God put it into my heart to abjure him and the life around him. The Voice made me rescue the child from a life empty and bare and heartless and proud. . . . When he returned, and my child was in her grave, he came to me in secret; he claimed the child of that honest lass whom he had married under a false name. I held my hand lest I should kill him, man of peace as I am. Even his father—Quaker though he once became—did we not know ere the end that he had no part or lot with us, that he but experimented with his soul, as with all else! Experiment—experiment—experiment, until at last an Eglington went exploring in my child's heart, and sent her to her grave—the God of Israel be her rest and refuge! What should such high-placed folk do stooping out of their sphere to us who walk in plain paths! What have we in common with them! My soul would have none of them—masks of men, the slaves of riches and titles, and tyrants over the poor!"

His voice grew hoarse and higher, and his head bent forward. He spoke as though forgetful of Soolsby's presence. "As the East is from the West, so were we separate from these lovers of this world, the self-indulgent, the hard-hearted, the proud. I chose for the child that he should stay with me and not go to him, to remain among his own people and his own class. He was a sinister, an evil man. Was the child to be trusted with him?"

"The child was his own child," broke in Soolsby, "your daughter was his lady—the Countess of Eglington! Not all the Quakers in heaven or earth could alter that. His first-born son is Earl of Eglington, and has been so these years past; and you, nor his second-best lordship there, nor all the courts in England can alter that. . . . Ay, I've kept my peace, but I will speak out now. I was with the Earl—James Fetherdon he called himself—when he married her that's gone to heaven, if any ever went to heaven; and I can prove all. There's proof aplenty—and 'tis a pity, ay, God's pity—that 'twas not used long ago! Well I knew, as the years passed, that the Earl's heart was with David, but he had not the courage to face it all, so worn away was the man in him. Ah, if the lad had always been with him—who can tell? — he might have been different! Whether so or not, it was the lad's right to take his place his mother gave him, let be whatever his father was. 'Twas a cruel thing done to him—his own was his own, to run his race as God A'mighty had laid the hurdles, not as Luke Claridge willed. I'm sick of seeing yonder fellow in Our Man's place, he that will not give him help, when he may; he that would see him die like a dog in the desert, brother or no brother—"

"He does not know—he does not know the truth?" interposed the old man, in a heavy whisper.

"He does not know, but, if he knew, would it matter to him! So much the more would he see Our Man die yonder in the sands! I know the breed. I know him yonder, the skim-milk lord. There is no blood of justice, no milk of kindness in him. Do you think his father that I friended in this thing—did he ever give me a penny, or aught save that hut on the hill that was not worth a pound a year? Did he ever do aught to show that he remembered?—Like father like son! I wanted naught. I held my peace, not for him, but for her—for the promise I made her when she smiled at me and said, *'If I shouldn't be seeing thee again, Soolsby, remember; and if thee can ever prove a friend to the child that is to be, prove it!'* . . . And I will prove it now. He must come back to his own. Right's right, and I will have it so. More brains you may have—and wealth you have—but not more common sense than any common man like me. If the spirit moved you to hold

your peace, it moves me to make you speak. With all your meek face, you've been a hard, stiff-necked man, a tyrant too, and as much an aristocrat to such as me as any lord in the land. But I've drunk the mug of silence to the bottom—I've—"

He stopped short, seeing a strange look come over the other's face. He stepped forward quickly as the old man half rose from his chair, murmuring thickly.

"Mercy—David, my lord, come—!" he muttered, and staggered, and fell into Soolsby's arms.

His head dropped forward on his breast, and with a great sigh he sank into unconsciousness. Soolsby laid him on a couch and ran to the door and called aloud for help.

The man of silence was silent indeed now. In the room where paralysis had fallen on him a bed was brought, and he lay nerveless on the verge of a still deeper silence. The hours went by. His eyes opened, he saw and recognized them all, but his look rested only on Faith and Soolsby; and, as time went on, these were the only faces to which he gave an answering look of understanding. Days wore away, but he neither spoke nor moved.

People came and went softly, and he gave no heed. There was ever a trouble in his eyes when they were open. Only when Soolsby came did it seem to lessen. Faith saw this, and urged Soolsby to sit by him. She had questioned much concerning what had happened before the stroke came, but Soolsby said only that the old man had been greatly troubled about David. Once Lady Eglington, frail and gentle and sympathetic, came, but the trouble deepened in his eyes, and the lids closed over them, so that he might not see her face.

When she had gone, Soolsby, who had been present and had interpreted the old man's look according to a knowledge all his own, came over to the bed, leaned down, and whispered, "I will speak now."

Then the eyes opened, and a smile faintly flickered at the mouth.

"I will speak now," Soolsby said again into the old man's ear.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Song

BY MARY COLES CARRINGTON

LAST night I made a mimic grave
  Deep in the meadow grass,
Believing in that calm retreat
  My spirit's storm would pass;
My wearied vision sought content
  Where late had flamed the sun,
Night, with a mystic, wood-wind theme,
  Her symphony begun.

But, oh, how dim are sun and stars
  Seen through a mist of tears!
How dull the happy sounds of earth
  To sorrow-deafened ears!
Love, at thy shrine three costly gifts
  I offer as we part,
A withered hope, a trust betrayed,
  And last—a broken heart.

A Winter Butterfly

BY LOUISE FORSSLUND

HER paramount sensation, after she learned that the first grandchild was expected, had been a terror of her own approaching grandmotherhood. She, while there was yet not a strand of gray in all her youthful reddish head, to be labelled for all time to come the mother of a mother! And when the child was really here, leaning on her tenderness, all her delight in hearing him babble was lost in the tragedy of knowing that soon he must learn to pipe forth "Grandma"! *Grandma;* ever and ever grandma, and she so young! Months and months after he commenced to talk that child kept her on the rack. He formed the habit of addressing his parents, the cat, and the servants by name; but, in spite of all his mother's kindly meant promptings, he resolutely shut his lips against the word "grandma," until the little young-old lady was torn between gratitude to the child and suspense at waiting for the inevitable.

Then, one day, when they two were alone, the baby cuddled safe and snug in her dainty white-aproned lap, he put her heart into a strange flutter by staring long and earnestly at her face. He stared long and earnestly; then, lifting a tiny hand to her soft rose-leaf cheek, patting the flesh scarcely less exquisitely tinted than his own, he bestowed upon her the title over which he had undoubtedly been debating these many moons.

"Blossy!" he gurgled, and Blossy she was from that hour—to him, to all the household, to the indulgent neighbors, and, finally, to every one she met save the census-taker. And now, although the threescore years and ten were fast approaching, and by the tide of not altogether happy circumstances she had been stranded in the Old Ladies' Home at Shoreville, she had not lost the only name which she believed ever to have fitted her—the name of Blossy.

Blossy had gained and still kept another title, although this had been bestowed upon her as long ago as the days when she had made young hearts dance to the rise and fall of her eyelashes—the title of "sweet fool." The old lady liked to be called "a sweet fool." She regarded it as much of a compliment as it ever had been; and, moreover, in secret, she used to chuckle with delight to think that as a sweet fool, with the passing of all the years, she had not lost her power to make some others dance the fool's dance beside her. From her fifteenth birthday Blossy had been making fools of men, and the older she grew the more fools she seemed to find ready for her moulding. She was a natural flirt. She flirted with the cats, the pet canaries, the flowers, the growing potatoes, her own children, the young doctor at the home, and every presentable man that came into sight. The records of the home report that three able gardeners had been turned away because of their mad desire to marry the remorseless Blossy.

Twice a year, on the 15th of June and on the 15th of December, no matter what the weather, old Captain Bill Brown came fifty miles from his home in Sag Harbor to offer Blossy his hard, horny old hand. The other inmates of the home used to say that Blossy would weep her eyes out if ever he should fail to appear, and they also would intimate that Captain Bill might be somewhat embarrassed if she should vary the nature of her reply and accept him. But the quaint little old farce—if farce it was—continued to be played twice a year: in December, beside the roaring fireplace in the hall; in June, on the garden bench, while the June-young butterflies whirled over the two gray heads in a frolic of impertinent amazement.

Up-stairs, in the attic, Blossy had a fat, leather-bound old trunk packed hard with love-letters; and on rainy days she would go up under the eaves and, pulling



Drawing by H. Mathes

AT THE FIRST LANDING HE PAUSED

out one bundle at a time, read until her face was one curiously foolish, lovely smile of reminiscence. There were letters tied with lavender ribbon, letters tied with pale-pink ribbon, notes tied with white silk cord, and more letters and more notes tied with every hue of ribbon that can be discovered—each tint binding a different suitor's letters, and each bringing to Blossy's mind instantly a picture of the man as he had been, mayhap over fifty years ago. Yet, in truth, save to Blossy's eye alone, there was no difference in the colors of the old ribbons; all had faded into that musty yellow-brown which is dyed by the passing of many years. So the young matron discovered, surprising Blossy in the attic one morning on her knees before the open trunk.

"Ah, Miss Jessica!" called out the old lady, looking up from a ragged-edged crackly yellow letter she held in her hand. "Listen to this. People don't write such letters nowadays." With that dreamy, reminiscent look, making her face too wistful of youth to be laughed at, even though now and then there came the crack of old age into her soft voice, Blossy read from the open letter: "'The man you take for a mate is the luckiest dog in the whole round world. I'd rather be him than king of all the countries on earth; I'd rather be him than strike a gold-mine reaching from here to China; I'd rather be him than captain of the finest vessel that ever sailed the seas—that's what I would! Why, the man who couldn't be happy with you would spill tears all over heaven.'"

The quavering old voice broke. Blossy bent far over the bundle of letters, and there fell upon the yellow pile two sparkling tears.

"Miss Jessica!" she faltered. Jessica knelt down and drew the aged head, with its artificial coloring of hair, against her breast. Everybody humored Blossy's moods. "Miss Jessica, that was written by another man just before I was engaged to my husband, when I was debating between the two. I never told anybody before, but my husband—he's been dead and gone this twenty year and we must let bygones be bygones—but—but—he was not kind."

Jessica drew the shrivelled, straight old figure close within her arms. Any human being unkind to Blossy! And, above all, a man!

"No, he was not kind. It was his nature, poor dear. Folks can't help it when they're built that way. Captain Bill, he wrote that letter over forty year ago. You wouldn't think it to see him now, would you?"

Here Blossy's weakness for laughing at her sweethearts overcame her memory of sorrow. Her scant shoulders shook and her eyes twinkled. "Now, he says," she went on—"he says, kinder rough and sudden—maybe just as he's going away, after spending the whole day talking of other things—he says, kinder rough and sudden, 'My feelin's hain't changed a bit. Have yourn, Betsy Ann?' He never would call me anything else. Sometimes I think that maybe if he'd say Blossy or —or"— the sentimentalist gave a self-conscious laugh—"or something tender, and study grammar, I'd—" She hesitated a long while, her face wearing that essentially feminine look of "considering." "But, la!" she added, presently, with a quick shake of her head in the negative, "what you spect of a man who's never stirred a foot off of Long Island except to put it on a boat?"

Blossy had away back in her heart, beneath the sentimentality, the foolishness, the conceit, the hardness of her unconquerable coquetry, a real wealth of human tenderness; and Blossy's tenderness it was that gallantly attacked all the time-honored traditions of the Old Ladies' Home as soon as the story of Angeline Rose's husband came in at the back gate with the butcher's boy one twilight-time. Blossy had the butcher's boy under her spell, too, and many a tale of village gossip did he bring to her.

"Yep!" said he. "They only riz two hundred dollars an' two cents on the furniture, an' the old man's got to go to the porehouse."

Even then the old ladies were waiting for Angeline Rose to join them, for no one had doubted that sufficient money would be raised by the auction of the aged couple's household effects to place the wife with the old ladies and the husband in a similar home for men five miles away. But now—now the smallest possible entrance-fee for one only had

been raised, with just two cents to spare, and so the butcher's boy's conclusion seemed the only one: the man whom Angeline Rose had called husband for fifty years must needs say good-by to her at the old ladies' gate, then go trudging on his way to the poorhouse.

But Blossy, once her mind was lifted from her own irresistible fascinations, was a woman of resources. One way there was to keep Abraham from the county-house, and she found it. She called a meeting of the old ladies. She urged the matron to join them. She telephoned the doctor. She sent the butcher's boy and the gardener all over the village to draw the directors of the home together. Within one hour from the time the news came she had them all before her and faced them with her argument, her eyes sparkling, her cheeks glowing, her generous heart shining as a compelling light upon her face.

"Why not?" she demanded, enthusiastically. "Why not? I'll take the little north room. That south chamber always was too big for me. I feel guilty taking up so much room. It ought to hold two. It's plenty big enough for two. And as for eating, you know perfectly well that those two poor skinny creatures together won't eat half so much as the heartiest one of us."

Plump Miss Abigail sniffed a little at that, suspecting that reflections were being cast on her notorious appetite; but no one heeded, for Blossy was crying out, "All in favor of letting in Abraham Rose say 'Aye!'"

The vote was unanimous. By nightfall, to his own complete bewilderment, Abraham found himself under the old ladies' roof, a member of that flock, thirty strong, which he had theretofore dubbed contemptuously "them air old hens."

Ah, but he slept that night as if he had been drawn to rest under the compelling shelter of all those old wings! Never afterward could the dazed old gentleman remember how he came into the house and up the stairs to the south chamber with Angy. He only knew that he had seen no one of the home save the tenderly smiling young matron; and that he had felt glad, glad—God, how *glad!* —to know that Angy was still beside him, and so he had fallen asleep. But when he awoke in the morning, there stood Angeline before the glass taking her hair out of curl-papers; and for the first time he began dimly to realize the tremendous change that had come into their lives when Angy committed the unprecedented act of taking out her crimps *before* breakfast. He realized that they were to eat among strangers. He had become the guest of thirty "women folks." Maybe he should be called Woman No. 31. He got up and dressed very, very slowly. The glad gratitude of last night was as far away as yesterday's sunset. A great seriousness settled upon his lean face. At last he burst forth:

"One to thirty! Hy-guy, I'm in fer it!" How had it happened, he wondered. They had given him no time to think. They had swooped down upon him when his brain was dulled with anguish. Virtually, they had kidnapped him. Why had they brought him here to accept charity at the hands of a woman's institution? Why need they thus intensify his sense of shame at his life's failure, and, above all, at his failure to provide for Angeline? In the poorhouse he would have been only one more derelict, but here he stood alone, to be stared at and pitied and thrown a sickly satisfying crumb. With a deep sigh he muttered:

"Ay, mother, why didn't yew let me go on to the county-house? That air's the place for a worn-out old hull like me. Hy-guy!" he ejaculated, the beads of sweat standing out on his forehead, "I'd ruther lay deown an' die 'n go an' face them air women."

"Thar! thar!" soothingly spoke Angy, laying her hand on his arm. "Thar, thar, father! Jest think how dretful I'd feel a-goin' deown without yer."

"So you would!" said Abe, strangely comforted. "So you would, my dear!" For her sake he tried to brighten up. He joked clumsily as they stood together on the threshold of their chamber, whispering, blinking his eyes to make up for the lack of their usually ready twinkle. "Hol' on a minute; supposin' I fergit whether I be a man er a woman?"

"Put yer hand in yer pocket an' feel around fer yer pipe," she made answer.

But, alas! this brought to his mind the

question, "Would smoking be allowed in the Old Ladies' Home?" Abraham did not question whether tobacco would be supplied in that case. A man may have faith in nothing else, but he knows that, whatever vicissitudes life may bring him, he will always be provided with a pipe of tobacco. The breakfast-bell rang from below-stairs with a loud, imperative jangling.

"Come, hurry up, Abe! It won't do for us to be late the fust mornin'."

But Abe only answered by going back into the bedroom to make an anxious survey of his reflection in the glass. He shook his head reprovingly at the bearded countenance, as if to say, "You need not pride yourself any longer on looking like Abraham Lincoln, for you have been turned into a miserable old woman."

Abe picked up the hair-brush and held it out at arm's length to Angy. "Won't yew slick up my hair a little bit, mother?" he asked, somewhat shamefacedly. "I can't see extry well this mornin'."

"Why, Abe! It's slicked ez slick ez it kin be neow." However, the old wife reached up, as he bent his tall, angular form over her, and smoothed his thin, wet locks. He laughed a little, self-mockingly; and she laughed back again, then urged him into the hall and, slipping ahead of him, led the way downstairs. At the first landing, which brings you into full view of the lower hall, he paused, possessed with the mad desire to run away and hide, for at the foot of the stairway stood the entire flock of old ladies, twenty-nine strong. Twenty-nine pairs of eyes were lifted to him and Angy; twenty-nine pairs of lips were smiling at them. To the end of his days Abraham remembered those smiles. Reassuring and tender, they made the old man's heart swell, his emotions go warring together. Grateful, wondering, yet he grew more confused and afraid. He stared amazed at Angeline, who seemed the embodiment of self-possession, lifting her dainty, proud little gray head higher and higher. She turned to Abraham with a protecting, motherly little gesture of command for him to follow, and marched gallantly on down the stairs. Humbly, trembling at the knees, his head in a whirl, he came with gingerly steps after the little old wife. How unworthy he was of her now! How unworthy he had always been, yet never realized to the full until this moment. He knew what those smiles meant, he told himself: they were to smooth away his sense of shame and humiliation, to touch with rose this dull-gray color of the culmination of his failures. He passed his hand over his eyes, fiercely praying that the tears might not come to add to his disgrace.

And all the while brave little Angy kept smiling, until, with a truly glad leap of the heart, she caught sight of a blue ribbon painted in gold shining on the breast of each one of the twenty-nine women. A pale-blue ribbon painted in gold with—yes, peering her eyes, she discovered that it was the word *Welcome!* The forced smile vanished from Angeline's face. Her eyes grew wet. Her lips trembled. Her proud figure shrank. She turned and looked back at her husband. Not for one instant did she appropriate the compliment to herself. "This is for *you!*" her spirit called out to him, while a new pride dawned in her working face.

Fifty years had she spent apologizing for Abraham, and now she understood how these twenty-nine generous old hearts had raised him to the pedestal of a hero, while she stood, a heroine, beside him. Angy it was who trembled now, and Abe, gaining a manly courage from her need, took hold of her arm to steady her—they had paused on a step near the foot of the stairs—and looking around with his whimsical smile, he demanded of the bedecked company in general, "Ladies, be you a-spectin' the President?"

Cackle went the cracked old voices of the twenty-nine in a chorus of appreciative laughter, while the old heads bobbed at one another as if to say, "Won't he be an acquisition!" And then from among the group there came forward Blossy—Blossy, the pride and beauty of the home; Blossy, atingle with tender feeling; Blossy in a much-mended but delicate real old-yellow lace gown; Blossy, smiling such a smile as would have made you think of old romances and young hearts' follies, of rosemary and heartsease, of threescore years and ten dreaming back to sweet sixteen in the chimney-corner, of all the sweet, silly things of youth which, happily, age sometimes

cannot forget. She held her two hands gracefully and mysteriously behind her back as she advanced to the foot of the stairs. Looking steadily into Abraham's eyes, she kept smiling, until he felt as if the warmth of a belated spring had beamed upon him.

"The President!" she twittered as she paused, her hands still carefully held behind her. "Are we expecting the President?" she repeated, laughing. "You dear man, what is the President to us? We are welcoming you—*Y O U.*"

Abe looked at Angy as if to say, "How shall I take it?" and behold! the miracle of his wife's bosom swelling and swelling with pride in him. He turned back, for Blossy was making a speech. His hand to his head, he bent his good ear to listen. In terms poetical and touching she described the loneliness of the life at the home as it had been with no man under the roof; then, in contrast, she painted it as it must be now that the thirty tender vines had found a stanch old oak for their clinging. "Me?" queried the incredulous Abraham to himself; and as if in answer, Blossy went on in plain terms to assure him, in behalf of all the home, of his welcome—of his warm and sincere welcome — into the circle where he was to be beloved as a brother. Abraham's eyes were wet, but now he did not care. Then Blossy's hands came from their hiding-place behind her back, one holding a huge blue coffee-cup, one the saucer to correspond. She placed the cup in the saucer and held it out to Abraham. He trudged down the few steps to receive it, Angy clinging to his arm, and both he and she trembling. With a burst of delight Abraham now saw that it was a mustache-cup, such as the one he had always used at home, until it had been set for safe-keeping on the top pantry-shelf to await the auction, where it had brought the price of eleven cents. And then he saw, what Angy's quicker eye had already noted, the inscription on the shining blue side of the cup. It read—in warm crimson letters—"To our beloved brother." And it made Abe's sense of genuine welcome complete.

Now this happened to be the 15th of June, the date of Captain Bill Brown's semiannual visit to Blossy; and, lo! for the first time in all the eight years that Blossy had been in the home, Captain Bill failed to appear. All day long Blossy wore her lace gown, but eventide came and still no Captain Bill. Then Blossy, quivering with anxiety, dipped into her emergency fund, which she kept in the heart of a little pink china pig on the mantelpiece in her room —a pink china pig with a lid made of stiff black hair standing on edge in the middle of his back—and sent a telegram to the Captain, demanding to know if he were sick. The answer came back slowly by mail to find Blossy on the verge of a nervous collapse, under the care of all the women in the house. That letter Blossy never showed to any one, nor did it find its way into the trunk which set under the attic eaves.

"Dear Betsy Ann," the letter read; "I ain't been sick a minute. Just made up my mind I was an old fool, and was going to quit. If you change your mind any time, you can just let me know by mail.

As ever, YOUR OLD BILL."

The message had an electrifying effect on Blossy. She jumped out of bed, and, going to the mirror, began to remedy the ravages of the last two days by touching up her cheeks. Next she dropped belladonna into her eyes, fluffed her fluffy hair, dressed in her second-best dress, and then, going down into the hall where Abraham sat, wistful, ill at ease, among the twenty-nine, secretly fingering his cold pipe where it rested in his pocket, asked the old man if he would *please* smoke a pipe. It would make the place seem more homelike, and they needed cheering this wet June night. Abraham did not wait for further encouragement.

"That air Mis' Blossy," he remarked to his wife when they were alone—"hy-guy! she's got powers o' penetration. Neow, she seemed to know that I was jest abeout to the end o' my tether fer want o' a real good smoke."

"She's a wonderful woman," heartily agreed Angeline, happier than she had been in many years, rejoicing more and more each day to see that at last her husband was appreciated.

And the beautiful, joy-steeped, pleasure-filled days that followed, during which the little old wife was fairly transformed by her growing pride in Abraham, very much as if, still old in years, she had been made young by the advent of an infant prodigy to call her own! Abraham was made the centre of the little community. The ladies vied with one another to see how much they could do for the one man among them. In all the affairs of the household, his wishes were consulted first. Every morning, at breakfast, the sister in charge of the cooking for that week would ask him what kind of dessert he preferred for dinner. Their desserts were limited in variety according to cost and the resources of the garden, but still Abraham was asked, and still he answered with becoming dignity and judgment. At noon it was, "What shall we have for supper, Brother Abraham?" and he would sit a whole half-hour discussing the problem. At the day's end, when they sat watching the sun go down, through the dining-room windows, and recalled other tea-times, other sunsets, it would be, "You sure you want pancakes again to-morrow morning, Abraham?" It was Blossy who discovered that Abraham liked griddle-cakes for his breakfast all the year through. He had never dreamed of such a luxury at the Old Ladies' Home. It was Blossy who suggested that at each pie-baking and cake-making a little saucer pie or cake should be made for Abraham, because he was partial to edges. The old gentleman began to feel like a lordly young boy, with thirty mothers bent on spoiling him.

When he lay down for his afternoon nap the ladies would gather in groups outside his door, waiting for him to awaken, saying to one another ever and again, "Shoo, s-s-s-s-*shoo!*" He professed to scoff at the attentions he received, to grunt and to growl "Humbug!" yet, nevertheless, he thrived in the latter-day sunlight. His old bones took on flesh. His aged, kindly face, all seamed with care as it had been, filled out, the wrinkles turning into twinkles. Abraham was growing young again. With the return of his youth came the spirit of youth to the Old Ladies' Home. Verily, verily, as Blossy had avowed from the first, they had been in sore need of the masculine presence. The apathy of old-ladyhood had hung over them. Spinster, wife, and widow, they had every one been touched with the blight of the testy just-soness of the old maid.

Now, instead of fretful discussions on health and food, there came to be laughter and light chattering all the day long. The melodeon was opened, and Miss Abigail played "Old Hundred," and Abraham was encouraged to pick out with one stiff forefinger "My Grandfather's Clock." There was gossiping, such as you hear among young folks—now, the story is almost here; there was the singing of "hymn tunes" in chorus, and of old, old love-songs, while the oldest lady of all, Nancy Smith, ran her memory-charged fingers over the harp which went with her wherever she journeyed, but which she had not touched before in thirty years.

But, alas that one should have to tell it! Abraham did not always share his pleasures with the entire establishment. Had you been there you could not have failed to notice the frequency of his tête-à-tête with Blossy. Sometimes they were over a skein of wool—when had Abe held yarn for Angy's winding? Ay, not once since wooing-time! And sometimes the tête-à-tête were over a task no more romantic than the picking of string-beans in the garden. There were sharp little skirmishes of wit between Blossy and Abraham on the staircase; the telling of old sea-tales from him and the murmurings of poetry from her under the stars on the porch, while Angeline called softly from her window again and again that it was time for "father" to go to bed, and half the old ladies kept relentless eyes on the clock until the couple should come indoors.

Abraham's birthday—could he really be seventy-one?—came early in September, and Blossy suggested that as an evidence of their affection the old ladies should give him a pink tea. Abraham himself and half the old ladies had never attended a tinted tea; but they one and all seized upon Blossy's idea as if it were a veritable inspiration. Such preparations for that tea! Blossy had every man and boy she knew in the village bring from the meadows armfuls of the

pink marshmallow for the decorations. She made pink icing for the cake. She transformed her pink china pig—his lid left up-stairs—into a sugar-bowl. Abraham used to grow dizzy afterward trying to recall the number of pink articles which graced that tea; but the most delightful part of it all was his birthday present, which came as a complete surprise after the discussion of the pink strawberry gelatine. It was a square five-pound parcel, wrapped in pink tissue-paper, tied with pink string, which was discovered to be so much Virginia tobacco which Blossy had inveigled some old Southern admirer into sending her "for charitable purposes."

After the presentation of this valuable gift, Abraham felt that the time had come for him to make a speech—practically his maiden speech. He said, as a beginning, more blandly at his ease than he would have believed possible, secure of sympathy and approbation, that all the while he had been at the home he had never before felt the power to express his gratitude for the welcome that had been accorded him — the welcome that seemed to wear and wear as if it were all wool and a yard wide and could never wear out. The old ladies nodded their heads in approval at this, their faces beaming; but as the speech went on they perceived that he had singled out Blossy for special mention—Blossy, who had made it possible for him to enter the home; Blossy, who had given up her sunny south chamber to him and his wife; Blossy, who had been as a guardian angel to him (he said the words boldly, "guardeen angel"); Blossy, who, as a fitting climax to all her sisterly attentions, had given him to-day this wonderful, wonderful pink tea and this five pounds of "Virginny terbaccer." He hugged the tobacco close to his bosom, and went on, still praising Blossy, this innocent old gentleman, while Blossy buried her face in the rose flush of a marshmallow, and the other old ladies stared from him to her, with their faces growing hard and cold.

When Abraham sat down, aflush with pride in his triumph over the English language, his chest expanded, his countenance wrinkled into a thousand generous, guileless, happy smiles, there was absolute silence. Then Blossy, her head still held down as if in shy confusion, began to clap her hands daintily together, whereat a few of the others joined her half-heartedly.

A sense of chill crept over Abraham. Accustomed to unconcealed approbation did he but say "Good morning!" the old man dimly perceived that something had gone amiss. As always when aught perplexed him, he turned his eyes to Angeline in search of an explanation, but there was Angy, her face averted, rising from the table. Up from the table she arose, and tramped with quick, decided little steps to the door, her proud head held so high that it tilted backward. Abraham cleared his throat, more puzzled than before, next turning his inquiring eyes as a matter of course to her whom he had called his guardian angel. But she was rising, too, a baffling, expectant smile on her face, the marshmallow blossom swinging in her dainty hand, as if to the measure of some music which she alone could hear. Blossy had worn that expectant look on her face all day. She might have been delightedly hugging to her bosom a secret which not even Abraham shared. She was gowned in her yellow lace, and such was the natural sparkle of her eyes and the rose tinge of her cheeks that even Abraham knew that she had found no need to resort to artificial means of making herself beautiful to-day.

He wished to get up and follow his two best friends, but some unseen force seemed to keep him bound in his chair at the tea-table. Not another lady moved. They all sat there in a silence which was fast growing appalling. Only the young matron was absent, for she had wisely left her charges alone to-day. Still perplexed by the foreign feel of the air, Abraham turned first to one old face and then to another. Some of the old ladies were looking at him, their dim eyes aflash. Some were gazing down at their plates, as if in shame. He turned his perplexed head and looked behind his chair for an explanation. But there was nothing save the familiar picture on the wall of two white kittens playing with a bunch of purple lilacs.

Then there broke upon the stillness the quavering old voice of Nancy Smith,

from where that matriarch sat at the head of the board. The aged dame had her two hands clasped before her on the edge of the table, vainly trying to steady their palsied shaking; her eyes, bright, piercing, age-defying, she fixed upon Abraham with a look of incomprehensible reproach; her unsteady head bobbed backward and forward with many an accusing nod.

"Cap'n Rose," she began. Brother Abraham Rose pricked up his ears at the formal address. "Cap'n Rose," she repeated, deliberately dwelling upon the title, "I want ter ask yer jest one question: Whar, whar on 'arth kin we look fer decent, respectable behavior ef not in the Old Ladies' Home? Would you," she went on, earnestly, lifting her forefinger and pointing it at the man—"would you—?"

Abraham caught his breath. With a look of horrified bewilderment, he burst forth hoarsely:

"Wait a minute, Miss Nancy. Wait a minute. Would it be tew much fer me ter ask jest what yer meanin' might be?"

The ladies looked at one another, contemptuous, incredulous smiles on their lips, while Nancy's voice only took on a tone of deeper regret and sorrow.

"Cap'n Rose, I be the oldest lady in this here house. I been here the longest; an' all the time I been here I never heerd tell o' no breath o' scandal bein' breathed agin' the place until yew come."

Audible gasps of affirmation came from all the old ladies at this. Abraham could only pass his hand over his confused head and wait, yet knowing very well that none believed that he was all at sea. He heard the quavering old voice of the aged one resume.

"Cap'n Rose," it was saying, "I watched yer ever sence yer come here. Bein' so much older than yew, I felt like a mother ter yew an' Angy. Many an' many's the time I thought I'd speak ter yer; an' now I see the time has come. Cap'n Rose"—in the intensity of her earnestness the spinster arose trembling from her seat and stood resting her hands on the table—"Cap'n Rose, yer conduct with this here Blossy has been something *ree*dic'lous. It's been disgraceful."

Miss Smith sat down. Light had dawned on Abraham's face; but, shame to tell, it was a light but half remorseful. Then silent laughter lit up his countenance, and then—could it be?—there crept about the lips and eyes of the old man a smile of superbly masculine conceit. Now, plump, short-sighted Miss Abigail found her power of speech, she who could not endure seeing any one stand defenceless. Her words hurried over to Abraham's assistance.

"Of course, Brother Abe," she said, kindly, "we all know it must 'a' been a great temptation. Blossy is *so* susceptible. But then," added Abigail, with a dubious note, "you might of spared her."

The old gentleman pushed his chair back from the table and crossed his legs comfortably. For him all the chill had gone out of the air. He reflected that he had not felt so absurdly master of the situation since the day he bought his wedding beaver. Nevertheless, he attempted a display of contrition as he repeated:

"Susceptible! Susceptible! Waal, waal!" He had not a suspicion of the meaning of the word, and Miss Abigail, once a school-teacher, saw that she must elucidate.

"You know, she is the kind of a woman liable to fall in love with almost anything with hair on its face."

Abe could not refrain from a chuckle as he stroked his Lincoln-like beard complacently. "Waal, I can't help that, kin I?" he demanded.

His very evident hardness of heart so horrified the old ladies that they all began to attack him at once.

Said one, "'Ye were a stranger, and we took ye in.'"

Another added, with acidity, "An' a lot o' thanks we got fer it, tew; you been an' made at least tew o' us miserable."

The old man's mobile face clouded over. "Tew?" he faltered. "Yew mean Blossy an'—an'—" Silence again fell on the group, while every eye was fastened on Abraham. "See here!" He flashed his faded blue eyes. "See here! Yew ain't a-talkin' about my wife?"

"Your wife!" they all cried at once, accusingly.

Abraham was honestly concerned and distressed now. Rising from his place, he besought them pleadingly, "Angy hain't hurt in her feelin's, be she?"

The faces softened, the figures relaxed, the tide of feeling changed in Abraham's favor. Some one spoke up very softly, "You know that 'even the Lord thy God is a jealous God.'"

Abraham grasped the back of his chair for support, his figure growing limp with astonishment. "Mother jealous of me?" he whispered to himself, the memory of all the years and all the great happenings of all the years coming back to him. "Mother jealous of me?" He remembered how he had once been tormented by jealousy in the long, the ever so long, ago; and of a sudden he hastened toward the door. "That's another question," he muttered, as he went, half running, out into the hall. There he noticed a strange man standing as if waiting for some one, but he did not give the stranger a second glance. Up the stairs Abe trudged, all forgetful of the halt of rheumatism, and went directly to his bedroom door. He turned the handle. The door did not open. It was locked.

"Angy!" he called, a fear of he knew not what gripping at his heart. "Angy!" he repeated, as she did not answer. For a while he waited, hearing the tramp of feet passing out of the dining-room into the hall. He thought he heard Blossy tripping down-stairs. He knew that, gathered in the hall below, they might all hear what he should say. Nevertheless, he called again, his voice raised in piteous pleading, "Angy!"

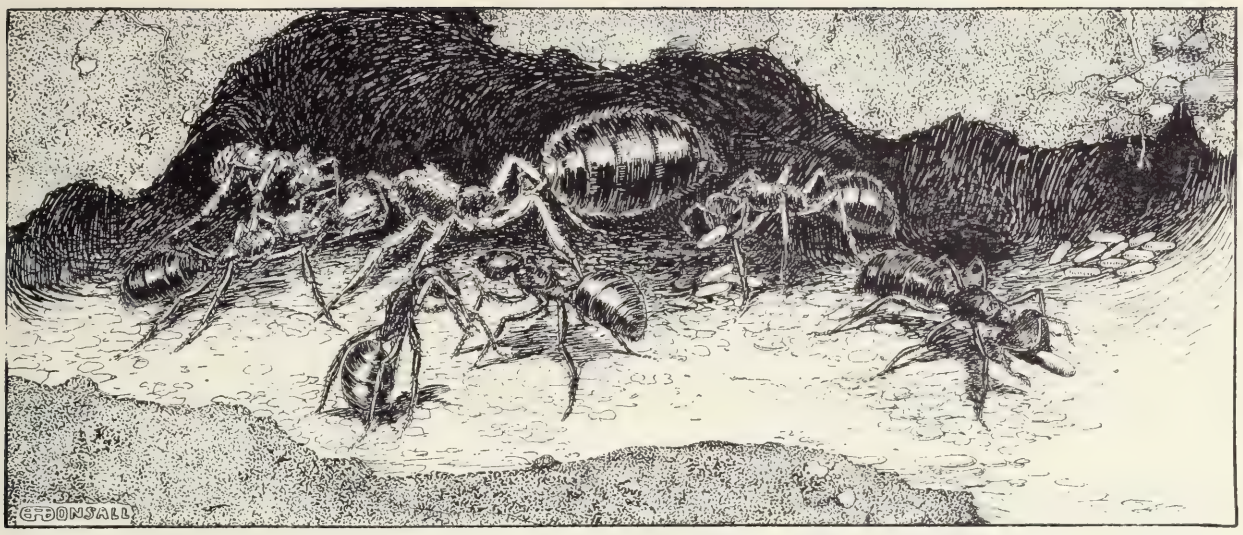
At last she opened the door and came out into the hall. He saw that she had been crying, and saw how it hurt her pride to know that he perceived the evidences of her tears. Her head was held high in that proud gesture he knew so well. She did not look at him. She had left the room door open, as if to assume that he had merely wished to go inside. In a husky voice she said, "I'm a-goin' out fer a leetle walk," and would have passed him, but he caught her by the arm and looked down into her face.

"Poor leetle mother!" he muttered, a world of remorseful pity in his voice. "Poor leetle mother! Yew been jealous o' yer old man?" She tried to wrench herself free, unable to speak, but he slipped his arm around her, and, bending, brushed his lips against her cheek. "Thar! thar!" he muttered, soothingly. "Thar! thar! I didn't mean nothin'; I can't help it ef all the gals git stuck on me."

She struggled silently, whereupon he released her, a curiously amused and pleased smile of irrepressible conceit crossing his face as he hastened after her down the stairs. Both realized that all the household was gathered in the lower hall, but Angy felt that she must get away from Abe, and Abe felt that he must follow and appease Angy. When they reached the foot of the stairs they saw the strange man among the ladies—a man very stout, very bald, with a painfully red face, and such hair as he had of snowy white. Blossy, now with a dainty toque perched upon her head and her broché shawl around her shoulders, was talking to him gayly; and as the Roses joined the group she seized him by the hand and led him forward to meet them. Her face was radiant. You could see the secret about to pop out at lips and eyes.

"Oh, Sister Angy and Brother Abe," she cried, "we were waiting for you. I've got some news for all my friends." Turning gracefully, she included the others in her glance. "The pink tea, I want you all to know, had a double significance. First, of course, it was to celebrate Brother Abe's birthday; but next it was my farewell to the home." Here Blossy gurgled, and gave the man at her right such a coy glance that he turned from red to purple with embarrassment. "I left the tea a little early—you must forgive me, Brother Abe, but I had heard the carriage drive up to the door." Abe stood beside Angeline, rooted in astonishment, while Blossy continued to address him directly. "The picture of your happiness, dear man, with Angy there, was more than I could endure. My friends," again she included the entire home in her glance, "this is Captain Bill Brown. We're coming back to say good-by; but now we're on the way to the minister's."

The pair moved toward the door, Blossy's hand clasped fast in Captain Bill's, her dainty lace skirts sweeping the floor. On the threshold of the home she turned and waved to them, while the Captain bowed in grave silence. Then quickly the two passed out upon the porch.



THE FOUNDATION OF THE COMMONWEALTH

Ant Communes

THE PROBLEM OF COMMUNAL DEPENDENTS

BY HENRY C. McCOOK, D.D., Sc.D., LL.D.

IT would perhaps be pushing metaphors to an unwarranted extreme to speak of "dignity of labor" in connection with the occupations of ants. But if by the phrase we mean that labor is the honorable lot of all citizens, and that all labors of whatever sort are upon the same level of respectability, then we might venture to apply the saying even to the labors of an ant-hill. For therein all are workers, from the newly fledged callow to the veteran of a second summer.

Therein is no taboo upon "hand toil." All forms thereof are equally creditable. We are reminded of the simpler state of society in the pioneer days of the United States and Canada and the British colonies. Indeed, it is the natural social order of human communities, until great possessions, earned and inherited, or usurped, create a favored class. Surely this is an ideal republic—no idlers, no tramps, no citizen-parasites, no misers, no spendthrifts, no paupers!

This inviolable law of the emmet republic needs to be restated when we come now to consider what seems to be an exception thereto. We have seen that the population of ant communities is largely composed of the larvæ and pupæ, the helpless younglings from whom the future citizens must come, and whose nurture is the chief aim of the active commonwealth.

These immature dependents are very numerous, so much so that one would think that they alone might tax the resources of any society. Nor is it simply a problem of crude labor, quantitative energies herein involved. As an outside intelligence views the situation, there is a large field for the exercise of qualitative energies also in the rearing of these youngling ants.

We have already seen how the detail of so-called "courtiers," in a circle of ceaseless vigilance around the fecund queen, manages to secure the eggs and transfer them to the charge of the nursing detail. It is manifest that the process by which these minute specks of vitality that carry within them the future of the community are tended—cleaned, fed, shielded from changes of weather and all hostile influences—must involve a good deal of delicate and discriminating care.

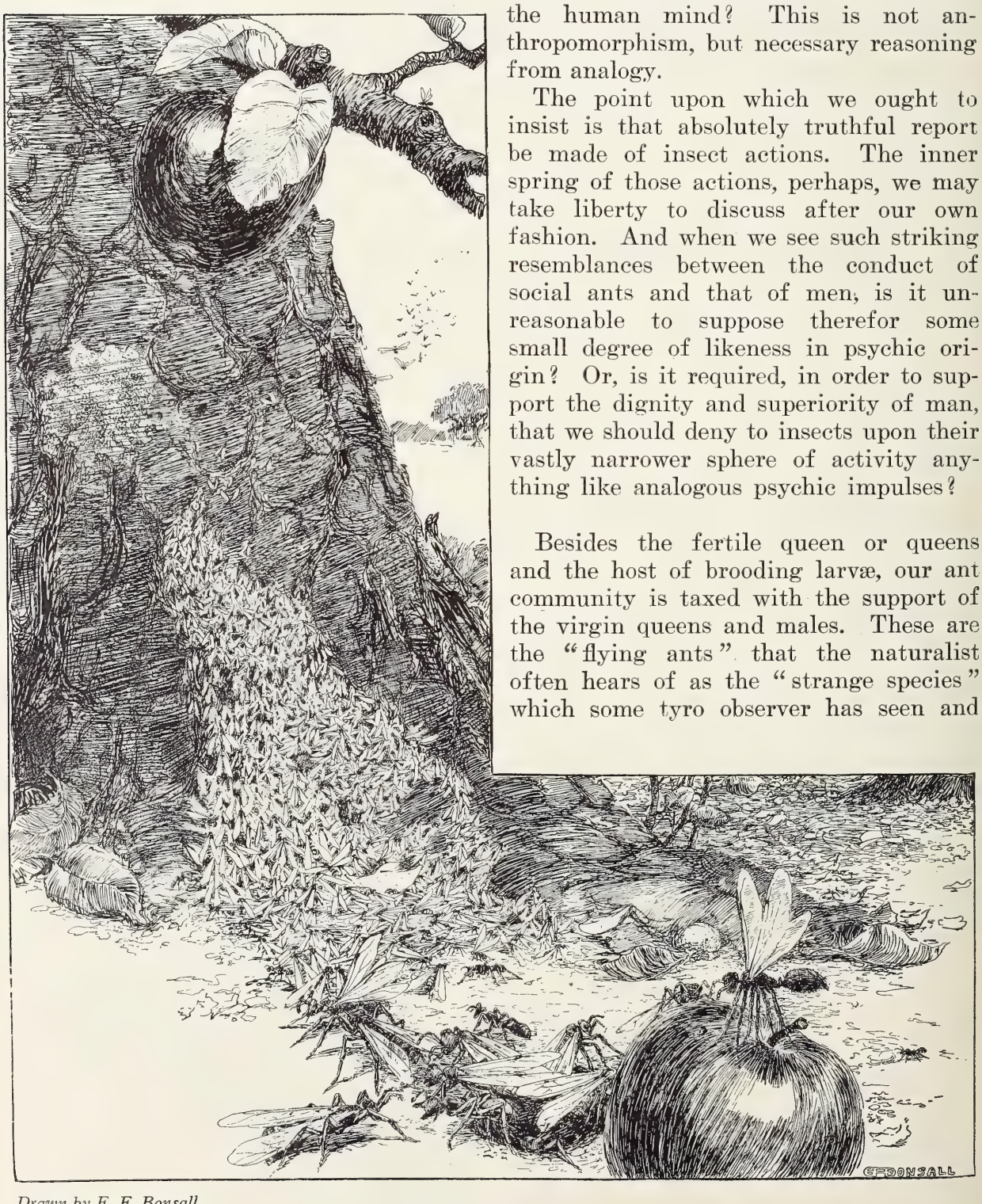
The eggs soon become larvæ — small, soft, and extremely fragile objects which need dainty handling to nurse into vigorous life. They grow rapidly; and one must suppose that the portioning of food to the changing grades of age and strength requires such qualities as we are wont to ascribe to a considerate mind.

Again, as the larvæ pass into the pupa stage they demand a different character of treatment, which must call into play faculties, or at least activities, that with men would imply reflection and wise selection and decision.

This, of course, is reasoning that can be dismissed cavalierly with the cry of "Anthropomorphism!" But, in our ignorance of insect psychics, and our inability to grasp and analyze sympathetically that psychic force which we call instinct, what remains for us but to judge discreetly and proportionately the mental processes of our little brothers of the ant city by the rules which order our decisions upon the operation of the human mind? This is not anthropomorphism, but necessary reasoning from analogy.

The point upon which we ought to insist is that absolutely truthful report be made of insect actions. The inner spring of those actions, perhaps, we may take liberty to discuss after our own fashion. And when we see such striking resemblances between the conduct of social ants and that of men, is it unreasonable to suppose therefor some small degree of likeness in psychic origin? Or, is it required, in order to support the dignity and superiority of man, that we should deny to insects upon their vastly narrower sphere of activity anything like analogous psychic impulses?

Besides the fertile queen or queens and the host of brooding larvæ, our ant community is taxed with the support of the virgin queens and males. These are the "flying ants" that the naturalist often hears of as the "strange species" which some tyro observer has seen and



Drawn by E. F. Bonsall

THE SWARM

reports as a rare phenomenon. And such it is, even to the experienced entomologist, though not in the sense of an unusual occurrence.

For ants are not apterous insects, unless we take the worker as the original type of the order. The parents of nearly all known species have, and from a remote period have had, wings. These have been lost to the maternal stocks through the exigencies of an underground or interarboreal habitat; and the winged forms have been preserved in females and males to favor that flight and commerce in the air by which species have been preserved and distributed. The swarming of winged ants on a soft September day is a sight not easily forgotten by a new observer, and which is not apt to lose its interest to the adept. As often as the writer has seen it, he still feels the thrill of excitement that pervades the commune as he sees the hosts of winged creatures pour out of the formicary gates.

Here, beneath a young apple-tree, is a nest whose existence had not been suspected until, in passing it, the free soil around the trunk was seen to be alive with a seething mass of yellow ants—males, females, and workers intermingled. They ascend the tree, whose surface is fairly covered with them. The gauzy wings of the sexed forms glisten in the sunlight as they march along. The workers hurry back and forth among the hordes upon the ground. Some join the column upon the tree trunk. They seem to encourage their winged protégés to take flight, even nipping them at times with their jaws to hasten departure. They are in a fever of excitement.

And well they may be. For this is the grand event to which a good half of the summer's work has steadily led. Thenceforth the commune shall be free from the immense burden of supporting this army of non-workers. How many of them there are! Numbers are continually taking flight, away into the brilliant sunshine, until they are lost to sight. But others still are streaming out of the city gates to join their winged comrades on the tree.

Like scenes are enacted at two other points—the farther twelve feet distant, under a young pear-tree; the nearer in the shaven orchard sod, midway between the two. These three centres of agitation seem to be parts of a common movement of one great community, whose subterranean quarters intercommunicate across the intervening space. Ere nightfall the crowds of winged forms have disappeared and the city gates are solitary. And this throng of creatures, many hundreds of them, had been wholly dependent for food and care upon the workers of the colony during the entire summer!

Again, on a warm day late in June or early in July, one may see the air, at a short distance above the ground, and for many square yards around, filled so thickly with flying insects that they seem like a thin cloud of quivering mist. They are the sexed forms of a small species of Lasius, whose inconspicuous nests are spread numerously over the lawn and field.

Many of these make their exit and marriage-flight at the same time. They rise and fall, and weave in and out through the quivering air in their mating evolution, sporting in the sunlight. They fill one with wonder that such a feeble folk as rule the weak communities whence they issue could bear the burden of nurturing into maturity such swarms of dependents.

But considerable as are these outputs of non-workers, they do not strike the imagination so forcibly as some of the well-authenticated accounts of immense marriage-flights of ants that have been published.* It seems incredible that the whole surface of a lake—of two lakes, in fact—should be covered so thickly with these winged creatures that they could be pushed up by passing boats into windrows several inches high and extending from shore to shore on all sides. Yet such was the observation of the late Mr. William C. Prime, of New York City, published by the author's request in the *Journal of Commerce*. The scene of the incident was Lake Lonesome and another lake in the White Mountains of New Hampshire.

* See for details Chapter II. of the author's *Nature's Craftsmen: Field Days with Insects and Araneads*. Harper and Brothers, New York.

It is interesting to note that this is not a novel occurrence. Such disasters have marked the history of flying ants from the earliest ages. Professor William M. Wheeler, of New York, spent the summer of 1906 in the Florissant fields of Colorado, noted for their rich yields of fossil insects and spiders. This ancient Florissant lake-basin lies among a series of low-wooded hills and ravines. At the period of the Oligocene division of the Tertiary geological era, this elevated lake must have been a beautiful sheet of fresh water. It was hemmed in on all sides by granitic hills, whose wooded slopes came to the water's edge—in this phase not unlike Lake Lonesome, among the White Mountains. Professor Wheeler informs the author that his collections show the fossil ants to be more abundant than any other insects. But only males and females are represented, indicating that these had been submerged in the lake during marriage-flight, precisely like those reported by Mr. Prime. Thus the vast interval between the present and the Tertiary eras is bridged by a continuity of habit which joins in substantial unity of social behavior the ants of to-day with those of far geological antiquity. In harmony with this is Professor Wheeler's statement that the eight hundred specimens secured all belong to extinct and undescribed species, and all are wonderfully like existing forms.

In every such case the innumerable hosts of insects thus massed within a comparatively limited field must have come from a great number of nests dispersed throughout that general locality. We may conclude that the cycle of maturity was completed simultaneously in all these communities, and that similar favorable conditions united to induce contemporaneous flight. The intermingling of the various individual swarms as they were borne along by the wind sufficiently accounts for the extraordinary massing of winged creatures which were swept over and into those White Mountain lakes. This will not wholly explain the phenomena; for the virgin queens and their male partners, in full maturity, have often been seen to be inhabitants of the commune for a considerable period before marriage-flight. Evidently they are prepared for the exit long before it comes, and await therefor some signal from nature, some potent impulse or condition.

Setting aside, then, the completed cycle of maturity as the sole cause of this remarkable assembly, it is interesting and not improbable to suppose that a wave of sympathetic excitement, issuing from a few nests, may have infected all the surrounding section, until by a common impulse the entire emmet population of the mountainside was astir with the fever of flight. We know how in human societies neighboring families, towns, and cities are apt to be seized almost simul-



THE GRUB NURSERY



Drawn by E. F. Bonsall

AT PLAY ON THE PLAZA

taneously with a political or patriotic or religious fervor or revival, that spreads with a swiftness and completeness that are so remarkable as to appear to many quite beyond known causes. With equal celerity and universality, and equal mystery of psychological cause, will panics spread among armies and communities of our race. Psychic contagions are not confined to men. The animal world, in some of its races, at least, is subject thereto; and to these, in some measure, we may attribute the impulse that seizes at once the myriads of winged ants and sets them forth together. This impulse must be felt by the workers also, the rulers of the communes, if indeed it does not originate with them; for their dependents are not always willing exiles from the favored precincts of the home nest. I have seen them turning back at first with manifest reluctance, and seeking to enter the city gates against the ungentle persuasion of the workers' sharp mandibles. It requires such discipline, and the allied mighty force of a natural instinct, to banish them from their sheltered life of ease in their happy native homes.

It is appalling to think that upon the industrious workers devolves the task of providing food, home quarters, and protection for the many millions of robust creatures that were overwhelmed in the waters of Lonesome Lake, together with the multitudes that must have escaped. And all this in addition to the nurture and care of an equal or even greater number of immature citizens in the form of eggs, larvæ, and pupæ. That this is done, and done effectively, is a marvel of industry and devotion probably unsurpassed in the records of animal life.

Why is this service undertaken? What

is the impelling force to such labors and sacrifice? The answer is not far to find. It is the inborn and ingrained instinct *to preserve the species and the commune.* For that ants live, and for that they die. Their life is ideally altruistic. Nature has so deeply fixed upon their organism the love of their own community and their own kind that there seems to be no room for mere selfish pleasure of any sort. The necessity to maintain by their labors the host of males and virgin queens raises no opposition and apparently excites no ill will. It is a communal necessity. It is exacted by nature. That is enough—for an ant citizen!

I have never noticed the faintest ripple of anger or rude treatment towards these adult dependents by the working castes, suggestive of envy or of impatience under their heavy burdens reacting in violence. Their attitude is invariably helpful when help is needed, and tolerant and good-tempered at all times. Not until the crisis moment of the commune has come, when the great exodus of the sexes is to begin, is there any show of wish to be rid of their charges. And that is controlled by the same imperative spirit of altruism towards the future of the race, and has in it no trace of personal cruelty or hate.

Doubtless, in their brief and strenuous life the pleasures of appetite have some place, although indulged with exemplary moderation. Theirs, too, must be the satisfaction of all normal healthy organisms in natural work and in the achievement of daily rounds of duty. What may be the depth or quality of such feelings in ants we may not know; but surely kindly nature has not denied some just measure thereof to these faithful and laborious creatures! But, as far as the observer can note, these are small factors in determining emmet behavior. And, withal, work is *work,* in an ant city as elsewhere. Its burdens are often severe, its risks are great, and the number of workers daily maimed and slain in the course of duty is a heavy drain upon the vital resources of all such communities.

Yet how diligently their task is wrought, how cheerfully, how patiently, how bravely, how well! Silent citizens of the ant city! with all his godlike endowments, man may well consider your ways herein as worthy models for his own relations to the commonwealth and the common weal! It may be true that all this admirable conduct is wrought without moral consciousness and free will, such as mark "articulate speaking men," undesignedly, instinctively — automatically, shall we say? But there it is! And it is there by that Over-Thought and Over-Force who appoints destiny and basal character for cities of ants as well as for cities of men. And by this bond and fellowship we may find a common ground for admiration and for imitation.

We have seen that the first eggs laid by the ant queen are embryo workers. This follows necessarily from the fact that new communities arise from single fertile females. The existence and growth of the society require that its first members should be helpers and not dependents. Only when the pioneer colony is strong enough in workers to add to the needful conditions of ordinary life and growth the burden of supporting the males and females do these appear.

The author has not noted in newly dropped eggs any marks indicative of differences between sex-eggs and caste-eggs; nor does he know of observations by other connoisseurs to that effect. If such exist they are of a subtle character and escape ordinary observation. But as the eggs develop into larvæ and begin to grow, they are easily separated into groups by their size according to the nature of castes in any specific nest. So, also, when the larvæ have spun themselves into their cocoons, the workers and the females issue from the large cocoons, and both appear with their own distinctive characters. There is no seclusion of workers for special feeding and care in order to produce queens, as with bees. The larvæ lie in common heaps, and share, as far as can be noted, precisely the same amount of feeding and attention. The worker castes, as well as the males and females, show at once after emergence from the pupal stage their distinctive characteristics, not only in size, but in such a striking

peculiarity as the unusual development of the head of the soldier caste in genera like Pheidole and Atta.

When the imago life is achieved, the radical difference between the sexes and the worker forms soon appears. The workers excel in complex instincts, and as they turn to their various duties, heretofore described, as nurses, builders, miners, foragers, sentinels, warriors, sanitarians, etc., they display a plasticity of temperament that suggests the possession of mental powers of decided, though limited, qualities. These are much less marked in the virgin queens, where, indeed, they scarcely appear. But after fecundation, dealation, and entrance upon nest-founding, there is a rapid development of latent qualities into action which their important rôle requires.

On the other hand, the males are phenomenally stupid. They are unable to distinguish friends from foes, or to find their way back home when they wander from their nests. The points in which they are richly endowed are the eyes and antennæ, the two sense organs which are connected with the brain, and give that keenness of sight and smell required for their especial function in life—to possess themselves of the female during their nuptial flight.

With these ethnological facts closely corresponds the structure of the brain in the three forms that constitute an ant community. This has been admirably shown by Dr. Forel* in his figures of the brains of the worker, queen, and male of *Lasius fuliginosus*. The brain is relatively large in the worker, the cortical portion extremely rich in cellular elements. It is much smaller in the female, and is almost vestigial in the male, although in the latter the optic and olfactory lobes are large.

Life within the precincts of ant cities is largely hidden from the outside world. However, one may get fairly truthful glimpses thereof from studies of formicaries arranged in glass vessels. Many such, which were artificial only in their limited spheres and furnished food—for they were built up by the inmates wholly upon their own lines—have yielded the author numerous facts and hints from which he has pictured images of interior life that cannot be far from

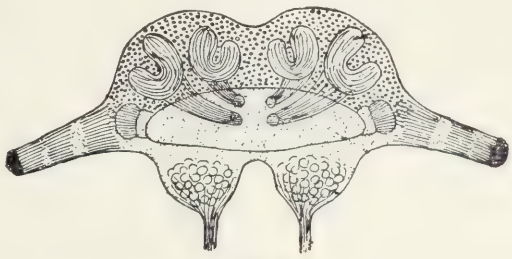


Fig. *W*



Fig. *F*.

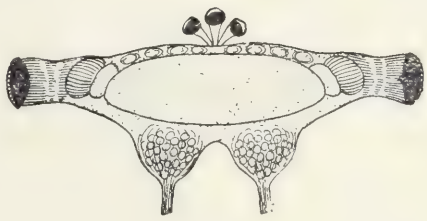


Fig *M*.

THE BRAINS OF ANTS—WORKER, QUEEN, MALE
After Forel

correct. Observation of actions on and around the nest exteriors, and analysis of the mounds themselves, have added to the accuracy of such inferences.

But much remains unknown, and we are left largely to conjecture in representing the life of the winged males and females that fill up the cavernous rooms and crowd the galleries of the Allegheny mound-makers and similar emmet architects. We can fancy the industrious workers passing from one to another among these throngs of winged dependents, feeding them from the liquid sweets stored within their crops during foraging trips. How eagerly are welcomed arrivals from the outer world of these

* *Ants and Some Other Insects.* By Dr. August Forel. Translated from the German by Professor William M. Wheeler. The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago.

voyagers! And how zealously the incomers hasten to their task! A bevy of boarding-school boys could not give heartier greeting in their living-quarters to the latest arrival from home, laden with spoils of storeroom and kitchen, than they receive. We see the crowding and the general stir as the food-bearers come round; the flutter of wings, the haste and hustling of greedy ones after undue portions, since even an ant-hill is not exempt from such traits. We note the agitation that follows in the trail of the ministering ants as they push their way from point to point, until their exhausted supply warns them to retire from the scene.



ARRIVAL OF THE FOOD-BEARERS

What other pleasures than those of appetite are open to these winged dependents? The pleasure of work is denied them by nature. The natural history of social insects gives no examples of more absolute idlers than they. Does time hang heavy as they plunge through the galleries, jostled by the miners and builders, who pay little heed to them as they run to and fro with their burdens? In the domed chambers wherein they congregate, and the swelling bays that relieve the strain of traffic upon the galleried gangways, they huddle and preen their coats, and sleep. What other activities engage their attention in this listless life, in the midst of their strenuous supporters, it were vain, perhaps, further to conjecture.

Such a subterranean career is, from our standpoint, passed in darkness. But we are not to conclude that the same or even an analogous condition exists for our emmet cave-dwellers. There may reach them vibratory remnants of light-rays, in measure and quality quite beyond human appreciation, but which suffice for ants. Moreover, those remarkable olfactory organs, the antennæ, are so extended and flexible, so sensitive and so capable of conveying a knowledge of environing conditions and relations, that they may easily supplement or even supply the seeming deficiency of light.

Be that as it may, the writer, after the most careful attention of which he is capable, has never been able to note in any species the slightest shock or shrinking when ants issue from their formicary gates into the sunlight, such as one would expect in beings organized after our human fashion. Of course, the passage through the vestibule of the gateway, where it exists, affords an opportunity (were such needed) to adapt the eye to such an extreme change. But in our mountain mound-builders, and other species of like habit, there is no measurable vestibule. Besides, the movements of the ants are so rapid that their plunge out of darkness into full light seems to be instantaneous. As all the varied labors of the workers are carried on within the subterranean passages

and rooms without the least embarrassment, those places cannot be so cheerless to the winged idlers as one might fancy. Perhaps the monotony of their inactive career, in such sharp contrast with that of their protectors, may be the chief factor in their discomfort, if any such there be.

Breaks in the monotony of this underground life come to the virgin queens and males in occasional visits to the outer air. These were especially observed during studies of the agricultural ants of Texas (*Pogonomyrmex barbatus*), in the neighborhood of Austin. Such excursions were frequent, and were evidently made simply to enjoy a bit of sport in the sunshine. Both sexes were seen bobbing in and out of the gates, peeping forth and quickly withdrawing, and again venturing one or two feet distant from the entrance upon the smooth disk that surrounds it. However, they rarely went far beyond the gate, and were quick to retire within at any sound or suspicion of danger.

One female reached a grass-stalk near the pavement's edge, and amused herself by swinging upon the blade. On the broad plaza of one city, half a dozen or more young queens were out at the same time. Their play took the form of running up a large pebble near the gate, facing the wind, rising to a rampant posture, and so down again. Several having ascended the stone at one time, there ensued a playful passage-at-arms for position. They nipped one another gently with their mandibles, and chased one another from favorite spots. Their whole demeanor was that of a party of romping youth playing "tag" or "hold the fort" upon a big rock.

While the young queens lightly nipped one another in their game, as dogs at play will do, it was noticed that they never took such liberty with the workers. The latter evidently kept close watch upon the sporting princesses. They occasionally saluted them with their antennæ in the usual way, or touched them at the abdomen, but did not interfere with the sport. Their attitude reminded one of that of an underteacher or usher charged with the duty of conducting or overseeing a bevy of seminary girls in their daily exercise in the open air.

In order to test the strictness of this watch, one of the group was thrown by a quick motion of the hand from the vicinage of the gate to the verge of the plaza. She was instantly surrounded by several workers, who began a determined effort to control her action, trying to compel her to return towards the gate, The queenling was confused or stubborn, and opposed her strength quite vigorously to the purpose of the guard. For some time the party floundered among the stumps of grass-stalks in the little clearing on the margin of the plaza, the bulky form of the one stubbornly set against the quiet persistence of the others. It was noticeable that the guards carefully abstained from anything like hurtful violence to their charge, and that she did not attempt to escape by flight. The issue of this trial of will-power was not determined, for the refractory queen was needed as a specimen.

It is perhaps worth noting that the worker castes were never seen at play. If records have been made by other observers of such light behavior on their part, the author has not noted them. The truth seems to be that their life is so strenuous from its first experiences of imagohood to the end of their career that there is no time for recreations of any sort. Work, work, ceaseless work on their endless round of duty, is their lot, varied only by scant periods for eating, for sleep, for personal cleansing, and occasional mutual "shampooing." The amusements of ant communities, such as they are, are limited to the dependent leisure classes. However, it must be remembered that all of the routine labor is not of the exacting sort, like mining and nursing. Moreover, as we have seen, the liberty to "knock off work" at will is one of the inalienable privileges of the caste workers—one that is freely used, but apparently never abused. No doubt, under such a rule, they get more satisfaction, one might even say more enjoyment, out of life than winged idlers whose career is shut in and restricted at so many points that they seem to be little more than privileged prisoners of state.

The Death of the Poet

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THE poet lay dying. He was not a good gray poet. Indeed, some of those who pass judgments upon complex lives, with the spontaneity of simple ignorance, would no doubt have called him the bad gray poet. Though he was hardly forty, there were already snow-drifts here and there among his thick locks.

For a long while he had known that he was soon to die. Dreams had told him, and he had seen it written on the faces that looked at him in the street. The foreknowledge did not in the least trouble him. Indeed, while he was far from being a lachrymose sentimentalist, and life had for him even more zest than when he was a boy, yet he had for some time been weary of the long battle, and the news was less the threat of death than the promise of rest.

And now the rest was coming. There was only one consideration that made him cling to life; or rather, suddenly rouse himself to wrest a short reprieve. It was the last sentiment his numerous detractors would have believed of him. Like all really great poets, he was much in debt. Debt, indeed, had hovered like a raven, or rather a cloud of ravens, croaking over the whole course of his life. In his secret heart, and even in occasional outspoken utterance, he held that the world owed him far more than he owed it; yet it should not be said of him that he died in debt! Therefore he had girded himself up to one last tremendous orgy of creation, so that his creditors should be paid to the uttermost farthing. His friends, who knew nothing of the summons that had come to him, for he looked like living for years, marvelled at the sudden outburst of his energy. Sometimes, in a mood of fantastic irony, he would say to them, "Do you know what keeps me alive?" And he would answer, "My creditors" —to their shouts of derisive laughter. Imagine Pagan Wasteneys giving a thought to his creditors!

But it was true for all that, as Wasteneys's familiar doctor could attest; for on one occasion Wasteneys, being taken with a sudden attack of the heart and apparently near death, had burst into tears—not at the thought of his wife, not at the thought of his two little girls, but at the thought of his creditors. After all, he was to die in debt! That thought alone obsessed him, leaving room for no other—tenderness. However, oxygen granted him still another reprieve, and once more he worked like a madman, till at last he had written enough.

Then, laying down his pen upon the desk for the last time, he said, "I am ready to die."

Thereon his valet undressed him, taking away the clothes he had worn for the last time, and the poet luxuriously stretched himself in the white bed, from which no duty would ever call him to rise again.

For a long while he lay back dreamily enjoying the thought—of his readiness to die. At last he had been able to wring from life the privilege to die.

The faces of his creditors came back to him with a positive beauty, haloed, so to speak, with this last shining achievement. Honest, true-hearted men, he felt that he should care a little to look in their faces once more and shake their hands. Indeed, he almost regretted that he had to die when he thought of their honest faces. What a beautiful world—when to the eyes of a dying poet his creditors even seem beautiful!

Presently he sent for his lawyer, who had helped him through many a difficult pass,—and when the lawyer had come, he stretched out his hands to him.

"Old friend," he cried, "congratulate me. At last the bankrupt has his discharge. The court allows me to die . . ."

"Rubbish!" answered the lawyer;

"none of your death's-head humor. But you really mean that you have finished your book? I do indeed congratulate you . . ."

"Yes! My last book. Unless I should be expected to write for my living in some other world, I have written my last word, dipped my pen in ink for the last time . . ."

The lawyer gently bantered him. "If only it were true," he said, "what good news for your readers! . . ."

"Laugh as much as you like . . . but you will see. A very few days will show."

"You fantastic fellow . . . what do you mean? You know there is nothing whatever the matter with you. You cannot die without some disease, or by some accident—unless you intend to be so commonplace as to commit suicide . . ."

"No! none of those," answered Wasteneys, with his odd smile; "I am going to die—out of sheer weariness; and, by the way, I want you to insist upon this epitaph being engraved upon my urn: 'Pagan Wasteneys. Born 1866; bored to death—1905.'"

"Of course I will promise no such thing," answered the lawyer.

"Well, then I must instruct some mortuary engraver myself. . . . But tell me,—you have brought with you the schedule of my debts? How much exactly do they amount to?"

The lawyer drew a bulky paper from his pocket.

"Here is the schedule," he said, and then glancing at the total of many pages of figures, he answered, "They are close on ten thousand pounds . . ."

"'Tis a good round sum," said the poet, "but in two years I have earned it, every penny, and more besides."

"It is marvellous," said the lawyer.

"It sounds like a dream," said the poet, "but it is true. Think what fun one might have with ten thousand pounds —if one were not going to die . . ."

"Or pay one's debts at last," laughed the lawyer.

"That reminds me that I have a fancy for the manner of paying them, in which I hope you will humor me. I wish to pay each creditor in person, and I wish to pay him in solid gold. I would, therefore, ask you to send out a notice inviting them here at noon to-day week; that is, Wednesday week—I shall not die till Friday."

Though he was quite serious, the poet could not help laughing at the final touch, and the lawyer joined in. "You humbug!" he exclaimed; but, for all that, the poet was able to convince him of his seriousness after a while.

"I would have them pass before me one by one, as I lie propped up on pillows on my death-bed, and I shall expect each one first to bend down and kiss my hand. Then a clerk will call out his name in a loud voice, and the amount of the debt, and another clerk shall weigh out to him the amount in gold . . . I intend it to be a kind of triumphal lying in state. But we can discuss the exact details later. I feel a little tired. The shadows are already weighing down my eyelids . . ." and the poet laughed again his sad sinister laugh; though, indeed, it was true enough, as the lawyer, looking at him, could not fail to note.

"Good night, old friend," said the poet; "come and see me again to-morrow;" and when the lawyer had gone he once more stretched himself out in the bed, luxuriously murmuring the lines he had murmured nightly for so many years:

> "If rest be sweet at close of day
> For tired hands and tired feet,
> How good at last to rest for aye—
> If rest be sweet."

The lying in state, as the poet grimly called it, was conducted exactly as he had conceived it. At first the lawyer had protested that to expect your honest English tradesman to bow the knee and kiss the hand of one of his debtors was out of the question.

"Take my word, friend," said the poet, "when a tradesman is going to be paid a debt he had given up for lost, he will not be particular as to the manner in which he receives it. Indeed, he will be so thankful for it that it will be a natural impulse to fall upon his knees . . . And if they demur," he added, laughing his half-boyish, half-wicked, and quite creepy laugh, "tell them that it is the fancy of a dying man."

When the noon of Wednesday came, the poet lay in his great bed awaiting his creditors. There had only been a

week since his talk with his lawyer, but even that good-natured sceptic had come to admit the truth of his client's prediction. No one could look on that weary form stretched so straight and slim under the clothes, or upon that worn ivory face, without reading the unmistakable signs.

"Do you believe it now?" said the poet to his lawyer. "It is only a jest—you must not take it too seriously. It is only death. Don't be unhappy, old friend. I wish I could make you know how good it feels—to be dying."

Then a little soft-voiced clock chimed twelve times.

"Now for the fun . . ." said the poet, looking up to his friend, with his eyes filled with laughter.

It had been his whim to have his room draped in purple, and over his bed hung a great wreath of laurel still in flower. At one side of the large room was a table also covered in purple, on which were arranged twelve great pyramids of gold pieces, and on two other tables close by were two large bags of orange-colored leather overflowing with silver.

As the clock chimed twelve, two footmen clad in a livery of dull-gold silk, with sprigs of laurel worked upon the collars of their coats, threw open the folding-doors of the spacious room, and a crowd of awed and almost sepulchral English tradesmen entered in a hushed and timorous fashion. They were dressed appropriately, as for a funeral, and a few of them wore crape round their hats. They trod softly, like butlers, and were evidently a good deal overawed and indeed frightened.

And in truth it was a scene calculated to astonish. For as they entered, there facing them in the middle of the room lay Wasteneys, with his eyes closed and his hands crossed, and the great laurel wreath over his head; and to his right, at one side of the room, stood the table heaped with gold, which glittered still more brightly beneath the beams of twelve immense candlesticks. If anything could gleam brighter, it was the eyes of the creditors, whose expression was a mixture of gaping astonishment at the piled-up gold and hushed wonder at the white distinguished figure in the bed.

When they were seated on the gilded Empire chairs provided for them, a secretary clad in black rose from a seat by the dying man's side and read a brief salutation, in which Pagan Wasteneys, a poet of the realm of England, desired upon his death-bed to thank in person those honorable mercers and general purveyors who had for so many years shown him so great a consideration in respect of certain moneys which he owed them in exchange for certain necessities of existence—among which necessities luxuries, of course, being included. Mr. Wasteneys desired to add that his delay to satisfy these obligations had come of no wilful neglect on his part, but had been occasioned by the many sorrows—not to speak of the many expenses—incident to the profession of a poet. He had invited them to meet him for the last time in this way that he might personally express his gratitude to them—at the same moment that he satisfied his indebtedness, with compound interest at five per cent.

As the secretary concluded with this eloquent peroration, Wasteneys opened his eyes for the first time, and raised his head from the pillow, with a weary attempt at a bow, and motioned with his hand towards the company—his hand thereafter lying white and fragile on the side of the bed. For a moment a smile flickered over his lips, but only his lawyer observed it, and, next moment, he was gravely prepared for the conclusion of the ceremony.

Presently a clerk dressed in a prim costume of the finest broadcloth rose and called out the name of Peter Allardyce, vintner—the names of the creditors being called out in alphabetical order,—at the same time naming the sum of £763.19.7 as due to him, inclusive of interest at five per cent. At the summons, a shy, ruddy man of country build rose from his chair, and being led by one of the footmen to the dying man's side, bent down and kissed the frail hand on the coverlet. Wasteneys acknowledged the courtesy with a tired smile, and Mr. Allardyce was then conducted by the footman to the table piled with gold, where another clerk, also dressed in broadcloth, like his fellow, weighed out to him the amount of his debt, pouring the bright gold into a great bag of purple leather.



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hutchcock

THE AWED TRADESMEN LISTENED TO THE POET'S SALUTATION

"William Dimmock," once more cried out the first clerk, "livery-stable keeper, for carriage-hire, the sum of £378.10.3, inclusive of interest at five per cent."

A lean, horsy little man thereon rose from his chair and went through the same ceremony as his predecessor, retiring also with a great bag of purple leather bursting with gold pieces.

And so the odd ceremony proceeded. It would be tedious to follow it through its details; though one may observe that of all the creditors that followed, the heaviest were Peter Markham, florist, and Jasper Dyce, jeweller, for flowers and gems lavished by the dying man on forgotten women.

When it was all over, and Wasteneys was left alone with his lawyer and his physician, he buried his face in the pillows, and laughed as if his heart would break—laughed indeed so violently that his physician had to warn him that such mirth was dangerous in his present state—unless, indeed, he wished to die of laughter.

"No, indeed," said Wasteneys; "I have other farewells to make. But, oh, wasn't it delicious! And think of it—like the village blacksmith, I owe not any man! What honest, kind fellows they were! I am so glad to have seen them before I die."

"You must see no one else to-day," said his physician, presently, "if you wish to make those other farewells."

"I have still to-morrow and most of Friday. I shall go out, like Falstaff, 'even at the turning of the tide,'" he said, laughing softly at himself, as he had done all his life, and repeating to himself the phrase that had romantically touched his fancy—"even at the turning of the tide! . . . even at the turning of the tide!"

"What am I dying of, doctor?" he said, presently.

"I can see no reason why you should be dying at all," answered the physician, "unless it is pure whim."

"Perhaps it is partly that," said the poet, "but I think it is chiefly because—I have lived. To live longer would be mere repetition. I have just enjoyed the last new experience life had to give me—and I almost think it was the most wonderful of all. It was the last touch of romance needed to complete a romantic life—to have paid my debts! You are right. That was indeed enough excitement for one day. I will sleep now—the happiest man in the world."

He had hardly finished speaking before he had fallen into one of those sudden deep sleeps that come and go fitfully with the dying. He lay on his back, his hands crossed, and a smile of infinite serenity and thankfulness on his face. Over his head hung the great laurel wreath, still in flower . . .

Still in flower!

"It is strange that he should choose so deliberately to die—for he has still a great future in store for him," said the physician to himself as he went out, giving on his way certain instructions to the nurse-in-waiting.

The physician, like the majority of human beings, confounded the length of a man's life with the success of it—as was, perhaps, peculiarly natural in a man whose business was the lengthening of human existence. To die before sixty was to him a form of failure, and he himself, already sixty-three, was still, with childish eagerness, pursuing certain prizes, professional and social, at which Wasteneys would indeed have smiled. He dreamed, for instance, of a knighthood. Now one of Wasteneys's great fears had been that he should not be in a position to die before he was knighted. That had in some degree accounted for the fury of his production during the last two years. He would not indeed have disdained to have been made a lord, but that necessitated living so much longer, and writing so many more words—and really it was not worth it. He regarded his life as completed—at least to his own satisfaction. To take it up again would be to begin an entirely new career. Already, as rich men are said to go through two or three fortunes, Wasteneys had run through three careers. Three seemed enough. He had won all the prizes he cared for. The rest could only be humorous. So, "Good-by, proud world; I'm going home!"

Next morning, when his toilet had been made for him by the beautiful nurse-in-waiting and his faithful man servant, Wasteneys received his physician and his lawyer; and then, as the little clock chimed the hour of noon, he said,

"It is time for me to begin my farewells."

He made it evident that he wished to be alone, except for his old friend the lawyer. So, when the two were left together in the room, he turned to the lawyer and said,

"Dear friend, bring me the Beautiful Face . . ." adding, "the key is here under my pillow."

Taking the key, the lawyer unlocked an old cabinet in a shadowy corner of the room, and presently returned to the bedside, carrying in his hands a small urn of exquisite workmanship. Placing it on a low table near to the poet's hand, the lawyer, who had been the confidant of the poet's tragedy, made a sign of understanding, and left the room.

On the wall facing the end of the poet's bed had hung for seven years the picture of a marvellously beautiful girl. She was so exceptional in her beauty that to attempt description of her would be futile. Suffice it that her face—framed in night-black hair, and tragically lit by enormous black eyes—was chiefly remarkable for the nobility of its expression and for its sense of elemental power. It was a face full of silence—a dark flower of a face, so to say, rooted deep down in the mysterious strengths of nature. If one may use such an expression of a thing so delicate, she seemed like a rock of beauty, against which a whole world of men might dash their tribute hearts in vain. Other faces might seem more attractive, more formally beautiful, but to few faces had it been given to concentrate the cold imperialism of beauty as it was concentrated in this exquisite face.

This face was the real meaning of the poet's life. The rest was mere badinage, screening a sad heart. This face was the real meaning of the poet's gladness at his approaching death. This life held no more expectations for him—but the next? Who knows?—perhaps to-morrow night he would be with her in Paradise.

Looking long at the picture of the Beautiful Face, he turned—to the Beautiful Face itself; for it had now been silver dust for four years. Drawing the urn to him, he read once more the name upon the little gold plate let into the bronze:

Meriel Wasteneys: Died March 16, 1900.

And underneath the name he read some lines inscribed upon the gold:

O Beauty, art thou also dust?
These silver ashes—can it be
That you, thus silting through my hand,
Once made a madman out of me!

"And a madman still," he added, laughing sadly to himself.

Then raising the lid of the urn, he looked in. The white ash filled but half the little urn. Gently thrusting in his hand, he let the ashes sift through his long fingers over and over again, and as he did so he gazed at the Beautiful Face upon the wall . . .

After a while he replaced the lid upon the urn, and lay back with closed eyes—thinking of it all.

Presently the lawyer returned softly into the room, and fancying him asleep, was about to leave again, but Wasteneys had heard him.

"Is that you?" he said. "Come to me. I have said good-by. You know where my ashes are to lie."

The lawyer assented, locking the urn once more in the cabinet, and bringing the key back again to Wasteneys. The little urn, as I have said, was as yet only half filled.

The two friends sat silent together for a long time, saying nothing, for there was nothing to say. Both knew all.

After a while the poet turned to his friend. "Will you ask Isabel, my wife, to come to me?" he said. And presently there entered the room a woman so fragilely beautiful that she seemed to be made of moonbeams. She was indeed, compared to the Beautiful Face on the wall, as the moon to the sun. That, alas! had been her place in the poet's life. She had been the moon to the Beautiful Face. And yet, in his strange way, the poet had always loved her, deep down—

"Very deep down!" she used to say sometimes, with a sad smile.

As she came and sat beside him, he took her face tenderly in his hands, and looked and looked into her fairy blue eyes without a word. A curiously lined face it was for so young a woman—all beautiful silver lines filled with delicate refinements of thought and feeling. "Suffering," said the ignorant world, attributing these



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

HE LET THE ASHES SIFT THROUGH HIS LONG FINGERS

silver lines to the unfaithfulness of the poet. Yet, as a matter of fact, Isabel's face had been hardly less lined when she was twenty. The poet and the years together had barely added half a dozen lines. In fact, nature had seemed to intend, when making Isabel's face, to show that beauty is something more than velvet skin and dreamy eyes and rounded contours; to prove that nothing is needed for the making of a beautiful face but—light. Isabel's face, indeed, seemed made of light. The lines in it were like rays of brightness, and her eyes like deep springs of purest radiance.

There was, after all, something in Isabel's face that the poet had seen only there, something "fairy" that he had never ceased loving better than anything else in the world. But Life had had its way with them. Strong currents beyond the control of either had torn them apart, brought them together again, and then again torn them apart. Still, they had never really lost faith in each other's natures, and though an impertinent world had misunderstood their mutual forbearance, they had never misunderstood each other.

"Isabel!" said the poet, still holding her face like a star in his hands, "I am going to die, and I have called you to congratulate me—as I know so wise a girl will. For we both know, better than any one, that it is best."

Isabel's eyes filled with tears, and releasing her face from his hands, she buried it in the bedclothes. Presently mastering her feeling, she raised her head again, and looking with infinite pity into the poet's eyes, she said:

"Oh, my dear boy,—cannot you be human at last: just once before you die? I have always thought of you like some Undine, a beautiful, gentle, elemental being,—lacking only a human soul. Indeed, sometimes I have thought of you as a god—sitting aloof from our everyday little interests,—but God knows I have loved you all the time, and you only shall I love in all my life . . ."

The poet once more took her face in his hands, and looking into her Nereid eyes, he said: "Wife, dear wife,—forgive the sorrow I have brought you. If there was any joy, remember that. Life is very difficult, very strange. It was all no fault of ours, not even mine. I see it now very clearly—now that I am dying. I see how wrong I have been,—I see how right. I see how right you have been,—I see how wrong. Let us forgive each other. Let us be in love again before I die. Give me your eyes. Let me kiss them once before I die . . ."

Then, a sudden thought taking him, "I wonder, dear," he said, "if you can find my Euripides. There is a passage I am thinking of in the *Alcestis*. It would comfort me to hear it again . . ."

Presently his wife brought him the volume, and turning over the pages, the poet at last found the passage he was in search of.

"Yes! this is it," he said:

"'*Now have I moored my bark of life in a happier haven than before, and so will own myself a happy man.*'"

Then leaning back on his pillow, "Tell me, Isabel," he said, "why is there so mysterious a comfort in words?"

"Alas! dear, it is for you to tell me," she said, stroking his hair; "you have loved words so well—and made so many beautiful words."

"I know you think that I have loved nothing but words," said the poet; "I wonder if it is true? . . . I think not."

"I think you meant to love life as well," she answered, kissing his brow gently.

She smoothed his hair a long while as they sat in silence together—the past rolling over them like a river.

Presently Wasteneys broke the silence. "I have walked in a vague course!" he said,—"walked in a vague course! . . . if you will forgive," he added, presently, "my quoting once more. A dying man should not quote. He is expected to say something original. Well, I will try to-morrow . . ."

Then there fell over him once more that antelethal drowsiness of death, and murmuring again, "I have walked in a vague course!" he fell asleep.

When she was sure he was asleep, his wife bent over him and kissed his lips.

"After all," she said, "he has never grown up. He is a baby still—just a child, that is all . . ."

Wasteneys awoke after a little while, to find himself alone, save for the silent presence of his lawyer.

"I fell asleep," he said, "foolishly

enough—for I have little time to waste; and I shall soon have all the sleep I want . . ." Then, after a pause, he added: "I wish to say good-by to my little girls. Will you have them brought to me?"

Presently there entered the room two beautiful children, one about twelve years old, and the other five. They came hand in hand, laughing, and ran to their father's bed, gleefully ignorant of the significance of the still room, of the purple hangings, of the white figure in the bed.

"Daddy! daddy!" they cried, climbing upon the bed. "What a time it is since we saw you! . . . Tell us a story right away."

The father took the long brown-gold curls of the elder girl in his hands, and stroked the sunshine head of the little one. "Kiddies," he said, after a while, "your daddy is going on a long journey. Will you think of him and love him while he is gone?"

"Where are you going, daddy?" asked the two young voices.

"Oh, ever so far! It's a country called 'East of the Sun and West of the Moon.'"

"Oh, take us with you, daddy. It sounds such a lovely place."

"I cannot take you with me, kiddies,—but perhaps mother and you and I will meet there one of these days . . . if we're all very good!"

"I wish we could go with you now, daddy," said the elder girl; and the younger, out of sheer reverence for her elder sister, repeated her.

"I wish we could go with you now, daddy," she said.

"No," said the father; "you must stay behind and look after Little Mother. She would be so lonely without you."

The children, with the volatility of their age, accepted this explanation, and presently once more turned to their father with a demand for a story.

"No!" he said; "it is your turn to tell me a story. I am tired to-day. You, Pervenche, must say for me 'The Three Kings,' and you, Yolla, must say 'The White Bird.' I haven't heard you say them for quite a long time." And each standing up in turn, like a corporal saluting his captain, Pervenche and Yolla recited their little pieces; and as they recited, the tears rolled down their father's cheeks.

"You are crying, daddy," suddenly exclaimed the little one. "What are you crying for?"

The poet was crying because, among all the many human experiences he had missed, he had missed his children too.

Their nurse near at hand rescued him from the dilemma. "Daddy is tired," she said; "bid him good-by . . ."

And, wonderingly, the little creatures obeyed; but the tiny Yolla, already a sturdy sceptic, kept asking, when they were once more in the nursery, "I wonder why daddy cried!"

When his little girls had gone, Wasteneys turned to his lawyer.

"What time is high tide to-day?"

He asked the question wearily, almost querulously; for, after all, he was seriously dying.

"I will look in the newspaper," said the lawyer; and having looked, he answered, "At three minutes past four."

"When will the tide turn?" asked the dying poet.

"It keeps at full for perhaps a quarter of an hour, and then begins to ebb."

"That gives us from now about four hours," said the poet. "Four hours. At the turning of the tide. Four hours . . . and then!"

Wasteneys lay still after this, with his eyes closed.

Presently he roused himself. "I have one more farewell to make," he said; "will you ask them to bring me my children? . . ."

"Your children?" The lawyer, good friend as he was, did not at first understand.

"Yes! My children. Please have them bring me my children."

Wasteneys's servant, happening to come into the room at the moment, beckoned the lawyer, and explained his master's meaning.

"Yes!" answered the lawyer, soothingly, after this informatory pause, "they shall be brought to you."

Then presently there entered two men servants carrying two high piles of books. Placing them on a table, they left the room, returning in a few moments with two more piles. Once more they went out and returned, their arms still laden with books.

Meanwhile a new life seemed suddenly



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

"LET ME SEE THEM ALL, LET ME TOUCH THEM," HE SAID

to have animated the poet's frame. His eyes shone, and he struggled to raise himself in the bed. The lawyer packed the pillows at his back, and he sat up.

"Put them at the end of the bed," he said; "let me see them all, let me touch them . . ."

When his wish had been carried out; and the servants departed, he leaned over the books and stroked them affectionately again and again.

"So you are really mine—really my children," he said.

"Did I really write them?" he said, presently, turning to his friend. "So many?"

"Yes, dear friend, you wrote them all," answered the lawyer, too solemnized to jest; for he saw that it was close on the turning of the tide.

"How many are there?" asked Wasteneys, leaning back, already weary with the excitement.

"I will count them . . ." said his friend, and presently announced that there were fifty-three volumes.

"Fifty-three!" exclaimed Wasteneys; "and how old am I?"

"Thirty-nine, next month," said the lawyer.

"Next month!" said the poet.

Then he turned again to his friend.

"Read me a page here and there," he said; "I will be my own critic. Even a critic at the point of death may be expected to tell the truth. Read to me, that I may know before I die that something in all those fifty-three volumes may perhaps be worth while."

"What shall I read?" asked the lawyer.

"Read me 'What of the Darkness?'"

And the lawyer read:

"What of the Darkness? Is it very fair?
Are there great calms, and find ye silence there?
Like soft-shut lilies, all your faces glow
With some strange peace our faces never know,
With some great faith our faces never dare—
Dwells it in Darkness? Did ye find it there?

"Is it a Bosom where tired heads may lie?
Is it a Mouth to kiss our weeping dry?
Is it a Hand to still the pulse's leap?
Is it a Voice that holds the runes of sleep?
Day shows us not such comfort anywhere—
Dwells it in Darkness? Did ye find it there?

"Out of the day's deceiving light we call—
Day that shows man so great, and God so small,
That hides the stars, and magnifies the grass—
O is the Darkness too a lying glass?
Or undistracted, do ye find truth there?
What of the Darkness? Is it very fair?"

"Are you quite sure that I wrote that?" asked the poet. "Look carefully. Is it really my book?"

"It is, indeed. Printed when you were twenty."

"I am so happy," said the poet,—"so happy to think I wrote that. Time itself cannot rob me of that."

Very soon it was plainly to be seen that the poet was on the very border-line of life and death.

"Is there no one you would care to see?" asked the lawyer, gently.

"No, no one," answered the poet.

"Not your physician?" asked the lawyer.

"Oh no, indeed," answered the poet, with a flash of his odd smile. "Give him my love. But tell him that I want to die—not to be killed."

"What time is it?" he asked, presently.

"Five minutes to four."

The poet lay silent a while, and then he turned to his lawyer with the look of an old friendship. Indeed, his friendship for his lawyer was, odd as it may sound, one of the realities of his unearthly life.

"Friend," he said, "I am afraid it is almost time for us also to say good-by. God bless you—for all. Look after—them, won't you?" and he waved his hand towards his wife's quarters. "Good-by . . ."

"But," said his friend, "will you have no one with you?"

"Don't you hear the turning of the tide?" answered the poet.

"No one?" reiterated the lawyer, agonized out of his professional demeanor.

"No one!" answered Wasteneys, rising commandingly in his bed, and sweeping his hand across the volumes at its foot,—"No one—but my children!"

Jostling the Simple Life

BY E. S. MARTIN

ONE of the chief allurements of the village of Monnassett to our family as a place of summer residence was that life was possible there without a horse. Not absolutely without a horse, either, but without owning and maintaining one as a member of the family. The house we hired was not far from the station, and when we didn't walk it was easy and cheap to get transported in hired vehicles. And it was possible to hire what passes for a horse in Monnassett to haul us in what passes there for a carriage when we had a mind to take the air and view the country. So we lived in Monnassett three summers and gloried in the economy of not owning a horse, and gradually got to hiring horses—oh, such bad ones and such tired ones!—so often that the economy part of it was less striking than it had at first appeared. And then, the fourth year—alas for the weakness of human nature!—we acquired a horse of our own.

We didn't mean to. To be sure, we talked about it and thought about it, and even made computations on the subject; but that was nothing. It is a poor family that cannot consider and compute about any extravagance. But while we were imagining and figuring and resolutely putting away temptations a horse appeared—a good horse, able-bodied, responsible, and with excellent references. And the terms—I shall not disclose them, but it was admitted in the family that they were wonderfully favorable—"dead easy," the family called them—and we took the horse.

No family knows better than ours how serious a matter such an acquisition is. We have had horses before—long ago, when oats and hired men and axle-grease were cheaper than they are now, and when we were not operating so extensively in the education market. And what made our acquisition of a horse very much the more awful was that we had to build a stable to hold him. The rest of the horse apparatus—harnesses and wagons, more or less dilapidated, a whip, an oil-can, and a monkey-wrench—we happened to have in stock, and we assembled them from the various parts of the country where they were stored and had them fixed up. But the stable we had to build, and we built it; and in these days, when shingles come from Oregon and boards from Michigan or some remoter place, of course even a small stable is a pretty momentous undertaking. The stable is not much, but it holds the horse and the vehicles, and a bag of oats, and some hay and straw, and it is all right architecturally, so that we are proud of it. But our pride has been considerably flavored with contrition because we squandered money on such a thing, and for two or three days our joy in driving the horse was dampened with compunctions because we had indulged ourselves so, and with some lurking fears that in setting up a horse we had permanently impaired the simplicity of the simple life which we originally set out to live in Monnassett, and have lived to our satisfaction and that of visitors, whose certificates we have on file attesting that the simple life as we have led it is sure-enough simple and yet not bad to lead.

But the fourth day, after breakfast, Blandina, who is recuperating from her school labors, let fall that her plan for the morning was to go down to the barn and sit on the hay in the loft. Since then we have had fewer compunctions about either the horse or the barn, because we have come to realize that they both may properly be classed not as luxuries, but as part of the apparatus of education; and education is a thing that everybody feels justified in spending money on—whether they have got the money or not—because it is an investment that cannot be postponed. Sitting on the hay in a hay-loft, and reading books perhaps, or

simply meditating, is an incident of human experience that surely no parent would willingly have his child grow up without knowledge of. And the horse. Surely to know the horse is still a desirable detail of education. When I grew up in the country, not yesterday, but the day before, to know the horse was important. To bestride him and not fall off; to govern him with judgment in crises; to know what was good for him, and what he could do; to drive him safely and to the satisfaction of older persons—all these attainments children were expected gradually to master, and to acquire useful elements of character in the process. I guess there are still good lessons to be learned out of a horse. But it is obvious that the world has changed very much since the day before yesterday. The horse was a bigger thing then. There were no trolley-cars then, nor any bicycles, and places you did not reach by the steam-railroads you reached by horse-power or else afoot. Whereas now—why, that very morning that Blandina went to sit in the loft, when I came back from the bicycle-shop there was an automobile standing in front of the door. It was the latest toy of our kind friend Craig—a boy of about my age—who lives in New York, and has all the new playthings as they come along, and plays with them in so far as he can steal leisure. Craig had come to spend the night, and meantime to take us for a ride about the country. So after lunch three of us got in with him, and his machine started. It sped twelve miles eastward down the shore to a river; northward up the river maybe twenty miles, by beautiful roads with beautiful river views, through divers villages to a city. On through that city fifteen miles farther to a bigger city, which we looked at for half an hour. Then eastward through some fine old historic villages, near which the off rear tire picked up two tacks, with resulting punctures. That delayed us an hour while we changed tires. It came on to rain, but we put up the top. It was getting towards eight o'clock—the time we had set for dinner at home. Steering southward, we passed through another city, and went on fifteen miles to still another city, where we stopped an hour for dinner. On again at about ten o'clock, heading for home by moonlight over wet roads. We lost our way, climbed impossible hills, explored wonderful, unfrequented hilly roads through the woods, and steering finally by the moon, supplemented by occasional directions given by sleepy farmers from the second-story windows of dark houses, we got home safe and cheerful at two o'clock, after a voyage of a hundred and twenty miles over a country no one of us had ever seen before.

Is there anything so well adapted to jar a somnolent philosopher out of the rut of the simple life and make him realize how different the world has come to be as such a sudden jaunt as that in an automobile? Wonderful machines! It is an old story that this world is not our home, but only a sort of boarding-place. Now that automobiles have come, they make it a mere point of departure. Most restless of contrivances, most insolent of toys, and yet so perversely desirable. And are they, too, to be a part of the education that the young should have if they are to be equipped for the activities of their generation? To drive a horse, to ride him, to jump him over obstacles if he knows how, to know when he picks up a stone and how to get it out, to harness him properly and to know what to do when his harness breaks, to be generally competent to assume ordinary responsibility for a horse's welfare—all that has been conceded to be a useful and proper accomplishment, though the majority of people who are not farmers get along without it. But no one has been used to consider it a suitable detail of ordinary training that a lad should learn to be an engine-driver. That has been a trade by itself, or a special and unusual accomplishment. Ordinary folks have not been used until lately to own locomotives and keep them for domestic use. Here's a new branch of education, very expensive to teach in the family, vastly consumptive of time. Must we have it? Is it worth the time, the money, and the necessary sacrifice of other things? The horse, in spite of his reputation as a cause of trickery in men, and in spite of his deplorable association with race-tracks and deleterious sports and unexemplary human creatures, has still some standing as a character-builder. Rightly used, he helps to develop judgment, responsibility,

and courage in the young. What sort of character is the automobile developing? It is more dangerous than the horse, and more powerful. Misuse of it is more mischievous than bad horsemanship; its manners average about as brutal as football. But if knowledge of it is power, folks who can will clutch that knowledge and store it in with the rest of their acquirements.

And so around we come to the question whether it is better to know what God made or what man makes. Know both, of course, as far as possible, but one cannot know everything, and for preference, which? God made the horse, and man the automobile; God made the country, and man the town; God made the sea, and man the yachts; God made man, and man made money and got up society. Let us by all means have everything that's going; all that God made, and all man's contrivances to boot. But if we cannot have all, let us take—well, let us take whatever comes. We must not be scornful even of automobiles. I think that there would have been automobiles along with the other creatures in the sheet that was let down in Peter's dream if there had been any automobiles at that time. They smell bad, but ethically they cannot be rated as unclean.

Did our family make a mistake in building a barn and putting a horse in it, thereby directing Jonas's vacation energies horseward? Would his mind have dwelt more profitably on valves, tubes, cylinders, exhausts, and busted tires than on hocks, withers, hoofs, splints, and spavins? That probably depends on the mind. As to Jonas's mind, I think not. There are men who are naturally suited to have and know automobiles; men to whom horses are things and men are "hands," and to whom everything is a means of attainment or entertainment; and there are others, less restless, who like to live by the way, and who let their affections go out more as they pass. It is a great gain when persons who have no particular business with horses and no sentiment about them give them up and take to automobiles instead.

Besides, as to our family, we could not afford an automobile, anyhow; and having a barn, we could put an automobile in it if one should happen to be thrown at us.

We seem to have remarkably few choices in this remarkable modern and progressive world. Most of us live where we can and take what we can get, and are therewith as nearly content as is good for us. We see other people, apparently less controlled by circumstances than ourselves, who can choose where they will live, or where they will go, and what they will have, and instead of envying them we are apt—provided we are jogging comfortably in our own rut—to sympathize with them in that they have to make such difficult decisions. We seldom deliberately reject any material advantage that is offered us unless it is too troublesome to get, and yet those of us who have some glimmerings of sense, and who have already attained to the more important modest luxuries of life, are almost as much afraid of unwholesome gains as of distressing losses. We know, for example, that if we acquired a lot more money it would change our habits of life, and though we yearn for the money, we doubt if the change would be good for us. We hate work and fear ease. We don't want to struggle, nor do we want to miss any valuable knowledge or any item of strength of which struggle is the indispensable price. We shrink from suffering, but would hate to spare any kind of grace that folks must suffer to get. We don't want our children to struggle, or to suffer, or to miss any innocent fun that may be going; but we cannot bear the thought that they shall miss any profit or strength that comes by the discipline of pain or of struggle or of deprivation. We want to combine, both for ourselves and them, an easy, comfortable time, and all the profits, material, mental, and spiritual, that come of self-abnegation and effort. We are pigs, of course, but so men always were.

Cities are man-made, except in the one particular that is the most important of all. God made the people who live in them. The objection to living in cities is the comparative difficulty of keeping in wholesome touch with nature and all the pleasant and profitable things that are divinely contrived and appointed. The advantage is that there are plenty of people and plenty of all the man-made appurtenances. To a parent there may be better opportunities in a city than in

a village, and in a big city than in a small one, but hardly to a child; and, of course, almost all the children who live in the great cities live in them because they are places of advantageous opportunity to parents, and not because great cities are considered good for children. Yet there are big cities that are like great villages — spread over much ground, shaded in summer, fairly salubrious at all times, where children do as well physically as anywhere else. There are children, too, who thrive nine months out of the twelve in the biggest cities if comfortably housed, and others so hardy that they grow up tough and strong under the most adverse conditions. And there are others whose nerves cannot endure the noises and nervous tension of the big towns, and who wilt and pine unless they get the peace and purer air of the country.

But the physical reasons for living in the country, and especially of keeping young children there, are only half the story. Driving in the back-country woods last October, I met two or three small boys riding home the cows. They were very joyous about it, and the cows seemed to be agreeable to the practice, which is a somewhat unusual one so far as I have noticed. That seemed to me a better thing to be doing than any child ever does in a town; not quite a feasible or desirable thing to do at all stages of life, but admirable to be doing at the right age. That was the simple life with the embellishments proper to it, and being lived as it should be lived, without appreciation that it was the simple life, or any concern about its simplicity. Its natural habitat is the country.

Living in cities is an acquired taste, a vice, I presume, that grows by indulgence, and fixes itself after a while with a desperate clutch. It has its great merits and its great mischiefs. There is a certain amount of conflict between social development and individual development. Country life, village life, small-city life, is usually more favorable up to a certain point for the development of individuality than the life of the greater cities. Take New York, our greatest city, that stands in a class by itself. Is it not a common feeling and one that is justified that a child that is doomed to grow up mostly in New York and live there through all his working years has an inferior chance to get the development that should be coming to him? It is a healthy-enough place, probably the healthiest great city in the world. The opportunities that come of its huge aggregation of busy people and its enormous centralization of money-getting industries are of a surpassing amplitude and variety. But of all the things that God made, there is nothing there but the people, the sunshine, the air, and the parks. All the rest is artificial. There are so many people that it is harder to maintain profitable human relations with any of them than in places where there are fewer folks, less noise, and a slacker pace. That town is a good perch for a bird that has come to its strength, but it is not much of a place for a nest. If you are lucky enough in employing your energies in New York, and keep at it long enough, you can have the things that money can buy, and you will buy nothing more eagerly than the means of getting out of town and the leisure to use them. A yacht in the river, an automobile at the door, a place in the country—in the real country, if possible, and as far away as one's business will permit—those are the luxuries that most appeal.

And so while a horse suits our family at present much better than an automobile would suit it, I am going to be tolerant of automobiles, even though they abrade the nerves of our horse when he meets them on the road and make it unsafe for Blandina to drive him. I guess they are just a part of the *vis medicatrix naturæ;* phenomena gradually developed from the disease called city life, and adapted to mitigate its severities, if not to cure it. They certainly do help people to get out of cities, and though they may seem to make it somewhat too easy for them to get back, that is not a real defect. Anything that takes city people to the country is a good thing. It is good for them, and good for the true country-dwelling people, who make money off of them. Moreover, anything that makes country life attractive to successful money-makers and induces them to retire from business and let some one else have a chance, is very helpful indeed. In so far as automobiles serve that use it is pretty certain that they do useful service.

A Comedy of Candlestick Cove

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

IT was windy weather; and had been—for an exasperating tale of dusks and dawns. It was not the weather of variable gales, which blow here and there, forever to the advantage of some Newfoundland folk; it was the weather of ill easterly winds, in gloomy conjunction bringing fog, rain, breaking seas, drift-ice, dispiriting cold. From Nanny's Old Head the outlook was perturbing: the sky was hid, with its familiar warnings and promises; gigantic breakers fell with swish and thud upon the black rocks below, flinging lustreless white froth into the gray mist; and the grounds where the men of Candlestick Cove must cast lines and haul traps were in an ill-tempered, white-capped tumble—black waves rolling out of a melancholy fog hanging low, which curtained the sea beyond.

The hands of the men of Candlestick Cove were raw with salt-water sores; all charms against the affliction of toil in easterly gales had failed—brass bracelets and incantations alike. And the eyes of the men of Candlestick Cove were alert with apprehensive caution: tense, quick to move, clear and hard under drawn brows. With a high sea perversely continuing beyond the harbor tickle, there was no place in the eyes of men for the light of humor or love, which thrive in security. Windy weather, indeed! 'Twas a time for men to *be* men!

"I 'low I never seed nothin' *like* it," Jonathan Stock complained.

The sea breaking upon the Rock o' Wishes, and the wind roaring past, confused old Tom Lull.

"What say?" he shouted.

"Nothin' *like* it," said Jonathan Stock.

They had come in from the sea with empty punts; and they were now pulling up the harbor, side by side, toward the stage-heads, which were lost in the misty dusk. Old Tom had hung in the lee of the Rock o' Wishes until Jonathan Stock came flying over the tickle breaker in a cloud of spray. The wind had been in the east beyond the experience of eighty years; it was in his aged mind to exchange opinions upon the marvel.

"Me neither," said he.

They were drawing near Herring Point, within the harbor, where the noise of wind and sea, in an easterly gale, diminishes.

"I 'low I *never* seed nothin' like it," said Jonathan Stock.

"Me neither, Skipper Jonathan."

"Never *seed* nothin' like it."

They pulled on in silence—until the froth of Puppy Rock was well astern.

"Me neither," said Tom.

"*I* never seed nothin' like it," Jonathan grumbled.

Old Tom wagged his head.

"No, sir!" Jonathan declared. "Never seed *nothin'* like it."

"Me neither."

"Not like *this*," said Jonathan, testily.

"Me neither," old Tom agreed. "Not like this. No, sir; me neither, b'y!"

'Twas a grand, companionable exchange of ideas! A gush of talk! A whirlwind of opinion! Both enjoyed it—were relieved by it: rid of the gathered thought of long hours alone on the grounds. Jonathan Stock had expressed himself freely and at length; so, too, old Tom Lull. 'Twas heartening—this easy sociability. Tom Lull was glad that he had waited in the lee of the Rock o' Wishes; he had felt the need of conversation, and was now gratified; so, too, Jonathan Stock. But now, quite exhausted of ideas, they proceeded in silence, pulling mechanically through the dripping mist. From time to time old Tom Lull wagged his head and darkly muttered; but the words invariably got lost in his mouth.

Presently both punts came to Jonathan Stock's stage.

"I *'low*," Jonathan exclaimed, in parting, "I never seed nothin' like it!"

Old Tom lifted his oars. He drew his hand over his wet beard. A moment he reflected—frowning at the mist: deep in philosophical labor. Then he turned quickly to Jonathan Stock: turned in delight, his gray old face clear of bewilderment—turned as if about to deliver himself of some vast original conception, which might leave nothing more to be said.

"Me neither!" he chuckled, as his oars struck the water and his punt moved off into the mist.

Windy weather! Moreover, it was a lean year—the leanest of three lean years. The flakes were idle, unkempt, dripping the fog; the stages were empty, the bins full of salt; the splitting-knives were rusted: this though men and punts and nets were worn out with toil. There was no fish: wherefore, the feeling men of Candlestick Cove kept clear of the merchant of the place, who had outfitted them all in the spring of the year, and was now contemplating the reckoning at St. John's with much terror and some ill humor.

It was a lean year—a time of uneasy dread. From Cape Norman to the Funks and beyond, the clergy, acutely aware of the prospect, and perceiving the opportunity to be even more useful, preached from comforting texts. "The Lord will provide," was the theme of gentle Parson Grey, of Doubled Arm; and the discourse culminated in a passionate allusion to "Yet have I never seen the seed of the righteous begging bread." Parson Stump, of Burnt Harbor—a timid little man with tender gray eyes—treated "Your Heavenly Father feedeth them," with inspiring faith.

By all this the apprehension of the folk was lulled; it was admitted even by the unrighteous that there were times when 'twas better to be with than without the clergy. At Little Harbor Shallow, old Skipper Job Sutler, a man lacking in understanding, put out no more to the grounds off Devil-may-Care.

"Skipper Job," the mail-boat captain warned, "you better get out t' the grounds in civil weather."

"Oh," quoth Job, "the Lard 'll take care o' *we!*"

The captain was doubtful.

"An', anyhow," says Job, "if the Lard don't, the gov'ment's got to!"

His youngest child died in the famine months of the winter. But that was his fault. . . .

Skipper Jonathan Stock was alone with the trader in the shop of Candlestick Cove. The squat whitewashed building gripped a weather-beaten point of harbor shore. It was night—a black night, the wind blowing high, rain pattering fretfully upon the roof. The worried little trader—spare, gimlet-eyed, thin-whiskered, now perched on the counter—slapped his calf with a yardstick; the easterly gale was fast aggravating his temper beyond control. It was bright and warm in the shop; the birch billets spluttered and snored in the stove, and a great lamp suspended from the main rafter showered the shelves and counter and greasy floor with light. Skipper Jonathan's clothes of moleskin steamed with the rain and spray of the day's toil.

"No, John," said the trader, sharply; "she can't have un—it can't be done."

Jonathan slowly examined his wrist; the bandage had got loose. "No?" he asked, gently, his eyes still fixed on the salt-water sore.

"No, sir."

Jonathan drew a great hand over his narrow brow, where the rain still lay in the furrows. It passed over his beard—a gigantic beard, bushy and flaming red. He shook the rain-drops from his hand.

"No, Mister Totley," he repeated, in a patient drawl. "No—oh no."

Totley hummed the opening bars of "Wrecked on the Devil's Finger." He broke off impatiently—and sighed.

"She *can't*," Jonathan mused. "No—*she* can't."

The trader began to whistle, but there was no heart in the diversion; and there was much poignant distress in the way he drummed on the counter.

"I wouldn't be carin' so much," Jonathan softly persisted—"no, not so *much*, if 'twasn't their birthday. She told un three year ago they could have un—when they was twelve. An', dear man! they'll be twelve two weeks come Toosday. Dear man!" he exclaimed again, with a fleeting little smile, "*how* the young ones grows!"

The trader slapped his lean thigh and turned his eyes from Jonathan's simple face to the rafters. Jonathan bungled with the bandage on his wrist; but his fingers were stiff and large, and he could not manage the thread. A gust of wind made the roof ring with the rain.

"An' the other little thing?" Jonathan inquired. "Was you 'lowin' my woman could have—the other little thing? She've her heart sort o' sot on *that.* Sort o' *sot* on havin'—that there little thing."

"Can't do it, Jonathan."

"Ay," Jonathan repeated, blankly "She was sayin' the day 'twas sort o' giddy of her; but she was 'lowin' her heart was sort o' *sot* on havin'—that little thing."

Totley shook his head.

"Her heart," Jonathan sighed.

"Can't do it, John."

"Mm-m-m! No," Jonathan muttered, scratching his head in helplessness and bewilderment; "he can't give that little thing t' the woman, neither. Can't give she *that.*"

Totley shook his head. It was not an agreeable duty, thus to deny Jonathan Stock, of Candlestick Cove. It pinched the trader's heart. "But a must is a must!" thought he. The wind was in the east, with no sign of change, and 'twas late in the season; and there was no fish —*no fish,* God help us all! There would be famine at Candlestick Cove—*famine,* God help us all! The folk of Candlestick Cove—Totley's folk—must be fed; there must be no starvation. And the creditors at St. John's—Totley's creditors —were wanting fish insistently. *Wanting fish,* God help us! when there was no fish. There was a great gale of ruin blowing up; there would be an accounting to his creditors for the goods they had given him in faith—there must be no waste of stock, no indulgence of whims. He must stand well. The creditors at St. John's must be so dealt with that the folk of Candlestick Cove — Totley's folk— could be fed through the winter. 'Twas all-important that the folk should be fed —just fed with bread and molasses and tea: nothing more than that. Nothing more than that, by the Lord! would go out of the store.

Jonathan pushed back his dripping cloth cap and sighed. "'Tis fallin' out wonderful," he ventured.

Totley whistled to keep his spirits up.

"Awful!" said Jonathan.

The tune continued.

"She 'lows," Jonathan went on, "that if it keeps on at this rate she won't have none left by spring. That's what *she* 'lows will happen."

Totley proceeded to the chorus.

"No, sir," Jonathan pleaded; "she'll have nar a one!"

The trader avoided his eye.

"An' it makes her *feel* sort o' bad," Jonathan protested. "I tells her that with or without she won't be no different t' me. Not t' *me.* But she sort o' feels bad just the same. You sees, sir," he stammered, abashed, "she — she — she's only a woman!"

Totley jumped from the counter. "Look you, Jonathan!" said he, decisively, "she can *have* it."

Jonathan beamed.

"She can have what she wants for herself, look you! but she can't have no oilskins for the twins, though 'tis their birthday. 'Tis hard times, Jonathan, with the wind glued t' the east; an' the twins is got t' go wet. What kind she want? Eh? I got two kinds in the case. I don't recommend neither o' them."

Jonathan scratched his head.

"Well, then," said the trader, "you better find out. If she's goin' t' have it at all, she better have the kind she hankers for."

Jonathan agreed.

"Skipper Jonathan," said the trader, much distressed, "we're so poor at Candlestick Cove that we ought t' be eatin' moss. I'll have trouble enough, this fall, gettin' flour from St. John's t' go 'round. Skipper Jonathan, if you could get your allowance o' flour down t' five barrels instead o' six, I'd thank you. The young ones is growin', I knows; but—well, I'd thank you, Jonathan, I'd thank you!"

"Mister Totley, sir," Jonathan Stock replied, solemnly, "I *will* get that flour down t' five. Don't you fret no more about feedin' my little crew," he pleaded. "'Tis kind o' you; an' I'm sorry you've t' fret."

"Thank you, Jonathan."

"An' . . . you wouldn't mind lashin' this bit o' cotton on my wrist, would you, sir? The sleeve o' my jacket sort o' chafes the sore."

"A bad hand, Jonathan!"

"No—oh no; *it* ain't bad. I've had scores of un in my time. It don't amount t' nothin'. Oh no—it ain't what you might call *bad!*"

The wrist was bound anew. Jonathan stumbled down the dark steps to the waterside, glad that his wife was to have that which she so much desired. He pushed out in the punt. She was only a woman, he thought, with an indulgent smile, but she *did* want—that little thing. The wind was high—the rain sweeping out of the east. He turned the bow of the punt toward a point of light shining cheerily far off in the dark, tumultuous night.

Jonathan Stock had no more than got off his soggy boots, and washed his hands, and combed his hair, and drawn close to the kitchen fire—while his wife clattered over the bare floor about the business of his comfort—when Parson Jaunt tapped and entered: and folded his umbrella, and wiped his face with a white handkerchief, and jovially rubbed his hands together. This was a hearty, stout little man, with a double chin and a round, rosy face; with twinkling eyes; with the jolliest little paunch in the world: dressed all in black cloth, threadbare and shiny, powdered with dandruff upon the shoulders; and wearing a gigantic yellow chain, hanging from pocket to pocket of the waistcoat, and wilted collar and cuffs, and patent-leather shoes, which were muddy and cracked and turned up at the toes. A hearty welcome he got; and he had them all laughing at once—twins and all. Even the chickens in the coop under the settee clucked, and the kid behind the stove rapturously bleated, and the last baby chuckled, and the dog yawned and shook his hind quarters, joyfully awake.

'Twas always comforting to have Parson Jaunt drop in. Wherever he went among the folk of Candlestick Cove, in wet weather or dry, poor times or bad, there was a revival of jollity. His rippling person, smiling face, quick laugh, amiable intimacy, his quips and questions, his way with children—these made him beloved. Ay, there was always a welcome for Parson Jaunt!

"Ha, ha! Yes," the parson proceeded, "the brethren will be here on the next mail-boat for the district meeting. Ha, ha! Well, well, now! And how's the baby getting along, Aunt Tibbie? Hut! you little toad; don't you laugh at *me!*"

But the baby would.

"Ha-a-a, you rat! You *will* laugh, will you? He's a fine child, that. . . . And I was thinking, Skipper Jonathan, that you and Aunt Tibbie might manage Parson All, of Satan's Trap. Times are hard, of course; but it's the Lord's work, you know. . . . Eh? Get out, you squid! Stop that laughing!"

The baby could not.

"Stop it, I say!"

The baby doubled up, and squirmed, and wiggled his toes, and gasped with glee.

"Yes," the parson continued, "that you might manage Parson All, of Satan's Trap."

"T' be sure!" cried Skipper Jonathan. "We'll manage un, an' be glad!"

Aunt Tibbie's face fell.

"That's good," said the parson. "Now, that *is* good news. 'Tis most kind of you, too," he added, earnestly, "in these hard times. And it ends my anxiety. The brethren are now all provided for. . . . Hey, you wriggler! Come out of that! Ha, ha! Well, well!" He took the baby from the cradle. "Gi' me a kiss, now. Hut! You won't? Oh, you *will,* will you?" He kissed the baby with real delight. "I thought so. Ha! I thought so." He put the baby back. "You little slobbery squid!" said he, with a last poke. "Ha! you little squid!"

Aunt Tibbie's face was beaming. Anxiety and weariness were for the moment both forgot. 'Twas good, indeed, to have Parson Jaunt drop in!

"Eh, woman?" Jonathan inquired.

"Oh, ay!" she answered. "We've always a pillow an' a bite t' eat for the Lard's anointed."

"The Lord's anointed!" the parson repeated, quickly. "Ah, that's it, sister," said he, the twinkle gone from his upturned eyes. "I've a notion to take that up next Sunday. And Parson All," he continued, "is a saintly fellow. Yes, indeed! Converted at the age of seven. He's served the Lord these forty years. Ah, dear me! what a profitable season you'll be having with him! A time of

uplifting, a time of—of—yes, indeed!—uplifting." The parson was not clever; he was somewhat limited as to ideas, as to words; indeed, 'twas said he stuttered overmuch in preaching and was given to repetition. But he was sincere in the practice of his profession, conceiving it a holy calling; and he did the best he could, than which no man can do more. "A time," he repeated, "of—of—yes—of uplifting."

Aunt Tibbie was taken by an anxious thought. "What do he fancy," she asked, "for feedin'?"

"Ha, ha!" the parson exploded, in his delightfully jocular way. "That's the woman of it. Well, well, now! Yes, indeed! There speaks the good housewife. Eh, Skipper Jonathan? *You're* well looked after, I'll warrant. That's rather good, you know, coming from *you,* Aunt Tibbie. Ha, ha! Why, Aunt Tibbie, he eats anything. Anything at all! You'll want very little extra—very, very little extra. But he'll tell you when he comes. Don't worry about that. Just what you have for yourselves, you know. If it doesn't agree with him, he'll ask for what he desires."

"Sure, *sir!*" said Skipper Jonathan, heartily. "Just let un ask for it."

"Ay," Aunt Tibbie echoed, blankly; "just let un ask for it. Sure, he can speak for hisself."

"Of *course!*" cried the parson, jovially. "Why, to be sure! *That's* the hospitality for me! Nothing formal about that. That's just what makes us Newfoundlanders famous for hospitality. That's what I *like.* 'Just let un ask.'"

The clock struck. Skipper Jonathan turned patiently to the dial. He must be at sea by dawn. The gale, still blowing high, promised heavy labor at the oars. He was depressed by the roar and patter of the night. There came, then, an angry gust of rain—out of harmony with the parson's jovial spirit: sweeping in from the black sea where Jonathan must toil at dawn.

"Ay," he sighed, indifferently.

Aunt Tibbie gave him an anxious glance.

"Yes, indeed! Ha, ha!" the parson laughed. "Let me see, now," he rattled. "To-morrow. Yes, yes; to-morrow *is* Tuesday. Well, now, let me see; yes—mm-m-m, of course, that's right—you will have the privilege of entertaining Brother All for four days. I wish it was more. I wish for your sake," he repeated, honestly, being unaware of the true situation in this case, "that it *could* be more. But it can't. I assure you, it can't. No, really; it would be impossible. He *must* get the mail-boat north. Pity," he continued, "the brethren can't linger. These district meetings are so helpful, so inspiring, so refreshing. Yes, indeed! And then the social aspect—the relaxation, the flow of soul! We parsons are busy men—cooped up in a study, you know; delving in books. Our brains get tired. Yes, indeed! They need rest."

Parson Jaunt was quite sincere. Do not misunderstand him. 'Twould be unkind, even, to laugh at him. He was not clever; that is all. "Brain labor, Skipper Jonathan," he concluded, with an odd touch of pomposity, "is hard labor."

"Ay," said Skipper Jonathan, sympathetically, "you parsons haves wonderful hard lines. I wouldn't like t' *be* one. No, sir; not me!"

In this—in the opinion and feeling—Skipper Jonathan was sincere. He most properly loved Parson Jaunt, and was sorry for him, and he must not be laughed at.

"But," the parson argued, "we have the district meetings—times of refreshing: when brain meets brain, you know, and wit meets wit, and the sparks fly. Ha, ha! Yes, indeed! The social aspect is not to be neglected. Dear me, no! Now, for illustration, Mrs. Jaunt is to entertain the clergy at the parsonage on Thursday evening. Yes, indeed! She's planned the refreshments already." The parson gave Aunt Tibbie a sly, sly glance, and burst out laughing. "Ha, ha!" he roared. "I know what you want. Woman's curiosity, eh? Ha, ha! Oh, you women!" Aunt Tibbie smiled. "Well," said the parson, importantly, "I'll tell you. But it's a secret, mind you! Don't you tell Brother All!" Aunt Tibbie beamed. "Well," the parson continued, his voice falling to a whisper, "she's going to have a jelly-cake, and an angel-cake, and a tin of beef." The twins sat up, wide-eyed with attention. "Eh? Ha, ha!" the parson laughed. "You got that? And she's going to have something

more." Aunt Tibbie leaned forward—agape, her eyes staring. The twins were already overcome. "Yes, indeed!" said the parson. "*She's got a dozen bananas from St. John's!* Eh? Ha, ha! And she's going to slice 'em and put 'em in a custard. Ha, ha!"

The twins gasped.

"Ha, ha!" the parson roared.

They were all delighted—parson, skipper, housewife, and twins. Nor in providing this hospitality for the Black Bay clergy was the parson in thought or deed a selfish shepherd. It would be unkind—it would be most unfair—to think it. He was an honest, earnest servant of the Master he acknowledged, doing good at Candlestick Cove, in fair and foul weather. He lived his life as best he could—earnestly, diligently, with pure, high purpose. But he was not clever: that is all. 'Twould be an evil thing for more brilliant folk (and possibly less kindly) to scorn him.

"Yes, indeed!" the parson laughed. "And look here, now; why, I must be off! Where's my umbrella? Here it is. . . . *Will* you look at that baby, Aunt Tibbie? He's staring at me yet. Get out, you squid! Stop that laughing. Got a kiss for me? Oh, you *have*, have you? Then give it to me. . . . A fine baby that; yes, indeed! A fine baby. . . . Get out, you wriggler! Leave your toes be. Ha-a-a! I'll catch you—yes, I will! . . . What a night it is! How the wind blows and the rain comes down! And no sign of fish, Skipper Jonathan? Ah, well, the Lord will provide. Good night. God bless you!"

"You'll get wonderful wet, sir," said Aunt Tibbie, with a little frown of anxiety.

"I don't mind it in the least," cried the parson. "Not at all. I'm used to it."

Skipper Jonathan shut the door against the wind.

"Will it never stop blowin'!" Aunt Tibbie complained.

Outside, wind and rain had their way with the world. Aunt Tibbie and Skipper Jonathan exchanged glances. They were thinking of the dawn.

"I'm wantin' t' go t' bed, Tibbie," Jonathan sighed; "for I'm wonderful tired."

"An' I'm tired, too, dear," said Aunt Tibbie, softly. "Leave us all go t' bed."

They were soon sound asleep. . . .

Parson All turned out to be a mild little old man with spectacles. His eyes were blue—faded, watery, shy: wherein were many flashes of humor and kindness. His face was smooth and colorless—almost as white as his hair, which was also long and thin and straight. When Jonathan came in from the sea after dark—from the night and wet and vast confusion of that place—Parson All was placidly rocking by the kitchen fire, his hands neatly folded, his trousers drawn up, so that his ankles and calves might warm; and the kitchen was in a joyous tumult, with which the little old man from Satan's Trap was in benevolent sympathy. Jonathan had thought to find the house solemn, the wife in a fluster, the twins painfully washed and brushed, the able seamen of the little crew glued to their stools: but no! the baby was crowing in the cradle, the twins tousled and grinning, the wife beaming, the little crew rolling on the floor—the whole kitchen, indeed, in a gratefully familiar condition of chaos and glee.

At once they sat down to supper.

"I'm glad t' have you, parson," said Jonathan, his broad, hairy face shining with soap and delight. "That I is. I'm *glad* t' have you."

The parson's smile was winning.

"Jonathan haves a wonderful taste for company," Aunt Tibbie explained.

The man defended himself. "I isn't able t' help it," said he. "I loves t' feed folk. An' I isn't able, an' I never was able, an' I never will be able t' help it. Here's your brewis, sir. Eat hearty of it. Don't spare it."

"They's more in the pot," Aunt Tibbie put in.

The parson's gentle eye searched the table—as our eyes have often done. A bit of hopeful curiosity—nothing more: a thing common to us all, saints and sinners alike. We have all been hungry and we have all hoped; but few of us, I fancy, being faint of hunger—and dyspeptic—have sat down to a bowl of brewis. 'Tis no sin, in parson or layman, to wish for more; for the Lord endowed them both with hunger, and cursed many, indiscriminately, with indigestion. Small blame, then, to the parson, who was des-

perately hungry; small blame to Jonathan, who had no more to give. There is no fault anywhere to be descried. Ah, well! the parson's roving eye was disappointed, but twinkled just the same; it did not darken—not show ill humor. There was a great bowl of brewis—a mountain of it. 'Twas eyed by the twins with delight. But there was nothing more. The parson's eye—the shy, blue, twinkling eye—slyly sought the stove; but the stove was bare. And still the mild eyes continued full of benevolence and satisfaction. He was a *man*—that parson!

"Windy weather," said he, with an engaging smile.

"Never seed nothin' *like* it!" Jonathan declared.

The twins were by this time busy with their forks, their eyes darting little glances at the parson, at the parson's overloaded plate, at the ruin of the mountain.

"Wind in the east," the parson remarked.

Jonathan was perturbed. "You isn't very hearty the night," said he.

"Oh, dear me, yes!" the parson protested. "I was just about to begin."

The faces of the twins were by this overcast.

"Don't spare it, parson."

The parson gulped a mouthful with a wry face—an obstinately wry face; he could *not* manage to control it. He smiled at once—a quick, sweet, comprehensive little smile. It was heroic—he was sure that it was! And it *was!* He could do no more. 'Twas impossible to take the brewis. A melancholy—ay, and perilous—situation for a hungry man: an old man, and a dyspeptic. Conceive it, if you can!

"*That* ain't hearty," Aunt Tibbie complained.

"To be frank," said the parson, in great humiliation,—"to be perfectly frank, I like brewis, but—"

The happiness faded from Aunt Tibbie's eyes.

"—I don't find it inspiring," the parson concluded, in shame.

The twins promptly took advantage of the opportunity to pass their plates for more.

"Dyspepsey?" Aunt Tibbie inquired.

"It might be called that," Parson All replied, sweeping the board with a smile, but yet with a flush of guilt and shame, "by a physician."

"Poor man!" Aunt Tibbie sighed.

There was a brief silence—expectant, but not selfishly so, on the part of the parson; somewhat despairing on the part of the hosts.

"Well, parson," Skipper Jonathan said, doggedly, "all you got t' do is *ask* for what you wants."

"No, no!"

"That's all you got t' do," Jonathan persisted.

"Most kind of you, sir! But—no, no!"

"Please do!" Aunt Tibbie begged.

But the parson was not to be persuaded. Not Parson All, of Satan's Trap—a kindly, sensitive soul! He was very hungry, to be sure, and must go hungry to bed (it seemed); but he would not ask for what he wanted. To-morrow? Well, *something* had to be done. He would yield—he *must* yield to the flesh—a little. This he did timidly: with shame for the weakness of the flesh. He resented the peculiarity of brewis in his particular case. Indeed, he came near to rebellion against the Lord—no, not rebellion: merely rebellious questionings. But he is to be forgiven, surely; for he wished most earnestly that he might eat brewis and live—just as you and I might have done.

"Now, Parson All," Jonathan demanded, "you just *got* t' tell."

And, well, the parson admitted that a little bread and a tin of beef—to be taken sparingly—would be a grateful diet.

"But we've none!" cried Aunt Tibbie. "An' this night you'll starve!"

"To-night," said the parson, gently, "my stomach—is a bit out—anyhow."

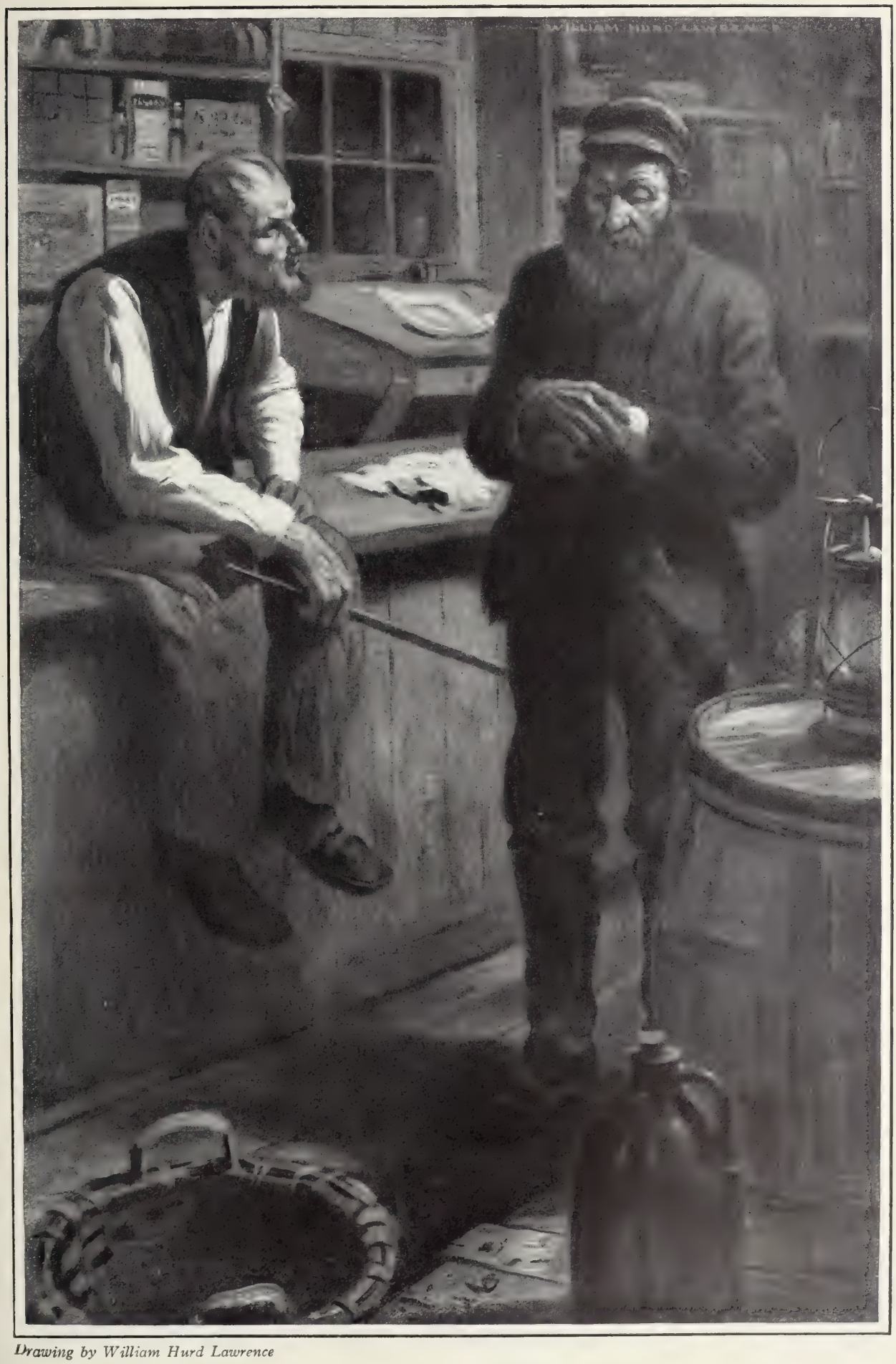
Presently he was shown to his bed. . . .

"I 'low," said Aunt Tibbie, when the parson was stowed away and she had caught Skipper Jonathan's wavering eye, "he'd better have more'n that."

"He—he—he've just *got* t' have more."

"He've a weak stomach," Aunt Tibbie apologized. "Poor man!"

"I tells you, Tibbie," Jonathan declared, "them parsons haves wonderful hard times. They isn't able t' get out in the air enough. Too much book-study. Too much brain labor. I wouldn't change



Drawing by William Hurd Lawrence

"JONATHAN," SAID THE TRADER SHARPLY, "YOU'RE A FOOL"

places with a parson, woman, for all the world!"

Aunt Tibbie nodded absently.

"I 'low," said Jonathan, "I'd better be gettin' under way for the shop."

The man drew on his boots, and got into his oilskins, and had his wrists bandaged, and went out. It was a long pull to the shop; but his mind was too full of wonder and sly devising to perceive the labor of the way. . . . And the trader was sitting alone in the shop, perched on the counter, slapping his lean calf with a yardstick, while the rain pattered on the roof and the wind went screaming past.

"You got a parson, Jonathan," said he, accusingly. "Yes, you is."

"Ay," Jonathan admitted, "I got one."

"An' that's what brings you here."

"It be," Jonathan replied, defiantly.

The silence was disquieting.

"I'm 'lowin'," Jonathan stammered, "t'—t'—t' sort o' get four tins o' beef."

The trader beat his calf.

"An' six pound o' butter," said Jonathan, "an' some pickles."

"Anything else?" the trader snapped.

"Ay," said Jonathan, "they is."

The trader sniffed.

"The parson haven't said nothin', but Tibbie's got a notion that he's wonderful fond o' canned peaches," Jonathan ventured, diffidently. "She 'lows they'll keep his food sweet."

"Anything else?"

"No—oh no!" Jonathan sighed. "I 'low you wouldn't give me three pound o' cheese?" he asked. "Not that the parson *mentioned* cheese; but Tibbie 'lows he'd find it healthful." The trader nodded. "About four cans o' peaches," said Jonathan.

"I see," said the trader.

Jonathan drew a great hand over his narrow brow, where the rain still lay in the furrows. It passed over his red whiskers. He shook the rain-drops from his hand.

"Oh dear!" he sighed.

"Jonathan," said the trader, sharply, "you're a fool. I've long knowed it. But I loves a fool; an' you're the biggest dunderhead I ever knowed. You can *have* the cheese; you can *have* the beef; you can *have* the peaches. You can have un all. *But*—you got t' pay."

"Oh ay," said Jonathan, freely. "I'll pay!"

"You'll go without sweetness in your tea," the trader burst out, "all next winter. Understand? No sweetness in your tea. *That's* how you'll pay. If you takes these things, mark you, Jonathan!—an' hearken well—if you takes these things for your parson, there'll be no molasses measured out for *you*. You'll take your tea straight. Do you understand me, Jonathan Stock?"

"'Tis well," said Jonathan.

"An'—"

"The other?" Jonathan interrupted, anxiously. "You wasn't 'lowin' t' have the woman give up that, was you? 'Tis such a little thing."

The trader was out of temper.

"Not that!" Jonathan pleaded.

"Just that!" Totley exclaimed. "I'll not give it to her. If you're t' have parsons, why, pay for un. Don't come askin' me t' do it for you."

"But she—she—*she's only a woman!* An' she sort o' feels bad. Not that 'twould make any difference t' me—not t' *me*. Oh, I tells her that. But she 'lows she wants it, anyhow. She sort o' *hankers* for it. An' if you could manage—"

"Not I!" Totley was very much out of temper. "Pay for your own parson," he growled.

"Ah, well," Jonathan sighed, "she 'lowed, if you made a p'int of it, that she'd take the grub an' do without—the other. Ay, do without—the other."

So Jonathan went home with what the parson needed to eat, and he was happy.

It was still windy weather. Dusks and dawns came in melancholy procession. The wind swept in the east—high, wet, cold. Fog and rain and drift-ice were to be met on the grounds of Candlestick Cove. From Nanny's Old Head the outlook was more perturbing than ever: the sea's distances were still hid in the mist; the breakers on the black rocks below gave the waste a voice, expressed its rage, its sullen purpose; the grounds where the men of Candlestick Cove must fish were still in a white-capped tumble; and the sores on the wrists of the men of Candlestick Cove were not healed. There was no fish; the coast hopelessly faced famine; men and women and children



Drawing by William Hurd Lawrence

"YOU WAS FIXED ALL RIGHT?" PARSON JAUNT ASKED

would all grow lean. The winter, approaching, was like an angry cloud rising from the rim of the sea. The faces of the men of Candlestick Cove were drawn—with fear of the sea and with dread of what might come to pass. In the meeting-house of Candlestick Cove, in district meeting assembled, the Black Bay clergy engaged in important discussions, with which the sea and the dripping rocks and the easterly wind had nothing to do. . . .

The Black Bay parsons were exchanging farewells at the landing-stage. The steamer was waiting. There had been no change in the weather; the wind was blowing high from the east, there was fog abroad, the air was clammy. Parson Jaunt took Parson All by the arm and led him aside.

"How were you fixed, brother?" he whispered, anxiously. "I haven't had time to ask you before."

Parson All's eyebrows were lifted in mild inquiry.

"Was you comfortable? Did you get enough to eat?"

There was concern in Parson Jaunt's voice—a sweet, wistful consideration.

"Yes, yes!" Parson All answered, quickly. "They are very good people—the Stocks."

"They're clean, but—"

"Poor."

"Very, very poor! Frankly, Brother All, I was troubled. Yes, indeed! I was troubled. I knew they were poor, and I didn't know whether it was wise or right to put you there. I feared that you might fare rather badly. But there was nothing else to do. I sincerely hope—"

Parson All raised a hand in protest.

"You was fixed all right?" Parson Jaunt asked.

"Yes, brother," answered Parson All, in genuine appreciation of the hospitality he had received. "It was touching. Praise the Lord! I'm glad to know that such people *live* in a selfish world like this. It was very, very touching."

Parson Jaunt's face expressed some surprise.

"Do you know what they did?" said Parson All, taking Parson Jaunt by the lapel of the coat and staring deep into his eyes. "*Do you know what they did?*"

Parson Jaunt wagged his head.

"Why, brother," Parson All declared, with genuinely grateful tears in his eyes, "when I told Skipper Jonathan that brewis soured on my stomach, he got me tinned beef, and butter, and canned peaches, and cheese. I'll never forget his goodness. Never!"

Parson Jaunt stared. "What a wonderful thing Christianity is!" he exclaimed. "What a wonderful, wonderful thing! By their fruits," he quoted, "ye shall know them."

The Black Bay clergy were called aboard. Parson Jaunt shook off the mild old Parson All and rushed to the Chairman of the District, his black coat-tails flying in the easterly wind, and wrung the Chairman's hand, and jovially laughed, until his jolly little paunch shook like jelly. . . .

That night, in the whitewashed cottage upon which the angry gale beat, Skipper Jonathan and Aunt Tibbie sat together by the kitchen fire. Skipper Jonathan was hopelessly in from the sea—from the white waves thereof, and the wind, and the perilous night—and Aunt Tibbie had dressed the sores on his wrists. The twins and all the rest of the little crew were tucked away and sound asleep.

Skipper Jonathan sighed.

"What was you thinkin' about, Jonathan?" Aunt Tibbie asked.

"Jus' ponderin'," said he.

"Ay; but what upon?"

"Well, Tibbie," Jonathan answered, in embarrassment, "I was jus'—ponderin'."

"What is it, Jonathan?"

"I was 'lowin', Tibbie," Jonathan admitted, "that it wouldn't be so easy—no, not so *easy*—t' do without that sweetness in my tea."

Aunt Tibbie sighed.

"What *you* thinkin' about, dear?" Jonathan asked.

"I got a sinful hankerin'," Aunt Tibbie answered, repeating the sigh.

"Is you, dear?"

"I got a sinful hankerin'," said she, "for that there bottle o' hair-restorer. For I don't *want* t' go bald! God forgive me," she cried, in an agony of humiliation, "for this vanity!"

"Hush, dear!" Jonathan whispered, tenderly; "for I loves you, bald or not!"

But Aunt Tibbie burst out crying. . . .

Editor's Easy Chair

WE have lately received a publication which has interested us somewhat out of proportion to its size. It is called "The Way into Print," but it does not treat, as the reader might rashly suppose, of the best method of getting your name into the newspapers, either as a lady who is giving a dinner to thirteen otherwise unknown persons, or is making a coming-out tea for her débutante daughter, or had a box full of expensively confectioned friends at the opera or the vaudeville, or is going to read a paper at a woman's club, or is in any sort figuring in the thousand and one modern phases of publicity; it does not even advise her guests or hearers how to appear among those present, or those who were invited and did not come, or those who would not have come if they had been invited. Its scope is far more restricted, yet its plane is infinitely higher, its reach incomparably farther. The Print which it proposes to lead the Way into is that print where the elect, who were once few and are now many, are making the corridors of time resound to their footsteps, as poets, essayists, humorists, or other literary forms of immortality. Their procession, which from the point of the impartial spectator has been looking more and more like a cake-walk in these later years, is so increasingly the attraction of young-eyed ambition that nothing interests a very large class of people more than advice for the means of joining it, and it is this advice which the publication in point supplies: supplies, we must say, with as much good sense and good feeling as is consistent with an office which does not seem so dignified as we could wish.

Inevitably the adviser must now and then stoop to the folly of the aspirant, inevitably he must use that folly from time to time with wholesome severity, but he does not feel himself equal to the work unaided. Our sudden national expansion, through the irresistible force of our imaginative work, into an intellectual world-power, has thrust a responsibility upon the veterans of a simpler time which they may not shirk, and the author of "The Way into Print" calls upon them to share his task. He is not satisfied with the interesting chapters contributed by younger authors who are in the act of winning their spurs, but he appeals to those established in the public recognition to do their part in aiding us to hold our conquest through the instruction and discipline of those who must take their places when they put their armor off. He does this by means of a letter, almost an open letter, addressed personally to each veteran by means of the substitution of his typewritten name for that of some other veteran, but not differenced in the terms of the ensuing appeal to his kindness or his conscience. He puts himself upon a broad humanitarian ground, and asks that the typewritten author, who, he assumes, is "prominently before the public," shall answer certain questions to which the appellant owns that he has already received hundreds of replies.

By an odd mischance one of his half-open letters found its way to the Easy Chair, and although that judgment-seat felt relieved from the sense of anything like a lonely prominence before the public by the very multitude of those similarly consulted, it did not remain as Easy as it would have liked under the erring attribution of prominence. Yet to have refused to help in so good a work would not have been in its nature, and it lost as little time as possible in summoning a real author of prominence to consider the problems so baffling to a mere editorial effigy; for, as we ought to explain, the *de facto* editor is to be found in the Study next door, and never in the Easy Chair. The author prominently before the public came at once, for that kind of author has very little to do, and

is only too happy to respond to calls like that of the friend of rising authorship. Most of his time is spent at symposiums, imagined by the Sunday editions of the newspapers, to consider, decide the question whether fig-paste is truly a health-food; or whether, in view of a recent colossal gift for educational purposes, the product of the Standard Oil Company was the midnight oil which Shakespeare had in mind when he spoke of the scholar wasting it; or something of that kind. His mind is whetted to the sharpest edge by its employment with these problems, and is in prime condition for such simple practical inquiries as those proposed by the letter we had received. But of course he put on an air of great hurry, and spoke of the different poems, novels, essays, and sketches which he had laid aside to oblige us, and begged us to get down to business at once.

"We wish nothing better than to do so," we said, to humor him, "for we know you are a very busy man, and we will not keep you a moment longer than is absolutely necessary. Would you like to have all the questions at once, or would you rather study them one after another?"

He said he thought he could better give an undivided mind to each if he had them one at a time, and so we began with the first.

"1. Would you advise the young story-writer to study the old masters in literature, or the stories in the current magazines, in order to meet the demands of the current editors?"

"Will you read that again?" the author prominently before the public demanded, but when we had read it a second time it seemed only to plunge him deeper into despair. He clutched his revered head with both hands, and but for an opportune baldness would probably have torn his hair. He murmured, huskily, "Do you think you have got it right?"

We avoided the response, "Sure thing," by an appropriate circumlocution, and then he thundered back: "How in—nature—is a young writer to forecast the demands of current editors? If an editor is worth his salt—his Attic salt—he does not know himself what he wants, except by the eternal yearning of the editorial soul for something new and good. If he has any other demands, he is not a current editor, he is a stagnant editor. Is it possible that there is a superstition to the contrary?"

"Apparently."

"Then, that would account for many things. But go on."

"Go on yourself. You have not answered the question."

"Oh, by all means," the author sardonically answered, "if the current editor has demands beyond freshness and goodness, let the young writer avoid the masters in literature, and study the stories in the current magazines."

"You are not treating the matter seriously," we expostulated.

"Yes, I am—seriously, sadly, even tragically. I could not have imagined a condition of things so bad, even with the results all round us. Let us have the second question of your correspondent."

"Here it is: '2. Has the unknown writer an equal chance with the well-known author, provided his work is up to the standard of the latter's?'"

"Of the latter's, of the latter's, of the latter's." Our friend whispered the phrase to himself before he groaned out: "What a frightful locution! Really, really, it is more than I can bear!"

"For the cause you ought to bear anything. What do you really think?"

"Why, if the former's work is as good as the latter's, why isn't the former's chance as good, if the current editor's demands are for the same kind in the former's case as in the latter's? If the latter's aim is to meet the imaginary demands of the stagnant editor, then the former's work ought to be as attractive as the latter's. Ha, ha, ha!"

He laughed wildly, and in order to recall him to himself, we read the third question: "3. Which is the more acceptable — a well-told story with a weak plot, or a poorly told story with a strong plot?"

"Oh, but that is a conundrum, pure and simple!" the author protested. "It is a poor parody on the old End-man pleasantry, 'Would you rather be as foolish as you look, or look as foolish as you are?' You are making it up!"

"We assure you we are not. It is no more a conundrum than the others. Come: question!"

"Well, in the first place, I should like to know what a plot is. Something that has occurred to you primarily as an effect from your experience or observation? Or something you have carpentered out of the old stuff of your reading, with a wooden hero and heroine reciprocally dying for each other, and a wooden villain trying to foil them?"

"You had better ask a current editor, or a stagnant. Do you confess yourself posed by this plain problem? Do you give it up?"

"For the present. Perhaps I may gather light from the next question."

"Then here it is: '4. What do you consider the primary weakness in the average stories or verses of the old writers?'"

"Oh, that is easy. The same as in the average stories and verses of the older writers: absence of mind."

"Are you sure you are not shirking? Cannot you give a categorical answer—something that will really help some younger writer to take the place which you are now more or less fraudulently holding? The younger writers will cheerfully allow that the trouble is absence of mind, but what line of reading would you suggest which would turn this into presence of mind?"

"There is none, except to have themselves newly ancestored. Presence of mind as well as absence of mind is something derived; you cannot acquire it."

"We think you might be a little less sardonic. Now here is the next problem: '5. What are the successful author's necessary qualifications in the matters of natural ability, education, life as he sees it and lives it, technical training, etc?'"

"This will be the death of me!" the prominent author lamented. "Couldn't I skip that one?"

"It seems to cover some of the most important points. We do not think your self-respect will allow you to skip it. At any rate make an effort."

Thus challenged, the prominent author pulled himself together. "Oh," he said sadly, "which of us knows whether he has natural ability or not, and what is education, and what is life as one sees it, and what is technical training? Do these poor young fellows think that one is tall or short by taking thought? It is the same as that, it seems to me; or if you prefer a mystical solution, I should say, if you have a longing, from your earliest consciousness, to write poetry or fiction, and cannot keep from doing it for any long time together, you are possibly born with a gift for it. But this may be altogether a mistake; it may be the effect of your early and incessant scribblings on the minds of spectators wholly incompetent to judge of your abilities, as your fond parents. This must rather often happen if we can judge from what nine-tenths of what is called literature is composed of. If your longing to write is the real thing, or is not, still education will not help or hinder you in doing it. No man was ever yet taught any art. He may be taught a trade, and that is what most of the versing and prosing is, I suppose. If you have the gift, you will technically train yourself: that is, you will learn how to be simple and clear and honest. Charm you will have got from your great-grandfather or great-grandmother; and life, which is only another sort of school, will not qualify you to depict life; but if you do not want to depict life, you will perhaps be able to meet the demands of what our friend calls the current editors."

Here the prominent author rose, but we stayed him with a gesture. "There is another question, the last: '6. Do you care to convey any hints or suggestion gleaned from your personal experiences in the climb to success, that may make easier the gaining of the heights for the beginner?"

The prominent author roared with laughter. "Read that again!" But when we had done so, he became grave, even sorrowful. "Is it really true, then, as we seem to see, that there is a large body of young people taking up literature as a business? The thing that all my life I have fondly dreamed was an art, dear and almost holy! Are they going into it for the money there is in it? And am I, in my prominence—more or less fraudulent, as you say—an incentive to them to persevere in their enterprises? Is that what one has to come to after a life of conscientious devotion to—an ideal? Come, old friend, say it isn't so bad as that! It is? Then"—the prominent author paused, and sank weakly

into the chair from which he had risen—"perhaps I have been dreaming all these years; but in my dream it seems to me that everything outside of myself which seemed to hinder me has really helped me. There has been no obstacle in my way which if I were at the bottom of the hill, where I might very rightfully be, I would have removed. I am glad that the climb to success, as your friend calls it, has been hard and long, and I bless God for my difficulties and backsets, all of them. Sometimes they seemed cruel; they filled me with despair and shame; but there was not one that did not make me stronger and fitter for my work, if I was fit for it. You know very well that in this art of ours we need all the strength we can get from our overthrows. There is no training that can ever make the true artist's work easy to him, and if he is a true artist he will suspect everything easily done as ill done. What comes hard and slow and hopelessly, that is the thing which when we look at it we find is the thing that was worth doing. I had my downs with my ups, and when I was beginning, the downs outnumbered the ups ten to one. For one manuscript accepted, and after the days of many years printed, I had a dozen rejected, and rejected without delay. But every such rejection helped me. In some cases I had to swallow the bitter dose and own that the editor was right; but the bitter was wholesome. In other cases I knew that he was wrong, and then I set my teeth, and took my courage in both hands, and tried and tried with that rejected manuscript till the divinely appointed editor owned that I was right. But these are the commonplaces of literary biography. I don't brag of them; and I have always tried to keep my head in such shape that even defeat has not swelled it beyond the No. 7 I began with. Why should I be so wicked as to help another and a younger man over the bad places? If I could only gain his confidence I should like to tell him that these are the places that will strengthen his heart for the climb. But if he has a weak heart, he had better try some other road. There! I have given you all the 'hints and suggestions from my experience' that I can think of, and now let me go."

Once more he rose, and once more we stayed him. "Yes," we said, "no doubt you think you have spoken honestly and faithfully, but you have addressed yourself to the wrong audience. You have spoken to artists, born and self-made, but artists can always manage without help. Your help was invoked in behalf of artisans, of adventurers, of speculators. What was wanted of you was a formula for the fabrication of gold bricks which would meet the demands of current dealers in that sort of wares."

"But if I have never made gold bricks myself, or not knowingly?"

"Ah, that is what you say! But do you suppose anybody will believe you!"

The prominent author put on the hat which he flattered himself was a No. 7, but which we could plainly see was a No. 12, and said, with an air of patronizing compassion, "You have sat here so long in your cushioned comfort, looking out on the publishing world, that you have become corrupt, cynical, pessimistic."

Editor's Study

IT is now so generally the custom of magazines to give the names of contributors that readers naturally find it difficult to understand why a contrary custom so long prevailed. If we were to show these readers the manifest virtues of anonymous authorship in periodical literature, they would then as naturally inquire why it has not been maintained. The time when this Magazine began to give signed articles is within the memory of middle-aged readers, who will be surprised to learn that the step was taken hesitantly and with much doubt as to the wisdom of yielding to what had become a pressing popular demand.

The individuality of the author was not a matter of serious concern to old-time audiences. They cared only for the theme, not regarding critically, or even with any definite consciousness, its art or its source. Shakespeare was of so little account personally to his contemporaries and immediate successors that only the most scanty material for his biography survived him. The names of the greatest authors before the eighteenth century were familiar to a limited class of readers. Popularity was impossible. It was by soldiers and men of affairs that the prize of wide fame was won.

In eighteenth-century England, periodical literature was no longer confined to the narrow circle of erudite readers, but had become lively and entertaining to meet the keen demands of a polite audience equal in numbers to that which frequented the playhouses, and surpassing it in intelligence. The desire of genius for recognition in any honorable field is natural. Why then did the wits of Queen Anne's time seem to shun direct personal recognition? Why did Addison and Steele hide themselves behind the mask of "Mr. Bickerstaff"? Pope stood forth with bold effrontery, and, considering the freedom and sharpness of his relentless satire, he did not lack courage. His medium was verse, and he might have been more confident of success because nearly all his predecessors in English literature who had won enduring fame were poets.

But while the art of prose—of modern prose at least—was then in its infancy, it was welcomed by an eagerly curious audience ready to appreciate its graces. A bright prospect was opened to such writers as were able to furnish urbane entertainment, this social service promoting also purely literary achievement, with a larger scope for individual authorship and individual aspirations. Why should this authorship seek a mask? It is not enough to say that masquerade was the habit of the age. The fact remains that individual authorship was but partially emancipated. Few writers could stand out in the open as Pope did, expressing themselves without regard to fear or favor, having nothing to gain and nothing to lose. Satire was as much the weapon in letters as it was in politics. The mask served as armor.

The persistent hostility of the British government to the free expression of opinion in the press, as shown in oppressive taxation—such as brought the *Spectator* to an untimely end—and arbitrary inquisition, naturally drove the writer under cover and engendered timidity.

The profession of letters had not yet so far advanced in honor that simply excellence in its exercise would win either great regard or substantial profit. The "town" would yield its favor to such writers only as were effectively piquant or amusing. The attempt to win this favor was an experiment. The writer attaching his name to his essay would have seemed to count upon his success and to lack a becoming modesty. After he had won, the mask was likely to become transparent, disclosing the personality it had serviceably veiled. "Junius" alone escaped this disclosure while he lived, and it is still a question who wrote the famous "Letters."

But even after the rewards of authorship in esteem and fortune were better assured, the mask still served the modest intent of the literary aspirant. In two instances—those of Chatterton and the author of "Ossian"—it was meant to be impenetrable. Generally, however, it was adopted as an expedient, shielding the experiment. Scott, when he began his career in the "Waverley" disguise, seemed to prefer his lairdship untainted by literature—at least by "scribbling" in prose—and only his remarkable success justified him to himself. His novels, with his own name on the title-page, had no element in them which could have given the readers of them any special interest in his personality. As the great Unknown, this personality became intensely interesting and a challenge to curiosity. The mystery was unessential to a just recognition of the value of the novels, but it enhanced their immediate distinction and success. This element of mystery has since been availed of by "Boz," George Eliot, and many other pseudonyms, and sometimes through blank anonymity; and, for whatever reason the disguise has been adopted, it has always awakened additional interest, and so made it liable to suspicion as an artifice displacing natural modesty. Bulwer in his discussion with Blackwood concerning the publication of his Caxton series of novels, after he had already become distinguished by his earlier fiction, seems to have deliberately chosen relapse to anonymity as of greater advantage than the name he had won.

We are inclined to believe that writers generally have attached very little importance to the exaltation of their names for their names' sake. It is not the seeing his name in print which causes the heart of the novice to rejoice, but seeing his work in print. Certainly he could not have seen his name in periodical literature until within a comparatively recent period. Now that he does see it, he is apt to look upon it rather deprecatingly as an unnecessary distraction from the work itself, a limitation upon it, a kind of impertinence. He feels that he must work hard and long simply to deprive that inert label of its insignificance. He sees other names which have lost this inertia, or whose inertia has become momentum in the race for glory, because they have been so long associated with work of the best sort, each with some peculiar excellence and quality—names which have finally come to live as distinct personalities.

If no names were given, the readers of the periodical, being without the guidance of labels, might not wait till they had supped with all their familiars before giving the new writers so much as a nod or a glance. They might even chance to favor him with their earliest attentions and partake of his little feast with unsated appetites.

So it was in the good old times. Then Charles Lamb felt as much at home in the pages of a magazine as at his own sheltered fireside. He would have shivered at the sight of his name in print as if he stood thinly clad in the wintry wind. "Elia" was a cheery warm cloak to wrap about him when he wished to appear *en costume.* This extreme shyness would look like affectation in our day.

There were considerations not due to modesty which made writers even in the early part of the nineteenth century averse to a direct acknowledgment of their contributions to periodical literature. The periodical, however successful it might have become, received rather than conferred dignity in its relation to its important contributors. The old stigma upon the literary profession itself still remained in such force that there was not one of the brilliant young men who started the *Edinburgh Review* but would have preferred to owe his reputation mainly to some other profession. Lockhart, after *Blackwood,* for which he had done so much, had achieved remarkable distinction as well as success, expressed his growing aversion to periodical literature, though he adhered to it, and was at the time about to accept the editorship of Murray's *Quarterly Review.* He had been familiar with this field as the arena of fierce political conflict and spiteful literary criticism, and was just then depressed by his own connection with the duel in which John Scott, the editor of the *London Magazine,* had been killed. It was not until the forties that literature and the literary periodical attained to anything like the full measure of their honorable recognition. Anonym-

ity in the early years of *Blackwood* might often have seemed to be the refuge of cowardly libellers, whose assaults were only restrained by the liability of the publisher.

In those days, too, the publication of contributors' names would have disclosed the poverty of literature—at least of literature both good enough and available. It was not an uncommon thing for Brougham in the *Edinburgh Review* or Wilson in *Blackwood* to contribute half a dozen articles to a single number. Jeffrey is reported to have written the entire contents of one number of the *Review,* including an article on Chinese music.

The habit of anonymity, once established, persisted, and it may have outlasted its virtues as well as its necessities and its vices. But we are not quite sure that, in the interests of literature, it was wisely abandoned. The urgent demand of magazine readers for the publication of names is easily accounted for in an age which revels in personalities almost, if not quite, to the point of debauchery. Names are bandied about as mere tokens, with no reference to the essential values which have made them significant or interesting. The banality of this habit is conspicuous. The association of a writer's name with his work is natural and proper. But the careful and thoughtful reader will, without the author's name, build up his true personality from the individual traits disclosed in his work or in his manner of work, and the really great writer thus discerned becomes an important part of this reader's culture, and along with this is developed a familiar and friendly association, a haunting companionship. A few such authors make for him an interesting world. How different is his case from that of the reader who requires the names of contributors that he may waste no time in finding out the distinctive traits to know an author by! He belongs to that polite world which has the common habit of conversation about books and pictures, with varying degrees of intelligence and interest; and he is expected to contribute his share to this kind of entertainment. He lives in a world of talk, of spoken and printed gossip, and thus acquires much knowledge about writers who are in vogue without any serious study of their work, for which he has as little time as inclination. He pays his passing tribute as a reader, and is sure to confine his attention to literary notabilities.

That loose liberality which excludes rational standards, which counts notoriety as a legitimate distinction, tends to degeneration. The temptation is offered to the new writer to win an easy success by getting himself talked about through some eccentric performance lying outside the range of literature. Henceforth his name stands for vast possibilities in his particular field of sensationalism, and has a commercial value beyond that of nearly, if not quite, all his worthy contemporaries, and becomes a temptation to many publishers.

The profession of letters deserves and commands a commercial profit. In periodical literature before the nineteenth century this was a comparatively insignificant factor. And afterward, in the early *Blackwood* period, when a circulation of six thousand copies was considered a triumphant success, the payment of eminent contributors was modestly disguised as an *honorarium;* the other contributors were "literary hacks" and were poorly paid. When fiction of the higher order became an important element in magazines and when, later, the literary hack was, in the natural course of progress, excluded, the prizes of periodical literature rapidly increased —more rapidly in America than in England. The names of prominent writers, because they represented essential worth, had also, and legitimately, a corresponding commercial value. This element was recognized before magazines published names with contributions; distinction could not escape appreciation, and authorship soon became an open secret.

In this situation, the new writer shared with the older, and in proportion to his merit, the praise of readers. He had a fair chance. His peril, and the peril to literature, came with the use of names as potent in themselves, and with the assumption that they were the inevitable and indispensable condition of success. The most unfortunate circumstance connected with the immediate disclosure of authorship by the publication of the names of contributors is that the custom

was adopted at a time when it seemed likely to do the most harm, by giving countenance to this unwarranted assumption.

Happily, the real effect of the perils we have mentioned—that of the substitution of notoriety for substantial distinction and that of the eclipse of intrinsic worth by the acknowledged omnipotence of names associated with success—has been only to more sharply draw the lines of selection in both book and periodical publications, but more especially in the latter, because, while the reader chooses what books he will buy, he does not share with the publisher the selection of articles in a magazine, except indirectly through his exercise of choice between periodicals. Therefore it is that the first-class magazines have become the principal safeguards of literature against its deterioration. It is comparatively easier for them to withstand obviously corrupting influences, by rejecting sensational or otherwise unworthy features, than it is to resist insidious temptations; and what could be more insinuating than the persuasiveness of a great name, the undiscriminating acceptance of which, without appraisal of the production which bears it, would be so readily condoned by a large body of readers? That is a good part of the difficulty—the necessity of guarding readers against their own easy acquiescence. Writers too have to be guarded against themselves — against the overbearing attitude of some of them who insist upon that unconditional surrender of the editor which encourages too facile and sometimes feeble accomplishment. It is not fair to the author — setting aside all other questions of fairness—to accept on delivery and without consideration whatever he may, in any kind of circumstances affecting his production, have to offer, in response to the editor's expressed and genuine desire for his work.

Even commerce implies reciprocal conditions and requirements. The author who ignores editorial approval lends his authority to the prevalent assumption that it is the name and not the thing that counts, as the editor who allows himself to play the dummy in so important a transaction confesses to the truth of that assumption.

We cannot speak for others who determine the selection of matter for periodicals, though we trust that we voice the will of some, when we say that in this Magazine the name of no living writer can of itself alone compel acceptance. It is our habit as well as our choice to read every manuscript without any reference to the name of the writer, and to reach our decision upon it before we acquaint ourselves with that purely incidental and secondary fact. If, when our opinion is a favorable one, and we finally look for the name, we find that it is one we have never seen before, we experience that rare pleasure familiar to every editor who is capable of enthusiasm in the cause he maintains.

But it is not the new name that counts any more than it is the old one, with its cherished associations. The undiscriminating reader might as easily err in one extreme as the other. He might ask for a new deal in every one of a motley procession of numbers. It is the best things we want in any number, whatever names may be attached to them, and, while we regard it as of the first importance to literature that the earliest expression of individual genius should be not only protected against any overshadowing weight of established authority, but be welcomed enthusiastically—as we believe it is by readers as well as by editors,—still it is not a case where we are off with the old love before we are on with the new. The magazine is a continuous culture, maintained chiefly by experienced writers, but ever reinforced and constantly lifted to a higher plane by those who certainly, if inexpertly, sound the note which is to be the dominant in a new harmony.

The demand for the publication of authors' names in the magazine of to-day has a rational justification because of the intimacy of writer and reader in our modern literature. We do not care for the personality of the showman when our attention is wholly absorbed by the spectacle. But when all other masks are renounced, and writer and reader meet on the same plane—each a sensible partner in the communication—why retain the mask of anonymity?

Editor's Drawer

On the Antediluvian Round-up

BY ARTHUR CHAPMAN

SOMETHING hard rolled out of Missoo's chaparejos as he went to hang them up at his bunk and rolled over toward Billy Bowlegs.

"Do you happen to know what that might be?" asked Missoo. "I picked it up near the north fence in the big lease. It seems to be bone, yet it's heavier 'n rock."

"I'm s'prised at you throwin' such a poor noose in ancient hist'ry," said Billy Bowlegs, looking at the object. "This is part of the left hind shinbone of a dinosaurus, a sort of bronco that used to run this here range 'fore old Noar had his umbreller and slicker ordered. I kin tell you how many hands high this beast stood, the color of his eye, and how high he could buck. But I allus hate to see a bone of one of the critters, as it brings up mem'ries of the hardest financial loss I ever sustained."

"Tell us about it, Billy, onless the pain 'll prove onbearable," said Missoo, putting the bone back in his chaps.

"Well, it's like when the butterfly sets out to tell the story of its life," said Billy. "It's short. It begins with me in the Freezeout Mountain country, with every dollar of my calf round-up money blowed in on the allurements of cowtown life. Wex Withers was with me, and there was nothin' left but to pull our freight fer a long summer of range ridin'. But jest 'fore leavin' town we stopped to watch the incomin' stage, which was fair bu'stin' with passengers.

"'Them must be sheep-shearers come up to do their old women's work at them new shearin'-sheds,' says I to Wex. 'Come along—this ain't no sight fer a self-respectin' cowboy.'

"'You're shootin' high ag'in,' says Wex. 'Them ain't sheep-shearers. Did you ever see sheep-barbers wearin' spectacles and packin' tack hammers?'

"Sure enough—every mother's son of 'em



"THEY WAS THE MOST ENTHUSIASTIC SET OF GHOULS I EVER SEE"

sported glass winder-panes and carried little hammers. Then the driver throwed off a lot of shovels, like I had seen railroad graders brain each other with, down at Tie Sidin', and a great light broke in on me.

"'Wex,' I says, 'these are scientific sharps f'm the East, who have come to rake up Wyomin's ancient and bony past. Barrin' a stageful of English lords on a huntin'-trip, we couldn't ask anythin' better. We must stay here, pardner, fer prosperity is coaxin' us with good feed and golden hobbles.'

"We ambled back to town, and our reins ain't more 'n hit the ground in front of the rack at the hotel than a man, who is evidently the foreman of the scientist sharps, swoops down on us. He has them whiskers that ripple both ways f'm a part in the middle, and his talk limps German fashion.

"'I am Perfesser Schmitzenberger, of Bairlin,' he says, 'headin' this expedition of German scientists to uncover the fossil riches vich we are told exist in this blace. I need two men—one to look after our horses, und the other to cook. If you know this country, und can do the work, the blaces are yours.'

"Well, it wasn't five minutes afore we had signed fer eight weeks at five per day apiece, me to wrangle hosses, and Wex to do the cheffing. There was five other perfessers in the bunch, and every one of 'em was a bone specialist and antiquarian both ways, from B. C. and Anno Domino. Those chaps didn't live to-day—they was all a-prowlin' around with the cave men. Nothin' this side of the stun age could interest 'em more 'n a trifle. When we got started it was sure a painful sight, as all of 'em couldn't ride in the wagon, and of course none o' the learned gentlemen had took time enough f'm their studies to read *Hossback Ridin' in One Lesson*, er any other useful book of that nature. But, barrin' a fall or two, when a dude hoss trotted a little, there was no accidents, and we went into camp all right in the Freezeout Mountain bone country. I knowed the best place to go, where a herder had built a cabin of fossil bones years before, and Perfesser Schmitzenberger was so delighted at my artistic guidin' that he let loose a piece of information that made me stick up my ears.

"'You gentlemen should know there is a special brize of five thousand dollars offered to the one who makes the most valuable scientific discovery on this expedition,' he says. 'After gonsulting with my distinguished brethren, I haf decided to give you a chance to gompete for the brize.'

"'Does that offer limit us to diggin' up these prehistoric fly-ketchers?' says I. 'If it does, count me out, as I am a powerful poor hand with a shovel.'

"'No; anything of value to science,' says the perfesser. 'The money is in my hands, und vill be awarded on the spot by a majority vote of the members. If you gentlemen make the greatest scientific discovery you vill be paid the money without delaying.'



"I DONE ALL MY ART-WORK WITH BURNT STICKS"

"'Oh, I know we have no chance agin you perfessers,' says I, puttin' on a front I did not feel, for I was beginnin' to exult inside. In fact, I had a great idee, which I worked on as busy as a beaver, and a heap more silent, fer the next few days.

"Them spectacled boys plunged into their bone-diggin' with an enthusiasm that was n o t h i n' short of painful to me, with my inherited hatred of shovels. They was sure the most enthusiastic set of ghouls I ever see. They'd start out in the mornin', right after grub-pile, and it was hard work to corral 'em fer the noon f e e d. Then they'd come straglin' in at all hours in the evenin', talkin' and thinkin' of everythin' else but hoglinin' and pertaters. Like most cooks, Wex got plum irritable at this reckless disregard of meal hours, but jawin' didn't seem to do no good to these sharps, who was deaf, dumb, and blind to everything this side of the Jurassic age.



"I SAYS NOTHIN', FER THERE WAS NOTHIN' ILLUMINATIN' TO SAY"

"'Why should mere ham bones interest me, young man,' sez the oldest and most foolish of the sharps, when Wex was howlin' 'cause supper was burned black waitin' fer the strays. 'To-day it is a grand day for science. I haf uncovered the thigh-bone of a Titanotherium.'

"'But, sufferin' bobcats!' says Wex, 'you cyan't live on the thigh-bone of a Titanotherium. Where'd you sharps be if I didn't stand here like a monyment of patience, supplyin' you with salt pigotherium?'

"That night I resolved to let Wex in on my scheme before he got too outspoken with the sharps and spoil the hull game which I had planned.

"I had been listenin' to the conversation around the campfire every night, and had filled up on the talk about the ancient beasts that figger in the *Scientists' Brand Book*. I studied the bones the perfessers was allus draggin' to camp, and that they had piled like cordwood on Freezeout slopes, and I had even got Perfesser Schmitzenberger to draw out some sketches of pleiosaurs, dinosaurs, and other predecessors of the Texas steer. These sketches I preserved keerfully, and the mornin' followin' Wex's fallin' out at supper I told him to saddle up and come with me.

"We rode to a box cañon, about six mile f'm Freezeout, where the rocky sides is as straight and smooth as walls fer two hundred feet up and down.

"'Wex,' I says, pointin' to the smooth side of the highest cliff, 'there's our canvas where we must draw the masterpiece that will bring us the five thousand that is now a-makin' Perfesser Schmitzenberger round-shouldered.'

"'What do you mean?' says Wex.

"'I mean that we must git that prize fer the greatest scientific discovery on this here expedition. I am on the trail of a find that will make the perfesser's big pile of ancient bones look sicker 'n a whited sepulchre. F'm these here models, which Perfesser Schmitzenberger has so kindly drawed fer

us, we must make some sketches on the side of that wall, and convince these locoed grave-robbers that the picters was made by cave men f'm livin' models.'

"'I take off my sombrerer to you,' says Wex, doffin' respectful like. 'But how are we goin' to put any picters on that wall?'

"'That's where you come in,' says I. 'We must git up on top there, and you must lower me over the edge, at the end of our ropes. I will do the art-work. If a rope breaks, remember I leave you my new silver-mounted saddle that I ain't ever been able to git outen that Denver pawnshop.'

"Well, we carried out my plan all right; though, owin' to our limited hours of work, it took us right up to the time fer breakin' up the expedition. Wex and I went to the top of that cliff every day, while the perfessers was addin' to their pile of bones, and Wex' 'd lower me over the edge. At first it was somethin' sickenin' to look down, but after a while I begin to enjoy the sensation. I done all my art-work with burnt sticks, Wex keepin' me supplied with these f'm a fire on top of the cliff. When I'd finish drawin' in one spot, Wex 'd shift me a little farther along. In this way I had the side of that box cañon plastered with designs that sure looked like a cave-man's nightmare. I drawed up all the sketches the perfesser had made fer me, only enlargin' 'em a hundred times. Then I began drawin' on my own imagination, as it were.

"Wex and I 'd go down in the cañon every once in a while to study the art-work f'm a distance, and my co-artist couldn't pat me on the back enough.

"'A great artist was sure spoiled when you became a second-rate puncher,' says Wex. 'I admire them sketches the perfesser furnished you, but you have got him roped, throwed, and hog-tied at his own game. That there muley-cow, with six legs and a flowing mane and tail, must have been one of the hangovers of that last little experience of ourn in Cheyenne. But I think you ought to have more of the human element in the series. You have left out man, who must 'a' cut some small figger in the days of them monsters.'

"The next day I took Wex's advice, and drew a picter of a cave man milkin' a dinosaur, while a bunch of cave kids and a cave woman stood by, holdin' little cups, and a dinosaur calf looked hongrily on f'm the background.

"The mornin' we broke up I told the bunch that I was goin' after their five thousand dollars. I explained to 'em that I intended to lead 'em to a great discovery we had made in a near-by cañon—a discovery that would illuminate the moth-eaten Jurassic age like a 'lectric light. The perfessers was impatient to see the new discovery, and as fer me I couldn't move fast enough, as I thought those storm-clouds meant trouble, and I was oppressed by a feelin' that somethin' disagreeable was likely to happen onless I got a move on.

"Well, when we got to the cañon them picters loomed up fine on the side wall. I nearly lost my feelin' of depression admirin' my own work. The perfessers begin pinchin' themselves to see if they was awake. Exclamations of wonder bu'sted f'm 'em, and they hauled out their note-books and begin makin' entries.

"'Gentlemen,' I says, 'my pardener and me are goin' to leave you here, baskin' beneath the wonder of this newly discovered marvel. Our contract is up this day, and we must git back to our outfits. The trail leads straight to town, and you cyan't git lost. All that remains is fer you to hand over the five *thousand*, in addition to the wages you have paid us, as I think you will agree that we are entitled to the prize-money.'

"Well, the perfessers drawed off to one side, and there was nothin' to be seen but the glitter of spectacles, and nothin' to be heard but exclamations in German. But I was beginnin' to git fidgety, as the rain was switchin' down the cañon at a great rate, though not a mother's son of them perfessers but was too excited to think of gittin' out his slicker.

"Finally, Perfesser Schmitzenberger steps out, leaving the bunch.

"'Fellow vunder-seekers,' he says, feelin' in his inside pocket and bringin' out a roll of bills that 'd choke a bull elk, 'your discovery is indeed remarkable. To think that these drawings should haf remained on these valls through all the ages! It seems to pass belief, yet I haf learned not to distrust the efidence of my own eyes. In addition to this money, it has been voted to gif you full recognition before our scientific societies. Meantime, it gifs me great bleasure—'

"But jest then there comes a whoop f'm one of the sharps, who, unbeknownst to us, had set up a big camery and was takin' a picter of the line of drawin's on the cliff.

"'Dey are disappearin'!' he yells. 'Ach, himmel! ve haf been deceived!'

"I give one glance at the cliff, and so did Wex. The rain was slattin' ag'inst the wall, and was washin' the hull side of the cliff as bare as it was the day we first seen it. The marks of them burnt sticks was vanishin' like dew in the sun, and even as I looked I seen my choicest work of art—the antediluvian milkman and his hongry fam'ly—fade away like a dream. I jumped fer my hoss, and Wex jumped fer his. One of the perfessers grabbed a handful of hair out of the tail of Wex's bronco. But we had that one jump the start, and it was enough. We got away, but not until sev'ral shots and a volley of German cuss words come after us.

"When we got out on the plain and headed fer home, Wex looked at me.

"'Next time I throw in with a artist,' he says, 'I am goin' to pick one that works in waterproof materials.'

"I says nothin', fer there was nothin' illuminatin' to say, but every time I find a prehistoric remnant lyin' loose on the range now I take delight in throwin' it up in the air and shootin' it to dust 'fore it comes down."



Insolence

JUPITER. "*Well, what's the trouble now?*"
VENUS. "*An impertinent astronomer on the earth has been staring at me for three consecutive nights.*"

The Documents in the Case

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

The title-deeds of Abraham which Sir William Ramsay is seeking in the land of the Hittites were written on a brick.—*Daily Paper*

THE title-deeds of Abraham
  Were written on a brick,
Protecting him from legal sham
  Or petty shyster's trick.
If anybody tried to sue,
  Or take from him his place,
All Father Aby had to do
Was just to take that bricklet true
  And hit him in the face.

What title-deed to Adam went,
  I really do not know—
His claim was hardly permanent,
  As history doth show.
I rather think, from what I hear,
  'Twas on an apple writ,
And—though the record isn't clear—
When other claimants did appear
  He found he'd eaten it.

What sort of license Noah got
  To run a scursion boat,
Or ply a steam or schooner yacht
  To keep his folks afloat—
We are not told at all of that,
  But I've an idle whim,
Before he got to Ararat,
When the Inspector showed his hat
  He pushed him in the swim.

What kind of a certifikit
  King Solomon employed
When in a matrimonial fit
  A wedding he enjoyed,
Is not set down by any pen
  That writes of Solomon;
But I will wager five to ten
It was a sort of Gold Deben-
  Ture Bond with coupons on.

A Natural Product

A TEACHER of a small district-school was one day, recently, giving a language lesson on animals and their uses.

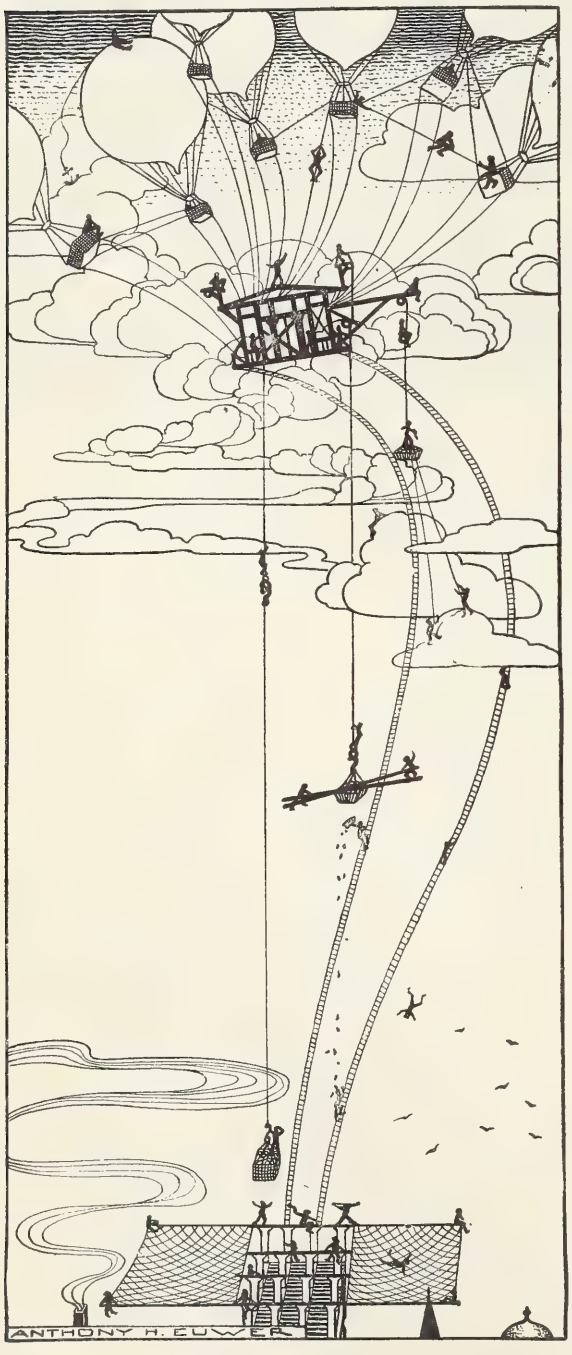
The pupils had named most of the domestic animals, and had told of what uses they were, when some one suggested sheep.

"Yes," said the teacher, "sheep are very useful. Who can tell me what we get from them?"

A small boy eagerly waved his hand.

"Well, Willie, you may tell us what we get from sheep," the teacher said.

"Lambs," shouted Willie.



Building a Sky-scraper in 2400 A.D.

The method of anchoring the top in the proper position and then gradually connecting it with the base is found to be far more convenient than the old plan.

A Pollywogism

THE Pollywog does naught but play
And skip about the livelong day
In a spontaneous, hearty way.
It seems to matter not a jot
If he be in a school or not,
He looks on toil as tommyrot,
And leaps and creeps, and rolls in heaps,
And e'en is silly when he sleeps.

A staid demeanor's sure to fail,
And dignity's of no avail
To one who's naught but head and tail.
"I scorn," declares the Pollywog,
"Maturity's dull decalogue,
Until I'm tailless and a Frog;
For me, you see, there could not be
The slightest mite of dignity."

Observe the Frogs, well groomed and kempt,
From tadpolacious tails exempt,
Who watch their offspring with contempt;
While those of adolescent age,
With tails in half-departed stage,
In shame conceal each appendage.
The Frogs' chief thought, when aught they're taught,
Is, "Caudal'd adults come to naught."

This moral in italics set:
Don't act, when gray and old you get,
As though your tail were on you yet.
(But there be some who think that Frogs,
Absurdly grave on mossy logs,
Are sillier than Pollywogs.
Which goes to show, as you must know,
My moral isn't always so!)

BURGES JOHNSON.

Couldn't Stand It

IN the family of a certain learned professor in Washington there is such a lot of learned talk of natural science, particularly at the table, that it is said even the servants theorize on the subject.

One of these servants, a butler and general utility man, one day came to the professor and gave notice that either he or the housemaid must leave.

"What appears to be the difficulty?" asked the master of the house. "Aren't you well treated?"

"I have nothing to complain of in that respect, sir," was the reply. "The fact is, sir, it's most trying to work in a house with servants who believe the world was created in periods when I know it was created in days."

Worth Observing

IN a certain preparatory school in Washington an instructor one day made the statement that "every year a sheet of water fourteen feet thick is raised to the clouds from the sea."

"At what time of the year does that occur, Professor?" asked a freshman, "It must be a sight worth going a long way to see."

Plain English

A DARKY preacher in Mississippi, in a sermon, dwelt upon the advantages of plain speech.

"Why, breddren," exclaimed the dusky divine, bringing his hand down upon the pulpit with great vigor, "dere's no need of all dese heah long words an' high-soundin' terms dat we uses 'most ebery day. Not by a jugful, my breddren! Look at St. Paul! Dem words of his was full of de meat of knowledge an' help. Did he make use of any highfalutin' talk? No, my breddren! St. Paul, he speaks in plain, simple English!"

An Obituary

A WESTERN newspaper man, in referring to the amusing quality of town gossip as reflected in the "personals" of the average country newspaper, tells of an item that found its way into the sheet the gentleman himself at one time ran in a town of Nebraska. The item was something like this:

"Last Tuesday, our friend Morgan Smith, a farm laborer near this place, killed a pig weighing 175 pounds. The pig was indeed a splendid specimen of the porcine species. We are informed that in spite of its great size, the pig was able to walk in and out of its sty to the last."

A Forbidden Dainty

EDITH is being trained in the way she should go. She is sometimes rebellious, and the day she was five she returned from her outing in the country with renewed determination.

"Mamma," she began, breathlessly, "nurse took me to see real cows; and what do you think—they were chewing gum!"

"The Rest is Laughter"

"BEWARE! employ the fleeting hours!"
The Dial warns the idle Flowers.

The Flowers nod in sweet denial,
And rose-leaves hide the solemn Dial.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN.



Professional Jealousy

The Angleworm

I'D hate to be an angleworm;
They have no feet at all,
For I've a pair of red top boots
That squeak and stand up tall.

LOUISE AYRES GARNETT.

Warlike Finery

HARRY became much interested in playing soldier, but the accoutrements he collected gradually. At first he was content to march about merely with a stick for a gun; then at his request his mother made him a paper hat, to which later she added a "plume," which Harry had discovered in the hen-yard. For a time he was highly pleased with this outfit, but after a day he must needs have a belt, and this naturally led him to ask his father to whittle him a sword. At last, bedecked in this warrior dress, Harry again confronted his mother.

"Why, how like a soldier you look!" she observed.

"Yes—but, mamma," he hinted, "I've been looking at a picture of Napoleon, and *he* has a scrubbing-brush on each shoulder."



Mrs. Elephant does her own Ironing

The Boss

BY THE OFFICE-BOY

WHEN things go easy, he just sarnters round
At ten o'clock or so; then reads his mail,
Dictates some half a dozen letters to the girl,
Tosses us each a word, or maybe two,
Looks at the papers, lights a good cigar,
'Phones to a friend, and then goes out to lunch.
And I go home and say to maw—"Gee whizz!
I hate to work. I wish I was the Boss!"

But my, when things go wrong! Maybe a strike,
Or prices down, or some bank goes and busts,—
Then ain't he Johnny-on-the-spot at eight!
Then he don't take no time to read the news,
Nor eat no lunch, but keeps us all a-jump.

Then he shoots letters at the girl till she
Gets flustery red spots on her cheeks; and makes
Even old Chief Clerk hustle; you know *him*,
That fat one, with the sort of double chin.
And *me*—why, I'm greased lightning when he calls.
And when night comes, then he looks kind er pale
And anxious like, and yet so full of fight,
I get a sort of aching in my throat
Like something choked me, when I look at him.
And I go home and say to maw—"Gee whizz!
Bizness is tough. I'm glad *I* ain't the Boss!"

GERALDINE MEYRICK.



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SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, WITH HIS PAGE.—KING HENRY IV: ACT I: SCENE II

Painted for Harper's Magazine by Edwin A. Abbey, R.A.

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"King Henry IV"

CRITICAL COMMENT BY LEWIS CAMPBELL

PICTURES BY EDWIN A. ABBEY, R.A.

THE reader or spectator of Shakespeare's *Henry IV.* sometimes carries away from the drama a partial and incomplete impression. This may be accounted for by the very richness of a composition which, as Mr. Grant White observes, is "an exhibition of his powers as poet, dramatist, and humorist, unsurpassed in its combination of variety and perfection by any other production of his pen." According to the mood of the reader, or the special accomplishment of one or more of the actors, the mind is led to attach a disproportionate value to the humors of Falstaff, the heroics of Hotspur, or the splendor of the martial scenes at Shrewsbury. Most of us in youth have learned by heart some striking passages, such as the "Invocation to Sleep," or Hotspur's denial of his prisoners, or Vernon's description of Prince Henry and his comrades before the battle; and these portions return to the mind with undue prominence in afterwards thinking of the play. The purpose of the following remarks is to afford some help towards the consideration of the two parts of *Henry IV.* when either is regarded as a whole.

Shakespeare had passed from his apprenticeship. He had found a patron in Lord Southampton, and was his own man thenceforward: no longer "the Johannes Factotum" of a company, as Greene had called him. In *Henry VI.* he had wrought on other men's foundations; also when, continuing the same series of Chronicle histories independently in his *Richard III.*, he dealt with a subject which had been previously dramatized, and poetically rendered by Sackville in the *Mirror for Magistrates.* But in going back to the Plantagenet and Lancastrian epoch, he seems to have been little indebted either to Daniel's *Civil Wars* or to contemporary dramas on the reign of Richard II. The prose Chronicles, especially Holinshed, were almost his sole authorities for the historical facts.

He was in the heyday of his marvellous powers. The sadness of life, which he had anticipated in *Romeo and Juliet* (the true "first heir" of his tragic "invention"),* had not yet possessed him as it did afterwards in the dark days towards the close of Elizabeth's reign. He looked forth on human things in all their complexity with a serene and comprehensive truth of vision—himself, meanwhile, "as eager-hearted as a boy."

Much idle ingenuity would have been

* I discount *Titus Andronicus*, which, even if largely Shakespeare's, belongs to the period of the "apprenticeship."

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spared had critics and interpreters always sufficiently borne in mind the data which the poet assumed in composing his dramas. His method cannot be otherwise clearly understood. Mr. S. Landor has observed:* "Poetry is not history. . . . When she does not wholly invent, she at one time amplifies and elevates; at another, with equal power, she simplifies, she softens, she suppresses." Shakespeare seldom "wholly invents": it is through the other processes indicated by Landor that the alchemy of his genius is revealed.

In *Richard II.* he "simplifies" by selecting the incidents immediately conducing to the rise of Bolingbroke and fall of Richard. These he "amplifies and elevates" with a beauty of language and of verse which he has hardly surpassed elsewhere. But he has invented little; and the poet in him still has the better of the dramatist. The Queen's reception of the news from the Duke of York's gardener, "old Adam's likeness," and the visit of the groom who tells about roan Barbary, are the most distinctly Shakespearian touches.† But in treating of the "troublesome reign" of Henry IV., while he "suppresses" much he amplifies with greater freedom.

From the peaceful stability of the Tudor dynasty the poet looks back to the beginning of the fifteenth century, a time when English life was boisterous, stirring, "full of vent," when the several factors of the nation—lords, commons, church and state—were struggling together; when armed ecclesiastics moved political factions and honest men were burnt for Lollardry; when disbanded soldiers made the roads unsafe, and highway robbery was the amusement of adventurous youth; when the title to the crown was still debatable and unsure. The state of Europe was disturbed by the Great Schism. The Turk was at her doors, and the Crusades fired the popular imagination.

In the first part of *Henry IV.*, which was probably all that the poet originally contemplated, he selects for dramatic treatment the rebellion of the Percys, which "found rebuke" in the battle of Shrewsbury. This gave him at once three striking personalities to occupy the foreground of the scene.

1. There is the pathetic figure of the subtle King, whose reign commenced amidst a triumph of popular acclaim, but, when once stained through the death of Richard, was fated to contend not only with the blood feud of the friends of the late King's favorites, including Archbishop Scroop, whose brother had been one of the condemned, but also, partly through their influence, with the opposition of those who had planted him on the throne.

2. There is Prince Henry, afterwards Henry V., the notorious wildness of whose youth is amply redeemed by his royal bearing afterwards. And

3, there is Harry Percy, the Hotspur of the North, whose fiery ambition, precipitating an early death, forms an effective contrast to the apparent *insouciance* of the namesake and rival.

The alliance of the Percys with the Douglas and with the Welch rebel Owen Glendower, in support of Edmund Mortimer as a pretender to the throne, supplies other picturesque elements, of which full advantage is taken. In order to preserve unity of motive, the persistent rumor that Richard is still alive is suppressed.* Many other circumstances of the reign are likewise ignored. The fear of French invasion, for example, is left out of sight.†

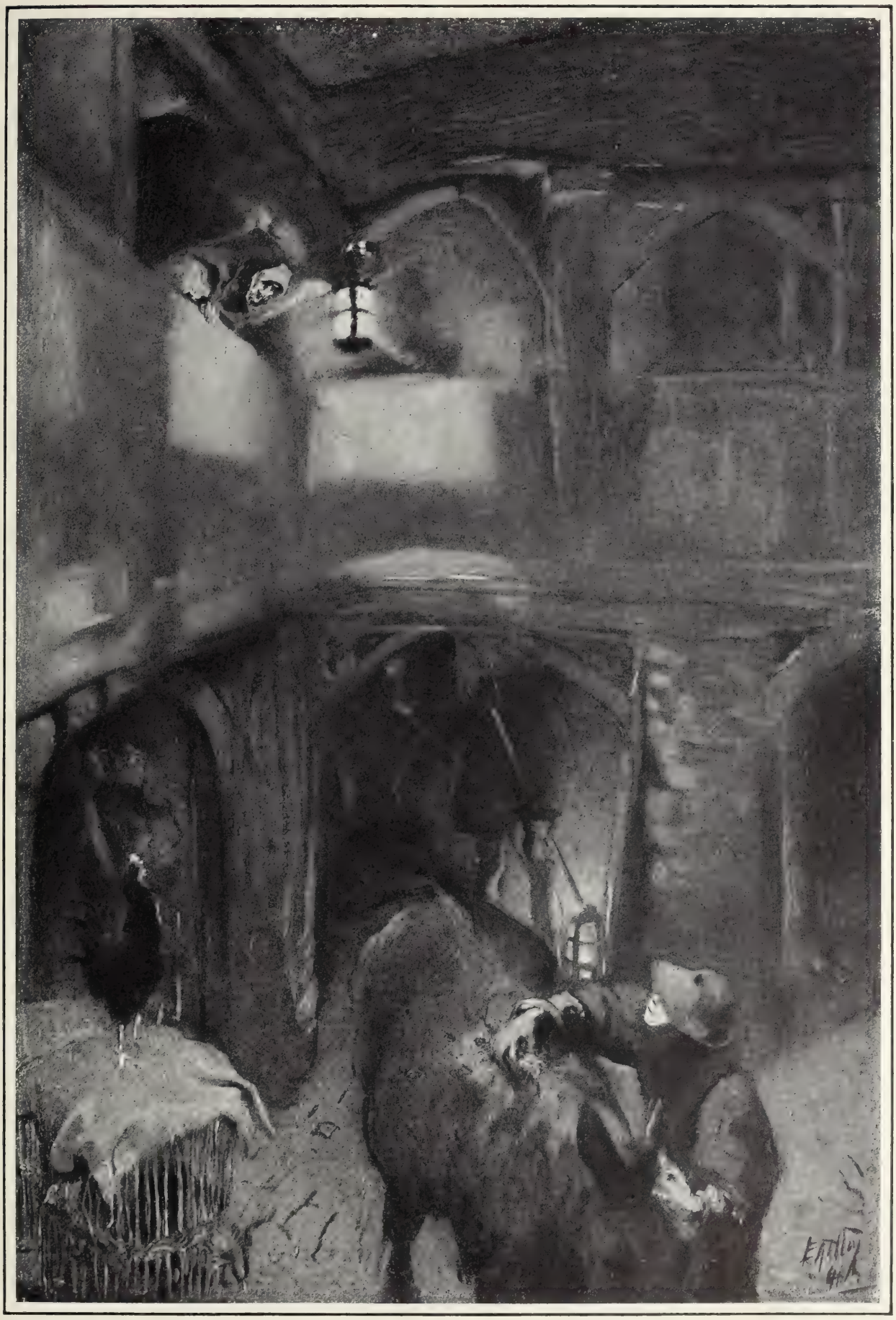
Professor Churton Collins says (*Studies in Shakespeare*, p. 259): "In the two parts of *Henry IV.* the poet's obligations to Holinshed are confined simply to the meagre outline of the purely historical portions; for the pathetic character of Henry and for his position as under the nemesis of the crime committed in the previous drama; for the character of Prince Hal, beyond the mere tradition of his youthful irregularities; for the characters of Hotspur, of Glendower, of

* Introduction to *Cenis.*

† For in the resignation scene he had a model in Marlowe's *Edward II.;* the close connection, in the mind of Shakespeare and of his audience, between *Henry IV.* and *Richard II.* is shown by the allusions in which the earlier play is quoted, almost word for word, in 1 *Henry IV.*, i., 3, 253-4; 2 *Henry IV.*, iii., 1, 70-77; (*Richard II.*, ii., 3, 45, 48; v., 1, 55-59). This may be cited as an additional reason for the order in which the English histories are quoted here.

* See, however, 2 *Henry IV.*, i., 3, 100.

† Except in Part II, *Henry IV.*, i., 3, 84.



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PART I: ACT II: SCENE I

ROCHESTER: AN INN YARD

Lady Percy; for the comic characters and the comic scenes he had not even a hint in the Chronicles." Notwithstanding what I have said above, this appears to me to be somewhat overstated. It is true that for the comic scenes there is no hint in Holinshed; though apart from Gloucestershire, where Shakespeare draws upon his own youthful observation, they also are not without a basis of tradition. But it detracts nothing from the originality of Shakespeare, while it certainly throws light upon his work, to detect in the prose Chronicle some of the germs which he has "amplified and elevated." For example, as to the Nemesis which haunts King Henry compare the following:

"It was evident enough to the world that he had with wrong usurped the crown, and not only violently deposed King Richard, but also cruelly contrived his death; for the which undoubtedly both he and his posterity tasted such troubles as put them still in danger of their states."—1 *Henry IV.,* iii., 2, 4, etc.

"Well, fair son" (said the King, with a great sigh), "what right I had to it, God knoweth."—2 *Henry IV.,* iv., 5, 184.

And for the pathetic invocation to sleep:

"Oh, what a suspected state, therefore, is that of a king holding his regiment with the hatred of his people, the hard grudgings of his courtiers, and the peremptory practices of both together! Could he confidently compose or settle himself to sleep?"—2 *Henry IV.,* iii., 1.

Then as to Glendower:

"Strange wonders happened (as men reported) at the nativity of this man."—1 *Henry IV.,* iii., 1.

"A vain prophecy, as though Henry were the moldwarp cursed of God's own mouth and they three were the dragon, the lion and the wolf, which should divide the realm."—*Ib.,* i., 184.*

The chief point to note about Prince Hal is the care and skill with which the dramatist maintains our regard and liking for him. Through all his wildness there appear those "sparks of better hope" of which his father spoke in *Richard II.,* v., 3, 21. There is the ring of native princeliness in his most careless escapades. His only part in the exploit on Gad's Hill is to expose the hollowness of Falstaff and his crew, whom he, after all, exonerates by paying back the money. For this aspect of him also there is authority in the Chronicle: "His behavior was not offensive, or at least tending to the damage of anybody; sith he had a care to avoid doing of wrong, and to tender his affections within the tract of virtue, whereby he opened up to himself a ready passage of good liking among the prudent sort and was beloved of such as could discern his disposition, which was in no degree so excessive as that he deserved in such vehement manner to be suspected." This passage may even have suggested the beautiful lines in which the King on his death-bed describes Prince Henry to his brother of Clarence:

> "He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
> Open as day for melting charity," etc.
> —*2 Henry IV., iv., 4, 30.*

But in his use of Holinshed, Shakespeare has eschewed what to an inferior dramatist would have been a temptation. In narrating the manner in which the prince removed the suspicions which "Pickthanks"* (the word is Holinshed's) had awakened in the King, the Chronicle presents us with a theatrical scene. Prince Henry, with a troop of followers all in gay apparel, which is minutely described, appears suddenly in Westminster Hall. The followers, at his command, stop half-way at the fireplace, though beckoned farther by the lords. The Prince alone proceeds to the sick-chamber, and, falling on his knees, presents a dagger to the King, with which he begs to be despatched if he is suspected of any treasonable views. The King is satisfied, and reconciliation follows. This would have appealed to the modern stage-managers; but it did not fall in with Shakespeare's scheme. His business was to introduce us to the most intimate relations between the father and the son; and the Prince's chosen confident, when he avoids the court, is not one amongst the *jeunesse dorée,* but a poor

* For other evidence of the poet's intimate acquaintance with Holinshed see 1 *Henry IV.,* i., 3, 83, 145, 157; iii., 1, 14 38; iv., 3, 56; v., 1, 42: 2 *Henry IV.,* i., 1, 130; iv., 1, 30, 77, 199; 2, 4ff.; 3, 1-18; 4, 125; v., 2, 84.

* 1 *Henry IV.,* iii., 2, 25.



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PART I: ACT V: SCENE IV

THE DEATH OF HOTSPUR

gentleman, the inventory of whose wardrobe includes two shirts, "one for superfluity and another for use," and two pair of silk stockings, one of which had been the "peach-colored ones" (2 *Henry IV.*, ii., 2, 14). It is in another way that the poet's imagination rises into the "heaven of invention." At the battle of Shrewsbury, it is recorded that Hotspur was slain, and that "the Prince holp his father like a lusty young gentleman; for although he was hurt in the face with an arrow, so that divers noblemen would have conveyed him out of the field, yet he would not suffer them so to do." Out of this narrative Shakespeare creates the Prince's rescue of his father from the sword of Douglas, his challenge to Henry Percy, and the single combat between the rival aspirants, in which Hotspur falls.

On the person of Hotspur and the dramatic contrast between him and Prince Hal there is little to say that is not obvious at first sight. That "speaking thick" (*i. e.*, rapidly), "which Nature made his blemish," is magnificently used, *e. g.*, in the dialogue with Northumberland and Worcester, where twenty lines (1 *Henry IV.*, i., 2, 168-179) have to be recited without taking breath. And there is one thing which, strangely enough, seems to have escaped some actors of high repute; and that is the necessity of a change of tone in v., 2, 81, from that of high heroic daring to a certain pathos of presentiment. Without that the delineation loses in depth.

In judging of the comic scenes, the greatest in any literature, it must be remembered that the robbery on Gad's Hill, in which the "madcap" Prince took part, was a necessary incident of the tradition. Shakespeare's handling of it is best appreciated by comparing *The Famous Victories of Henry V.* The facts concerning this wretched production are succinctly stated by Grant White in his introduction to 1 *Henry IV.* But there can be no harm in resuming them here.

1. Sir John Oldcastle, familiarly addressed as "Jockey," is clearly known (oh, wondrous transformation!) to have been the original of Falstaff, and Ned, in the same poor play, is no other than Poins. Shakespeare has set these "mates" against each other, and thus has contrived to render this "trick of youth" compatible with his own conception of Prince Hal.

2. In Mr. Grant White's words: "The exploit of the robbery is upon Gad's Hill, and the name Gad's Hill is also that of one of the agents in the adventure. The rendezvous of the Prince and his companions is a tavern in Eastcheap; the scene in which Falstaff plays King in *Henry IV.* has a strange counterpart in the *Famous Victories,* where Henry V. (*i. e.*, Prince Hal), having struck the Chief Justice and been sent to the Fleet, two other characters travesty the occurrence, one playing the Judge, the other the Prince."

3. I may add some other small coincidences. There is a "poor carrier," "who was wont to spie out our booties," and in his pack there is "a raze of ginger." There is "Thiefe," the Prince's man, who in some ways answers to Bardolph. There is a boy named Robin; the persons robbed are Receivers for the King; there is a Sheriff; there is a "capon's leg"; and the Prince speaks as follows in a scene with Sir John Oldcastle and Ned:

"So soon as I am King, thou shalt be my Lord Chief Justice."

Ned: "Shall I? I'll be the bravest Lord Chief Justice that ever was in England."

Henry V. "Thou shalt hang none but pickpurses and horse-stealers, and such base-minded vilaines, but that fellow that will stand by the highway side courageously with his sword and buckler and take a purse, that fellow give him commendation, and I will give him an annual pension out of my Exchequer."

It is needless to point out how this dross is turned to gold in 1 *Henry IV.*, i., 2.

4. After the coronation the King discards his companions, and the Chief Justice is made Protector of the Realm: compare 2 *Henry IV.*, v., 2, 118.

> You shall be as a father to my youth;
> My voice shall sound as you do prompt my ear.

One word more is to be said on the fascinating subject of Prince Hal. Modern realism may take exception to the fine soliloquy where the youth declares his purpose in upholding the unyoked humor of his companions' idleness. This



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PART II: ACT III: SCENE II

BEFORE JUSTICE SHALLOW'S HOUSE IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE



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PART II: ACT IV: SCENE IV

PRINCE HENRY. *"My gracious lord! my father!*
This sleep is sound indeed"

may seem to involve a degree of self-consciousness inconsistent with spontaneity. But in reading Shakespeare such things are not to be construed too literally. Like the soliloquies of Richard III. and Iago, this was felt to be necessary in order to prepare the dull spectator for the sequel. Mystification has no place in Shakespeare's art.*

I will not add another to the innumerable attempts to "analyze" the part of Falstaff.† The fat rogue is not to be anatomized or "sawn into quantities," but to be enjoyed. The shade of Gervinus has appeared to hang like a funeral pall over some presentations of him which we have seen, almost justifying the strange paradox of Coleridge: "This character . . . neither contains, nor was meant to contain, any humor at all." I will content myself with a single remark. The avoidance of supposed profanities on the stage since Jacobean times has banished some things quite harmless in themselves, without which an essential point is lost, and what should have made a fine effect is rendered tame, flat, and unprofitable. In Portia's casket speech the beautiful line

> Let Fortune go to Hell for it, not I,

is omitted on the stage, and similarly the culminating point in the "men of buckram" scene is blunted by some stupid alteration of the words:

> By the Lord, I knew ye as well as He that made ye.

The second part of *Henry IV.* is composed not with less of mastery, but in a lower key. The wine is drawn: the lees remain. Shrewsbury is in the past; so is Gad's Hill. Instead of high jinks at Eastcheap we have the scene with Doll Tearsheet and ancient Pistol; for the combat with Hotspur, the inglorious achievement of Gaultree Forest. One is glad that our favorite Prince was not present there.

The snake of rebellion has been scotched, not killed, and writhes through the remainder of the reign. It shows signs of life at once in West and North. Prince Henry, whose part in life is now determined on, attends his father into Wales, while Falstaff's commission is for the North. Thus the companions are separated. Their paths cross once again in the last tavern scene, where Falstaff is "uncaped," and—his impudence having outrun his wit—the Prince gravely says "Good night" to him. The fat knight's deterioration, which is necessary to the sequel, is portrayed with Hogarth-like fidelity. The Prince cannot break at once with Poins, whom he vainly tries to convince of his sincerity, and their last frolic together is the exposure of Falstaff. But his father's illness presently absorbs his thoughts. By a masterstroke of dramatic economy, this illness prevents the northward march which King Henry makes in the Chronicle. Thus, while Falstaff follows Prince John of Lancaster, Prince Henry remains in London to the end. To fill the canvas, now that Hotspur and Glendower are gone and Prince Hal is removed, we have the sorrow of Northumberland, the remonstrance of Lady Percy, the King's remorseful retrospect and gloomy forecast, and Falstaff's wit encounter with the Chief Justice, in which, as Lord Campbell remarked, his brother of the bench has not the best of it. Then there is the inveighing of Mr. Justice Shallow, that inimitable creation, in which Shakespeare wreaked the only malice of which he was capable on his former neighbor and oppressor.

The final scene between the Prince and his suspicious father is rendered memorable by the splendid use of the traditional incident of the removal of the crown from the pillow.

The poet's point of view in some respects is still that of his age, and two of the main incidents in 2 *Henry IV.* are apt to grate on modern susceptibilities.

1. The Earl of Westmoreland's "use of policy" in his treatment of the Archbishop and Mowbray, endorsed by Prince John of Lancaster, leaves a disagreeable

* "Expectation in preference to surprise. . . . As the feeling with which we startle at a shooting-star compared with that of watching the sunrise at the preestablished moment, such and so low is surprise compared with expectation. . . . The deepest tragic notes are often struck by a half-sense of an impending blow."—*Coleridge.*

† Mr. Hudson's statement leaves little to be desired.

impression. Shakespeare is following the Chronicles, but the modern reader feels that this was a place where Poetry might well have exercised her privilege of "suppression." No doubt the "sober-blooded" Prince John inherits his father's politic temper, but the stratagem is one unworthy even of a Bolingbroke. To drink together, and then break the word of promise to the hope by sending to their deaths men who have trusted you: it is strange that even a Tudor audience could tolerate this.

2. The rejection of Falstaff stands on a different footing. The Prince's part in the robbery, and the final banishment of his "misruly mates," were equally fixed points in the tradition. To have omitted either would have been to falsify the record and to transform the fable out of recognition. The problem was to make both incidents consistent with royalty of nature in the future Henry V. We have seen how this was managed in relation to Gad's Hill. In the other instances the poet has availed himself of every softening circumstance permitted by the Chronicle. He still holds fast by Holinshed:

"To show that in his person princely honors should change public manners, he determined to put on him the shape of a new man. For whereas aforetime he had made himself a companion unto misruly mates of dissolute order and life, he now banished them all from his presence (but not unrewarded, or else unpreferred), inhibiting them, upon a great pain, not only to approach, lodge, or sojourn within ten miles of his court or presence; and in their place he chose men of gravity, wit, and high policy by whose wise counsel he might always rule to his honor and dignity; calling to mind how once to high offence of the King, his father, he had with his fist stricken the Chief Justice for sending one of his minions (upon desert) to prison, when the Justice stoutly commanded himself also straight to ward, and he (the Prince) obeyed. The King after expelled him out of his Privy Council, banished him the Court, and made the Duke of Clarence (his younger brother) President of Council in his stead."

It may be thought an aggravation that Sir John should be committed to the Fleet. But how else could one so irrepressible have been convinced?

It is hard for Shakespeare's countrymen in the twentieth century to realize all that was involved in the Tudor conception of the dignity and responsibilities of kingship. And in one respect the poet's art has overreached itself. For in creating Falstaff he has made no more "in love with vanity" than ever was Prince Hal. That the old rascal had a heart to break was a secret which Shakespeare shared with Mrs. Quickly. It troubled not the thoughts of Henry V. And in the "death of Falstaff" (*Henry V.*, ii., 3) the poet has made his *amende* to human feeling, as he does in demanding sympathy for Shylock at the end of the trial scene in *The Merchant of Venice.*

In *Henry IV.* Shakespeare attains a mastery in the employment both of verse and prose for dramatic purposes that marks an epoch in the development of his art. Except in the couplet finishing off a speech or scene, rhyme is finally disused. And in the blank rhythms, how different, yet how equally delightful, are the harmonies which the ear discovers in the melancholy musings of King Henry, the impetuous tirades of Hotspur, and those speeches of Sir Richard Vernon before Shrewsbury, which breathe the very spirit of chivalry, and sound, as it were, in liquid bugle-notes, "a point of war"!

On the subject of Shakespeare's prose, both in lower and higher comedy, Professor Churton Collins, in the volume already quoted, is very instructive. He says:

"We must go forward more than half a century to Bunyan before we shall find any author who displays such perfect command over the speech of the vulgar, and who can reproduce it with such exactness. We do not believe that, with the exception of Cranmer and the translators of the Bible, any other sixteenth-century prose-writer had so fine a perception of the native harmony of our tongue, as distinguished from a harmony borrowed from Rome."

Mrs. Quickly's narrative (2 *Henry IV.*, ii., 1, 82-90) is a good instance of the lower vein: of the higher style Falstaff's praise of sherris-sack and his discourse concerning honor are fair examples.

Old 'Lijah Bale's Escape

BY MURIEL CAMPBELL DYAR

OLD 'Lijah Bale went to and fro in his April field on Monday morning, following his slow, hammer-headed horse. Every spring he came dejectedly out into his furrows, like a prisoner answering an unchanging summons. Like a prisoner, he was every year the same, only each spring grown a little older. He was a tall man with a look of great tiredness. His feet, which shuffled through the clods of earth, were tired. His eyes, resting on the line of land between Molly's ears, were tired. His hands, gripping the plough-handles tremulously, were tired. His back, crooking forward, was tired. Even the white fringe of hair underneath his chin was tired like his old back and his faded eyes and his hands and his feet. Neighbors, speaking of him with the cheerfulness with which men who have amounted to something speak of an old man who has not amounted to anything, said that it was such a pity that he had not been as much of a man as his wife Jenny—Jenny could have made the farm go.

But this year there was something different about him—him, who was always the same. There was a new expression to his back. His frame was not lankly and vaguely set. It was tense. For fifty years, shuffling to and fro at his ploughing, he had seen, reaching the alternating ends of the field, the hill topped with pine-trees, black like spikes, and the farmhouse with the gloomy roof. But now he did not see the pines at the one end of the furrows nor the farmhouse at the other. His eyes were lifted from the land only to see the blue sky beyond the hill. Old 'Lijah Bale, imprisoned so long, was about to escape.

He could not bear it any longer. That winter he had been older than he had ever been before and he had been tireder. So he had brooded over things while the snow sifted bleakly out of the gray clouds, or the cold sun stood over the still, white land of which he so tired, or the dark rains came. The fifty years of unsuccessful toil on the farm, the winters coming monotonously after the autumns, the springs after the winters, the summers after the springs—the fifty years of Jenny's scolding tongue, the fifty years of everything cried out at him. His hands fell to shaking.

Yet shivering tiredly about his winter chores, or warming himself wearily over his hearth which Jenny kept with a wicked cleanliness, he could grope to no solution. His brain was dulled, working for fifty years narrowly in a futile round. He merely kept on thinking, through the cold, how tired he was. He realized drearily that he was tired even of small things. He was tired of Molly's turning her hammer-head toward him and whinnying every time she saw him. He was tired of the clock in the corner of the sitting-room, ticking out nothing but years, years, years. He was tired of his old bed up-stairs, where the straw tick rustled as though there were mice in it whenever he moved. When Jenny nagged him with her sharp tongue, he turned on her a face vacant and desperate.

He did not know why he had not been able to make the farm go. It was not because he had not always worked very hard. His not amounting to anything was apparently a feature with which he was naturally gifted, like his ears. He was always making mistakes, although trying not to. At twenty he had made his initial blunder of buying out his brother William's right to the home farm, having no knack for farming, and marrying Jenny, who should have married a very capable man. In the fifty years since, he had gone on making mistakes. He was always, quite unintentionally, putting the wrong crops into his land, planting potatoes when he should have sown wheat, and sowing wheat when he should have planted potatoes. His fields ran

down under his clutching hands. He was always buying slow, hammer-headed horses to work them, with no desire whatever for such steeds. Having once bought them, he could not get rid of them. Up in his woods was a strange burying-ground. Its graves were filled with the ineffectual horses which had faded from his furrows. These mistakes he had patiently buried with his spade. But there had been others which he could not inter. For fifty years the neighbors had been saying, "Why, 'Lijah Bale, whatever made ye do *that!*" until their voices had grown almost as shrill with protest as Jenny's.

And at last he was committing the mistake of becoming an old man, who had not improved any, and who was very tired of everything.

If by spring he could have thought of a single exception to his tiredness, he might never have arrived at his decision. But he could not think of any—not even as the birds started to sing in the pink boughs of the apple-trees and the bees returned to the flower-beds. He was tired of birds and of bees and of apple blossoms. If his little boy, his only child, had lived he could have thought of something. With little, tow-headed Billy he had never made mistakes. Roaring for him like a lion on his knees, or making rabbits with the shadow of his blundering fingers on the wall in the evening when the lamp was lit, or guessing what came next in the pages of his picture-books, he was an eminent success.

"Do it agin, pa!" Billy had cried, clapping his hands. Seldom had old 'Lijah Bale been requested to do it again amid the noise of clapping hands.

Answering his changeless call into the spring field on Monday morning, his brain jumped to the solution of it all. He and Molly had turned two furrows. The thought of the third brought a dry sob up in his throat. He was especially tired of that field. Then suddenly he knew what he would do. He would run away on the following Saturday afternoon, when the field was done.

He planned it out carefully. He would go to his brother William and ask him to give him something to do in his store, and he would start again in life. William Bale kept a store in a town and was a successful man. He would leave Jenny the farm, which she could make go. He would take for himself only enough of the earnings under the straw tick to pay for the journey to William's and to keep him for a while. No one had ever said of old 'Lijah Bale, blaming him for his mistakes, that he was not an honest man —"a turrible good, well-meanin' critter!"

With his decision there was upon him a dull courage for the undertaking. He had never been away from home overnight for fifty years. Jenny had visited occasionally, but he had gone plodding along. Once one of the neighbors, about to start on his first trip, had become so frightened of the journey that he had not been able to get into his new boots. But old 'Lijah Bale was not frightened. He was too tired for that.

When his notion of noon came he overturned his plough and guided Molly back to the barn, squinting nervously at her tail. Although not afraid of his journey, he feared lest Jenny should find out his plan and stop him. He felt that his decision must be written all over him in huge, burning letters for her to read. His fingers shook more than ever over the fastenings of the harness. Jenny stood waiting for him in the kitchen doorway, in her purple calico dress. He was exceedingly tired of the sight. She was a small, ugly old woman, as white as he, but with bright eyes darting capably about in her head. Her thin, cross chest said that it was all his fault. She held in her hand a potato, thrust through with a fork, from the pot she was dishing. She frowned at him fiercely. Her notion of noon and his differed widely, hers undeniably going more by the movements of the sun.

"Why, 'Lijah," she scolded, "you're turrible late. The potatoes 're all cooked to pieces and the ham's spoilt."

Old 'Lijah Bale was so tired of the fact that always, as he came in to dinner, the potatoes were all cooked to pieces and the ham was spoiled, that he stumbled on the kitchen steps.

"Now, 'Lijah," she cried, "ye ain't wipeu your feet!"

He always forgot to wipe his feet. He went down the steps again and scraped the fragments of the field soil from his boots.



Drawn by G. Patrick Nelson Half-tone plate engraved by L. C. Faber

"WHAT EVER MADE YE DO THAT!" SHE SAID, ANGRILY

"There's nothin' worse 'n mud on the floor," she grumbled.

She finished the dish of potatoes and began to take up the ham on a platter.

"It's turrible," she finished sharply. He took up the copper wash-basin nervously. His letters of fire, written on him, scorched his back. She did not appear to see them. "I've jest put up a clean towel," she warned.

By the time he was through wiping his tired face and his trembling hands, she was crying out at the looks of the crash.

"Why, 'Lijah Bale," she screamed, "what a mess ye made of it!"

For fifty years he had made a mess of the white streak of the towel against the wall.

"Now don't spill the water on the floor," she urged desperately.

He thought that her eyes, darting at him over the ham-platter, began to look at him with an awful suspicion. Trying to combine immediately an air of light innocence with the fearful inner knowledge of what he was going to do, the soapy contents of the wash-basin trickled across Jenny's clean floor.

"Why, 'Lijah Bale," she said angrily, "what ever made ye do *that!*"

He ate the first part of his dinner uneasily alone, with behind him the sound of Jenny mopping up the floor virtuously, on her purple knees. He was so tired of the sound of virtue.

"Now, for goodness' sakes, don't spill the *gravy* on ye," she ejaculated, sitting finally across from him and pulling down indignantly her sleeves over her thin old outraged arms. She had not, after all, guessed his secret.

His consciousness of it drove him hastily from the table. There was Life's unavoidable gravy on his vest, much increased in quantity because of his trying to act all during the meal as though he were not going to run away.

"Why, 'Lijah Bale!"—for a moment she could not speak. She gained her breath hysterically. "There's *nothin'* worse 'n gravy!" Her voice rasped after him out on the porch, darkening the spring sunshine. "It's *turrible!*" she said.

He bent together dully in his nooning chair. He was dreadfully tired of gravy. The chair was painted a bright green, so that within it he looked not unlike a dusty grasshopper resting on a new leaf. Personally he would have preferred it some other color, but every so often Jenny repainted it commandingly a bright green. Somewhere in the fifty years he had risen up and had asserted himself and had gained his own way. But in so doing he had been convicted of such wanton selfishness and unparalleled brutality—even if the question were only one of getting a peg in the closet free from Jenny's basque—that he had not enjoyed it any. Nothing eventually came to seem so completely dismal to old 'Lijah Bale as having his own way. It was not precisely the fact of Jenny's sniffling over his victory which made him give it up, having won it. It was the fact that she was going to sniffle again in a moment or two which drove him weakly to the hen-house.

Hens, the like of which had often been his refuge and his solace, clucked around the porch step. But he could not so much as look at them. He was frightfully tired of hens.

Feverish with his secret, he could not take his nooning hour. He shuffled stealthily out over the yard to harness Molly to go up the road to get some seed for the field before he went back to his ploughing. He would not be on the farm to put the seed in, but he would have it ready for Jenny's hired help. As though by magic Jenny appeared on the porch.

"'Lijah," she called imperiously, "ye'd better go up the road an' git your seed."

The dry sob came again into his throat. It was one of the penalties of always doing the wrong thing, that if he did start to do anything right, he was not permitted to originate the impulse.

"I'm goin'," he answered in his voice which had become so dull. She seemed to be now looking at him in a strange way.

"It's a real nice day," he said hurriedly.

She stared at him astonished. They never indulged in tendernesses about the weather—he had only drawn attention to the letters on him. She was, however, as usual as Molly's feet struck the gravel of the lane by the house.

"Be sure an' put the shawl over your knees," she said; "there's nothin' worse 'n horsehair. It's turrible!" she shouted down the lane.

Not until supper-time did she see that anything was wrong with him. "Ye've got one o' your stomach attacks, ain't ye?" She looked at him over the table with an odd, scolding fondness in her eyes, which he did not notice. He shook his head with an ancient lacking of diplomacy. He was subject to stomach attacks. He was tired of them.

"Mebbe ye'd better hev a jug of hot water to your feet," she suggested, "an' take your drops." She did not heed his denial, for she never paid any attention to anything he said.

"They ain't nothin' the matter with me," he said. His teeth fairly chattered together.

"Well," she pursued—her glance was fastened on him severely,—"ye act awful queer. Ef ye ain't got a stomach attack —why, ye ought to hev one!"

All through the evening he pretended to read the newspaper, the news of which had grown to him inexpressibly old. But the words were only a dancing blackness before him. Beside him Jenny knitted in a frightful silence. She broke it once.

"When ye goin' to git that ploughin' done?" she asked him sharply.

He jumped. "Saturday," he said, trembling.

"Seems to me," she mused, "ye're awful slow."

"Yes," he agreed wearily.

His bedtime candle, in its yellow, earthen stick, bobbed in his hand. Jenny laid down her knitting. For fifty years she had capably put him to bed.

"Don't spill the candle on ye," she shrilled. Half-way up the stairs she brought him to a pause. "There's nothin' worse 'n candle-grease."

The dry sob of tiredness stirred in his throat. "'Ceptin' gravy an' horse-hair, an' mud on the floor," he muttered wearily.

"It's turrible," she said, not hearing him.

Down below she kept count of his footsteps. When they were by the painted table at the head of the bed where he nightly set the candlestick for her to use when she came up, she stood at the foot of the stairs.

"'Lijah, don't set the bed afire."

In the beginning of his married life he had burned a tiny hole in the pillow-case. Ever since then Jenny had been smelling volumes of smoke as he went to bed.

She waited.

"'Lijah, air your candle out?" She had had him put it out for fifty years to insure safety.

He drew his mouth with difficulty into a round shape. "It's out," he said brokenly. His sense of hatred of her words, repeated interminably, was mingled with a feeling of relief that his plan was still undiscovered. In time she crawled sternly over him into her side of the bed. He hardly breathed, that she might not, seeing through the darkness like a cat, detect him running away between the sheets.

During the rest of the week he awoke each morning anxiously to his secret. He shuffled back and forth with Molly at the ploughing, quaking in the soft wind. The sight of two of the neighbors talking together turned him pale. He was sure that they were saying in excited whispers, *"Old 'Lijah Bale's goin' to run away."* He momentarily expected Jenny to rush out upon him from the house with a torrent of speech, telling him that he should not go. The pines on the hilltop rose up before him, grim and threatening.

He devoted his last nooning hours to the odd pieces of work which Jenny was always scolding at him to get him to do. His feverishness gave him an unwonted force of character. On Tuesday noon he mended the fence to keep the pigs out of the dooryard. Old 'Lijah Bale's pigs and his fences were possessed of a shocking perversity. He was very tired of holes always coming in the fence and of pigs always coming through the holes. He could hardly hit the nails squarely on the head. Jenny stood over him, directing him—"Put this nail here an' that one there; an' oh, 'Lijah Bale, why didn't ye put 'em in long ago!"

His eyes dimmed with a gray mist.

"There's nothin'," she continued, "worse 'n pigs in the yard." There was a long trail of injury in her voice. In the sunshine her eyes darted triumphantly in her head over the memory of the number of times she had had to come scuttling out of the house, leaving her proper work undone, to shoo out the pigs because old 'Lijah Bale never could get around to driving a nail in time.

On Wednesday he cleared out the



Drawn by G. Patrick Nelson

IN THE BOX WERE SOME OF BILLY'S LITTLE THINGS

fence corners along the road. In their tangled dilapidation they had always caused the heads of other farmers, passing by, to waggle in superiority. It was a task which was customarily performed in slack times of work. His nearest neighbor lumbered past on his wagon while he was stooping over his mattock. The heads of his horses were of normal shape. He drew upon his reins and gave vent to a long whistle.

"Why, 'Lijah Bale," he exclaimed, "what you tendin' to your corners *now* for, right in the middle of your ploughin'!"

Old 'Lijah Bale's heart was in his mouth.

"Oh," he answered vaguely, "I'm jest tryin' to fix things up some."

The neighbor cracked his whip. "Well, I never!" he ejaculated.

The old man went on working, but his heart was still beating quickly. Jenny had given him much excellent advice about the fence corners. "Don't leave no poison-ivy," she commanded, "nor no pigweed." He had nodded dejectedly, shuffling off with his mattock. "Nor dock!" she thought of before he was out of sight. Gentle old 'Lijah Bale was so tired of gratuitous advice he could almost have thrown his mattock at her.

On Thursday he worked with the flower-beds. Being his beds, they were open to criticism. They lay below the house on either side of the walk and were meant to be round, having been primevally patterned by the rim of a wash-tub. Little, crooked borders of earth ran around them. He reshaped these. Jenny kept flying out of the house with her dishcloth to keep her eye on him and prevent his making any blunders. Each time she flew out, he started guiltily, but she was bent on the beds.

"Don't get them borders too narrer," she fretted, her towel going in and out a tea-cup swiftly.

She reappeared unseasonably with a great plate. "Oh, 'Lijah," she cried hopelessly, "ye made 'em a mile too wide!"

He caved in despairingly above them.

"I ain't never had my borders to suit me," she scolded. "I do b'lieve ye spoil 'em jest to spite me."

A smell of burning issued out of the house. "There!" she exclaimed reproachfully, "them dried prunes for supper is a-scorchin'!"

Friday he swept out the barn with the barn broom, woven over grayly with cobwebs. Before the barn door stretched the old farm where he had always lived. Its bare outlines were veiled with green, and here and there with a spare bloom. Yet he had no staying of regret. His fever to escape consumed him like a thirst.

By Saturday noon the field was done. For the last time he put Molly in the stable. He waited for Jenny to go away on her weekly Saturday afternoon visiting with the neighbor women. The strain of his secret pressed him closely. It took ages for dinner and for Jenny's dishes. He was older and more tired before her black calling-skirt dimmed down the green lane. He hastened with a pounding pulse about his leave-taking. There was the note for Jenny. Demonstration was rare between them. He could not write "Dear Jenny."

"To Mrs. Elijah Bale," he wrote: "Respected Friend, I am goin' away to William's—you kin run the farm." There were blots on the words from his tired old shaking hands.

He shuffled up to the garret for his father's carpet valise, which he had taken with the farm. It was faded and moth-eaten, put away in a box with a piece of blue bedspread, which his mother had woven, decorating it along the edges with white birds-of-paradise. Old Mrs. Bale had not yet had, when she made them, a chance to behold heavenly fowl. Her birds had an earthly barnyard taint. For years old 'Lijah Bale had thought they were roosters. In the box, too, were some of Billy's little things—his picture-books, with the corners of the pages warmly smeared to see what was coming next; his shoes, trodden gayly at the heel. He shut the lid of the box down carefully. He had not often looked into it since that day that he had first realized that Billy had grown so tall.

He hurried out along the road toward the railroad station. Once or twice he stubbed his toe. Climbing the hill, he dipped down eagerly into the blue sky. He was free at last.

When old 'Lijah Bale reached his brother William's house at sundown, hur-

rying and shuffling in a scared fashion down the street, William Bale, on his porch, stared at him blankly. The Bales had never been great hands to visit. Old Mrs. Bale had spent the last twenty years of her life with the gate of her dooryard tied to. William and 'Lijah had dwelt, affectionately enough, apart. They had not seen each other for fifteen years. William kept on staring. Then his eyes fell on the carpet valise and he jumped to his feet.

"Susan," he called into the house, "come out here quick—here's pa's valise!"

Old 'Lijah Bale sat down on the porch steps and began to cry tiredly into his handkerchief.

In the travel-stained, weary figure William Bale, still staring, saw appearing dim earmarks. He fell to patting the old man on the shoulder excitedly.

Susan Bale came out of the house in surprise to his call.

"It's 'Lijah!" he said, amazed.

She had an old young fair face. She did not exclaim, "Why, 'Lijah Bale, what makes ye do *that?*"

"There!" she said gently, "travellin' always did upset *me,* too!"

Old 'Lijah Bale wiped his eyes.

William Bale beat his fat knees joyfully. He did not look like 'Lijah. He had a round face, with kind eyes twinkling out of it, which were not tired. "I'm tickled plumb to death to see you!" he said. "How's the old farm?"

"The ploughin's done," 'Lijah said. He started in to cry again.

Susan Bale's children were grown and gone from the nest. But she yet had a way of motherliness. She shook her head at William. "You poor lamb!" she said, as though old 'Lijah Bale had only lost his Barlow knife.

So the old man went on gulping into his handkerchief.

But it was not very long before he rolled it up into the tight, damp ball of manhood. He started to tell them immediately what he had done and to ask William for work in his store.

"I haven't jist come to make a visit," he began.

But William and Susan Bale were so eager in their words of welcome they did not listen to him. All during the bright evening meal and the evening he sat opening his mouth to tell them and shutting it again. He went to bed with his secret still his. There was no ugly old Jenny nagging him at the foot of the stairs. He was not bothered about candle-grease. He did not have a candle at all. There were so many lamps around the walls of his room that it seemed to him that he was in the midst of a gay feast of lights. Red roses climbed gorgeously above him on the border of the wall-paper. He smelled an unaccustomed fragrance which stole out from the bureau and which was like that which proceeded from Susan's dress as she moved. William came in and turned the lamps out for him affectionately.

Left alone in the sweet room, old 'Lijah Bale did not at once fall to sleep in the might of his freedom. His bed was wider and softer than he had dreamed of a bed being. It did not rustle under him as he moved as though there were mice in the straw. He bent upon the darkness a timid face. He fell finally asleep only to rouse in the night. He put out his hand lonesomely to touch Jenny, of whom he was so tired, and to grope for the little painted table with the candlestick on it which for fifty years had stood at the head of his bed.

He awoke in the morning dazedly to the red roses. He determined to tell William and Susan at once that he had left the old farm forever. They were waiting for him in the sitting-room, which, like his room and all of the house, was bright and light. Susan was writing something in a letter which she was reading aloud to William. "I never saw such a broken-down old man," she read as he entered. "Elihu Griscom's so feeble this year," she explained. He stood before them to tell his secret.

"I ain't jist come to make a visit," he quavered again.

"O' *course* you ain't!" shouted William Bale, beating his knees; "you've come to live with us all summer."

"And have a nice long rest and change," said Susan. "I'm writin'—I mean I'm goin' to write to Jenny and tell her we're goin' to keep you."

He did not say anything more. There would be time enough to explain the truth later. Forever was no brief period.

Jenny's answer to Susan's letter came to him. She was not much more of a letter-writer than he, if somewhat less formal. "Why, 'Lijah Bale," she wrote, "what ever made ye do sech a fool thing? My! ef *I* don't need a rest and change! Of course I kin run the farm till ye git back—I always hev run it."

She, too, accepted his running away as merely a visit. She concluded with directions about his stomach attacks.

He had not yet had one since coming to William's.

"I ust to hev 'em *turrible* reg'lar back home," he said to Susan.

William Bale beat his knees with laughter, finding out that 'Lijah had come away from home on a visit without telling Jenny. "That's the way you have to manage 'em," he laughed, looking at Susan, who smiled back at him; "women air such naggin' critters!"

"They air real cap'ble," said old 'Lijah Bale thoughtfully.

He crept about obediently with William and Susan for the rest and change from farm work which they wanted him to have. On the town streets he shuffled along as he had done in the furrows. He did not fall into the swinging step of freedom. He shrank in timidity from the strange people passing him by with the sound of talk and laughter. Everybody, like William and Susan, seemed to laugh and talk easily. He alone did not talk much nor laugh at all, as he had not done for fifty years. William Bale surveyed his still, country face anxiously. He tried to recollect something.

"Wasn't you never any more of a talker, 'Lijah?" he asked.

His remark was made at noon. Old 'Lijah Bale straightened himself and made an effort to speak lightly and freely after the fashion of the new world into which he had escaped. "Jest 'bout this time at home," he said, "the hens air cluckin' 'round the porch."

He was very polite in his admiration of everything which he saw and did. Between the pavements, with the strange, gay people on them, horses drawing shining carriages pranced by with a light click of feet very different from the slur of Molly's dragging hoofs. New roofs and spires were before his eyes in place of an old roof pitching gloomily downwards, with leaking eaves. He wandered through William's big store, where he would soon get work and stay forever. He met William's friends. They shook him cordially by the hand as though he had amounted to something.

"Ain't this fine!" asked William Bale.

"My!" 'Lijah said dully, "I should say *so!*"

But after three weeks of rest and change, the shadow of his tiredness still lay on his face. William fussed over him. "Ain't you gettin' rested, 'Lijah?"

Old 'Lijah Bale could only shake his head.

Then Susan Bale feared that they were trying his strength too much. "Wouldn't you like to just sit round on the porch with me in the afternoons and play checkers? I'm so fond of checkers," she suggested gently.

"So'm I," he said obediently.

He bent above the black and red board, dully, making, opposite kind Susan Bale, unsuccessful moves with his shaking hands.

"*Now* you're feelin' rested, ain't you, 'Lijah?" William Bale asked, coming in from the store.

"I guess so," said old 'Lijah Bale in his tired voice.

But before many afternoons were gone Susan closed the checker-board. The old man's trembling fingers had fallen idle on the black and red squares. He sat looking back down the street which opened into level country and then into hills. Sitting thus, there was such a longing on his tired face that Susan Bale tried to interpret it, as Jenny Bale had done another longing dawning there.

"You aren't havin' a stomach attack, are you, 'Lijah?"

"No," he said wistfully.

Presently in the afternoons he began to wander about the sunny lawn and to stand timidly by the gate, looking back down the street.

Susan Bale did not know what it was that one day brought him shuffling quickly into the house, a light shining in his tired eyes. He was glad now that he had never told his secret. "I'm goin' home," he said simply. Among the bright carriages on the street he had seen an old

farm-wagon travelling slowly with dejected wheels toward the hills.

William Bale exclaimed in disappointment and distress at the news. "Why, 'Lijah Bale, you're still lookin' as *tired* as can be—what makes you go home? I've just been waitin' for you to get rested to tell you 'bout my plan of you and Jenny leavin' the farm an' of you bein' with me in the store an' livin' here. You're gettin' all worn out back there. You've been workin' there for fifty years—that's an awful long time."

"Yes," said old 'Lijah Bale, "it's a long time."

He did not accept William's offer. "I'm goin' back," he said.

Repacking the old valise with Susan's sorrowful help, he grew talkative for the first time during his stay.

"I reckon Molly 'll be awful glad to see me," he said, handing her his socks.

"I wouldn't be surprised ef I was took right off with a stomach attack," he quavered, folding his vest.

"The clock 'll be a-tickin' in the corner!" he cried with his black tie.

"It 'll be time to git to hoein' in the field," he observed when the lock of the valise was shut.

He turned to them on the car steps. They were calling after him affectionately, "Come again!"

"Good by," he said.

In the car he sat grasping his valise tightly. Other baggage was carelessly thrown into the corners of the seats by its owners, but old 'Lijah Bale sat clutching his firmly, as he had done when running away forever to his brother William's. As then, he shrank from the curious glances turned upon him. At the little home station he clambered out eagerly. He shuffled back along the road. Soon the hill shut him in. His timidity faded from him with a sigh of relief. He was again a prisoner. Behind him were the pine-trees, black like spikes. Before him, in half an hour, was the old farm, Jenny with her nagging tongue, he himself who had amounted to nothing, and all the things of which he was so tired. But these were all the things he knew. He hurried on.

"My!" he said aloud in his tired voice, "I'm awful glad to git back!"

Ultima Thule

BY ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON

THE yellow light beyond the trees
  It shines so clear at evening,
Full of strange dreams and promises
  The while the last late minstrels sing.

Beyond the tree-boles dark and high,
  Beyond the rampart of the hill,
The golden roses of the sky,
  Though ours grow dun, keep shining still.

Through that calm space where sunset flowers,
  So fair they shine, we seem to see
Some age of gold that once was ours,
  An age of gold that's yet to be.

Ah, when the word comes down the wind
  And we must seek the darkening quays,
Through what dim doorway shall we find
  The yellow light beyond the trees?



A Tripoli Gateway

Tripoli in Barbary

BY CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG

BRITAIN holds Egypt, France has seized Algeria and Tunisia with one hand and is about to grasp Morocco with the other, but Tripolitania has escaped the international grab-bag of Europe, and still dwells native and sequestered among the great solitudes which surround her. Tucked away in a pocket of the Mediterranean, five hundred miles from the main highways of sea-travel, Tripoli, the white-burnoused city, lies in an oasis on the edge of the desert, dipping her feet in the swash and ripple of the sea.

I first saw her through my cabin port-hole when, gray-silvered, the half-light of dawn slowly filtered through the tardy night mists and mingled with the rose flush of approaching day. Two silver moons dimly floated, one in a gray silver sky, the other in a gray silver sea. A strip of shore streaked between: in gray stencilled silhouette a Moorish castle broke the centre of its sky-line; slender minarets, flat housetops, and heavy battlements flanked in a crescent westward, and the delicate palm fringe of the oasis dimmed away east. The *adzan*—call to morning prayer—drifted away over the sleeping city and harbor. The gilded crescents of the green-topped minarets in glints of orange-gold heliographed the coming of the rising sun; the shadows of night seemed to sink below the ground-

line, and white-walled Tripoli lay shimmering through a transparent screen of wriggling heat-waves.

The coast from Tunis eastward does not meet the converging water routes short of the eastern extremity of North Africa at Suez. Along the seaboard of this territory the Mediterranean laps the desert sand, the country is scantily populated, and over the unbounded sun-scorched reaches of Tripoli and Barca, to the border-land of Egypt, wild tribes control the vast wastes.

The great territory of Tripolitania embraces what is known as the vilayet of Tripoli, the Fezzan to the south, and the province of Barca on the east, governed as an integral part of Turkey. The Pashalic of Tripoli includes that portion of the vilayet extending from Tunis to the southernmost point of the Gulf of Sidra, and, of all Barbary, Tripoli alone is most truly African.

The modern city is on the site of ancient Œa, which with Leptis and Sabrata formed the three coast cities called by the ancients Tripolis. Situated equally distant from the three entrances from the Mediterranean, the focus of the three great caravan routes from the south, Tripoli's freedom from the European occupation may be attributed to three causes: her isolation from the main highways of commerce, the apparent sterility of her desert plateaux as compared with the more fertile Atlas regions of the other Barbary states, and the fact that she is a vilayet of the sovereign Empire of Turkey.

Tripoli bestirs herself early. A few steps down the Arbar-Arsāt, my friend Hamet, a seller of fruits and vegetables, and his neighbor, the one-eyed dealer in goods from the Sudan, take down the shutters from two holes in the walls, spread their stock, and, after the manner of all good Mohammedans, proclaim in the name of the Prophet that their wares are excellent. The majority of those who drift along the Arbar-Arsāt are of the four great native races of Tripoli—Berbers, the descendants of the original inhabitants; their Arab conquerors who overran the country centuries ago; the native Jew; and lastly itinerant Blacks who migrated from the south.

First and most important of the intrusive foreign element are the Turkish merchants and the Turkish military, whose commander-in-chief rules as Governor and Pasha of the vilayet of Tripoli. He is in command of the twenty thousand troops who exercise general surveillance over the towns and districts where they are stationed. It is the duty of these poorly clad and poorly paid Ottomans to assist in collecting taxes from the poverty-stricken Arabs, protect caravans along the coast routes, and enforce Turkish administration in a few leading towns and vicinities.

Next in numbers are the several hundred Italians and a Maltese colony of fisherfolk, who live near the Lazaretto (Quarantine) by the sea. Members of the foreign consulates and a few other Europeans make up the rest.

As one wanders through the maze of narrow streets, the unexpected constantly delights. Every turn presents a new picture or creates a fresh interest, and the commonplace is full of artistic possibilities. Evidences of the Roman occupation confront one on every hand. At one end of the Arbar-Arsāt, in the very heart of Tripoli, stands what once must have been one of the most splendid triumphal arches of antiquity. It is known to the Moors as the Old Arch; to the Europeans, as the Arch of Marcus Aurelius, in whose honor it was erected, A.D. 164.

The arch appears low and heavy, which is not surprising, considering that it is half buried beneath centuries of accumulated rubbish and wind-blown desert sand. Partly mortared up, it now serves as a shop for a purveyor of dried fish, spices, and other wares. Once I entered its interior to outfit for a caravan journey; many other times I visited it to admire in the dim light its beautiful sculptured ceiling and the weather-worn decorations of its exterior.

Through these narrow, fascinating streets of Araby, Tripoli's thirty thousand inhabitants go about their tasks and pleasures, while under awnings stretched here and there between series of arches, which serve the double purpose of reinforcing the walls of the houses and giving shade, all the industries necessary to the subsistence of the town are carried on.



Drawn by C. W. Furlong

THE ARCH OF MARCUS AURELIUS NOW SERVES AS A SHOP



A BAREFOOTED BAKER MOULDS FLAT, ROUNDED LOAVES

Spanning the street of the Suk-el-Turc is a trelliswork covered with grapevines. Through their green leaves and clusters of purple fruit great splashes of sunlight fall on drowsy Moors. Here most of the official business is transacted and notaries as well as other public officials have their offices. Near by is the principal mosque, and in the light transparent shadow of its arcade sit the sellers of caps. The bright glare of the sunlight makes it difficult to see into many of the shops, but at the sound of a shuttle one may pause a moment and see an Arab weaving on his loom fabrics of the finest quality and intricate design. Near by in an opening blackened with smoke a barefooted baker moulds coarse dough into flat, rounded loaves.

Down the street the faint intermittent tinkling of a bell was heard. "*Burr-ro!*" (Get out!) in warning rasped the high-pitched voice of a camel-driver. I dodged quickly into the shop of a silversmith and watched four lumbering camels squdge softly by. To prevent those behind the driver from being stolen, the halter-rope of each is tied to the tail of the one ahead, and on the tail of the last camel as he flips and flaps it from side to side tinkles a bell.

A wily one of the Faithful, not being rich in this world's goods, turned covetous eyes on a nomadic brother who passed through the town leading a string of six camels. "Allah! Allah ursel el Allah! could not the brother spare one of his jimal?" (camels). So, dusting the flies from his eyes and hooding himself with his barracan, he stealthily followed. He was aware that near the New Gate the street narrowed and made a double turn. No sooner had the driver and head camel rounded the first corner than the wily one seized the bell attached to the hindmost camel. With a stroke of his knife he severed it from the tail of the animal, and keeping it tinkling, he quickly fastened it to the tail of the next, cut loose the last

beast, and—"Allah wills"—made off with his loot.

Probably no superstition has a stronger, more universal, hold on the Mohammedan than his belief that one may cast upon him the influence of the "evil eye"! Let a stranger, particularly one not a Moslem, look intently on anything worn or carried on the person of an Arab, and he will straightway, to nullify the spell, wet his fingers and pass them over the object upon which the stranger's gaze is cast. Inquire after the health of his wife or seek to flatter him, and he raises a protecting hand to his face. Fetishes in the images of hands are seen among the ornaments worn about the persons of the women, symbolized in the decorations of utensils and occasionally on the exterior of their mosques. Over many an arched portal is the impression of a black hand-print to protect its inmates. A number of times a door accidentally left ajar has been slammed to as I passed, on account of the influence which my "evil eye" might have upon the occupants.

Flanking Tripoli on the east is the ancient castle of the Bashaws. Under its walls and bordering the sea lies the garden of the Turkish Army and Navy Club, which in the cool of the day is the social rendezvous of the foreign element of Tripoli. When the sapphire-blue shadow of the great castle walls had thrown itself across the garden and crept its way over the sandy stretch of the Tuesday Market, and the distant Arab houses sewed a golden thread across the dusk shadows of the coming twilight, together with the little coterie of English residents and other friends, the end of the day was invariably spent about one of its tables. Here over our Turkish coffee, *mastica,* and *lakoom* the latest news would be discussed; a recently arrived caravan, the latest edict of the Pasha, anything from the arrival of Turkish exiles, to the Thames boat-race or London and Paris quotations on ivory and feathers.

I found out some time after my ar-



Drawn by C. W. Furlong

A THIEF WORKED HIS WAY ALONG THE ROOF TOPS

rival that as I was the first American to visit Tripoli for two years, the sudden alighting in their midst of a modest wielder of the brush had set going at full pressure their speculative machinery, and for a time, under the most agreeable conditions, I was assigned the rôle of spy.

One evening just at twilight we turned our attention from the praying figures of the Moslems in a superimposed cemetery to the incoming weekly mail-steamer. Then the conversation drifted, like the lazy wreaths of the cigarette smoke, to the ancient castle of the Bashaws, which flanks the city on the east. Within its ramparts is a little village of its own, and could its old walls speak, they could tell tales of intrigue, romance, and bloodshed innumerable. I had been through the prisons and barracks for which it is now used, and had talked with some of the prisoners. One of these was a Turkish exile, a man of education, who for political reasons had sacrificed his freedom for his convictions, and considered himself lucky to have escaped being sent far south to Murzuk with its sense-robbing climate.



Drawn by C. W. Furlong

A Desert Arab

"Do you see that spot in the wall, close to the ground and under that corner bastion?" said my friend Riley, pointing to where a small hole had apparently been bricked up. "Well, one afternoon I was passing here from the *suk*, when a ragged, unkempt fellow appeared in the caravan road there, acting most strangely. He seemed afraid to walk erect, and though in broad daylight, groped his way about in a most uncanny manner. A crowd collected. Turkish guards soon appeared and conducted him back to the castle from which he had come. Yes, through that stoned-up hole. You see, the poor beggar had been in there for years, down in one of the dungeons below the ground. He had been there so long that no one remembered who he was or for what he had been imprisoned; but somehow he had managed to secure a hard instrument and dug his way out. Had he reached the outside at this time of day or at night, he might have escaped. Why didn't he? Oh, I forgot! Coming from the darkness, he found himself blinded by the strong sunlight, and the heavy iron shackles on his feet gave him away. Unless he is dead, perhaps the poor wretch is there now, only a few yards from us,—but on the other side of the wall." Riley knocked the ashes from his cigarette and looked thoughtfully at the *Adria* steaming in with the weekly mail.

Often under the blue-green of African nights I would sit in my window, whose stone ledge still held the heat of the departed day. Though early evening, the Arbar-Arsāt is almost deserted. A low, sustained whistle, then down in the dark shadow a dusky figure moves noiselessly by. Soon another whistle from the direction in which he has gone, and I know a second night-watchman has passed him along.

Drifting over the housetops come wavering pulsations of sound. Then from some distant quarter they take form, and the wild beat of the tom-toms, strangely suggestive of the great elemental nature, heat, and passion of the drowsy and fanatical East, throbs its way nearer and nearer through the maze of dark and deserted streets. Now the long-sustained or rippling resonant



Painting by Charles W. Furlong

TRIPOLI IS A MAZE OF NARROW, FASCINATING STREETS

notes of the oboe and thrumming gimbrehs are discernible. "Lu-lu-lu-lu!" ring out the shrill voices of women—clash! go the steel cymbals, and a wedding procession turns into Arbar-Arsāt.

A yelling runner on ahead passes under my window, then in irregular march the procession itself. First, bearers of lanterns of colored glass, which throw beautiful prismatic lights on the white-walled houses and illumine the swarthy faces of the musicians who follow them; then more lanterns, diffusing the darkness, glinting in scintillating reflections from the men's eyes and throwing great slashes of mellow light down upon the heads and shoulders of the muffled forms of the women. In their midst, seated on a donkey, rides the bride, hidden from view under a *palanquin* or *howdah*. Again follow lanterns illuminating the dark canopy, etching out the red gold threads of the heavy embroidery from its dark velvety background.

Just beyond my window the procession halts, wails a song, and moves on. Then the wild rhapsody of a desert people grows fainter; again only the tom-toms sound out in their barbaric prosody, and float away over the town and the desert sand. A scavenger dog sneaks by, and the city sleeps.

One midnight I watched the moon disk pass behind the minaret of the Djema-el-Daruj (Mosque of the Steps) at the corner and paint the city in silver. On the other side of the Arbar-Arsāt, far down the street, I caught sight now and again of a thief, as, rope in hand to lower himself into the courts, he worked his way along the roof tops. Quick and catlike his wiry figure dropped lightly to a lower level here or scaled a height there, until he reached the house across the street. Sitting motionless, I watched him with interest. Barefooted, he wore only a pair of cotton trousers, while a turban was twisted about his fez. The moonlight played over the muscles of his supple body and glinted a silver crescent from his crooked Arab knife. It was not until directly opposite that he saw me. For a second he stood motionless, then like a flash dropped below the parapet of the house and disappeared.

Many an evening I would saunter down the Arbar-Arsāt; pause long enough at the door of the Djema-el-Daruj to sense the interior of this beautiful shrine, lit only with its suspended cluster of myriad little lamps. These twinkled in the gray darkness like the falling stars of a bursting rocket and shed their delicate glow over the prostrate figures of the devout Moslems beneath them, who, on straw mattings which covered the marble floor, turned their faces toward the *kibleh* (sacred niche) and Mecca. I rarely stopped, however, to deliberately peer into this sanctuary, lest I give offence. The next corner brought me to the street of the Milk-sellers' Market. Knocking at a big green door, I would shortly meet with a cordial reception from my friend Riley.

His house, originally built for and occupied by the favorite wife of Yusef Bashaw, was one of the best examples of the seraglio of a high-class Arab. A broad balcony surrounding the court took the place of a living-room, after the manner of the Arabs. Here amidst a bower of tropical plants, carpeted with rare rugs, and furnished with all the necessities for a complete home life in the East, most of the family life is spent. Off the balcony were the private living-rooms. After the Arab custom, originally no two were connected, and all save one received their light through barred windows opening upon the balcony. Several of these rooms had been converted into one spacious drawing-room and another into a library.

One evening, after Salam, the black Sudanese, had brought us our Turkish coffee, we settled down comfortably on the long wicker seats. The lamp shed its rays through the balustrade into the court, and the gnarled old tree which rose from its centre threw fantastic genii shadows on the opposite walls; the soft night wind rustled in its canopy of leaves, through which an occasional star scintillated in a bit of blue.

"Riley," said I, "who lives in the big house with the heavy bolted door, near my *lokanda?*"

"The one with the Roman column for a corner post? Why do you ask?"

"Well, in passing I often look up at the lattice which projects from the window above its portal, and this afternoon, when the sun fell full upon it, through its

jalousied woodwork I saw indistinctly the face of a girl, then heard a gruff voice, and she disappeared."

"Strange! Those jalousies, you know, screen the only window of the house that looks out on the street. That window is in the *gulphor*—a room strictly private to the master of the house, none of his immediate family ever being allowed to enter without his particular permission. "Come," he said; "I will show you," and he led the way to his private study, which had formerly been the gulphor of Arab masters. "Step out here," and I found myself in a little latticed box outside the window. "This hole in the floor allows one to see who may be knocking at the door directly beneath, but it has been known to be used by Moorish maidens as a means of communication with outsiders. By the way, you found no piece of cloth or paper in the street, did you? Odd stories have been associated with that house. It is rumored that a young Circassian girl, mysteriously brought from across the Mediterranean, is confined there in the seraglio of her master."

We talked late, for the night was hot. During the day the silver thread of the mercury had hovered about blood-heat, and now at midnight it had dropped only to eighty degrees; but this was nothing unusual in Tripoli. Suddenly the brindled bulldog started from his dozing at his master's feet, and with a low growl sprang upon the top of the balustrade which he patrolled, sniffing high in the air.

"A thief on the roof," remarked Riley. "One night, not long before you came, that pup woke me out of a sound sleep. There was the devil of a rumpus in the street outside my door. Backed up against it, doing the best he could with his heavy, knobbed stick, which all Tripolitans carry at night, was Hadji Ali, a neighbor, putting up a game fight with three big Blacks with knives. Opening the door, I pulled him in; the Blacks started to follow. From behind my revolver I told them that any man who sought my protection against murderers would have it. Ordering them away, I closed the door, and made Hadji comfortable for the night."



A SMALL CARAVAN IN THE SUK WHERE THE MARKET IS HELD

"What had he done to them?"

"Oh, nothing; they were hired by his enemy, another neighbor. They hid in that archway up the street and sprang out at him as he passed."

As I went by the archway on my return that night I hugged the farther wall and drew my revolver from its holster.

The plain walled house of the Tripolitan Arab, with its heavily bolted door and jalousied window, is built with due consideration to guarding well the secrets and private life of the occupants, and whether large or small, in town or country, are all of the same plan.

The inner court is the quarters of the mistress or of the harem. In many of these are ancient marble columns, while rare old china tiles adorn the walls. Here the mistress entertains companies of women; here they celebrate in their peculiar fashion the birth of a child or wail the burial-song over the body of the dead.



Drawn by C. W. Furlong

A MARABOUT, OR MOHAMMEDAN WANDERING MONK

Occasionally a Moorish woman is permitted to visit the mosques at night, accompanied by a servant. Sometimes she calls on a woman friend or with an attendant visits the bazars. At these times she wears a barracan of fine texture, and a dark-blue veil bound around her forehead covers her face. According to the thickness of this veil, her features may be more or less distinguishable. I have noticed that oftentimes the more beautiful a woman, the thinner the veil. Tripolitan women of the middle class have a custom of going without veils, but draw the barracan over the face instead, leaving a small aperture through which they peek with one eye. Women of the lower class—the countrywomen and Bedouins—frequently go with faces uncovered.

The country Arab converts all of his scant earnings into silver ornaments, and these are deposited on the persons of his wives—a veritable burden of riches,



THEY SQUATTED DOWN IN FRONT OF THE GOODS

for they are constantly worn. I have run across women hauling water under the cattle-yoke of the desert wells, literally loaded down with pounds of this silver, while the husband sat on the edge of the well-curb and directed the irrigation of his fields.

This silver forms an important function as a barometer of the country's prosperity, to read which one has but to go to the little booths of the silversmiths in the trellis-covered Suk-el-Turc and note whether the country people are sellers or buyers. In 1900, a year of poor crops, $72,500 worth of this old silver, so dear to the womankind of the peasantry, was broken up and exported, chiefly to France.

Outside the town walls or at established spots within the oasis, markets, or suks, are held on certain days of the week. To these, over the sandy highways through the palm groves, passes the native traffic—small caravans of donkeys and camels loaded with the products of the agriculturists, and shepherds with their flocks of sheep, which patter along in a cloud of sand dust. The Suk-el-Thalat (Tuesday Market) is held just without the walls of Tripoli, on a broad stretch bordering the sea, and the Friday Market farther out in the oasis.

One morning, before dawn, I passed through the Castle Gate to the Suk-el-Thalat. Many others, mostly merchants from the town, were moving in the same direction. There was Hamet's one-eyed neighbor. Like many others, he carried a little portable shack, under which to spread his wares. I climbed to the top of the high wall of a square enclosure. In the early light the gray and white barracans of the people merged into the tone of the sand, and I could sense the great noiseless mass of humanity moving below me only by the dark spots of faces, arms, and legs. Then the sunlight flooded a scene as truly barbaric and pastoral as any in the days of Abraham.

A palette of living, moving color, this

red-fezzed, barracanned humanity wormed its way between piles of multicolored products of the oasis, scintillating brass, copper, and silver utensils; ornaments, brilliant cloths, and leather trappings from the antipodes of Tripoli trade—Kano and Manchester. Most of the populace were merchants from the town, others tillers of the soil from the oases and plateau lands, half-naked Blacks from the neighboring suburb of Sciara-el-Scint, caravan men and camel-raisers from the tribes of Zintan, Orfella, and the Weled Bu Sef. Darkly clothed Jews were much in evidence, also wild desert men from the far south, and nomadic traders from anywhere. Here the high round fez, modern rifle, patched brown suit, and heavy shoes bespoke the Ottoman soldier, and the occasional glare of a pipe-clayed sun-helmet a European.

In the wall's shadow just below my perch squatted a vender of knives. For culinary use? Not, by Mohammed's beard! A knife is a thing to slay with; none but infidels, Jews, and Christians at repast would portion food with such an instrument.

The wall upon which I was seated enclosed a rectangular yard of several acres, in which bulky loads of the wild esparto-grass—or *halfa,* as the Arabs call it — were being removed from camels, eventually to find their way to England for the manufacture of paper.

Passing through the produce quarter, I picked my way through heaps of grain, piles of melons, tomatoes, and other stuffs, which made gorgeous spottings of color as they lay in the brilliant sunshine or under the violet shadows of the shacks, which were shifted from time to time as the sun wore around. Under a tattered piece of old burlap two Sudanese roasted fodder-corn; men scuffed noiselessly by over the hot sand, pausing here and there to ask, "Gedash?" ("How much?") Often they squatted down in front of the goods, and sometimes spent an hour or more in bargaining.

The arrival of a large caravan from the Sudan is a great event, and as it reaches Tripoli, groups of women shrill their cry of welcome. Many small caravans of camels may be seen in the Suk any market-day.

Within an open spot, a wild, unkempt fellow holds forth to a circle of sober-visaged hearers. His long hair and fantastic garb at once stamp him as a *Marabout,* or Mohammedan wandering monk. His kind are conspicuous characters among the people upon whom they live, as, generally bareheaded, staff in hand, they drift along the desert trails through the oases and towns. Most of these half-demented caricatures of humanity dress in filthy rags and claim lineal descent from Mohammed. Attributed as they are with supernatural powers, it is little wonder that they are venerated by the superstitious Moslems. At Ramadan they are very much in evidence, and have been indirectly responsible for holy wars and the direct cause of many uprisings and revolutions.

But of the morrow of these people—what? The great decrease in her leading exports reflects unfavorably on the general commercial prosperity of Tripoli, but more saliently emphasizes the need of developing her agricultural resources. Turkey seems not only indifferent but averse to improvements of any kind, apparently not wishing to encourage either native or foreign interests, thereby attracting attention to the country. Yet with a jealous eye Turkey guards this province—perhaps that she may continue to squeeze from the flat, leathern money-pouches of the Arab more miserable verghi and tithes,—perhaps that she may maintain a door between Constantinople and the hinterland of Tripoli, through which to secretly replenish her supply of slaves.

There is every reason to believe that it will be a Christian European power which will open for the Arab that sesame which will arouse him from his inertia and usher him into fields where he will take new heart and courage; and Tripoli will be reclaimed from the desert, not so much through the reconstruction of the coffer-dam of the Roman as by that modern agency, the artesian well.

Virtuous Europe no longer steals Africans from Africa. Her civilization, honesty, and humanitarianism have frowned upon that; so now she reverses the order of things and steals Africa from the Africans.

The Cresco Pardners

BY ROY NORTON

NO one ever knew, or if they did it is forgotten, when, and where, and how old Tom Darrow and his pardner, Jack, first met. But that doesn't matter. It's enough that Tom was one of the finest men and Jack probably the wisest burro that ever took to mining in the Sierra Madres. At least everybody thought so, and what everybody thinks is usually right.

When they first came it wasn't so hard to find pay dirt, as most every gulch had some little cañon feeding it where a good pair of pardners like these could tear a grub-stake from the ground. That is—if the water ran well and supplies could be had.

Tom was always old, so far as any one ever knew. He was old when he came into the country. Not the kind of oldness that makes men think of it, but the kind which makes them hope to sometime be old that way themselves. The kind of oldness where the heart and eyes keep young, and the body can still sturdily bear all it has to do. The kind that makes a man forget the mean things people have done to him and remember the good, and be always ready to help the other fellow with his load as if it were a joy.

Old Tom and Jack had helped lots of other folk, and being of a like type, neither ever mentioned it. It's possible Jack couldn't talk. If so, he didn't need to, because Tom knew what he was thinking about most of the time. People out there, in the place where the desert laps along and draws a compact with the mountains whereby neither is to break over into the other's claim, got so used to the old fellows that they expected one whenever the other was seen. And they were never disappointed.

Most every one knew how they happened to work Cresco Cañon, because Tom told about it. The two pardners were striking out for new diggings, having been a little down on their luck. It was one of those mornings after a heavy rain when the fog makes a white sea of the valleys, with islands of the peaks which stick through the top, so the traveller on the roof places of the world looks over it all and pities the people down below where there is no sunshine and nothing but gloom. Tom and Jack had made an early start, because they didn't know how far they would have to go or where the end of the trail might be, and, neither being able to stand as much as in twenty years before, had taken the easiest way.

They were plodding along on a shelf where on one side washed the sea of fog and on the other was a mountain wall. Just a toe-hold of a place that didn't offer any inducements to fall off. Jack's pack must have been so big that it scraped against the wall, or else the rain had weakened the trail in places. The result was the same. Jack got too close to the edge, it gave way beneath him, and over he went. Tom caught two glimpses of white, the first being the pack and the second Jack's belly as he turned over; then there was nothing but a smashing noise down below in the fog.

It's pretty tough on any one to lose a pardner, but Tom felt it a good deal more than most men, because he had more affection than is usual. He dumped his own pack, ran to a place where he could get off the ledge of the mountain, and made his way down into the fog. After tearing nearly all his shirt off on the chaparral, being in something of a hurry, he found the bottom, and later his pardner. Jack was groaning some and occasionally calling for help.

When Tom got within reach Jack raised his head as if to say: "I knew you would come; but it isn't much use. I seem to be about all in." Tom admits talking a heap to Jack, and says that after he got the diamond-hitch flapping, the

pack off, and a hat full of water for him, Jack sort of braced up. But he had sprained himself somewhere in the loins so he couldn't stand on his feet. Tom wasn't the kind to desert anything that suffered, let alone a pardner of many years' standing. He rolled all the blankets and put them under Jack's head, then swore a good deal in his way because they couldn't go any farther, and before night had pitched his tent near Jack. It seemed hard luck, so after he had supper and got his pipe going he looked up at the stars and had a long talk with the Lord Almighty, with whom he was on intimate terms.

Tom wasn't exactly a religious sort, but had lived so long with the big hills, and rugged trees, and broad deserts that God seemed pretty likely to be right around in his neighborhood. When you knew Tom real well you believed it, too; he was such a fine, simple, honest old chap, who looked you straight in the eye and seemed above all littleness.

It is singular the way accidents and little things decide for us. Nobody had ever thought enough of that cañon before to give it any attention, but old Tom Darrow found sufficient pay to buy grub for him and Jack, and then, being of the kind that always wants a home, discovered it was the finest place in all the world. Nobody else could see it, of course, but he had a way with him that made everything seem good.

Tom built a cabin, but didn't think of it until he found the pay in the creek was just good enough to keep him there and not to attract any one else to the place. The brook invited him to stay, he said, and told him how good a place it was, and how it would sing little songs to keep him and Jack company.

Jack's back recovered slowly, so Tom had to do the work alone. It was pretty hard work, too, for a bowed back and gnarled hands, but he knocked together a very nice little shack. Had it down in a flat where there were grass and room for flowers around it, the real old kind he liked the best—Daffo Down Dillies and Johnnie Jumpers, which merely tolerated the poppies that in the spring blanketed odd spots with velvety yellow.

Before he got moved into the cabin Jack got well. Maybe he was bluffing some about having a sore back, but that was hardly believable, because Jack most always held up his end of the work. Tom lost his temper once, but there were reasons for it. He didn't like to kill things, even to eat; but not being able to get where he could buy supplies and not having Jack to help carry them, he swore at necessity and shot a deer. Hunter's stews with dough-boys made of flour were all he had to eat. Jack liked dough-boys, and used to tip the camp-kettle over to get them. Idleness made him sneaking, or else it developed his sense of humor. He used to laugh when Tom caught him at it, and that got on Tom's temper.

Once they had a quarrel. Tom had thrown a rope over a limb, tied the kettle to this, hoisted it out of Jack's reach, and anchored the loose end to the tree trunk. Jack watched how it was done, stood on his hind legs and untied the knot so the kettle fell. Tom caught him eating the dough-boys and boxed his ears. They didn't speak for a week.

Jack couldn't stay away long, though. He remembered too many things. Among others, the time when he had been jumped by a mountain-lion, and Tom, having no other weapon handy, had come to his rescue with a mere hunting-knife. Both had the scars to prove it. Also the lion's skin, for which that animal had no further use.

But about the quarrel. After they had been unfriendly for a week, Tom was panning down by the creek, when he felt something whispering in his ear. It was Jack telling him how sorry he was and explaining that he wanted to see how the pay was running and what there was in the pan. So Tom forgave him.

Boss Parazette happened to be going up that way with an outfit, let Tom have some "grub," and on his next trip brought more. That ended the famine.

As time went on, the flowers grew and waved around the cabin, the Cresco pay streak developed enough to satisfy all the small needs of the pardners and they were content—very content. Tom's big, bent shape could be seen working over the sluice-boxes every day, except Sunday, if one happened to be on the trail away up above the spot where, nearly two years before, Jack had fallen off.

In those days the country had some pretty mean half-breeds. Two of them were so desperate that not many men wanted to take the trail after them. Nearly everything they wanted they took, but no great rewards were out for them. They wanted what old Tom had and went for it.

It was along in the fall, when up in the gulches the nights were clear and cold, that they came. The moon was shining down into the cañon and over the flat where the little cabin with its fringe of flowers stood. The half-breeds found the door open, because Tom, who loved and trusted, not a mere few men, but all the world, disdained locks. Tom was sleeping peacefully in his bunk and didn't know they were there, so noiseless had been their entrance, until they threw a blanket over his head.

There had been a day when no two half-breeds could have mastered him, but that was in a time when his six feet one of brawn had the staying power of glorious youth. The bent man of sixty, when it comes to a desperate struggle, feels that his muscles have paid toll to mountain waters, to hardship, and to toil. Tom knew how to fight and was unafraid; but when they unswaddled his head he was fairly down and out—bound hand and foot with the riatas of the frontier, and helpless.

The visitors knew the isolation of the cabin and took their time. They were hungry, so stirred the coals in the old-fashioned fireplace which Tom, being an old-fashioned man, had built with such loving care. They ate of his food, and smoked, and rested, before going further in their mission.

In the mean time old Tom, his limbs immovable and helpless, and grimly speechless, watched them. He wasn't the kind to ask for mercy. He knew the type of men too well and quietly waited and calmly wondered what their next step would be. When they came to the side of his bunk there wasn't a quaver in his voice as he said with customary directness:

"You fellers has the cinch hand. The next move's up to you. Now what in hell do you want?"

"Your poke of dust," was the response, and Tom knew he was up against it.

"Well, you can't have it," was his sturdy reply.

Then they did things to him which it was good the moon couldn't see. There are certain little tricks of the border half-breed that aren't good to look upon. Pizarro may have been great, but if he is responsible for the Mexican strain of cruelty, where he went there was a specially prepared place for him. Nothing else would be hot enough.

It took the visitors a long time. Mere pricking of knives, or drilling through finger-nails into the quick, wouldn't influence old Tom. He shut his jaws hard and did all his swearing through his teeth. Not that he cared for the gold, but it was against his principles to give up. His tormentors worked with much satisfaction, but no luck, for about an hour or two, and made just one mistake. They forgot that he was too old to go through the entire programme for the obstinate. That's the reason why, when they slowly cooked the soles of his bare feet in the fireplace, he became unconscious.

Inasmuch as he couldn't talk any more, they made a last search for his hidden wealth, and found it in just such a place as a simple, trusting old man would have secreted it—in a baking-powder box on a shelf.

Having gone thus far, they knew they would have to go the limit. So one of the men hit poor old Tom a rap over the head with the butt of a Winchester, and the other, to make sure, put a shot through him. When they opened the door to go they were knocked off their feet and run down by something gray that smashed its way past them, realizing in its dumb way that there was devil's work abroad that night.

On the floor, in front of the glowing coals of the fireplace, with the blood trickling over and matting his silvery hair, his poor burned feet turned listlessly outward and his weary old hands relaxed after all their suffering, lay Tom. Six-feet-one of worn-out, wearied-out, out, and tortured-out old-manhood. Jack tried to bring Tom to, and ran over his face a warm muzzle almost as gray and white as the lips into which he tried to caress life and answer. But for once his pardner didn't respond.



Drawn by D. C. Hutchinson

TOM GOT A HAT FULL OF WATER FOR HIM

The half-breeds were surprised by Jack's entrance. One, in a blaze of wrath, started to pull a gun from its holster, but the other restrained him, having more sense and knowing that Jack could carry and work for them. It was about all they could do to conquer the four-footed pard, who fought with teeth and hoofs, striking madly and a devil incarnate with rage. But they bested him and took him away. Away out across the desert to bear his share of slow torture and malignancy.

Sometimes the Lord Almighty seems too busy to look after everything, and then, all of a sudden, He does something that brings you back with a jerk and keeps you from losing the finest thing in all the world—Faith! That's the way it happened with Tom.

When the half-breeds rode away in the night, with Jack a captive, they left behind a tiny spark that grew into a blaze. It was the little spot where they had fired the cabin. Not because they liked bonfires, but just to cover their work in the easiest way. Now there's where the Lord showed how friendly he was to Tom. The fire, after smoldering a while, went out. It wasn't poor old Tom's night to die.

There isn't anybody knows Boss Parazette who doesn't like him, and he naturally likes everybody who does. That's why he got into the habit of dropping off the trail whenever he passed Tom's place in Cresco Cañon. He would leave his pack-train standing idly, get a handhold on the ledge, and come down its face like a panther; and Tom, working over his sluices, with Jack loafing around somewhere near, would suddenly hear: "Hello, there! You dam no-account old cuss! How they comin'?"

Always the answer was the same: "Comin well. Thank God!" Then they would sit quietly, not saying much, that being their way, for several minutes, and Boss would say, "Well, I got to be joggin' erlong." Then in a few minutes the bell-mule's tinkle would wind off into the higher hills, while old Tom would take his hat off, look up somewhere into the sky where he thought the Lord might be about that time, and say: "Dear Lord! Keep your eye on him. He's a bully good feller."

Somewhat earlier than usual on this particular morning there came the "tink-tank, tink-tank" of a bell which stopped and Boss dropped over the cliff to say "Hello!" When he opened the door and saw what was within he didn't say exactly that, but something that sounded similar. He picked the poor, tortured old hulk up, cut the ropes off, felt the heart, bound up the wounds and got busy mighty fast. That was his way. Packs nor other matters didn't count when life was at stake. He did take time to unburden the train, dumping about all he had in the world carelessly alongside the trail, then turned the burros into the valley to shift for themselves. From then on it was a race for life to where he could get surgical care for Tom. And Boss could ride like a fiend when he had any occasion. This was one of them!

There isn't any question but that his hurrying saved Tom's life; but the worst of it was that when Tom got out of a hospital down in San Bernardino, three months later, he was like a boy beginning life all over again. Didn't remember friends, nor pardners, nor anything, let alone his own name. The doctor had hope for his recovery, but that was about all.

Boss took him back up to the cabin on Cresco, and automatically the old man went to work; but not in the same way. He was just a pathetic shell of the old Tom, who neither smiled nor talked, asked nor answered questions, and didn't even swear or pray. He couldn't forget how to mine, the very habit of his hands holding to him after memory was gone; but for him there wasn't any joy in life. He seemed to be missing something. Time and again Boss found him looking at Jack's old bridle in a puzzled, wistful way, or standing around the shed where Jack used to sleep at night.

In the stores where old Tom traded, Jack had been in the habit of demanding free entry; likewise into the cabin. So Tom would always act as if waiting to hear a clatter of hoofs walking leisurely in. But they never came. In those other days Jack used to take his *siesta* in the cabin door, and now Tom missed something around the door-step. In all the old years, before this change came, Tom

had a kind of mournful little whistle with which he used to call Jack when dinner-time came or he wanted company. Boss, with the bells of his lead mule tinkling along the bench above, often heard this plaintive little call which was never answered, habit holding full sway over poor, desolated old Tom.

There was a photograph sharp, who called himself an artist, opened up a shop in Victor, a new place on the desert's border where Tom used to go for supplies. Well, the half-breeds, being prosperous, happened in there one time and had the biggest possible photo taken, arm in arm, and each with a gun in his hand. Tom went over to Victor one day after he got strong, to lay in a sack of flour and a little bacon which Boss was going to take out for him the next day.

Having done his trading, he wandered down the street and came to this photo man's display. He didn't show much interest at first; then suddenly his hand went to his head and clutched through the silver thatch that had barely grown out to cover the place where he had been wounded. His eyes grew wild for a minute, then cold, and had a new look in them. His white brows came together in a frown and his lips tightened to a straight line. His fingers, maimed and scarred, began gripping and ungripping his palms, and folks passing saw something that made them stop and gather in a little cluster around him.

"I know who I am," he said, just as if that had been bothering him for a mighty long time or some one had disputed him. "I know who I am. I'm Tom Darrow! Damn you—I'm Tom Darrow!" Then he straightened up until he looked like the Tom Darrow some of the boys had known when first he came—the way he must have looked twenty years before.

"What's happened to me? Why am I here in Victor and where in hell is Jack and them greasers? Tell me quick!" He reached out his great steadily clutching hands to the shoulders of a man whom, for the first time in months, he knew.

The man told him. Tom didn't say anything in reply. All those around wanted to ask questions, but were afraid to. Tom looked into one face after another, then walked into the gallery. When he came out there was something bulging in his shirt-front where he had thrust it through. It was one of the big photos.

About an hour later he did something that wasn't usual with the old-time Darrow. He got friendly, very friendly, with a crowd of Mexicans that were camped in the creek bottom below the town. He bought drinks. He sang songs. He essayed a jig on the sanded floor of a saloon. He was, in fact, a comrade of a class with which he never associated in former days. His old border Spanish worked overtime and with amazing fluency.

This kept up for two days, while his old friends were scandalized and apparently forgotten; but in the mean time he showed, at intervals, a photograph of two "other fellers" he wanted to hear about very much.

Into the camp, at the beginning of the second night, came two Mexicans who had worked across the desert from far above and were headed around for Rabbit Springs. They had seen the "other fellers" whom Tom sought, in a half-way station up near Dos Palmas.

Tom waited not for the morning, and the white trail across the sands saw him riding—steadily riding—to Dos Palmas.

It was night, too, when, in a shack wherein they felt security, two men were awakened by a battering on the door and its breaking down immediately after. They sprang from their bunks and blankets to behold, outlined against the stars behind and their dim candle in front, a cold, deadly, white-haired figure of vengeance. They recognized him.

There are times when the first thing a man does is to reach for his gun, provided of course he has any sense. This was the time for the half-breeds to grab, and they had sense enough for that, be sure. The first one whose hand fell on a pistol butt didn't get time to raise it; he died too quick. The other fired, but wasn't a good shot. Before he could shoot again the pistol had been wrenched from his hand, he was seized like a thing of no weight, lifted high into the air and thrown half-way across the room, to fall on the still quivering body of his comrade.

Above him in the candle-light towered a giant. Not the old Tom Barrow of kindliness, whom he had tortured, maimed, and left for dead. Not the forgiving old Tom Darrow of Cresno Cañon, but Tom Darrow who had dropped off forty years and with them the mantle of age's tenderness. A man who was ready to kill the moaning thing before him as remorselessly as he would a mad wolf.

There came a silence so intense that one could almost hear the burning of the candle, which, in the soft night draught through the open door, sent the flame aquiver like a living thing seeking to escape the clutch of the wick. In its weaving it sent a monstrous shadow writhing on the wall—that of a man with a poised gun.

The dying desperado finished his dissolution, and with a long-drawn sigh became tragically quiet. The other arose to a half-sitting, half-leaning posture on the bunk, resting on one elbow, his other arm, broken in that terrific throw, dangling awkwardly and his eyes staring with wide terror at this white-haired apparition.

Tom Darrow was thinking. The time stretched into minutes which seemed ages. The wounded outlaw slipped to the floor on his knees, gently, furtively, as if afraid that any sudden movement would hasten the end. He put his one good hand out as a shield before him, its fingers trembling and appealingly open. He looked into the eyes of the man above him, but therein read no mercy. This was to be an execution, not a murder, nor was there appeal. And, coward that he was, the half-breed knew that the end was there and this his time to pray.

In mumbling Spanish he began an appeal to the long-forgotten Virgin for mercy, while the young Tom listened and suddenly grew old and became the old Tom again. He wanted to kill this thing before him, but it was already hurt, and—well—there floated through his head one of his favorite passages. "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord. I will repay." A spider, aroused by the light, came swinging down on his airy web, and a cricket from his refuge in the wall began a complaining song. From away off in the distance came the harsh, strident bray of a mule. It recalled Jack. Poor Jack, his pardner!

"Damn you!" said Tom to the kneeling man before him. "God knows I ought to kill you; but I can't." And with this the full scores of years were back on him again and the forgiving old Tom Darrow had returned.

"There's one thing you've got to answer first," he said as the outlaw started to arise. "What did you do with my burro?"

"By the living Lord I've a mind to kill you for that," he said when the answer came that for nearly a hundred miles poor Jack had been goaded beneath his pack, and then, when strength failed, left lying on the face of the desert to die.

The younger Tom Darrow threatened to come back with all his hot youth, the pistol weaved uncertainly in the air, the outlaw fell back upon his knees and once more took to prayer. Again there was an instant's hesitancy.

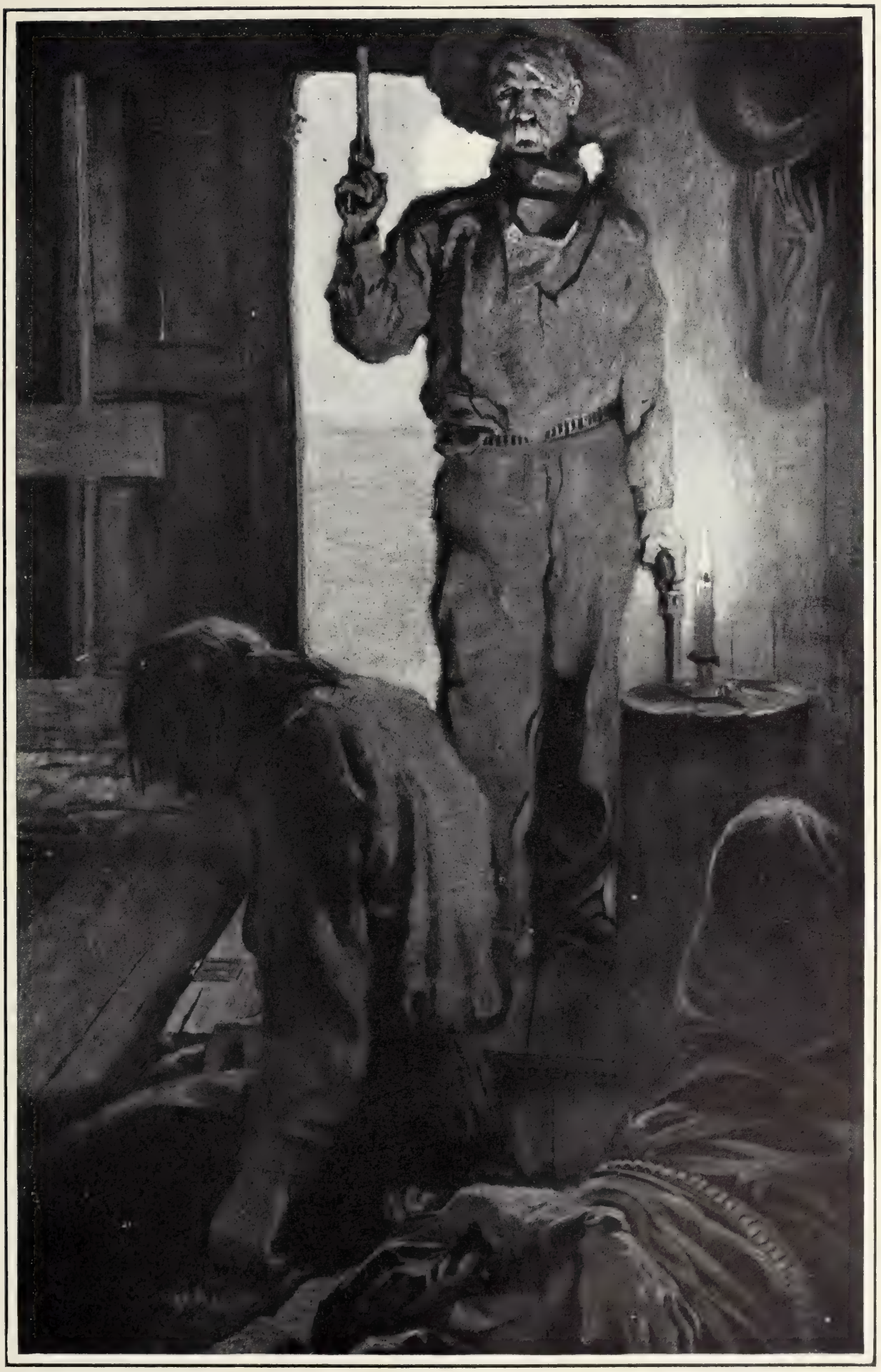
Without a word Tom picked up and smashed the weapons in the cabin, while the half-breed waited. Then Tom took one more look at the man on the floor and the form on the bunk, turned slowly on his heel, walked out of the cabin and into the moonlight where his tired horse awaited.

The young Tom Darrow had gone forever and old Tom Darrow rode away.

Three days later, when Boss came down the trail he was hailed by old Tom. He wanted to buy a burro, "not bein' anxious to give other friends a heap of trouble totin grub up thar" for him; but Boss found Tom was going to be mighty hard to suit. There didn't seem to be any burros in the world good enough. So Boss declined the latest mission.

"I think you better go down to the cabin with me," Tom said, in his slow way. "I got somethin' to show you, because you been pretty good to me."

What Tom had to show was a new can filled with nuggets. He had struck it strong on Cresco and wanted Boss to stake for himself the next claim. Boss did and it made him—but that's nothing, except about gold, and, after all, gold doesn't amount to much in this world. Maybe it will in heaven for paving-blocks. If so it will save a heap of digging and will throw a lot of mining angels out of jobs.



Drawn by D. C. Hutchinson

IN MUMBLING SPANISH HE BEGAN AN APPEAL

However, Tom went down to San Bernardino to buy a burro. Joe Lord had a corral filled with them, and ran them around a little, but none of them would do. The fact was Tom looked for a burro like his pardner had been, and that kind weren't common. They made him heart-sick—this band did—and the more he looked the more he knew there was no burro living like the one that had fought for him and then died on the cruel sands. He felt at last that he was alone in the world and bereaved. Nothing but a burro, after all, but something he loved.

"Joe," he said, as it all came to him, "I guess I don't want to buy nothin' after all. I'm an old man livin' in a dream. I thought I wanted a plain, onery burro to pack things; but it wasn't that, after all. I wanted to buy a friend, and it don't matter how much gold a man has, that's one thing he can't buy. Leastwise in a mule-corral." He laughed to hide a sob.

Joe understood, and old Tom read it in his eyes. That unloosed him again. "You see, Joe, I ain't never had no wife, nor no children, nor nothin' to love real close, except Jack, and we'd got used to each other. Why, I could call him to me like this—"

His lips puckered and there issued a long-drawn melancholy note. From the centre of the corral arose a wild commotion. Heels, teeth and fore hoofs were swirling. From out the ruck, at the sound of the whistle, came a little gray burro who frantically rushed to the corral and thrust his head through an opening. Tom dropped to his knees, took the big shaggy face in his arms, babbled into the ungainly ears and was not ashamed of tears.

Joe refused to take money. The Lord will repay him, too, for that! Hotels don't take burros as guests. That's why, as the dusk dropped down over San Bernardino Valley and the night was warm with beauty, as if God had mantled it with love and kindliness, a white-haired old man, bent and gnarled but very happy, tramped into the foot-hills to camp. And close at his heels, as if fearing to lose sight of him, trotted a tired little old burro, whose heart ached for the cabin, and the homely flowers, and the singing brook of Cresco Cañon. Tom and Jack were going home.

In the Children's Hospital

BY RICHARD BURTON

MAY be it was her littleness, may be
  Because she looked so dumb and so forlorn,
But when, in that sad place, they showed to me
  The shy, small stranger, and I knew the morn

Must pass to noon, and noon give place to night,
  Bringing no promise of a better day;
And she so meek, so grateful for the sight
  Of aught to drive her misery away:

Then with a sacred pity my heart bled,
  And seemed rebuked for all its easy years;
Down on that pillow wee I bowed my head
  And cherished her; her tears became my tears.

Lincoln As I Knew Him

BY WILLIAM H. CROOK (HIS BODY-GUARD)

COMPILED AND WRITTEN DOWN BY MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY

AFTER I had had time enough to become somewhat used to seeing the White House family every day, the crowd of men and women who filled the anteroom to the President's office began to interest me. There were all sorts of people—mothers who wanted to have their husbands returned to them from the army, wounded soldiers who wanted help, ambitious young men who wanted positions, self-appointed advisers who wanted to be listened to, and sisters of deserters who wanted reprieves. The office-seekers were the most persistent and unreasonable. An experience that a friend of mine—Mr. F. J. Whipple, of New York—had with the President will show how Mr. Lincoln felt about them.

Mr. Whipple called at the White House one day. As he was a little early he had to wait in the hall opposite the President's office. He had not been there long when Mr. Lincoln came in from the private part of the house. Whipple rose, saying,

"This is Mr. Lincoln, I believe."

"Yes. What can I do for you?"

"Nothing, sir. You have not an office I would accept."

Mr. Lincoln slapped him on the shoulder.

"Is it possible! Come into my office. I want to look at you. It is a curiosity to see a man who does not want an office. You might as well try to dip the Potomac dry as to satisfy them all."

They had a few minutes' more conversation, while the President idly made some lines on a paper. A few days later I was in the room with the President, when a prominent Senator called upon him. Seeing a pencil sketch on the desk, the visitor asked what it was.

"It is the portrait of the one man who does not want an office," Mr. Lincoln replied.

On one occasion the President was going over, with Secretary Stanton, some applications for commissions in the army, when they came to the last one on the list.

"This fellow hasn't any endorser," said the President. Then he glanced at the letter—became interested. "It's a good, straightforward letter," he said. "I'll be his endorser." And the young man had his lieutenancy.

One thing which gives me happiness to remember happened on the 2d of March. I was drafted and the other guards with me. Frankly I didn't want to go. I had served in the army already; I had a young wife and a young son at home to hold me. I couldn't afford to pay for a substitute. So I joined the ranks of the people with grievances whom I had been watching for some time and went to the President. I found him in his own room, in dressing-gown and slippers. I told him that I had been drafted, and asked him if he could do anything in my case and in that of Alexander Smith, who was my special friend on the force. He listened to my story as patiently as if he had not heard hundreds like it. I like to remember how kindly he looked at me. When I had finished he said:

"Well, I can't spare you. Come into my office."

I followed him as a child would follow his father. He seated himself at the desk and wrote on a small card a note to Provost-Marshal Frye and told me to take it to him and get the answer. Years after this the Hon. Robert T. Lincoln gave me the card when he was Secretary

NOTE.—Mr. Crook was Lincoln's body-guard from January 4, 1864, to the day of the assassination. His first article, published in the December *Harper's*, attracted world-wide attention. His next article will reveal events of Lincoln's last days not now known.—EDITOR.

of War, and I have it still. It reads: "These two of my men, Crook and Alexander, are drafted and I cannot spare them. P. M. G., please fix.—A. Lincoln. March 2, 1865."

"Alexander" was Alexander Smith, whose last name the President forgot. The other men had their cases "fixed" through Mrs. Lincoln.

It is something to have in President Lincoln's own hand—even though the motive was largely kindness on his own part—the assurance that he couldn't spare me.

Naturally enough the events of the time which are most vivid to me are ones, like this, in which I took some part. Of other things I often have only the recollection that any one else in Washington would have had. Of the ceremonies when the President was a second time installed in office, for instance, I remember very little, or of the inaugural ball—for I wasn't on duty at either of those events. There were the usual exercises, of course, at the inauguration and the ball in the Patent Office. We were all interested in that because it was rumored that Robert Lincoln, who was popular with us, escorted the daughter of Senator Harlan, to whom he was afterwards married. Of the great public reception at the White House the evening of the 5th I remember chiefly the havoc it wrought. The White House looked as if a regiment of rebel troops had been quartered there — with permission to forage. The crowds were enormous, and there were some rough people present. A fever of vandalism seemed to seize them. We had always found that some odds and ends had been carried away as souvenirs after every public reception, but the damage created by this one was something monstrous. I suppose if it had not been that the President was assassinated so soon afterward I wouldn't remember it so vividly. But looking back, it seems some premonition that there would not be much more of Mr. Lincoln's administration must have come to them and made them lawless. They wanted to get mementos while they could. A great piece of red brocade, a yard square almost, was cut from the window-hangings of the East Room, and another piece, not quite so large, from a curtain in the Green Room. Besides this, flowers from the floral design in the lace curtains were cut out, evidently for an ornament for the top of pincushions or something of the sort. Some arrests were made, after the reception, of persons concerned in the disgraceful business.

These things distressed the President greatly. I can hardly understand why, when he was so calm about things usually, these acts of rowdyism should have impressed him so painfully. It was the senseless violence of it that puzzled him.

"Why should they do it?" he said to me. "How can they?"

But Secretary McCulloch's appointment to succeed Mr. Chase as Secretary of the Treasury seems to me about the biggest event of the period—for I really notified him. It happened this way: Before the President had given Mr. McCulloch any indication that he intended to appoint him, he sent me over to the Treasury, where McCulloch was Comptroller of the Currency. I was to ask "Secretary McCulloch" if he would please come to the President. Whether it was just absent-mindedness in Mr. Lincoln or whether it was just his own way of doing things I don't know. But I went over and repeated the message just as he gave it. Mr. McCulloch blushed like a girl.

"I am not the Secretary," he said. "There is some mistake."

"You will be as soon as you see the President, then," I replied. He went over with me then without further protest. Years after I had a letter from Mr. McCulloch alluding to the incident and to the way the President looked when he told him he wished to appoint him to the position Secretary Chase had left vacant.

Late in March Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania, called upon Mr. Lincoln to urge "a more vigorous prosecution of the war," which was the watchword of those men of his own party who criticised the President. Mr. Stevens was one of the ablest, as well as one of the most radical, men then in Congress, but he was a very impatient man. The President listened patiently to Mr. Stevens's argument, and when he had concluded he looked at his visitor a moment in silence. Then he said, looking at Mr. Stevens very shrewdly:

"Stevens, this is a pretty big hog we are trying to catch, and to hold when we do catch him. We must take care that he doesn't slip away from us." Mr. Stevens had to be satisfied with the answer.

A general kindliness marked the President's manner toward all who came to see him. The greater part of the callers were there for one occasion only. With others we grew familiar. General Sheridan was a conspicuous figure. He was a short man with enormous and disproportionate width of shoulder and chest. He had a broad red face and wore a little mustache and imperial. Dr. Gurley, the pastor of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, which the President attended, was often there, as was Surgeon Barnes, the White House physician. Mr. Lincoln admired General Halleck and had great belief in him; his manner, in its cordiality, showed it. General Farnsworth, too, was a special friend of the President's. Speed, the Attorney-General, was Mr. Lincoln's oldest friend in Washington; there were friendship and confidence between the two men. Marshal Ward Lamon, who had been Mr. Lincoln's law partner, was a warm and anxious friend, always most solicitous for the President's safety. Secretary Welles, who was an impressive and handsome old man, with his great stature and bushy white hair, the President especially liked.

In General Grant he had the most unbounded confidence. The two men understood each other. There never was a less assuming man than the General. I remember seeing him at one of the evening receptions in the corridor just before entering. He had on a shabby army overcoat and a slouch-hat. I couldn't help contrasting his appearance and ability with the magnificent gold-laced officers within. I have often seen the President and General Grant poring over maps together. I know that no move was made by his general that the President did not understand and approve. And when, later on, they met at Petersburg, when it was evident that Mr. Lincoln's faith in Grant was to be realized, he was positively affectionate. He looked as if, instead of merely shaking hands, he would have liked to hug the General.

The thing that most impressed me was that, with one exception, Mr. Lincoln was not influenced in his judgment of men in the slightest degree either by personal liking or by enmity. It was the more remarkable in a man so well fitted for warm friendship, so lovable. At this time of grave personal danger his only standard of measurement was fitness to serve the government. Men came in a never-ending stream to the White House. While, as I have said, his constant attitude was one of kindly consideration, it was also one of control. He was eager to recognize the ability and character of men who were his bitter political enemies; he allowed his personal friend to retire to private life if he knew that the general interest would be promoted by so doing.

To the men who criticised him, as did Thaddeus Stevens, he showed no impatience; to the men who insulted him, as did Duff Green, he answered nothing; to Salmon P. Chase, whose vanity made him disloyal, in spite of high character and great attainments, he was patience itself. In connection with the appointment of Chase to the Chief-Justiceship there is a good story which, I believe, has never been told. It was given to me by Mr. John B. Ally, who was a Congressman from Massachusetts.

It was generally known that Mr. Chase wanted to be nominated for the Presidency by the convention which chose Lincoln for his second term. Mr. Chase consulted Sumner, Ally, and other friends on the subject, and they dissuaded him, urging him instead to seek the Chief-Justiceship, for which he had peculiar qualifications. Chase at first turned a deaf ear to their entreaties, but before leaving for his home in Ohio he said he would think the matter over. For several weeks Mr. Ally heard nothing of him. At the end of that time the Massachusetts Congressman received a letter from Mr. Chase saying that if the appointment were tendered him he would accept.

Mr. Ally immediately saw Mr. Lincoln and put the case before him in the strongest possible light. The President listened very patiently until he had finished. Then he began to talk. He gave reasons for not appointing Mr. Chase. He spoke of Mr. Chase's dislike of the President. He talked feelingly of the many hard things Mrs. Sprague, Mr. Chase's daughter, had said of the President. All of this

left on Mr. Ally the impression that it was useless to press the matter further.

He went to his home greatly disappointed. Very early the next morning a messenger came from the White House asking him to call at his earliest convenience. He went immediately to the White House. Mr. Lincoln met him very cordially, but with his own twinkle in his eye.

"Ally," he said, "I just want to tell you that I am going to send Chase's nomination to the Senate to-day. He is to be Chief Justice of the United States." Ally was so astonished that he could not speak for a moment. Then he said:

"Mr. President, I am very glad to know it, but—from what you said—I thought the case was hopeless."

"Oh," replied Mr. Lincoln, "I only wanted to show you what could be said on the other side. I ought not to blame Chase for the things his daughter said about me."

The peculiar humor of the situation was not apparent to Mr. Ally at the time. The idea of making Chase Chief Justice is known now to have originated with Mr. Lincoln himself and had been fully determined before Mr. Ally made his plea. One can imagine the President's inward appreciation of his own little joke while he urged with all seriousness that the position he was fitted for should be withheld from Salmon P. Chase because the daughter had said feminine things—possibly about the President's social demeanor.

Earlier than this the resignation of Montgomery Blair from the position of Postmaster-General showed a like absence of personal feeling in Mr. Lincoln's public policy. Mr. Blair was a personal friend of the President, who had the warmest possible feeling for him and a conviction of his ability and integrity. But Mr. Blair grew out of sympathy with some members of his party, and his usefulness was impaired by frequent disputes with leading Republicans. Whatever Mr. Lincoln's opinion was as to the relative right or wrong of the disputants, he realized, as did Mr. Blair himself, that the party must be united in its policy. Therefore he allowed Mr. Blair to resign, much as personally he had wished him to remain.

The President's relationship to Secretary Stanton was another instance of Mr. Lincoln's marvellous self-control. Where the good of the nation was involved he didn't even see anything that related only to himself. Secretary Stanton was a strong man and devoted to his country. I believe, too, that he really loved the President. But while he recognized Mr. Lincoln's greatness and was loyal, those traits of Mr. Lincoln's which were antipathetic to his own character irritated him sometimes almost beyond endurance. Mr. Stanton was not a man of much self-control. The President's tenderness of heart seemed to him weakness. The fondness for reading and for jesting, which every day restored the balance in the President's overweighted mind, seemed to Mr. Stanton something approaching imbecility. He was furious once when Mr. Lincoln delayed a cabinet meeting to read the witticisms of Petroleum V. Nasby. When the President, during hours of anxious waiting for news from a great battle, was apparently absorbed in *Hamlet,* Mr. Stanton, whose invectives were varied, called him, I have heard, "a baboon."

To such expressions of a natural impatience Mr. Lincoln opposed a placid front. More than that, he was placid. He knew Secretary Stanton's intense, irritable nature. He knew how the excitement of the time tried men's tempers and shattered their nerves. He himself, apparently, was the only one who was not to be allowed the indulgence of giving way. So Mr. Stanton's indignations passed unnoticed. The two men were often at variance when it came to matters of discipline in the army. On one occasion, I have heard, Secretary Stanton was particularly angry with one of the generals. He was eloquent about him. "I would like to tell him what I think of him!" he stormed.

"Why don't you?" Mr. Lincoln agreed. "Write it all down—do."

Mr. Stanton wrote his letter. When it was finished he took it to the President. The President listened to it all.

"All right. Capital!" he nodded. "And now, Stanton, what are you going to do with it?"

"Do with it? Why, send it, of course!"

"I wouldn't," said the President. "Throw it in the waste-paper basket."

"But it took me two days to write—"

"Yes, yes, and it did you ever so much good. You feel better now. That is all that is necessary. Just throw it in the basket.'

After a little more expostulation, into the basket it went.

I have spoken of an exception to the rule of the President's freedom from personal feeling in his relation to the public men of the time. That exception was Charles Sumner. It is a curious fact that a man who was one of the leaders in the party which had twice chosen Mr. Lincoln to be President, who was an exponent of the belief which determined the most momentous action of Mr. Lincoln's career—the emancipation of the slaves,—should have been the only man, so far as my knowledge goes, to obtain the President's bitter dislike.

The reason of this dislike can never, I believe, be satisfactorily determined. With another man than Mr. Lincoln the explanation would have been a perfectly simple one. Most people know that Sumner was, almost constantly, the President's severe, often peevish, critic. He besieged Mr. Lincoln with advice in and out of season. None of the President's public utterances, according to Senator Sumner, were free from grave faults—his condemnation included both principles expressed and manner of expression. All of this Mr. Lincoln accepted patiently and humorously, as was his custom, passing over the tediousness of it all because of the high character and attainments of the man. Not so many persons know, possibly, that Sumner was actually disloyal to Mr. Lincoln. Just before the President's second nomination Senator Sumner was involved, with Greeley, Godwin, and others, in a conspiracy against Mr. Lincoln. That again, if the President ever knew of Sumner's defection, he might have passed over as magnanimously as he did the opposition of Chase. It is doubtful that he did know of it; when these men found that their movement was hopeless they fell into line and helped to elect Mr. Lincoln. The history of the President's relationship with the men of his party proves that it is not in any matter growing out of Mr. Lincoln's public life that we can find the reason for his dislike of Charles Sumner.

Senator Sumner was a fine-looking man. His presence was tall and commanding; he was well groomed, even exquisite in his appointments. He affected the English type in his clothes, wearing large checks and plaids, and was fond of displaying white spats—which were not, at that time, often seen upon our statesmen. He was a friend of the Chases, a particularly warm friend of Kate Chase Sprague, who sympathized with him in his matrimonial difficulties. He was also, curiously enough, in view of his relationship both to the Chases and to Mr. Lincoln, a friend of Mrs. Lincoln. Not only was he present at state receptions and dinners (which, of course, would argue nothing), but he was Mrs. Lincoln's escort at the second inaugural ball—especially invited, he told a friend, by Mr. Lincoln; and he was a member, with Senator and Mrs. Harlan, the future father and mother in law of Robert Lincoln, of the gay party which Mrs. Lincoln brought down to City Point after the fall of Richmond. Whatever were his grounds for dislike of Sumner, the President did not interfere in the friendship of Mrs. Lincoln for Sumner, nor the admiration which the Massachusetts Senator publicly testified to Mrs. Lincoln's really brilliant mind. It seems to have been entirely personal to himself.

The antipathy was none the less intense. It has never before been disclosed that Mr. Lincoln went to the length of refusing Mr. Sumner admission to his home. The President instructed Elphonso Dunn, who was on duty in the corridor on that occasion, not to allow Charles Sumner to enter the White House. This is a matter of my personal knowledge. It must have been a serious offence which could have induced so charitable a man, and a man so filled with kindness as was President Lincoln, to take measures apparently so severe.

About noon of March 23, the President called me into his room and said:

"Crook, I want you to accompany me to City Point, Virginia. We leave this afternoon. If you have any preparations to make, you must attend to them at once." I hurried home to get the few necessary clothes and say good-by to my family. It was late in the afternoon when I re-

joined Mr. Lincoln on board the *River Queen,* which was lying at the Seventh Street wharf.

There were a good many people on the quay watching the boat. Rumors of the President's departure were about — I'm sure I don't know how; there had been no announcement—and everybody wanted to know where he was going. It took very little to get up an alarm during those last months of the war. But the questions were not answered, and the crowd had to content itself with a glimpse of the President on the deck. They watched while the *River Queen* left her moorings and slowly steamed down the Potomac.

The President was accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln, Taddie, Captain Penrose of the army, and myself. Penrose had been detailed to have general charge of the party. He was a tall, fine-looking man, fair like an Englishman. Bradford, who was the captain of the *River Queen,* had done everything he could on such short notice to make his guests comfortable. He took me all over the boat and showed me, with some pride, how he had had the staterooms fitted up. Taddie's investigating mind led him everywhere. Before he went to bed he had studied every screw of the engine and knew and counted among his friends every man of the crew. They all liked him, too.

Mr. Lincoln watched the city until he could see it no more. At first he was interested in the sights along the shores. But as we drew near Alexandria he turned back to catch a last glimpse of the city. All the sadness of his face came out now when he was quiet. I realized, as I had never done before, what the war meant to him and how anxious he was. It was growing dark and the air was raw and chilly. But he stayed on deck until we had passed Alexandria. Then every one went inside.

Captain Bradford's long experience of the Potomac had made him acquainted with the histories of spies and blockade-runners who, in the early days of the war, had stolen across the river to the Maryland side. He told us many exciting incidents; he pointed out the landings they had made. The President was very much interested and kept the captain busy answering questions. It was nearly midnight when he went to bed.

Tad and I had a stateroom together. Toward morning I was startled out of a sound sleep by some one entering the room. Before I could speak I heard Mrs. Lincoln's voice: "It is I, Crook. It is growing colder, and I came in to see if my little boy has covers enough on him." In a little while I was awakened again. This time it was by a sensation of great discomfort. I will have to explain that I was a countryman and had been no great traveller. I had never slept on a boat before. It appeared to me that the steamer was slowly climbing up one side of a hill and then rushing down the other. I have since learned that I was seasick. I know I felt awfully blue. Taddie was still asleep. I dressed as best I could and hurried out to demand from the captain what was the matter with the boat. He laughed at me a little, and then informed me that we were in Chesapeake Bay, nearing Fortress Monroe, and that it was a little rough.

Evidently Mr. Lincoln was a better sailor than I was, for he came on deck in a few minutes looking very much rested.

"I'm feeling splendidly," he said. "Is breakfast ready?" He did full justice to the delicious fish when it was served. When we steamed into the mouth of the James and calmer water I recovered my spirits and found that I was hungry.

It was after dark on the 24th when we reached City Point. It was a beautiful sight at this time, with the many-colored lights of the boats in the harbor and the lights of the town straggling up the high bluffs of the shore, crowned by the lights from Grant's headquarters at the top.

It was known at Grant's headquarters that the President was coming, and a lookout had been kept. As soon as the *River Queen* was made fast to the wharf, General Grant with some members of his staff came aboard. They had a long consultation with the President, at the end of which Mr. Lincoln appeared particularly happy. General Grant had evidently made him feel that the end of the conflict was at hand, nearer than he had expected. After General Grant had gone, Taddie and I went ashore to take a look at the place by starlight. We did not get many steps from the steamer before we were halted by a sentinel. I ex-

plained who we were, but Taddie thought he would go back. He said he did not like the looks of things. He wasn't used to being halted by sentinels who didn't know who he was. We went back to the boat. Everybody was up until late. The President and Mrs. Lincoln talked of the trip; they were in very good spirits.

The next day, the 25th, was clear and warmer. We had an opportunity of seeing one of the great centres of the war. In Mr. Lincoln's estimation it was the critical point and he had placed his lieutenant-general, the man in whom he had most faith, in charge. The Appomattox and the James come together at City Point. The harbor thus made is overhung with high bluffs. On the top of one bluff was a group of houses, which Grant and his staff used as headquarters. The harbor was crowded with craft of all kinds—fishing-boats, row-boats, sail-boats, transports, and passenger-boats. From higher ground in the vicinity could be seen the tents of Lee's army. It was a busy camp, and everything was in motion. Just west of our troops was the long curved line of Lee's entrenchments, stretching from Petersburg, south of the James and fifteen miles from City Point, to Richmond, northwest of City Point and nearly double that distance.

We all went ashore and visited General Grant's headquarters. After the greetings, General Grant invited the President to take a ride to the front, where General Meade was in command. When we started, Mr. Lincoln was seen to be on a black pony belonging to General Grant. The name of the animal was Jeff Davis. Everybody laughed at the idea, and at the sight, too, for the President's feet nearly touched the ground. Mr. Lincoln was a good horseman, but always rather an ungainly sight on horseback. He laughed at himself this time, and said, "Well, he may be Jeff Davis and a little too small for me, but he is a good horse."

Mrs. Lincoln rode in an army ambulance with Mrs. Grant, who was a member of the party for that day.

It had been intended when we started for City Point that there should be a grand review of the troops. But the Confederates were active the first part of the ten days before we left to visit Richmond, and the preparations for the final operations before Petersburg were being made the latter part of the time. There was a lull in between, but never a time when it was possible to draw all the soldiers away from their positions. So we never had the grand review.

We saw some lively skirmishing, however, between the picket-lines of the two forces, while we were at General Meade's headquarters. We were on a hill just east of where the troops were engaged; we were not more than a quarter of a mile away from the wood where the fighting was in progress. We could see the shells as they were fired; but while we were there they burst in the air and did no damage. The President asked whether the position was not too close for the comfort of his party. When he was assured that there was no danger he remained two hours watching the struggle, and turned away only when the firing ceased.

On the 26th Mr. Lincoln visited General Ord's command on the northern bank of the James and reviewed the troops. They were brought out in dress parade and went through the evolutions of actual war. Mrs. Ord was a member of the party. To get to General Ord's command we had to cross the James in a boat, and then Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant got into the army ambulance as before, while Mrs. Ord and the gentlemen rode horseback. On the 27th General Sherman arrived, and there was a conference. The President was again much cheered by the confidence of both generals that they would be successful in speedily bringing the war to a close.

The next three days were filled with incidents. On one occasion the President, with General Grant, Admiral Porter, Captain Penrose, Mrs. Lincoln, Taddie, and myself, went up the Appomattox to Point of Rocks, where we were rewarded by a view of the country for miles around. General Grant pointed out the location of General Lee's army; some of their tents were in full view. Near us, as we stood straining our eyes to see all we could of our Confederate adversaries, was a great oak-tree, said to mark the spot where Pocahontas saved the life of Captain John Smith. An inscription nailed to it—"Woodman, spare this tree"—gave us an idea of the

respect due the patriarch. The best view was to be had from the "Crow's-nest"—a lookout tower constructed by General Butler when he was "bottled up" there earlier in the war. I think that the President really threw off the load that was on his mind and enjoyed the day. He said that he had, and looked pleased.

One day, while the President and Mrs. Lincoln were going through the hospital at City Point, doing what they could to cheer up the sick and wounded soldiers and investigating the hospital arrangements, some one told them that Mr. Johnson, the Vice-President, had arrived. Mr. Lincoln said, "Well, I guess he can get along without me." They did not meet at all during the visit. I do not know whether this meant that the President did not like Mr. Johnson or not. It may have been merely that he felt that he was at City Point for a certain purpose and had no time for other things. The fact remains that he was not eager to see Mr. Johnson. The testimony of Major A. E. Johnson, who was Secretary Stanton's private secretary, is interesting in this connection. Major Johnson was present when the news came that Mr. Johnson had been chosen to be Mr. Lincoln's running mate in the second election. He says that the President said: "So they have chosen him—I thought perhaps he would be the man. He is a strong man. I hope he may be the best man. But—" And, since the President rose and went out of the room, the "but" was never explained.

The President made several trips up the James River to visit Admiral Porter and see his iron-clad fleet. One day he dined with him.

Not long before the final assault upon Petersburg a curious incident happened. A man came on board the *River Queen* and asked Captain Bradford if he could see the President. He was referred to me. Mr. Lincoln had instructed me not to admit any one but General Grant or Admiral Porter, so I told the man that the President was not to be seen. The visitor became very much excited. He said that he had rendered Mr. Lincoln valuable services in Illinois during his campaign for the Presidency, and had spent large sums of money. He was in trouble; he must see the President. He protested that he was known to Mr. Lincoln personally. I asked his name. At first he refused to give it, but finally said that it was "Smith" and that he lived near Mr. Lincoln's home in Illinois.

I went to the President and carried "Smith's" message. Mr. Lincoln laughed at first. "'Smith' is, of course, an uncommon name." Then he became serious. "If what he says is true, I would know him. But I do not. The man is an impostor, and I won't see him."

I went back to "Smith" with the President's answer. The man was very much disturbed, and again begged to be allowed to see him. When that failed he tried to bribe me to take him to Mr. Lincoln. I ordered him to leave the boat at once, and when he delayed told him I would have him arrested if he did not. He turned to Captain Bradford and said defiantly, "If Mr. Lincoln does not know me now, he will know me damned soon after he does see me." He went on shore, and the moment after he had crossed the gangplank he disappeared. I watched him, but could not see where he had gone.

After the death of Mr. Lincoln, every one was anxious to discover the accomplices of the murderer. I called attention to this man "Smith" who had tried so hard to be admitted to Lincoln's presence at City Point. It was known that Surrat had been at City Point at that time, and I was requested to visit Surrat and see if I could identify him as "Smith." I went to court, and Taddie went with me. I had seen Surrat before the war; we had lived in the same county in Maryland. I think "Smith" and Surrat were the same man. It was impossible, however, for me to be absolutely sure. For "Smith" was ragged and dirty and very much sunburnt; he looked like a tramp. While Surrat, at the time I saw him, looked like a very sick man, pale and emaciated. In every other respect they looked alike. The difference in appearance might easily have been brought about by circumstances or by a slight disguise. I shall always believe that Surrat was seeking an opportunity to assassinate the President at this time.

The Garden of the King

BY AMÉLIE RIVES
(Princess Troubetskoy)

QUEEN ALIZONDE leaned head on hand against her casement: so long she leaned that her ring-jewels grew warm with her cheek.

That morn the burgeoning May had taken her state, the turquoise sky her baudekin; her sceptre a flower-de-luce. All the sward was prankt with little flowers, white and gold, and the fair pool in the Queen's garden shivered, as with love. But Alizonde bent heavy eyes upon them. "Once on a time," thought she, "I was wont to love sweet flowers as they had been children, and so to keep them near me and fondle them, even till they withered in my girdle, and now what are they to me? All one as they were things broidered on my kirtle. And thou, too, thou fair heaven," mused she, "for me thou art but a painted screen —thou dost but shut me out from my desire, like to a loftier roof—I am a-weary, a-weary," said Queen Alizonde. "I am a-weary of doing the thing that is right."

And she thought of her father's kingdom and her dead maidenhood, till her heart wept within her like an ailing babe. "Oh, since thus I was to fare, loveless and lonely, a gemmed image, a Queen sans Queenhood, for what did they learn me of the seven arts? For whom shall I show forth my astronomy and sophistry, my rhetoric and music? They but make me the more forlorn, there being none to pleasure by my learning. Oh, would I were a little maid whose all was her virtue and one white smock, to run forth across the world *par amour,* and find my love!" Thus moaned Alizonde at her window, all amort, for she had sent forth her maidens a-maying, choosing rather solitude than their light chatter. And one by one the slow tears fell, bright and bitter, and mixed with the gems upon her breast. "I am a-weary," said she again. "Oh, I am sore weary of doing the thing that is right."

'Twas then there floated up to her, clear and gay and soft, as it had been an answer to her sighing, the notes of a bugle very near at hand. Magic sounds they seemed, for as she hearkened she fell a-trembling.

"What is this?" said she. "What is this music that I seem to remember and yet not to remember? Am I to be witless, too?" saith poor Alizonde. Again they sounded and again she trembled. Lovely, loving sounds were they, clear as water, pure as air, gentle as the May, and though gay, there was a sadness in them, as of one who smiles through tears, a sadness that seemed to pluck at the sadness in Alizonde's own heart, crying: "Love me. We are akin." "A spell hath me," whispered she. "Now I almost remember where and when I did first hear that music, long and long ago." But she folded her hands about her face and would not look forth of her window. Then a third time sounded that sweet sound, and like as if one stronger had moved them, her hands lifted apart, and she looked forth and saw one riding towards her through her garden close. All in white was he that made a fair shining in the sun, and white was his horse beneath him, and white its housings that swept the little flower-faces earthward. The knight's crest bore flames, his white shield a rose and a lily, with a flame between. His sword-hilt was of fair gold sewn with pearls, and pearled gold was his horse's bridle. But what fixed the eyes of Alizonde was that which hung about his neck—a lyre of gold and ivory.

"This is no troubadour only," thought she, "but a great knight also, and yet he bears a lyre about his neck. How can this be? Nay, I am fast abed," said Alizonde. "And the gold cage o'erhead, where burn the long peppers and the frankincense, hath given me this mad dream."

And thus gazing down, she met the

knight's eyes gazing up. "Now never was there one not beautiful so beautiful," thought Alizonde, and she left her eyes in his. Then suddenly he smiled upon her, and she, forgetting who she was and where she was, made a joyous opening of her arms, and cried out, "Now do I remember where and when!" But even as she spoke twilight gathered in her brain, and all was gone, only they two stayed smiling each upon the other.

Then on a sudden did Alizonde bethink her of her estate, and how she, the Queen, leaned at her window, smiling and being smiled upon by a strange man, so that her blood ran backward, leaving her white as samite, and she said, "Fair Sir and Knight, thou hast missed thy way and art in the Queen's garden."

Whereat he, still smiling, made answer: "Nay, most Gentle and Fairest, I am in the Queen's garden, but I have not missed my way."

Alizonde, as beseemed her, set a frown upon her brow at this, but her heart sang. "Since thou knowest so well the Queen's garden, thou shouldst know the Queen," said she.

"Queen Alizonde," saith he, "I am Mervais, fils du Dovon, and come from thy father, King Hazyl."

Then cried out Alizonde with a great cry, and she put forth her locked hands toward him at full stretch, and saith she: "Oh, what of my father? Is he ill? Is he dead? Hath his kingdom fallen? Come you to take me back to him?" saith she. "Oh, come you to take me back?" And she thrilled from crown to foot, like a smitten lute-cord, that it was pity to look upon her.

"Be comforted!" saith Mervais. "All is well with thy father till this day, yet have I come to thee for his succor."

"To take me back to him?" saith she.

But even as she was speaking, came a blithe clamor of maidens' voices, and the sound of running feet along the garden walks.

"Ride to the left into the Palace Court," saith Alizonde. "'Tis my maids back from their maying. Thou shalt be received as my father's messenger should be received."

"Nay, dear Queen," saith he, "but only as the knight errant and troubadour, Mervais of Noland. So must it be."

And looking down upon him, she knew that even so it must be. And she said:

"I will do as thou sayest, though 'tis both strange and hard to do."

"My Queen and dearest Alizonde," saith he, "thou hast trusted me. Now am I doubly thine, who was all thine before."

And he unhelmed him of his light helmet, and bowing low, rode from her presence barehead, while she doffed her hood of vair and in like fashion watched him go.

Now King Guillonet le Noir was a black man indeed, both within and without, for he was given to dark moods and glooms, even like King Saul, and, like that monarch also, he greatly loved sweet music. None wondered, therefore, that he gave fair welcome to Mervais, so-called the Trouvère, but all wondered with an exceeding wonder that he made no more ado or questioning as to the strangeness of one who seemed both great knight and simple troubadour in one, but as for his knighthood:—

"I am come to sing before King Guillonet the Dark, and his Queen Alizonde the Fair, and for nought else," quoth he.

"And," said the King, "sing thou shalt, and nought else, by my crown and the crown of my Queen."

So they had him to the Great Hall, and the King, being seated on his throne with the courtiers assembled, sent word unto the Queen.

Softly stepping came Alizonde, with her pearl face set clear between the dark gold of her hair and the pale gold of her gown, and, for all her seven years of wedded Queenhood, her eyes were as the eyes of a little maid who has but just glimpsed love. Behind her came her maidens two and two, clad all in green and white, broidered in apple flowers as became the month, while her dwarf damoiseau carried the Queen's train. A strange and elf-struck thing was he, brought as a meet gift to Alizonde by the Sieur Jauffroy de Gilsère, mighty knight and traveller, from the land where grow such wights, a witched folk subsisting only upon the perfume of divers fruits. Anon followed another damoiseau, bearing upon a gold platter apples gilt o' one side, wherewith the



Drawn by W. D. Stevens Half-tone plate engraved by G. M Lewis

WHILE HE WAS SINGING ALIZONDE KEPT STEADFAST EYES UPON HIM

Queen was wont to regale the shy mannikin and lure him to her side when hungered.

Sounded the silver trumpets, the Queen took her state, and the Trouvère stood forth.

He had refreshed him with a pleasant bath, from the which his locks clung damply, and had donned a fair surcoat of silver cloth rimmed with miniver. Young was he, slender, strong and keen of allure, with that smile remembered of the Queen, that struck light across his dark visage.

Matheline, first maid - in - waiting, nudged another.

"My faith!" whispered she, "'tis the troubadour's own god o' love in person. Mark you his swarthy skin, and high nose, and the teeth like burnished silver —tho' that is but an ill comparison. Did any note his charger? Was one side black and t'other white? One ear yellow, t'other dappled?"

Here the Queen turned flickering eyes upon her, and the maid ceased.

Then 'gan Mervais to sing, and for them that listened the walls melted and they fared forth to other lands on that singing. Of warrior kings, and mighty knights of faery chanted he, and of love and the lovely wounds of love, and of valiant deeds of all countries and all times, till the King swayed upon his throne, and the courtiers bent their bodies to his singing like corn to wind, and dames and demoiselles went red and pale on incaught breaths, but Alizonde sat straight and clear of face upon her throne, and her eyes were still the eyes of a little maid who has but just glimpsed love.

And anon did Mervais cease singing for six heart-beats, but there came no other sound upon his silence. Then turned he toward the Queen, and made her lowly reverence, and he saith:

"Most gracious Queen and Lady, there is a lay that I may sing but once, and it is called 'The Queen's Lay,' therefore if it like your gracious Queenliness, I will now sing it unto you."

Alizonde kept sweet and steady eyes on his, and saith she:

"I pray you, sing it, fair Lord."

Then saith Mervais:

"This lay is called the 'Garden of the King,' but for a Queen was it set forth."

And having thus said, he sang this lay:

In the garden of the King
Blow the lilies sown in tears,
Flow the lilied streams of peace
Thro' the meadows of release,
None shall tell the tale of years,
In the garden of the King.

In the garden of the King
Burn the roses sown in pain,
Flame on flame of sacred fire
Glows the rose of pure desire;
None shall see them fade again
In the garden of the King

In the garden of the King
Stately golden, row on row,
Bends the fruit of love foregone
That another might not mourn;
None shall weep remembered woe
In the garden of the King.

In the garden of the King
Mystery walks with eyes unveiled,
Twilight in her hood of stars
Every palace gate unbars;
Love shall enter unassailed
In the garden of the King.

Now while he was singing, Alizonde kept steadfast eyes upon him, but her soul withdrew from them, leaving them empty. And she seemed to herself, at one and the same time, to be there where he was singing, and yet not to be there; to be with him there, and yet in some other place, to be more wholly with him. And she remembered, as it were, a myriad of lives, all separate and yet all together, as it were the glittering motes in one single sunbeam. And now she recalled events, and now she recalled them not. Now all was clear, and lovely bright, and now came eclipse, and some sad hue of the mind wiped out all recollection. But above and beyond and through all beat, as it were, the very heart of love, and its beatings thrilled in music, and a song was woven through her being, and she seemed to see love like a great white flame, through which shone stars, beat upward from her own heart as it were a banner of living light, and through its folds, shaken by her heart, she saw court and courtier, and the King her husband, like images in wrinkled water, but Mervais she saw like her own face in a glass, and yet not her own, but fairer and more familiar, and more

surely hers than was her own. And within herself she cried out:

"Now do I remember! For it was from the beginning, and will have no ending, and it must be cherished with tears and with the heart's blood, which is fire. Nor can it be slain by any, nor made alive by any, but from time immemorial it is, even as we are. Oh, fair and dear is the Lord God," cried Alizonde in her heart, "who hath shown me what is love!"

And a gladness shook her so that she thought the earth itself was shaking.

"Oh, now," cried she within her breast—"now am I no longer a-weary of doing the thing that is right. Be it fire and tears, be it long listless life or short sweet death, I am ready. I am no longer a-weary. Pain will be sweet as honey now," cried Alizonde. But on a sudden, swift and sharp, another chord, and these words, like falling stars, within her brain:

I sing the jewel in the rose,
The star by day.
Then only may it be possessed
When given away!

"Oh, very soon hath it come upon me!" thought Alizonde, and she went stark from crown to shoe, that it seemed her she was in her strait gold gown like a sword in its sheath. And she knew not how she left the hall, nor when,—nor when or how Mervais got him from her presence, for the dread of those words was upon her, and the great rubis stone, carved like a rose, that lay hidden in her breast, bit deep through bone and flesh into the heart within her heart, like as it had been the rose of pure desire, in the King's garden in the lay.

Now this is the secret of the dread of Alizonde and the last singing of Mervais.

When, for reasons of state, and for the weal of two kingdoms, King Hazyl, her father, had given her in marriage to Guillonet, he had also given into her keeping his chiefest treasure, the great rubis stone hight "Rose of Light," than which in all Christendom and Heathenesse is no mightier talisman. For her protection in her dark and dreary fate had King Hazyl given this unto his daughter, and now, in some great peril, he would have it back again.

"And sith so bitter hath my life been with it, what without it will be my life?" thought Alizonde, for she knew that the last song was a summons to resign it from her keeping, and that to receive it from her hands had Mervais come unto her husband's court.

Moreover, there was danger to them both in this his quest, for none, not even King Guillonet, knew of the talisman, since to work potently none must know of its whereabouts save the giver, him to whom it was given, and the messenger, if needs were such, that went between these twain. And in secret must it be rendered up, at night-tide and beneath the open sky.

Now much it beset Alizonde to think how she might convey to Mervais her right understanding of his words, and her consent, together with the means by which they twain might meet befittingly. But having made an earnest prayer thereon, a good thought spoke to her and she said, "I will do even as this my thought bids me do."

And that night as they sat at meat, when the King sent Mervais his platter of spices to partake of, and his own goblet of vermeil from which to drink, did Queen Alizonde likewise send her damoiseau with a fair pomander from her own salver, having peeled it deftly with her own hands, so that its coat was still upon it as if whole. "For," said she in her heart, "he hath a great wit, and will see that in this manner of paring the pomander there is a reason." And so it was, for he read her meaning as though her breast had been crystal, and her thought writ there in gold for him to read. And saith he:

"If the Queen pleaseth, I will not eat this fair fruit, but keep it by me to remember that Alizonde the Fair once pared an apple for me with her own hands."

And Alizonde saith:

"It pleaseth me indeed, fair sir," for betwixt its coat and the pomander she had set a scrip bearing these words: "At midnight by the pool in my pleasaunce."

But also had she perforce to trust Matheline, her first maid-in-waiting, with part of her secret, for Matheline slept ever in her chamber, and moreover they loved each the other, and Alizonde trusted her saucy maid. Of the



Drawn by W. D. Stevens

ALIZONDE IN THE GARDEN

talisman she might say nought, but she told her of the secret message from her father, King Hazyl, which she must hear alone.

"Watch thou, dear Matheline," she made end, "as o'er thine own honor: I will not tarry long."

But no sooner had Matheline heard her all, than she fell a-weeping, and sorely she wept, and she said:

"Great fear have I for thee, Queen and Lady, for last night I dreamt of a great bird with one wing sable and the other white, and he bore thy little crown of emeraudes in his beak, and tears fell from his eyes. Who, pardie," quoth Matheline, "e'er dreamed of a weeping bird that ill did not befall?"

Then Alizonde kissed and cosseted her, saying:

"What are dreams? There is no dream like the heavy dream of a Queen's life. Be comforted, sweet child," and casting about her a black wimple, she went by her own stairway out into her pleasaunce.

The night was languid and the sky thick crusted with stars. Alizonde saw them as they were little clusters of magic flowers set among the leaves of the long Allée; and when she was come to the pool, looking down, she saw them again, so that she seemed standing in a wizard's globe of crystal set with gems.

"Oh, that I were fast asleep in my cool grave-bed," thought Alizonde. "And so safe at last, having done the thing that is right."

And as she was so thinking a voice said, "Alizonde!" and she looked up from the pool and saw Mervais before her. And her heart went straight to him like a homing bird to its nest, and she stayed silent, looking at him through tears.

"For he too must needs do the thing that is right, else is our love no love," thought Alizonde. But he spake answering her thought, and he said:

"Alizonde, and dearest of all, this is the Queen's garden, but there is the garden of the King."

"Oh, my fair lord and dearer than dearest!" said Alizonde. "Shall we twain fare together in the King's garden?"

"Even as of old we have fared, often and often, past the counting," said Mervais.

And now her tears fell bright and bitter, as they had fallen that morning and wet the gems upon her breast.

"Oh!" saith she, "have I found thee but to lose thee? I am but mortal, and thou seemest to me more than mortal, and I would kiss thee once, and yet must I do the thing that is right."

"Oh, Alizonde!" cried he, "in the garden of the King thou shalt lie upon my heart and I will kiss thee with the kiss of love, and set the rose of pure desire in thy breast. Mortal with thy mortality am I, and immortal with thy immortality. And I would fain kiss thee, too, Alizonde!"

Presently the Queen said:

"This is a sweet pain. I am glad to bear it. Hast thou also pain, and is it sweet to thee?"

"Great is my pain," said Mervais, "and glad am I to bear it."

"Fair and dear is God, who hath shown me what love may be," said Alizonde, "and now thou must take the jewel."

Thereat he stepped toward her, and her cheek grew dusk in the starlight, for from her bosom where it was hidden he must take it, and hide it in his own. And suddenly sobs shook her, and she bent down her face into the cup of her two hands.

"Woe, woe is me!" sobbed Alizonde the Queen, "for thou, my love, art Virgin Knight, else couldst thou not touch this jewel while I am seven years wedded to my loathing."

"Oh, loveliest and purest," said Mervais, "thy spirit hath been ever virgin—what is the rest to me? Think on the King's garden wherein there is no weeping, nor pain of any kind, and where thou shalt be a little maid again."

"I will ever spend the years between thinking on how I may tell thee of my love," made answer Alizonde, and she let fall her hands, and drew aside the wimple from her breast, that he might take the Rose of Light and hide it in his own. And so featly did he take it that he touched not her body, but only the rubis stone that he withdrew.

Now, even as he placed it in his breast, hands came forth from the darkness and seized him and her, and a great laugh, thick as with blood and full of evil, shook the air.

"Have I you, my pretty minstrel? Have I you, my coy Queen?" cried the

King, and his teeth shone in the gloom like foam on a wave's lip in black storm. "Thy Matheline is but a sleepy watcher, Queen and harlot," quoth the King.

On the next day Guillonet the Black assembled his knights and barons, and the high clergy, and to them in public hall he related the matter, for he recked not of his shame in telling the shame that he deemed his, only of revenge recked he, and that he named justice. So was it decreed that the Knight and Troubadour Mervais should be had to the King's Chapel and there degraded from his knighthood. And great was the gathering there of lords and ladies, of vassals and of serfs. Came also the Lord Bishop, all booted and spurred, as was his wont, even to the holy place, with sword at side and hawk on fist, a grim black-avised seigneur, that matched the King as flame does fire.

"I would have you in person see to't, my Lord Bishop," quoth the King, "that your henchmen do well their work," and he bared his teeth at the high stage that had been raised in the chapel overnight, and his eye swam red upon it. And he thought how it stood in fair view of the stone lattice in the loft, for behind this lattice was Alizonde, bound fast in place, and spikes set about her head that she might turn it neither right nor left. And a scarf was thrust into her small and piteous mouth, and another bound above it, so that she could make no outcry.

"For thou shalt see how thy Knight is honored by thy King, Queen Harlot," the King had said.

Then anon did they bring Mervais into the chapel, escorted by twelve knights all in full panoply, and him they had armed again with his fair arms, that he shone forth resplendent, but his cheek had no white streak on it, and his eyes were staid and cold. A great scorn had Mervais in his bearing, and a great tranquillity. Him placed they upon the high dais, and forthwith, there being silence, the thirty priests began to chant the funeral psalms, as it had been the funeral of one of high degree. And at the ending of the first psalm they put off from Mervais his helmet, saying:

"We take from thee this defence of disloyal eyes."

And at the ending of the second psalm they put off his cuirass on the right side, saying:

"Thus do we take from thee the protection of a corrupt heart."

And with the third psalm, even so did they with the cuirass on his left side, as from a member consenting. And as each piece of armor was cast to earth, the King of Arms and the heralds called aloud, "Behold the harness of a disloyal and recreant knight!"

Then, when he was all disarmed, came one with a basin of gold, filled with water, and a herald holding it aloft demanded to be told his name. And the pursuivants answered, "He is hight Mervais de Noland."

Then answered the Chief King of Arms, saying:

"Not so, for a recreant is he and false traitor, and hath transgressed the laws of knighthood."

Then answered the chaplains together, in a solemn drone:

"Let us give him his rightful name."

Blared forth the trumpets then, as though demanding "What shall be done with him?" And rose up King Guillonet from off his throne, and so horrid was his voice that even the Lord Bishop's fierce cheek jumped beneath the skin with the locking of his teeth.

"Let him be baptized aright in Satan's name, and afterward let him be drawn and quartered living, and a quarter sent north, south, east and west to the four corners of my kingdom, in warning and in justice!" And as he ended he put up his hand over his mouth, for against his will he was about to laugh mightily, and he cast a bleak eye up at the stone lattice, where was the Queen. Thereupon the heralds advanced to cast the water in the face of Mervais, but something in his look held them and they did but sprinkle it instead with their fingers, saying the while, "Henceforth thou shalt be called by thy right name,—Traitor."

Next donned the King and the twelve knights sable garments, in sign of mourning, and thrust Mervais from the dais; but he was not buffeted to the altar by the assembled serfs, as was the custom, and therefore the King raged mightily within, for both gentles and varlets drew aside in silence and let Mervais pass be-

tween them, until he reached the coffin, wherein he was to lay him down as one who was dead to honor, while the burial service was chanted above him. And when he reached the coffin, he paused, and looked up to the stone lattice, and cried with a clear voice:

"In the garden of the King!" then lay him down as on his bed, and so stayed quietly smiling, with closed eyes, through all that gruesome and solemn office. But the King, unable longer to contain his fury, went cat-foot up a secret stairway to where Alizonde leaned forward starkly against the lattice, and crying,

"Thou, too, art dead!" smote her deep in the neck, from behind, with his dagger, that the hilt clicked on her slender neck-bone. Nor knew that she was dead already when he smote her.

And lo! on the morrow, when they came to hale Mervais to the headsman, the place was empty of him, and of his armor, and his horse also was gone from the King's stables, and that, too, despite a double guard. But none, not even the King, wotted of the Rose of Light.

. . . . . .

Now when Alizonde awoke it seemed her that she awoke within a dream, for the pale light of dreams was about her, and she lay couched on warm grass that gave forth a lovely smell, and a little wind sweet with flowers played over her, and there was a great joy all through her, both soul and body, so that she said, "I shall surely fall a-weeping because of this joy of mine, for it is too dear for laughter, and then will I awaken and my sorrow will lay hold of me again." So she held the tears in her nether lids, looking upward, and lo! the heaven above her seemed fairer than any heaven that she had e'er beheld, in star-time or moon-time, or even in the time of dawn, even as the grass whereon she lay seemed sweeter than all other grass, and softer to her limbs, so that she said:

"Yea, there ye be, dear stars, but lovelier and more loving than I e'er beheld ye, so that I must needs think that ye are but just born of God, and that I, too, am newly born again into this glad body, and upon a world new-born."

Then after little space, still looking skyward, she reached out one hand timorously, as though fearful of awakening, and brought it back sweet with violets.

"Oh, dear flowers," said Alizonde, "are ye, too, but part of this fair dream? Oh, very real ye seem, to be but dream-stuff," said Alizonde, and with that she sat her up and gazed about her, still timorous for fear of awakening. And now she saw through the blue twilight what seemed her maidens all in white, swaying softly in a dance, and rising she went toward them, but when she was come nearer, lo! they were lilies very tall and gracious, and between their stems, as they bent back and forth in their light dance, she glimpsed the shine of mildly flowing water, and her heart sounded a sharp note within her, and she remembered the lilied streams of peace in the lay of the King's Garden. And turning swiftly, her face came against the face of a sweet rose, so that it seemed to be giving her the kiss of welcome, and she saw many other roses all about her, and high above the rest one burning like a soft-petalled flame, and again her heart panged sharp and sweet within her, and she remembered where burned the Rose of pure desire. And anon, looking upward, she saw as it were apples of gold set in emerald leaves, and she cried aloud, "The Fruit of Love foregone!" And therewith, no longer affrayed for awakening, she turned her about once more, to look for the palace wherein Love should enter unassailed, and behold! there it was, fair as moonstone, and a soft light shining from within it like the light in her own heart, and she began to move toward it.

And as she went, she saw one coming from the palace gates as though to meet her, and while he was yet coming but far off, she knew it was Mervais, and she would have run to meet him, but it seemed her that all her body grew soft like water, and she had no strength to move.

But when he was come near her, very beautiful in glittering apparel with armor laid aside, she reached forth her clasped hands to him, and said:

"Oh, my fair lord and love, is this the King's Garden?"

Then took he her clasped hands between his own, and stayed smiling down upon her.

"I am the King, dear Alizonde," said he, "and this is my garden."

A Day at Doncaster and an Hour Out of Durham

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

THE Doncaster Races lured us from our hotel at York, on the first day, as I had dimly foreboded they would. In fact, if there had been no lure, I might have gone in search of temptation, for in a world where sins are apt to be ugly, a horse-race is so beautiful that if one loves beauty he can practise an æsthetic virtue by sinning in that sort. So I made myself a pretence of profit as well as pleasure, and in going to Doncaster I feigned the wish chiefly to compare its high event with that of Saratoga. I had no association with the place save horse-racing, and having missed Ascot and Derby Day, I took my final chance in pursuit of knowledge—I said to myself, "Not mere amusement"—and set out for Doncaster unburdened by the lightest fact concerning the place.

I learned nothing of it when there, but I have since learned, from divers trustworthy sources, that Doncaster is the Danum of Antoninus and the Dona Ceaster of the Saxons, and that it is not only on the line of the Northeastern Railway, but also on that famous Watling Street which from the earliest Saxon time has crossed the British continent from sea to sea, and seems to impress most of the cities north and south into a conformity with its line, like a map of the quickest American railway routes.

Unless my ignorance has been abused, nothing remarkable has happened at Doncaster in two thousand years, but this is itself a distinction in that eventful England where so many things have happened elsewhere. It is the market-town of a rich farming region, and has notable manufactures of iron and brass, of sacking and linen, of spun-flax and of agricultural machines and implements. Otherwise, it is important only for its races, which began there three hundred years ago, and especially for its St. Leger Day, of which Lieutenant-General St. Leger became the patron saint in 1778, though he really established his Day two years earlier.

Doncaster is a mighty pleasant, friendly, rather modern, and commonplacely American-looking town, with two-story trams gently ambling up and down its chief avenues, in the leisurely English fashion, and all of more or less arrival and departure at the race-grounds. In our company the reader will have our appetites for lunch, and if he will take his chance with us in the first simple place away from the station, he will help us satisfy them very wholesomely and agreeably at boards which seem festively set up for the occasion, and spread with hot roast-beef and the plain vegetables which accompany the national dish in its native land; or he can have the beef cold, or have cold lamb or chicken cold. His fellow lunchers will be, as he may like well enough to fancy, of somewhat lower degree than himself, but they will all seem very respectable, and when they come out together, they will all be equalized in the sudden excitement which has possessed itself of the street, and lined the curbstones up and down with spectators, their bodies bent forward, and their faces turned in the direction of the station.

The excitement is caused by the coming of the King; and I wish that I could present that event in just its sincere unimpressiveness. I have assisted at several such events on the Continent, where, especially in Germany, they are heralded as they are in the theatre, with a blare of trumpets, and a sensation in the populace and the attendant military little short of an ague fit. There, as soon as the



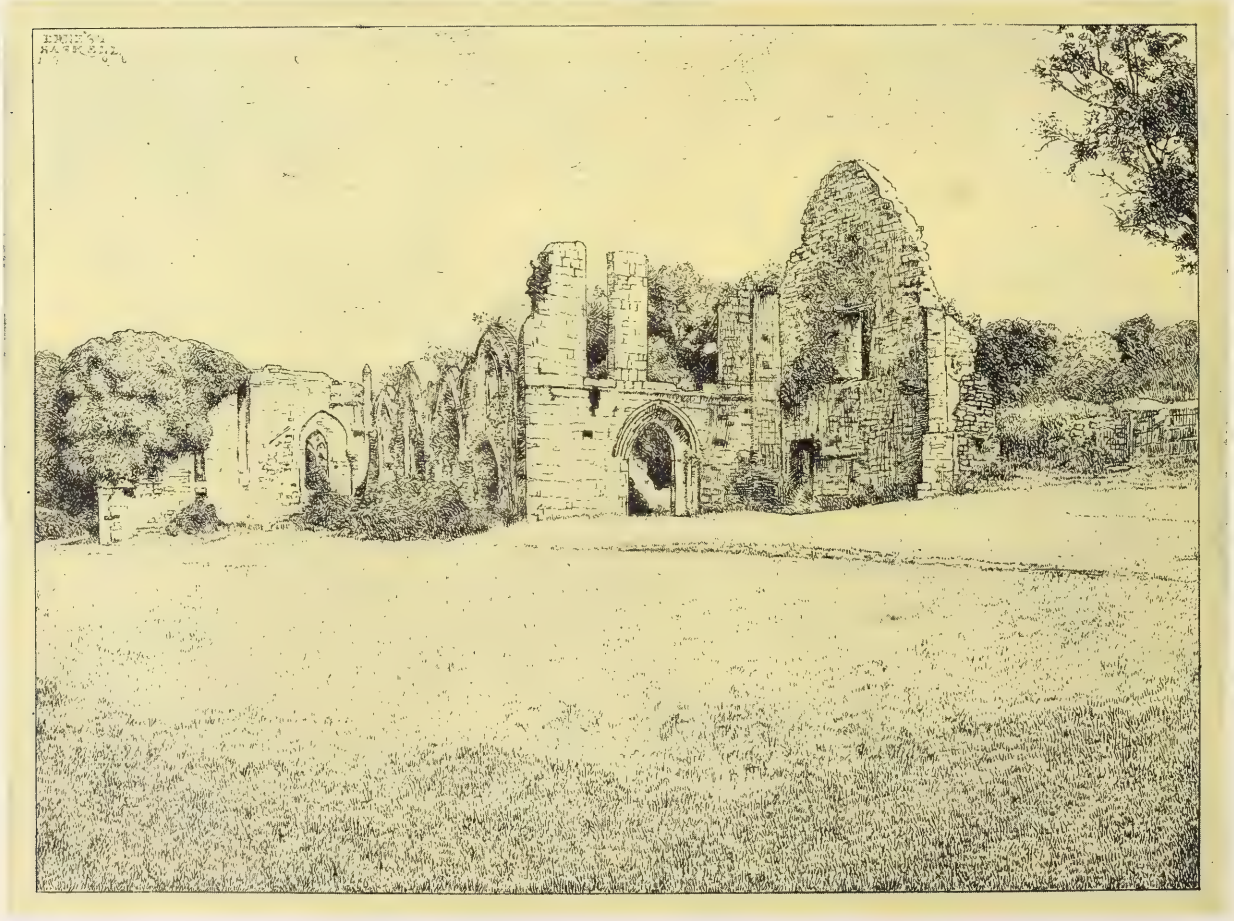
DURHAM CATHEDRAL, NORTHWEST VIEW

majesties mount into their carriages from the station, they drive off as swiftly as their horses can trot, and their subjects, who have been waiting for hours to see them, make what they can of a meagre half-minute's glimpse of them. But how different was the behavior of that easy-going Majesty of England! As soon as I heard that he was coming, I perceived how anxious I had been in the half-year of my English sojourn to see him, and how bitterly I should have been disappointed to leave his realms without it. All kings are bad, I knew that well enough; but I also knew that some kings are not so bad as others, and I had been willing to accept at their face the golden opinions of this King, which, almost without exception, his lieges seemed to hold. Of course it is not hard to think well of a king if you are under him, just as it is not hard to think ill of him if you are not under him; but there is no use being bigotedly republican when there is nothing to be got by it, and I own the fact that his subjects like him willingly. Probably no man in his kingdom understands better than Edward VII. that he is largely a form, and that the more a form he is the more conformable he is to the English ideal of a monarch. But no Englishman apparently knows better than he when to leave off being a form and become a man, and he has endeared himself to his people from time to time by such inspirations. He is reputed on all hands to be a man of great good sense; if he is ever fooled it is not by himself, but by the system which he is no more a part of than the least of his subjects. If he will let a weary old man or a delicate woman stand indefinitely before him, he is no more to blame for that than for speaking English with a trace of German in his *th* sounds; he did not invent his origins or his traditions. Personally, having had it out with life, he is as amiable and as unceremonious as a king may be. He shares, as far as he can, the great and little interests of his people. He has not, so far as noted, the gifts of some of his

sisters, but he has much of his mother's steadfast wisdom, and his father's instinct for the right side in considerable questions; and he has his father's prescience of the psychological moment for not bothering. Of course, he is a fetish; no Englishman can deny that the kingship is an idolatry; but he is a fetish with an uncommon share of the common man's divinity. The system which provides him for the people provides them the best administration in the world, always naturally in the hands of their superiors, social and political; but we could be several times rottener than we administratively are, and still be incalculably reasonabler, as republicans, than those well-governed monarchists.

Some of us are apt to forget the immense advantage which we have of the monarchical peoples in having cast away the very name of King, for with the name goes the nature of royalty and all that is under and around it. But because we are largely a fond and silly folk, with a false conceit of ourselves and others, we like to make up romances about the favor in which thrones, municipalities, and powers hold us. Once it was the Czar of Russia who held us dear, and would do almost anything for Americans; now it is the King of England who is supposed rather to prefer us to his own people, and to delight to honor us. We attribute to him a feeling which a little thought would teach us was wholly our own, and which would be out of nature if not out of reason with him. He is a man of sense, and not of sentiment, and except as a wise politician he could have no affection for a nation whose existence denies him. He is very civil to Americans; it is part of a constitutional king's business to be civil to every one; but he is probably not sentimental about us; and we need not be sentimental about him.

He looked like a man of sense, and not like a man of sentiment, that day as he drove through the Doncaster street on his way to the sport he loves beyond any other sport. He sat with three other



FINCHALE PRIORY

gentlemen on the sidewise seats of the trap, preceded by outriders, which formed the simple turnout of the greatest prince in the world. He was at the end on the right, and he showed fully as stout as he was, in the gray suit he wore, while he lifted his gray top-hat now and then, bowing casually, almost absently, to the spectators fringing, not too deeply, the sidewalks. He was very, very stout, even after many seasons of Marienbad, and after the sufferings he had lately undergone, and he was quite like the pictures and effigies of him, down to those on the postage-stamps. He has a handsome face, still bearded in the midst of a mostly clean-shaving nation, and with the white hairs prevalent on the cheeks and temples; his head is bald atop, though hardly from the uneasiness of wearing a crown.

It was difficult to realize him for what he was, and, in the unmilitary keeping of a few policemen, he was not of the high histrionic presence that those German majesties were. The good-natured crowd did not strain itself in cheering, though it seemed to cheer cordially; and it did not long stay after the trap tooled comfortably away. I then addressed myself to a little knot of railway servants who lingered talking, and asked them what some carriages were still waiting for at the door of the station, and one of them answered with a lightness you do not expect in England, "Oh, Lord This, and Lady That, and the Hon. Mr. I-don't-know - what's - his - name." The others laughed at this ribald satire of the upper classes, and I thought it safer to follow the King to the races lest I should hear worse things of them.

The races were some miles away, and when we got to the tracks we did not find their keeping very different from that of the Saratoga tracks, though the crowd was both smarter and shabbier, and it had got to the place through a town of tents and sheds, and a population of hucksters and peddlers, giving an effect of permanency to the festivity such as a solemnity of ours seldom has. When we bought our tickets we found, in the familiarity with the event expected of us, that there was no one to show us to our places; but by dint of asking we got to the Grand Stand, and mounted to our seats, which, when we stood up from them, commanded a wholly satisfactory prospect of the whole field.

I do not know the dimensions of the Doncaster track, or how far they exceed those of the Saratoga track. Possibly one does not do its extent justice because there *is* no track at Doncaster: there is nothing but a green turf, with a certain course railed off on it. I hope the reader will be as much surprised as I was to realize that the sport of horse-racing in England gets its name of Turf from the fact that the races are run on the grass, and not on the bare ground, as with us. We call the sport the Turf, too, but that is because in this, as in so many other things, we lack incentive and invention, and are fondly colonial and imitative; we ought to call it the Dirt, for that is what it is with us. As a spectacle, the racing lacks the definition in England which our course gives, and when it began, I missed the relief into which our track throws the birdlike sweep of the horses as they skim the naked earth in the distance.

I missed also the superfluity of jockeying which delays and enhances the thrill of the start with us, and I thought the English were not so scrupulous about an even start as we are. But, above all, I missed the shining faces and the gleaming eyes of the black jockeys, who lend so much gayety to our scene, where they seem born to it, if not of it. The crowd thickened in English bloom and bulk, which is always fine to see, and bubbled over with the babble of multitudinous voices, crossed with the shouts of the book-makers. Having failed to enter any bets with the book-makers of The Pavement in York, I did not care to make them here. With all my passion for racing, I never know or care which horse wins; but I tried to enter into the joy of a diffident young fellow near me at the Grand Stand rail, who was so proud of having guessed as winner the horse next to the winner at the first race; it was coming pretty close. By the end of the third race he had softened into something like confidence toward me; certainly into conversability; such was the effect of my being a dead-game sport, or looking it. But how account for the trustfulness of the young woman on my

other hand who wore her gold watch outside her dress, and who turned to the elderly stranger for sympathy in a certain supreme moment? This was when the crowd below crumpled suddenly together like the crushing of paper and the sense of something tragically mysterious in the distance clarified itself as the death of one of the horses. It had dropped from heart-break in its tracks, as if shot, and presently a string of young men and boys came dragging to some *spoliarium* the long, slender body of the pretty creature over the turf which its hoofs had beaten a moment before. Then it was that the girl, with the watch on her breast, turned and asked, "Isn't it sad?"

She was probably not the daughter of a hundred earls, but there must have been some such far-descended fair among the ladies who showed themselves from time to time in the royal paddock across a little space from our Grand Stand. The enclosure has no doubt a more technical name, which I would call it by if I knew it, for I do not wish to be irreverent; but paddock is very sporty, and it must serve my occasion. The King never showed himself there at all, though much craned round for and eagerly expected. But ladies and gentlemen moved about in the close, and stood and talked together; very tall people, very easily straight and well set up, very handsome, and very amiable-looking; they may have been really kind and good, or they may have looked so to please the King and keep his spirits up. I did not then, but I do now, realize that these were courtiers, such as one has always read of, and were of very historical quality in their attendance on the monarch. I trust it will not take from the dignity of the fact if I note that several of the courtiers wore derby hats, and one was in a sack coat and a topper. I am not sure what the fairer reader will think if I tell that one of the ladies had on a dress with a white body and crimson skirt and sleeves, and a vast black picture-hat, and wore it with a charming air of authority.

The weather, in the excitement of the races, had not known whether it was raining or not, but we feared its absent-mindedness, and at the end of the third race we went away. It is not well to trust an English day too far; this had begun with brilliant sunshine, but it dimmed as it wore on, and we could not know that it was keeping for us the surprise of a very refined sunset. My memory does not serve as to just how we had got out to the race-ground; I think, from our being set down at the very gate, that it was by hansom or by fly; but now we promised ourselves to walk back to town. We did not actually do so; we went back most of the way by tram; but we were the firmer about walking at the outset, because we presently found ourselves in a lane of gipsy tents, where there was an alluring sight and smell of frying fish and potatoes. In the midst of the refection, you could have your fortune told, very favorably, for a very little money. All up and down this happy avenue there went girls of several dozen sizes and ages, crying a particular kind of taffy, proper to the day and place, and never to be had on any other day in any other place.

We had an hour before train-time, and we thought we would go and see the Parish Church of Doncaster, which we had read was worth seeing. Our belief was confirmed by a group of disappointed ladies in the churchyard, who said it was a most beautiful church inside, but that they had not seen it because it was shut. We proved the fact by trying the door, and then we came away consoling ourselves with the scoff that it was probably closed for the races. At the bookseller's, where we stopped to buy some photographs of the interior of the church we had not seen, we lamented our disappointment, and the salesman said, "Perhaps it was closed for the races." So our joke seemed to turn earnest, and on reflection it did not surprise us in that England of close-knit unities where people and prince are of one texture in their pleasures and devotions, and the Church is hardly more national than the Turf.

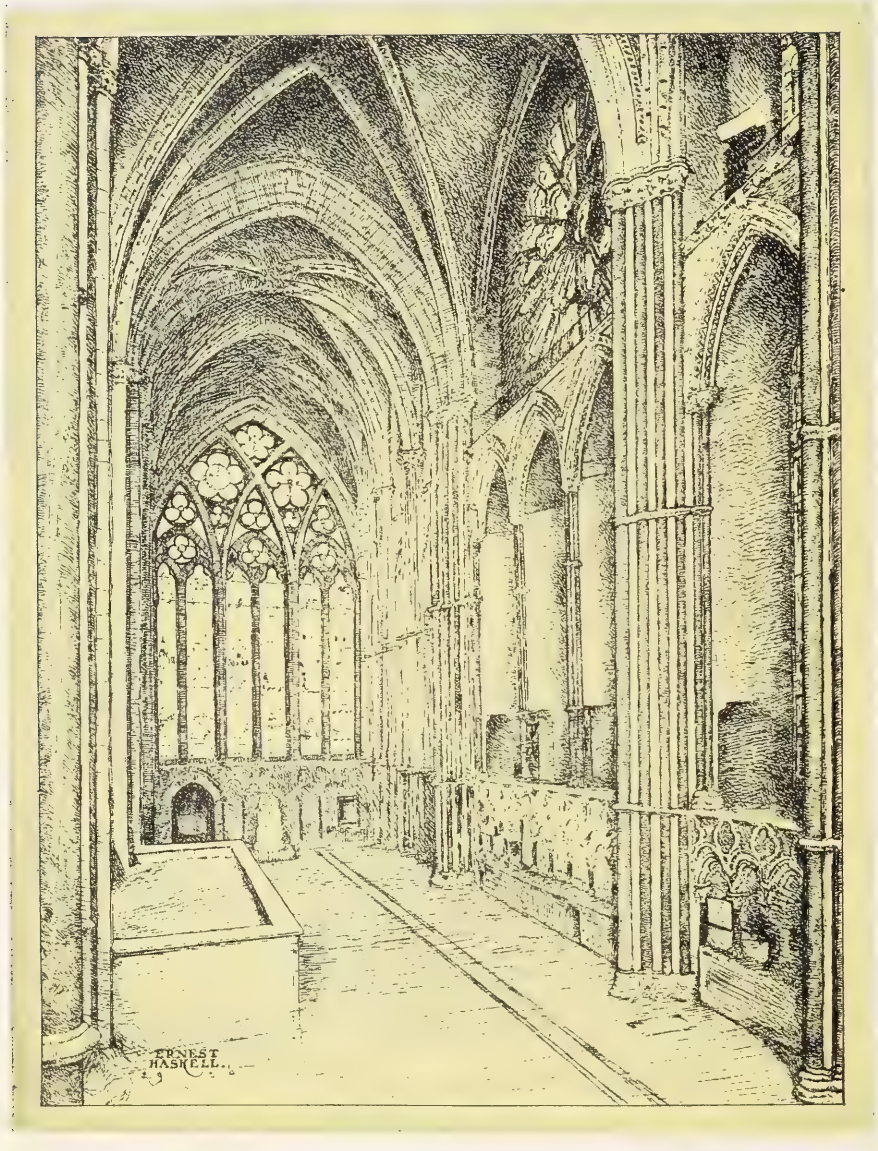
At Durham, which was my next excursion from York, I cannot claim, therefore, that my mission was more serious because it almost solely concerned the Church, or that it was more frivolous at Doncaster, where it almost solely concerned the Turf. My train started in a fine mist that turned to sun, but not before it had shown me with the local color, which a gray light lends every-



Drawn by Ernest Haskell

DURHAM CATHEDRAL, ITS MATCHLESS SEAT ON THE BLUFFS OF THE RIVER

thing, a pack of hounds crossing a field near the track with two huntsmen at their heels. They were not chasing, but running leisurely, and with their flower-like, loose spread over the green, and the pink-coated hunters on their brown mounts, they afforded a picture as vivid and of as perfect semblance to all my visions of fox-hunting as I could have asked. I had been hoping that I might see something of the famous sport, almost as English as the Church or the Turf, and there, suddenly and all impresisedly, the sight richly and satisfyingly was. Now, indeed, I felt that my impression of English society was complete, and that I might go home and write novels of English high-life, and do something to redeem myself a little from the disgrace I had fallen into with my fellow plebeians by always writing of common Americans, like themselves, and never *grandes dames* or ideal persons, or people in the best society.



CHAPEL OF ALTARS IN THE CATHEDRAL OF DURHAM

But I did not want to go home at once, or turn back from going to Durham through that pleasant landscape, where the mist hung between the trees which seemed themselves only heavier bulks of mist. The wheat in some of the fields was still uncut, and in others, where it had been gathered into sheaves, the rooks by hundreds were noisily gleaning in the track of the reapers. From this conventionally English keeping, I passed suddenly to the sight of the gaunt, dry, gravelly bed of a wide river, such as I had known in Central Italy, or the Middle West at home; and I realized once again that England is no island of one simple complexion, but is a condensed continent, with all continental varieties of scenery in it. You must cover thousands and thousands of miles in our tedious lengths and breadths for the beauties and sublimities of scenery which you shall gather from fewer hundreds in England; I have no doubt they have even volcanoes there, but I did not see any, probably because the English are so reticent, and hate to make a display of any sort.

It is because they are so, or possibly because of my ignorance, that I did not know or at all imagine how magnificent the Cathedral of Durham is, or what a matchless seat it has on the bluffs of the

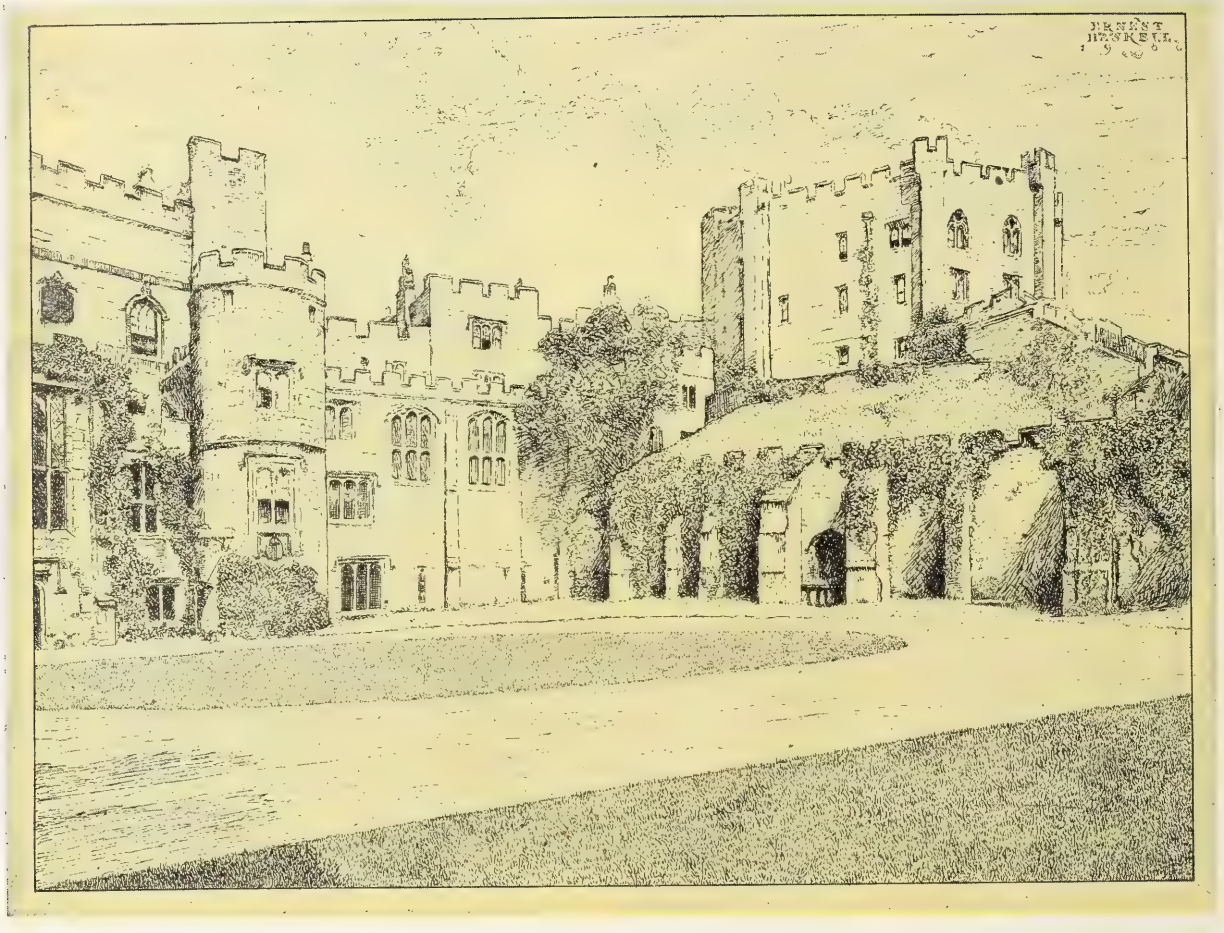
river, with depths of woods below its front, tossing in the rich chill of the September wind. As it takes flight for the heavens, to which its business is to invite the thought, it seems to carry the earth with it, for if you climb those noble heights, you find your feet still on the ground, in a most stately space of open level between the cathedral and its neighbor castle, which alone could be worthy of its high company.

The castle is Tudor, but the cathedral is beyond all other English cathedrals, I believe, Norman, though to the naked eye it looks so Gothic, and probably is. Here I will leave the reader with any pictures or memories of it which he happens to have, for I have always held it a sin to try describing architecture, or if not a sin, a bore. What chiefly remains to me of my impression of Durham Cathedral is, strangely enough, an objection: I did not like those decorated pillars, alternating with the clustered columns of the interior, and I do not suppose I ever shall: the spiral furrows, the zigzag and lozenge figures chiselled in their surfaces weakened them to the eye and seemed to trifle with their proud bulk.

But to the castle of Durham I have no objection whatever. I should like to live in it, as I should in all other Tudor houses, great or small, that I saw, where, as I am constantly saying, a high ideal of comfort is realized. It is almost as nobly placed as the cathedral, and it is approached by a very stately courtyard, of like spacious effect with the cathedral piazza. Inside it there is a kitchen of the sixteenth century, and a company of neat serving-maids, too comely and young to be, perhaps, of the same period, that give the tourist a high sense of the luxury in which the Bishop of Durham and the Judges of the Assize Courts live when they are residents in the castle. One sees their apartments, dim and rich, and darkly furnished, but not gloomily, both where they sleep and where they eat, and flatteringly envies them in a willingness for the moment to be a judge or a bishop for the sake of such a fit setting. There is also a fine crypt, with a fine dining-hall and a black staircase of ancient oak, and a gallery with classic busts, and other pictures worthy of wonder, let alone a history from the time of William the Conqueror, who first fancied a castle where it stands, down to the present day. The memory of such successive guests as the Empress Matilda and Henry II. her son, King John, Henry III., Edwards I., II., and III., Queen Philippa, Henry VI., and James I., and Charles I., and Edward VII., abides in the guide-book, and may be summoned from its page to the chambers of the beautiful old place by any traveller intending impressions for literary use from a medieval environment in perfect repair.

One must be hard to satisfy if one is not satisfied with Durham Castle, and its interior contented me as fully as the exterior of the Cathedral. I went a walk, after leaving the castle, for a further feast of the Cathedral from the paths along the shelving banks of the beautiful Weare. There, at a certain point, I met a studious-looking gentleman who I am sure must have been a professor of Durham University hard by; and I asked him, with due entreaty for pardon, What river was that. He quelled the surprise he must have felt at my ignorance and answered gently, "The Weare." "Ah, to be sure! The Weare," I said, and thanked him, and longed for more talk with him, but felt myself so unworthy that I had not the face to prompt him farther. He passed, and then I met a man much more of my own kind, if not probably so little informed. That rich, chill gale was still tossing and buffeting the tree-tops, and he made occasion of this to say, "This is a cold wynd a-blowin', Mister." "It is, rather," I assented. "I was thinkin'," he observed from an apparent generalization, "that I wished I was at home." Then he suddenly added, "Help a poor man!" I was not wholly surprised at the climax, and I offered him, provisionally, a penny. "Will that do?" He hesitated perceptibly; then he allowed, with a subtle reluctance, "Yes, that 'll do," and so passed on to satisfy, I hope, the wish he thought he had.

I pursued my own course, as far as the bridge which spans the Weare near a most picturesque mill, and then I stopped a kindly-looking workman and asked him whether he thought I could find a



DURHAM CASTLE COURTYARD

fly or cab anywhere near that would take me into the town. He answered, briefly but consistently with his looks, "Ah doot," and as he owned that it was a long way to town, I let his doubt decide me to go back to the station.

I felt that I ought to have driven from there into the town, and seen it, and taken to York a later train than the one I had in mind. In the depravity induced by my neglect of this plain duty, I went, with my third-class return-ticket conscious in my pocket, into the first-class refreshment-room, and had tea there, as if I had been gentry at the very least, and possibly nobility. Then, having a good deal of time still on my hands, I loitered over the book-stall of the station, and stole a passage of conversation with a kindly clergyman whom I found looking at the pretty shilling editions filling the cases. I said, How nice it was to have Hazlitt in that green cloth; and he said, Yes, but he held for Gibbon in leather; and just then his train came in and he ran off to it, and left me to my guilt in not having gone to see Durham. It was now twilight, and too late; but there the charming old town still is, and will long remain, I hope, with its many memories of war and peace, for whoever will visit it. Certainly there had been no lack of adventures in my ample hour. It was as charming to weave my conjectures, about the two gentlemen with whom I had so barely spoken as to have carried my acquaintance with them further, and I cannot see how it would have profited me to know more even of that fellow man who, in the cold wynd a-blowing, had just been thinking he wished he was at home.

Backgrounds

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

IT had always been understood that Cordelia was to write. The pen was a kind of legacy in her family, a Fletcher and a writer being almost synonymous. The understanding had been in a measure unconsciously expressed at the baptismal font, when she received the name of that ancestress who had shared with several other ladies the privilege of denomination as "The Tenth Muse," a few centuries before. The way of escape which a brother might have opened to Cordelia was denied her; she had no brother; but there was nothing in Cordelia's own temperament which implied a wish to escape. In a New England college town a girl takes as naturally to the higher mathematics or the higher thought as in Spain to flirtation, and Cordelia was eminently the product of her environment. Neither had her family any of the prejudices which would have made them prefer an illustrious son to an illustrious daughter, and from the first Cordelia's career was accepted with as much seriousness as Cordelia's brother's could have been.

Even Cordelia's beauty was of a Muse-like kind, which she accentuated very slightly and quite innocently by her manner of dress and fashion of coiling her fine hair. She had that gift of toilette which does not unfailingly accompany the literary temperament. In her fingers a mere hat became a crown, and the twist of a ribbon an accent arresting to a painter's eye.

"It is the artistic temperament in Cordelia," said her mother, almost excusingly.

Everything that is tacitly recognized under the head of an "advantage" was secured for her by the loving assiduity of her parents; she was sent to Bryn Mawr when the time came, as her brother would have been sent to Harvard; the New England professor stretching without demur his slender salary to cover the expenses which he readily apprehended as essential to the culture of a writer's mind. Cordelia was the child of his later years; he was beginning to grow less strong, and he looked forward with a sunset hope to his daughter's career.

At college Cordelia was a success, liked by her instructors for her studious gravity of attention in class, and adored by the girls for her skill in millinery, combined with an admirable amiability. Very few hats in her particular set failed to receive a transfiguring touch from her fingers during the term. In truth, it was a gift Cordelia herself thought too slightly of to begrudge its exercise.

In her last year at college her father began to fail. A European vacation was suggested by his medical advisers, and even hesitatingly considered by Mrs. Fletcher.

"I do not see my way," answered Professor Fletcher, with mild dignity. "We cannot break Cordelia's course at this moment; our daughter's career, of course, takes precedence of everything with us."

Mrs. Fletcher assented. When Cordelia came home from college—then, it was understood, she would begin to write. Her mother already spoke with a pride only tempered by long association with careers, of Cordelia's. Until then sacrifices were necessary; after that all would be simplified.

It was thus they explained to themselves the presence of Dick Kent beneath their roof. Dick was a New Hampshire boy who had worked his way through college, eking out a small tutorship by a subordinate post on a minor newspaper. He was an avid student of history, which had naturally attracted him to the gentle occupant of that particular chair, and his board-money had been a distinct help. Neither was there anything unbecoming in this form of hospitality to one "in college circles."

"Our daughter also writes," Mrs.

Fletcher had said, in receiving him into the family, and Dick had inquired with characteristic directness,

"What has she written?"

"She has not published yet," Mrs. Fletcher had replied, with a gentle dignity which touched the young man. "She is completing her college course."

"Oh!" said Dick, gently, in his turn.

Subsequently he heard so much about Cordelia's home-coming as to arouse a certain interest in that event. And now Cordelia was come home. He raised his eyes across the supper-table (in college circles one still supped) with distinct curiosity.

"Somehow," he thought, "I didn't expect her to be like that," and he looked more than once.

After supper they strolled on the lawn.

"What makes you want to write?" asked Dick.

Cordelia considered him a quiet minute. "What makes you?" she replied.

Dick laughed. "Well—I have a living to earn—"

"So have I," said Cordelia, sedately.

"And I rather tumbled into it," Dick explained, "back home. I applied for a job at horseshoeing and at typesetting, and I got the typesetting; then I scoured up ads. for a little country sheet,—and in the city I did reporting. I suppose I must have a kind of bent that way,—and a fellow must do something."

"So must a girl," said Cordelia.

Dick considered the moon-maiden a moment from a new point of view. "What do you mean to write?" he asked.

Cordelia colored with a fine displeasure. "I would rather not talk about it, if you please," she said coldly.

She knew very well what she meant to write,—and it was neither advertisements nor reporting.

"Don't you think"—she spoke deliberately—"all that miscellaneous kind of work injures one's style?"

"Well, you see," Dick made cheerful answer, "I haven't any style to injure as yet;—never had time to cultivate one. Maybe when I'm fifty I shall be able to give my mind to it; the next ten or fifteen years, I expect, I'll have to thank my stars for a chance to write any old way."

Cordelia looked a little gravely at the young man.

"You must care something for literature itself," she said. "Haven't you any literary aim or intention?"

Dick hurled a thoughtful pebble or two.

"Yes, I suppose I must," he admitted, "and—well, I don't know whether you would call it literary or not, but I'd like to write a little *live* history. Maybe I shall get around to that, too, by and by; I keep on hammering at it right along." He looked at Cordelia gravely. "You know—I admire your father's work so much; I think I admire him more than any one I ever saw; if I can ever do half such good work—"

Cordelia nodded; she too admired her father's work—within limits.

The young man looked at Cordelia's reposeful figure in the moonlight; her hands were clasped lightly before her.

"*You* ought to write poems," he said.

Cordelia colored again. She could not tell him it was one of the things she intended to do.

Cordelia's home-coming grew wonderfully to be a natural thing, so that Dick marvelled how the house could ever have appeared natural before. She took, without assumption, but by easy right, the first place in the circle. What Cordelia thought was listened to respectfully by them all. Dick was often abashed by the fine acuteness of her criticisms, but Cordelia was not bashful of criticism. Her quiet equality with the great and illustrious dead filled him with mild amaze, while her quiet equality with the scarcely less illustrious living, who in the natural order of university life visited her distinguished father's home, filled him with boundless envy. He himself had all the halting diffidence of untried and unproved youth, but Cordelia bore herself as one of them. It was true she had not yet written her book, but she was going to, and with Cordelia intention was accomplishment. Thus far she had done always exactly what she set out to do. Dick listened dumbly while the celebrated man of letters, imported all the way from England to lecture at the university, sat respectfully receiving Cordelia's views upon his own particular specialty.

"I liked so much that little story of yours in the last *Millennium Magazine*," said Cordelia, graciously. "It was so subtle and so true."

The Eminent murmured a humble word of thanks. He had never thought of the tale as a slight thing before—rather as compressed magnitudes; but the praise of this young person put him right. Cordelia was always infinitely more critical than the critics,—but she was always Cordelia—and therefore charming.

Except for these stray stars of literature, life went on as quietly as might be. Cordelia had early elected to spend her mornings in her rooms,—sometimes she even had her coffee sent up; it was understood at such times that she was writing. But there remained the balance of the evenings and the long afternoons under the college elms or on the river; and of course in the end there was the inevitable—with its inevitable sequence.

"At least," pleaded Dick, "give me some reason."

"I don't want to marry at all," said Cordelia,—"certainly not for a long time."

"But why?" persisted he.

"Because there are other things I mean to do," said Cordelia.

She did not add, "And, anyway, you are not the kind of man I mean to marry"; but Dick laid down his oars and gazed at her forlornly.

"I know," he said, "you ought to marry an awfully eminent and distinguished man, and there's no danger I shall ever be that; but—Cordelia—I'm doing a lot better with the *Comet* than you know, truly; and then there's this about it—an awfully eminent and distinguished person might not be half so proud of your career as I should be."

There was something immensely attractive about the stoop-shouldered, keen-eyed, clever young fellow, a kind of quick, manly intuition which Cordelia could not help feeling and liking. For a moment she swayed irresistibly towards it, then she remembered.

"No," she said firmly, "and please don't ask me again."

Dick took up his oars.

"All right," he answered, setting his lips a little. A few days later he left, on a working-vacation job for his paper.

The house was quieter than ever; but quiet as it was, the family united to make hedges and shelters of a deeper quietude about Cordelia's working-hours.

"Don't disturb Miss Cordelia for anything—she is working," was the charge to the one maid; and, "Don't trouble about the dusting, dear,—I can do that," to Cordelia herself.

"Your mother will help me," the Professor would gently repudiate Cordelia's perfunctory offers. "Keep the freshness of the morning—and your strength—for your work."

So Cordelia shut herself in her room, or sat in the shade of the large trees, or wandered down by the river bank, stylographic pen and manuscript-book in hand, for hours together. She got countless volumes from the library and read them diligently; she had always been a great reader, like all the family, but now her tables and chairs were formidable with their load of learning.

As the summer wore on she began to look and feel fagged.

"It will be easier to work in the cool weather," she told herself, combating a certain languor in her labors.

These formed, at any rate, an admirable pretext for the declining of unwelcome invitations (and most of the invitations were unwelcome), and reared a fine barrier of defence against social intrusions—and these intrusions were numberless. The society of Hillbrook did not interest Cordelia in the least; she found it restricted, provincial, monotonous.

"I am afraid you work too assiduously, my dear," said her father, laying a fond hand on her shoulder. "Remember—*Ars longa;* the best fruits ripen slowly; you will gain nothing by exhausting yourself," and the patient scholar sighed a little.

Cordelia's family delicately respected the reserve which surrounded her work. They knew that she was writing, and that when she was ready to impart the finished result she would do so; meanwhile they would have thought it as indelicate to inquire too curiously into the incomplete processes of mental creation as into other incomplete processes of creation. They were of the stock which respects books, and they also respected Cordelia.

But the narrow social circles of Hillbrook knew no such reserves. It was one reason Cordelia disliked going anywhere. She was always introduced as "Miss Fletcher—the writer, you know," and

some one was invariably ready to ask, "What are you writing now?" or, "When will your book be ready to publish?"—questions which, annoying to begin with, as personal intrusions, ended by becoming the exasperating pressures on a sore nerve.

For the work was not going well; Cordelia, only too good a critic, knew it perfectly. The winter did not bring with its bracing atmosphere that impetus to production which Cordelia had confidently expected; she began to feel that perhaps it lay instead with the spring—with the renewing of all things. A sense of obliged nobility made the delay heavier to her; she appreciated both her family's sacrifices and their delicate attitude of confidence, and—like generous creditors—they weighed the more on her New England conscience. She fell into the habit of sitting for hours before her perfectly appointed desk, biting her penholder, or setting down what she herself knew was aimless, lacking point and force. To one who had spoken always with calm confidence of her "work," it was astonishing to find that inspiration did not come of itself when she was ready for it,—that after spending her whole life in preparation, she was still somehow unprepared. Obviously there must be an explanation, and she sought and found it—in her environment.

She laid the discovery with sincere reluctance before her parents.

"I am afraid I shall have to go away for a time. It is a novel which I am writing, and I must have the right background—the suitable types. There is nothing here at Hillbrook."

Her parents had listened with sympathetic attention; now the Professor nodded silently, and Mrs. Fletcher spoke, repressing a slight sigh.

"Of course you must have what is necessary,—you must go where you can get it. I had thought," she added, with faint regret, "that this would be such a nice, quiet place for you to write in—when you had finished college."

"Oh, it's *too* quiet!"—the accumulated nervous intensity of months was in Cordelia's tone. "A writer—a writer of fiction at least—needs stimulus—variety. Of course, if I wrote history, like father—"

"Of course—of course," broke in the Professor, gently. "I have been able to get on very nicely here; but history is one thing, romance another."

"What I need," said Cordelia, gravely, "are types—and backgrounds; *life* is my material,—and there is nothing here."

"Ah yes,—life;—life!—

> 'Tis life of which our veins are scant,
> Life—life for which our bosoms pant,
> More life and fuller, that we want!'"

murmured the Professor. "I understand nothing of these matters, my dear," he added, pushing the thin, silvering hair from his fine brow, "but of course the one essential is that you should have what you require for the best results of your talent. We should not, certainly, ask a fossil-hunter to live where there were no fossils, nor"—he smiled with gentle glint of humor—"ought we to ask the romancer to dwell where there is nothing else. What have you thought of, my dear?"

What Cordelia had thought of was—Europe. A brief three months, she was satisfied, would give her the needed material and background, after which she could come quietly home and work up the book. She had a very tiny income from her grandmother's estate, and a perfect conviction that she could eke this out by newspaper correspondence—not with the obscure *Comet,* but with one of the large dailies.

"I don't question your ability, my child," replied the Professor, "but I have always understood those positions are oversupplied,—and there are the royalties from my new history of the Babylonians; they could not be better invested."

"But you need them yourself, father!" exclaimed Cordelia.

"You shall pay me back later from your book, my dear," answered Professor Fletcher, patting her hand.

On this basis alone Cordelia felt she could bring herself to accept this new proof of her parents' tenderness. But on this basis she felt honorably safe to do so. Her spirits soared again; the confidence which was her birthright returned to her; she spoke once more, and with a shade more hauteur, of her work.

"It is not a pleasure trip," she said to the girls who envied her with the gush-



Drawn by W. D. Steven

"NO," SHE SAID, FIRMLY, "AND PLEASE DON'T ASK ME AGAIN"

ing spontaneity of enthusiastic youth. "I am going to work."

And she believed it. All the despondency of the winter had vanished. Over there she would be able to write; over there were types; over there were backgrounds, material, everything which was lacking over here; over there were an atmosphere and a life which had been tried by the test of the centuries and found perfect by all writing mankind.

"I wish you luck," said Dick, returned again to the *Comet* and the tutorship, a little older and thinner, and a trifle hungry-eyed.

"Thank you," answered Cordelia, superbly, "but you see I don't believe in it."

If Europe was anything of a disappointment to Cordelia, she kept it to herself. Her letters came regularly to Hillbrook. She had found some splendid types, she wrote, but not yet the right background. She had heard, however, of a little village of B—— in Switzerland, where she should shut herself up and write hard. It would be very close work to accomplish all she had outlined, in three months. She had bought a typewriting machine. A little later she wrote that B——, after all, not furnishing the desired background, she had decided merely to study the people this summer and then settle down in one of the old German cities for the winter, and work. It would be far wiser to finish the book in the same atmosphere, and then return in the spring,—always if the dear people at home could spare her? The work was coming on well, but she could not hurry it, and it took longer than she had expected because there was so much material to assimilate.

"Stay by all means," her mother wrote back by return mail. "We miss you, and your father is a little feebler, but we both wish you to stay wherever it is most important for your work. When this book is finished we shall have you again, and your letters are our delight." She added in postscript, "Mr. Kent is most kind in helping your father with his Merovingian history."

In the summer Cordelia came home with the book. It was not a very large book, and did not meet with the immediate success she had anticipated for it. In refusing it the successive publishers somehow conveyed the impression that its only fault lay in its too great excellence—it was *too* good for the public—and they implied that pearl-casting was a form of diversion only adapted to the independent rich who published at their own expense.

"It is, I believe, the usual experience of the young writer," said the Professor, who had read Cordelia's book with the humility of one approaching a foreign art, yet finding its medium satisfactory. "I had the same trouble with my first history of the Assyrian tribes."

"To have a book refused because of its superiority seems to me more than a success," said Cordelia's mother, warmly. "It is beautifully written."

It was indeed perhaps a little too beautifully written; Cordelia, finely critical as ever, came to feel that the publishers might be right. The book was too esoteric for the ordinary mind. She thought so in the first months at least; as time went on she grew restless and less assured.

"I should have chosen a newer background," she decided, "and the story lacks development; I did it too hastily."

This was the modesty which accompanies great talent, Mrs. Fletcher felt, but some impulse led her to say,

"Why not show it to Mr. Kent?"

Cordelia looked displeased. Dick was no longer in Hillbrook; he had accepted the assistant-editorship of a larger paper in New York.

"Mr. Kent is the last person I should think of going to for a literary judgment," she answered.

"He is said to be very clever," said Mrs. Fletcher, "and he is so fond of your father."

"Clever journalism is one thing; *literature* is quite another," said Cordelia.

She walked away to her room, distinctly annoyed; but once there, obeying an old habit, she sat down and faced herself in the mirror above the dressing-table. In reality she was very unhappy. Not because a few publishers had destroyed her belief in herself, but because anything short of instant, brilliant, and decisive successes was not associated with her plan of life or her idea of herself. She was not in the least a fool,

and it was all the more disconcerting to find that she was still less a prodigy; that all her criticism of others' style had not yet produced one of her own more compellingly superior. For Cordelia acknowledged to herself that the book lacked something vital. She had the resolution to bury the whole thing in her trunk, and this was not the trunk which she carried to Europe on her second trip.

It was in the third year of this that she met Richard Kent once more. Richard, still in the mountain costume in which he had arrived, was walking up and down with the friend he had come to meet, on the hotel veranda bordering the lake. Beyond rose the pale sunset line of peaks they were planning to attempt, and against one of these, like a well-relieved cameo, Dick's observant eye caught the outline of a woman's profile. Something familiar in the unusual grace of it arrested his glance.

"I ought to know that head," he said.

"That is Miss Fletcher—the writer," responded his friend.

"Oh!" said Dick. After a moment he added "What does she write?"

"Blessed if I know,—but I was told she does write. Nice girl—but somehow not very responsive."

"H-m!" said Dick, musingly. A few minutes later he walked up to her and lifted his Tyrolian hat.

"May I reintroduce myself?" He stood looking curiously down at the cameolike face; it was a good deal older, and had the slightly burnt-up look of the self-consumer.

Cordelia colored with pleasure. Dick was not only a successful journalist, he was also a piece of home; and they exchanged home news with the zest of absentees.

"I saw a nice little letter of yours in the *Comet*," said Dick, presently. "So of course I knew you were abroad somewhere."

"I write for it occasionally," replied Cordelia, with a slight shrug, as if this were the least of her output.

"Oh!" said Dick. He had grown very square and carried his head thrust lightly forward, with an air of quiet alertness. The old strength and directness of manner had become more marked.

"What have you been doing all these years since we met?"

"What have you been doing, rather?" Cordelia evaded him.

"I? Oh, a little of everything—newspapers — politics — travelling — war correspondence,—taking life pretty much as it came." He did not say "writing," she noticed, but bent suddenly a keen glance upon her. "What in the world brought you to this out-of-the-way place?"

"I came to study types," said Cordelia.

Dick flashed a new glance at her.

"That's droll;—I came to get away from them!—to see if I couldn't walk myself tired and stop thinking about people everlastingly. But it's no good." He shrugged his shoulders. "One gets restless for the grind; I shall be rushing off again in a day or two."

He did not rush off, however. To his own surprise, the old charm held—it was still there in Cordelia, overlain with something else which gave it a curious poignancy. At times her eyes had a look of dumb sadness which went to Dick's heart. He divined its presence under the shadow of the drooping hat she wore, when, one morning, between long strokes of his oars and after many glances at the eloquent outline, he spoke suddenly.

"Why didn't you trim hats for a business?"

Cordelia sat bolt upright; the fire in her eyes burned away the moisture.

"Why don't you make waistcoats?" she asked.

Dick turned a little white; he felt sick with the repercussion of the blow he had dealt.

"My dear!—Cordelia!—I didn't mean *that!* I only meant you are the only woman in the world who knows how to make a picture of herself; the rest are such nightmares! I was forever staring in the old days, and it's just the same now. Besides"—he rebounded with the masculine instinct for defence—"why isn't it an honorable and artistic industry?"

"It may be—but it doesn't happen to be mine," said Cordelia.

It was on the man's lips to say, with some exasperation, "What does, then?" but he looked at her, and instead a vast wave of tenderness swept over him.

He laid down the oars, not without a grim smile of remembered coincidence, and spoke determinedly.



Drawn by W. D. Stevens

"STILL STUDYING TYPES?" HE SAID

"Cordelia—give it up! Marry me!"

"I shall never 'give it up'—as you put it," said Cordelia, in a hard voice.

"Well, then—marry me without giving it up," said Dick.

"That would be the same thing."

"Nonsense!—if you've any gift at all, it wouldn't," said the man, and removed by ten thousand spaces his last chance.

"It is absolutely no use to ask me." Cordelia sat very erect and white. "I have chosen my life,—and I beg that you never *will* ask me again."

"All right," answered Dick, taking up the oars with a still grimmer smile for memory, which yet had something inextinguishably sweet in it,—like the glance he cast at the rigid figure in the bow.

That night he left.

"Poor little soul!—at least I will take myself out of her sight," had been his way of putting it.

Cordelia herself left the Swiss valley soon after. There were very few interesting people there; there were, for that matter, very few interesting people anywhere, she began to feel. Life itself was only moderately interesting, and the aloofness which had always been a characteristic began to become a dominant trait. It was as if she moved through a world of which she was in no vital sense a part. A vague restlessness drove her home to Hillbrook, and back again to Europe.

It was understood by them all, in the deep and mutual tenderness of the home circle, that Hillbrook could offer nothing to detain her. That Cordelia's genius should take long to ripen, and require many foreign suns and vivifying streams from alien sources, was received by Cordelia's parents with the same simple acceptance which had greeted Cordelia herself when she burst upon their world some thirty-odd years before—its crowning miracle. And to Professor Fletcher there was an always new charm in hearing from his daughter's lips of those lands —dear to his Merovingian or Muscovitish divinities—which he himself had seen but with the spiritual vision. He had grown older and frailer in his too assiduous scholar's application, and his wife—never far from his side—had aged gently with him. Time had brought various honors to the modest student, valued transiently for the gratification they might give Cordelia (who indeed found herself more and more widely introduced as the daughter of the historian), and as quickly forgotten. Perhaps nothing among them all had pleased him more than the brilliant review of his life-work written by his erstwhile boarder and disciple, Richard Kent, now editor of a paper which represented the leading literary judgment of the day.

In these years of battledore and shuttlecock across two continents Cordelia conceived herself as working, and she did, in fact, produce a second thin volume, which lay *perdu;* she had not yet brought herself to submit it to the crude test of publication. Partly this was because her own critical faculty had waxed so exacting that in the matter of matching types and appropriate backgrounds she was herself never content. Life had become a more and more consuming chase after material, the greater part of which she disdainfully rejected after securing, amazed at the poverty of the universe.

It was on her third—or possibly her fourth—visit abroad that she again met Richard. This time it was in a fashionable Kurhaus, and he came to her in the promenade hour where she sat overlooking the crowd.

"Still studying types?" he said. "Well, it's a prize location."

"I think the people are extremely uninteresting and vulgar," said Cordelia, in reply, drawing herself up slightly. "I am merely using the background."

"Oh!" Dick responded. He continued to saunter at her side and was pleasantly attentive during the few days of his stay, but he did not again refer to professional topics,—and he did not again ask her to marry him. Cordelia was not blind to either omission.

Then suddenly he went away.

"Is it really true that Mr. Kent has gone?" asked a frank American girl, rushing up to Cordelia on the morning after the event. She was a nice—though pompadour—girl, who had hardly spoken ten words to Cordelia before, but the latter had been aware of her ingenuously envious glance following Richard and her about. ("Probably she knows that I write," Cordelia had thought, and accorded her a tempered grace of recognition

daily.) "Oh,—and I was just *dying* to speak to him about his book! I've hardly dared open my mouth before, but now—I feel as if I could say anything and he would understand it all. I sent for it just as soon as he came, and I've sat up all night reading it. What—hadn't you heard!—why, it's the book of the year,—it's in the—I don't know how many thousandth,—and, oh, it's wonderful,—so true—so deep—so pathetic—so brave—so just like life! I wanted to tell him what I felt about it. It—it makes you feel as if you wanted to go home somehow!" wound up the young thing, and to Cordelia's amazement there were tears in the blue eyes. "You take my copy and read it," said the girl, thrusting it into Cordelia's irresponsive hand.

It closed upon it, and Cordelia turned abruptly away. With that lifelong habit she had never been able to outgrow she went up to her room, and with that other instinct as old as herself sat down before the image in the glass.

Dick had never mentioned his book.

Fine lines were coming about the eyes and lips,—she saw them for the first time; the whole face was hardening, *setting;* it had still its old distinction, but the charm was fading fast.

Dick had not again asked her to marry him.

Cordelia looked middle-aged as she took up the book. The girl had sat up all night; Cordelia sat there all day. The lunch-hour went by unheeded as she sat there turning one page after another.

It was only the story of a poor professor's life in a small university town,—but it was the whole cosmos of the human soul. Its background was of humdrum streets and houses, but the perspective was that of a race. The types were plain men and women, but they dealt with love and death and work, and in their midst the figure of the toiling, selfless scholar waxed heroic. The hearts of women, the thoughts of men, were in it. When Cordelia laid down the book, she laid her head down on it and sobbed. Dick had written his "living history"! The proof of it was in Cordelia's arms, stretched towards a gentle, unseen figure, and her cry,

"O father—father!"

Why had she left him! The little town had been large enough for these two men—these two great men, as she called them to herself in a passion of bursting pride; and she thought of her own withered, self-seeking years, and covered her face.

Dick had not mentioned his book to her!

She remembered what the girl had said, "It makes you want to go home!" and she stood up and faced the quivering image in the glass. "I will go home," she said, "and trim hats!"

Then she covered her face again. *Dick had not again asked her to marry him.*

In that moment Cordelia believed herself to have reached the acme of suffering. She was to learn better.

A knock at the door drew her up to an instinctive pretence of the old lofty composure. The boy who brought in the yellow envelope was the last person who ever beheld quite that old Cordelia. Before his very eyes she shuddered and shrank into another, under the blow of the message:

"Your father died this morning at six o'clock."



The Weavers

A NOVEL

BY GILBERT PARKER

CHAPTER XXV

THE VOICE THROUGH THE DOOR

THAT night Soolsby tapped at the door of the lighted laboratory of the Cloistered House where Lord Eglington was at work; opened it, peered in, and stepped inside.

With a glass retort in his hand Eglington faced him. "What's this—what do you want?" he said.

"I want to try an experiment," answered Soolsby, grimly.

"Ah, a scientific turn," rejoined Eglington, coolly—looking at him narrowly, however. He was conscious of danger of some kind.

Then for a minute neither spoke. Now that Soolsby had come to the moment for which he had waited for so many years, the situation was not what he had so often prefigured. The words he had chosen long ago were obliterated from his memory; in his ignorance of what had been a commonplace to Soolsby's dark reflections so long, the man he had meant to bring low stood up before him on his own ground, powerful and unabashed.

Eglington wore a blue smock, and over his eyes was a green shade to protect them from the light, but they peered sharply out at the chairmaker, and were boldly alive to the unexpected. He was no physical coward—and in any case what reason had he for physical fear in the presence of this man weakened by vice and age? Yet ever since he was a boy there had existed between them an antagonism which had shown itself in many ways. There had ever been something sinister in Soolsby's attitude to his father and himself.

Eglington vaguely knew that now he was to face some trial of mind and nerve, but with great deliberation he continued dropping liquid from a bottle into the glass retort he carried, his eyes, however, watchful of his visitor, who involuntarily stared around the laboratory.

It was fifteen years since Soolsby had been in this room; and then he had faced this man's father with a challenge on his tongue such as he meant to speak now. The smell of the chemicals, the carboys filled with acids, the queer tapering glasses with engraved measurements showing against the colored liquids, the great blue bottles, the mortars and pestles, the microscopic instruments—all brought back the far-off, acrid scene between the late Earl and himself. Nothing had changed, except that now there were wires which gave out hissing sparks, electrical instruments invented since the earlier day; except that this man, gently dropping acids into the round white bottle upon a crystal which gave off musty fumes, was bolder, stronger, had more at stake than the other.

Slowly Eglington moved back to put the retort on a long table against the wall, and Soolsby stepped forward till he stood where the electric sparks were hissing about him. Now Eglington leaned against the table, poured some alcohol on his fingers to cleanse the acid from them, and wiped them with a piece of linen, while he looked inquiringly at Soolsby. Still, Soolsby did not speak. Eglington lit a cigarette, and took away the shade from his eyes.

"Well, now, what is your experiment?" he asked, "and why bring it here? Didn't you know the way to the stables—or the scullery?"

"I knew my way better here," answered Soolsby, steadying himself.

"Ah, you've been here often?" asked Eglington nonchalantly, yet feeling for the cause of this midnight visit.

"It is fifteen years since I was here,

my lord. Then I came to see the Earl of Eglington."

"And so history repeats itself every fifteen years! You came to see the Earl of Eglington then; you come to see the Earl of Eglington again—after fifteen years!"

"I come to speak with him that's called the Earl of Eglington!"

Eglington's eyes half closed, as though the light hurt them. "That sounds communistic, or is it pure Quakerism? I believe they used to call my father *Friend Robert* till he backslided. But you are not a Quaker, Soolsby—so why be too familiar! Or is it merely the way of the old family friend?"

"I knew your father before you were born, my lord—he troosted me then."

"So long? And fifteen years ago—here?" He felt a menace, vague and penetrating. His eyes were hard and cruel.

"It wasn't a question of troost then; 'twas one of right or wrong—naught else."

"Ah—and who was right, and what was wrong?"

At that moment there came a tap at the door leading into the living part of the house, and the butler entered.

"The doctor—he has used up all his oxygen, my lord. He begs to know if you can give him some for Mr. Claridge. Mr. Claridge is bad to-night."

A sinister smile passed over Eglington's face. "Who brings the message, Garry?"

"A servant—Miss Claridge's, my lord."

The smile changed on Eglington's face, an ironical look came into his eyes; then they softened a little. In a moment he placed a jar of oxygen in the butler's hands.

"My compliments to Miss Claridge, and I am happy to find my laboratory of use at last to my neighbors," he said, and the door closed upon the man.

Then he came back thoughtfully. Soolsby had not moved.

"Do you know what oxygen's for, Soolsby?" he asked quizzically.

"No, my lord—I've never heerd tell of it."

"Well, if you brought the top of Ben Lomond to the bottom of a coal-mine—breath to the breathless—that's it!"

"You've been doing that to Mr. Claridge, my lord?"

"A little oxygen more or less makes all the difference to a man—it probably will to neighbor Claridge, Soolsby; and so I've done him a good turn."

A grim look passed over Soolsby's face. "It's the first, I'm thinking, my lord, and none too soon; and it 'll be the last, I'm thinking, too! It's many a year since this house was neighborly to that."

Eglington's eyes almost closed as he studied the other's face; then he said: "I asked you a little while ago who was right and what was wrong when you came to see my father here fifteen years ago. Well?"

Suddenly a thought flashed into his eyes, and it seemed to course through his veins like some anæsthetic, for he grew very still, and a minute passed before he added quietly: "Was it a thing between my father and Luke Claridge? . . . There was trouble—well, what was it?" All at once he seemed to rise above the vague anxiety that possessed him, and he fingered inquiringly a long tapering glass of acids on the bench beside him. "There's been so much mystery, and I suppose it was nothing, after all. What was it all about? Or do you know—eh? And if you do, where do you come in, Soolsby? Fifteen years ago you came to see my father, and now you have come to see me—all in the light o' the moon, as it were; like a villain in a play. Ah, yes, you said it was to make an experiment—yet you didn't know what oxygen was. It's foolish making experiments, unless you know what you are playing with, Soolsby. See, here are two glasses." He held them up. "If I poured one into the other, we'd have an experiment—and you and I would be picked up in fragments and carried away in a basket. And that wouldn't be a successful experiment, Soolsby."

"I'm not so sure of that, my lord. Some things would be put right then."

"H'm! there would be a new Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs, and . . ."

"And Claridge Pasha would come back from Egypt, my lord," was the sharp reply. Suddenly his anger flared up, his hands twitched. "You had your chance to be a friend to him, my lord. You promised her yonder at the Red Mansion that you would help him—him that never wronged you, him you always wronged,

and you haven't lifted hand to help him in his danger. A moment since you asked me who was right and what was wrong. You shall know. If you had treated him right, I'd have held my peace, and kept my word to her that's gone these thirty-odd years. I'll hold it no more, and so I told Luke Claridge. I've been silent, but not for your father's sake or yours, for he was as cruel as you, with no heart, and a conscience like a pin's head, not big enough for use. . . . Ay, you shall know. You are no more the Earl of Eglington than me. The Earl of Eglington is your elder brother, called David Claridge."

As Soolsby's words poured forth passionately, weighty, Eglington listened like one in a dream. Since this man entered the laboratory fifty reasons for his coming had flashed across his mind; he had prepared himself at many corners for defence, he had rallied every mental resource, he had imagined a dozen dangerous events which his father and Luke Claridge shared—with the balance against his father; but this thing was beyond all speculation. Yet on the instant the words were said he had a conviction of their inevitable truth. Even as they were uttered, kaleidoscopic memories rushed in, and David's face, figure, personal characteristics, flashed before him. He saw, he felt, the likeness to his father and himself; a thousand things were explained that could only be explained by this fatal fact launched at him without warning. It was as though, fully armed for his battle of life, he had suddenly been stripped of armor and every weapon and left naked on the field. But he had the mind of the gamester and the true gamester's self-control. He had taken chances so often that the tornado of ill luck left him standing.

"What proof have you?" he asked, quietly.

Soolsby's explicit answer left no ground for doubt. He had not asked the question with any idea of finding gaps in the evidence, but rather to find if there were a chance for resistance, of escape, anywhere. The marriage certificate existed; identification of James Fetherdon with his father could be established by Soolsby and Luke Claridge.

Soolsby and Luke Claridge! Luke Claridge—he could not help but smile cynically, for he was composed and calculating now. But a few minutes ago he had sent a jar of oxygen to keep Luke Claridge alive! No doubt, even now, the oxygen was being administered to Luke Claridge. But for it one enemy to his career, to his future, would be gone. He did not shrink from the thought. Born a gentleman, there was in him some degenerate characteristics which heart could not drown or temperament refine. Selfishness was inwoven with every fibre of his nature.

Now, as he stood with eyes fixed on Soolsby, the world seemed to narrow down to this laboratory. It was a vacuum where sensation was suspended and the million facts of ordinary existence disappeared into inactivity. There was a fine sense of proportion in it all. Only the bare essential things that concerned him remained: David Claridge was the Earl of Eglington, this man before him knew, Luke Claridge knew: and there was one thing yet to know! When he spoke his voice showed no excitement; the tones were even, colorless.

"*Does he know?*" In these words he acknowledged that he believed the tale that had been told him.

Soolsby had expected a different attitude; he was not easier in mind because his story had not been challenged. He blindly felt working in the man before him a powerful mind, more powerful because it faced the truth unflinchingly; but he knew that this did not mean calm acceptance of the consequences. He, not Eglington, was dazed and embarrassed, was not equal to the situation. He moved uneasily, changed his position.

"*Does he know?*" Eglington questioned again, quietly. There was no need for Eglington to explain who *he* was.

"Of course he does not know—I said so. If he knew, do you think he'd be in Egypt and you here, my lord?"

Eglington was very quiet. His intellect more than his passions were now at work.

"I am not sure. You never can tell. This might not mean much to him. He has got his work cut out; he wasn't brought up to this. What he has done is in line with the life he has lived as a pious Quaker. What good would it do to bring him back? I have been brought

up to it, I am used to it, I have worked things out 'according to the state of life to which I was called.' Take what I've always had away from me, and I am crippled; give him what he never had, and it doesn't work into his scheme. It would do him no good and me harm— Where's the use? Besides, I am still my father's son. Don't you see, Soolsby, how unreasonable you are? Luke Claridge was right. He knew that he and his belonged to a different sphere. He didn't speak. Why do you speak now after all these years when we are all set in our grooves? It's silly to disturb us, Soolsby."

The voice was low, persuasive, and searching; the mind was working as it had never worked before, to achieve an end by peaceful means, when war seemed so perilous and the issue so certain against him. And all the time he was fascinated by the fact that Soolsby's hand was within a few inches of a live electric wire, which, if he touched, would probably complete "the experiment" he had come to make; and what had been the silence of a generation would continue indefinitely.

For minutes he had watched Soolsby's hand near the wire—had watched as he talked, and his talk was his argument for non-interference against warning the man who had come to destroy him and his career. Why had Fate placed that hand so near the wire there? Why should he intervene? It would never have crossed his mind to do Soolsby harm, yet here, as the man's arm was stretched out to strike him, Fate set up a hazard, offered an escape. Luke Claridge was stricken with paralysis, no doubt would die; Soolsby alone stood in his way.

"You see, Soolsby, it has gone on too long," he added, in a low, penetrating tone. "It would be a crime to alter things now. Give him an earldom, and his work in Egypt goes to pieces; he will be spoiled for all he wants to do. I've got my faults, but, on the whole, I'm useful, and I play my part here, as I was born to it, as well as most. Anyhow, it's no robbery for me to have what has been mine by every right except the accident of being born after him. I think you'll see that you will do a good thing to let it all be. Luke Claridge, if he was up and well, wouldn't thank you for it—have you got any right to give him trouble too? . . . Besides, I've saved his life to-night, and . . . and perhaps I might save yours, Soolsby—if it was in danger."

Soolsby's hand had moved slightly. It was only an inch from the wire. Eglington's fingers touched a key gently, and the spluttering stopped—he could not bear the hissing fire. But the wire was still alive with power. For an instant the room was terribly still.

An instant, and it might be too late—an instant, and Soolsby would be gone. Eglington watched the hand which had been resting on the table turn slowly over to the wire. Why should he intervene? Was it his business? This thing was not his doing—Destiny had laid the train of circumstance and accident, and who was stronger than Destiny? In spite of himself his eyes fixed themselves on Soolsby's hand. It was but a hair's breadth from the wire. The end would come now.

Suddenly a voice was heard outside the door. "Eglington!" it called.

Soolsby started, his hand drew spasmodically away from the wire, and he stepped back quickly.

Destiny had decided.

The door opened and Hylda entered.

"Mr. Claridge is dead, Eglington," she said.

CHAPTER XXVI

"I OWE YOU NOTHING"

BESIDE the grave under the willow-tree another grave had been made. It was sprinkled with the fallen leaves of autumn. In the Red Mansion Faith's delicate figure moved forlornly among relics of an austere, beloved figure vanished from the apricot-garden and the primitive simplicity of wealth combined with narrow thought.

Since her father's death, the bereaved girl had been occupied by matters of law and business, by affairs of the estate; but the first pressure was over, long letters had been written to David which might never reach him; and now, when the strain was withdrawn, the gentle mind was lost in the gray mist of suffering, in which there was no demonstration, no abandonment of feeling. The old

Elders came and went now and then—Elder Fairley, Elder Meacham, and others — benign, soothing, and composed; but none had brought any real comfort to her. Indeed, she shrank from the old Meeting-house and the watchful, decorously inquisitive eyes and well-balanced emotions there. In Hamley there were two before all in whom she had comfort and help—in Lady Eglington and in the old chairmaker on the hill. To both she was drawn, and of an afternoon or evening one or the other was to be seen in the long high-wainscoted room where a great fire burned, or in the fruitless garden where the breeze stirred the leafless branches.

Almost as deep a quiet brooded in the Cloistered House as in the home where mourning enjoined movement in a minor key. Hylda had not recovered wholly from the illness which had stricken her down on that day in London when she had sought news of David from Eglington, at such cost to her peace and health and happiness! For weeks she had been ill with fever, then had come her slow convalescence in Hamley, and long days of loneliness in which Eglington seemed to retreat farther and farther from her inner life. Inquiries had poured in from friends in town, many had asked to come and see her; flowers came every day from one or two who loved her benignly, like Lord Windlehurst; and now and then she had some cheerful friend with her who cared for music or could sing; and then for a day or two the old home rang with music; but she was alone through most days, and Eglington was kept in town by official business for several days each week. She did not gain strength as quickly as she ought to have done, and this was what brought the Duchess of Snowdon down on a special mission one day of early November.

Ever since the night she had announced Luke Claridge's death to Eglington, had discovered Soolsby with him, had seen the look in her husband's face and caught the tension of the moment on which she had broken, she had been haunted and disturbed by a hovering sense of trouble. What had Soolsby been doing in the laboratory at that time of night? What was the cause of this secret meeting? All Hamley knew—she had long known—how Luke Claridge had held the Cloistered House in abhorrence, and she knew also that Soolsby worshipped David and Faith, and, whatever the cause of the family antipathy, championed it. She was conscious of a shadow somewhere, and behind it all was the name of David's father, *James Fetherdon.* That last afternoon when she had talked with him, and he had told her of his life, she had recalled the name as one she had seen or heard, and it had floated into her mind at last that she had seen it among the papers and letters of the late Countess. As the look in Eglington's face the night she came upon him and Soolsby in the laboratory haunted her, so the look in her own face had haunted Soolsby.

Her voice announcing Luke Claridge's death had suddenly opened up a new situation to Soolsby. It stunned him, and afterwards, as he saw Hylda with Faith in the apricot-garden, or walking in the great garden of the Cloistered House hour after hour alone or with her maid, he became vexed by a problem greater than had yet perplexed him. It was one thing to turn Eglington out of his lands and home and title; it was another thing to strike this beautiful being, whose smile had won him from the first, whose voice, had he but known, had saved his life. Perhaps the truth in some dim way was conveyed to him, for he came to think of her a little as he thought of Faith.

Since the moment when he had left the laboratory and made his way to the Red Mansion, he and Eglington had never met face to face; and he avoided a meeting. He was not a blackmailer, he had no personal wrongs to avenge, he had not sprung the bolt of secrecy for evil ends; and when he saw the possible results of his disclosure, he was unnerved. His mind had seen one thing only—the rights of "Our Man, the Egyptian," the wrong that had been done him and his mother; but now he saw how the sword of justice which he had kept by his hand these many years would cut both ways. His mind was troubled, too, that he had spoken while yet Luke Claridge lived, and so broken his word to Mercy Claridge. If he had but waited till the old man died—but one brief half-hour—his pledge would have been kept. Nothing

had worked out wholly as he expected. The heavens had not fallen. The "second-best lordship" still came and went, the wheels went round as usual. There was no change; yet, as he sat in his hut and looked down into the grounds of the Cloistered House, he kept saying to himself:

"It had to be told. It's for my lord now. He knows the truth—I'll wait and see. It's for him—him to do right by Our Man that's beyond and away."

The logic and fairness of this position, reached after much thinking, comforted him. He had done his duty so far. If in the end the "second-best lordship" failed to do his part, hid the truth from the light, refused to do right by his half-brother the true Earl, then would be time to act again. Also he waited for word out of Egypt; and he had a superstitious belief that David would return—that any day might see him entering the door of the Red Mansion.

Eglington himself was haunted by a spectre which touched his elbow by day and said, "You are not the Earl of Eglington," and at night laid a clammy finger on his forehead, waking him, and whispering in his ear, "If Soolsby had touched the wire, all would now be well!" And as deep as thought and feeling in him lay, he felt that Fate had tricked him—Fate and Hylda. If Hylda had not come at that instant, the chairmaker's hut on the hill would be empty. Why had not Soolsby told the world the truth since? Was the man waiting to see what course he himself would take? Had the old chairmaker perhaps written the truth to the Egyptian—to his brother David!

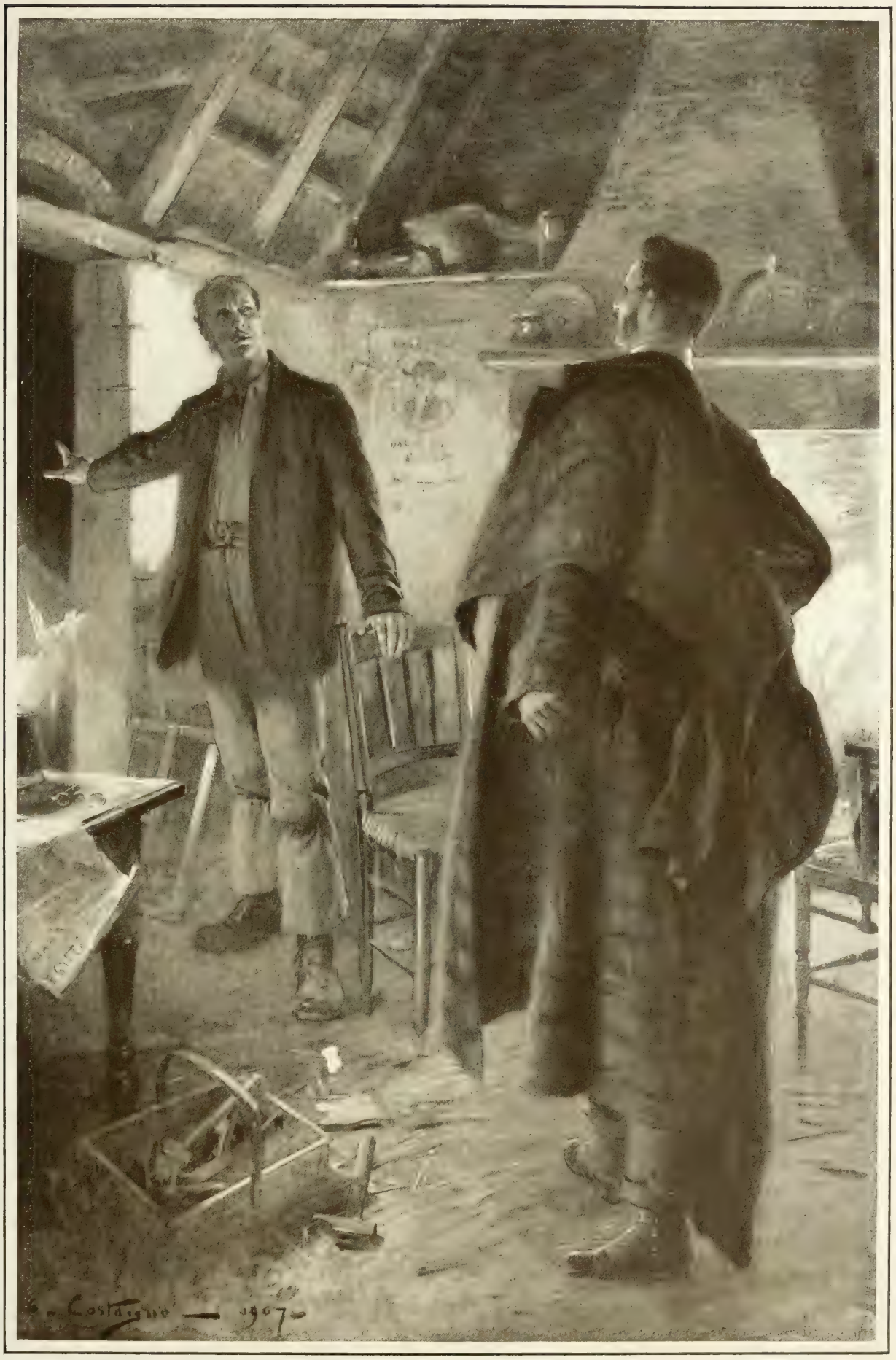
The thought irritated every nerve in him. His brother! No note of kindness or kinship or blood stirred in him. If, before, he had had antagonism and innate envy and a dark, hovering jealousy, he had a black repugnance now—the antipathy of the lesser to the greater nature, of the man in the wrong to the man in the right.

And behind it all was the belief that his wife had set David above him—by how much or in what fashion he did not stop to consider; but it made him desire that death and the desert would swallow up his father's son and leave no trace behind. Policy? His work in the Foreign Office now had but one policy so far as Egypt was concerned. The active sophistry in him made him advocate non-intervention in Egyptian affairs as diplomatic wisdom, though it was but personal purpose; and he almost convinced himself that he was acting from a national standpoint. Kaïd and Claridge Pasha pursued their course of conquest and civilization in the Soudan, and who could tell what danger might not bring forth? Last time the English crusader had barely escaped; this time—if Soolsby only held his peace yet a while!

Did Faith know? Luke Claridge was gone without speaking, but had Soolsby told Faith? How he had watched the faces round him at Luke Claridge's funeral, to see if they betrayed any knowledge!

Anxious days had followed that night in the laboratory. How had his boundless egotism widened that chasm between Hylda and himself which had been made on the day when she fell ill in London, with Lacey's letter in her hand! It had not grown less in the weeks that followed. He nursed a grievance which had, so far as he knew, no foundation in fact; he was vaguely jealous of a man thousands of miles away; he was not certain how far Hylda had pierced the disguise of sincerity which he himself had always worn, or how far she understood him. He thought that she shrank from what she had seen of his real self, much or little, and he was conscious of so many gifts and abilities and attractive personal qualities that he felt a sense of injury. Yet what would his position be without her? Suppose David should return and take the estates and titles, and suppose that she should close her hand upon her fortune and leave him, where would he be?

He thought of all this as he sat in his room at the Foreign Office and looked over St. James's Park, his day's work done. He was suddenly seized by a newborn anxiety, for he had been so long used to the open purse and the unchecked stream of gold, had taken it so much as a matter of course, as not to realize the possibility of its being withdrawn. He was conscious of a kind of meanness and ugly sordidness in the suggestion, but the



Drawn by Andre Castaigne Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"THIS IS MY CASTLE, MY LORD,—YOU LODGE YONDER"

stake—his future, his career, his position in the world—was too high to allow him to be too chivalrous. His sense of the real facts was perverted. He said to himself that he must be practical.

Moved by the new thought, he seized a time-table and looked up the trains. He had been ten days in town, receiving every morning a little note from Hylda telling of what she had done each day; a calm, dutiful, affectionate note, written without pretence, and out of a womanly affection with which she surrounded the man who, it seemed once—such a little while ago—must be all in all to her! She had no element of pretence in her. What she could give she gave freely, and it was just what it appeared to be. He had taken it all as his due, with an underlying belief that if he chose to make love to her again, he could blind her to all else in the world. Hurt vanity and egotism and jealousy had prevented him from luring her back to that fine atmosphere in which he had hypnotized her so few years ago. But suddenly, as he watched the swans swimming in the pond below, a new sense of approaching loss, all that Hylda had meant in his march and progress, came upon him; and he hastened to return to Hamley.

In an hour he was on his way. He had not telegraphed for any one to meet him. Getting out of the train at Heddington, he made up his mind to walk home by the road that David had taken on his return from Egypt, and he left word at the station that he would send for his luggage.

His first objective was Soolsby's hut, and, long before he reached it, darkness had fallen. From a light shining through the crack of the blind he knew that Soolsby was at home. He opened the door and entered without knocking. Soolsby was seated at a table, a map and a newspaper spread out before him. Egypt and David, always David and Egypt!

Soolsby got to his feet slowly, his eyes fixed inquiringly on his visitor.

"I didn't knock," said Eglington, taking off his overcoat and reaching for a chair; then added, as he seated himself, "Better sit down, Soolsby."

After a moment he continued, "Do you mind my smoking?"

Soolsby shook his head and sat down again. He watched Eglington light his cigar and stretch out his hands to the wood fire with an air of comfort.

A silence followed. Eglington appeared to forget the other's presence and to occupy himself with thoughts that glimmered in the fire.

At last Soolsby said moodily, "What have you come for, my lord?"

"Oh, I am *my lord* still, am I?" Eglington returned, lazily. "Is it a genealogical tree you are studying there?" He pointed to the map.

"I've studied your family tree with care, as you should know, my lord; and a map of Egypt"—he tapped the parchment before him—"goes well with it. And see, my lord, Egypt concerns you too—Lord Eglington is there, and 'tis time he was returning—ay, 'tis time!"

There was a baleful look in Soolsby's eyes. Whatever he might think, whatever considerations might arise at other times, a sinister feeling came upon him when Eglington was with him.

"And, my lord," he went on, "I'd be glad to know that you've sent for him and told him the truth."

"Have *you?*" Eglington flicked the ash from his cigar, speaking coolly.

Soolsby looked at him with his honest blue eyes aflame, and answered deliberately: "I was not for taking your place, my lord. 'Twas my duty to tell you, but the rest was between you and the Earl of Eglington."

"That was thoughtful of you, Soolsby. And Miss Claridge?"

"I told you that night, my lord, that only her father and myself knew; and what was then is now."

A look of relief stole across Eglington's face. "Of course — of course. These things need a lot of thought, Soolsby. One must act with care—no haste, no flurry, no mistakes."

"I would not wait too long, my lord, or be too careful." There was a menace in the tone.

"But if you go at things blind, you're likely to hurt where you don't mean to hurt. When you're mowing in a field by a schoolhouse, you must look out for the children asleep in the grass. Sometimes the longest way round is the shortest way home."

"Do you mean to do it or not, my lord? I've left it to you as a gentleman."

"It's going to upset more than you think, Soolsby. Suppose he—out there in Egypt"—he pointed again to the map—"doesn't thank me for the information. Suppose he says no, and—"

"Right's right. Give him the chance, my lord. How can you know unless you tell him the truth?"

"Do you like living, Soolsby?"

"Do you want to kill me, my lord?"

There was an evil look in Eglington's face. "But answer me: do you want to live?"

"I want to live long enough to see the Earl of Eglington in his own house."

"Well, I've made that possible. The other night when you were telling me your little story, you were near sending yourself into eternity—as near as I am knocking this ash off my cigar." His little finger almost touched the ash. "Your hand was as near touching a wire charged with death. I saw it. It would have been better for me if you had gone; but I shut off the electricity. Suppose I hadn't—could I have been blamed? It would have been an accident. Providence did not intervene; I did. You owe me something, Soolsby."

Soolsby stared at him almost blindly for a moment. A mist was before his eyes; but through the mist, though he saw nothing of this scene in which he now was, he saw the laboratory, and himself and Eglington, and Eglington's face as it peered at him, and, just before the voice called outside, Eglington's eyes fastened on his hand. It all flashed upon him now, and he saw himself starting back at the sound of the voice.

Slowly he got up now, went to the door, and opened it. "My lord, it is not true," he said. "You have not spoken as a gentleman. It was my lady's voice that saved me. This is my castle, my lord—you lodge yonder." He pointed down into the darkness where the lights of the village shone. "I owe you nothing. I pay my debts. Pay yours, my lord, to him that's beyond and away."

Eglington kept his countenance as he drew on his coat and slowly passed from the house.

"I ought to have let you die, Soolsby. You'll think better of this soon. But it's quite right to leave this matter to me. It may take a little time, but everything will come right. Justice shall be done. Well, good night, Soolsby. You live too much alone—and imagination is a bad thing for the lonely. Good night—good night."

Going down the hill quietly, he said to himself: "A sort of second sight—a sort of second sight he had about that wire. But time is on my side, time and the Soudan—and 'The heathen in his blindness.' I will keep what is mine—I will keep it!"

CHAPTER XXVII

THE AWAKENING

IN her heart of hearts Hylda had not greatly welcomed the Duchess of Snowdon to Hamley. There was no one whose friendship she prized more; but she was passing through a phase of her life when she felt that she was better apart, finding her own path by those intuitions and perceptions which belonged to her own personal experience. She vaguely felt what all realize, sooner or later, that we must live our dark hours alone.

Yet the frank downright nature of the once beautiful, now faded, Duchess, the humorous glimmer in the pale-blue eyes, the droll irony and dry truth of her speech, appealed to Hylda, made her smile a warm greeting when she would rather have been alone. For, a few days before, she had begun a quest which had absorbed her, fascinated her. The miner, finding his way across the gap of a reef to pick up the vein of quartz at some distant and uncertain point, could not have been more lost to the world than was the young wife searching for a family skeleton, indefinitely embodied in her imagination by the name *James Fetherdon.*

Pile after pile of papers and letters of the late Earl and his Countess had passed through her hands from chaos to order. As she had read, hour after hour, the diaries of the cold blue-eyed woman, Sybil Eglington, who had lived without love of either husband or son, as they in turn lived without the love of each other, she had been overwhelmed by the revelation, far off and almost dispassionate as it was, of a human heart whose powers of expression were smothered by a shy

and almost awkward temperament. The late Countess's letters were the unclothing of a heart which had never expanded to the eyes of those whose love would have made her life endeared and endearing, would have broken up the natural reserve which became at last a proud coldness and gave her a reputation for lack of feeling and friendliness which she carried to her grave.

In the diaries which Hylda unearthed —the Countess had died suddenly—was the muffled cry of a soul tortured through different degrees of misunderstanding—from the vague pain of suffered indifference, of being left out of all her husband's calculations, to the blank neglect which narrowed her life down to a tiny stream of duty, which grew smaller and smaller as her boy's selfishness grew, and was finally lost in the sands. She had died abroad, and alone, save for her faithful maid, who, knowing the chasm that lay between her mistress and her lord, had brought her letters and papers back to the Cloistered House, and locked them away with all the other papers and correspondence which the Countess had accumulated.

Among these papers was a letter to the late Lord Eglington written the day before she died. In the haste and confusion ensuing on her death, the maid had not seen it. It had never reached his hands, but lay in a pocket of the dead woman's writing-portfolio, which Hylda had explored without discovering. Only a few hours, however, before the Duchess of Snowdon came, Hylda had found again an empty envelope on which was written the name *James Fetherdon*. The writing on the envelope was that of Sybil, Lady Eglington.

When she discovered the envelope, a sense of mystery and premonition possessed her. What was the association between the Countess of Eglington and James Fetherdon, the father of David Claridge? In vain she searched among the voluminous letters and papers, for it would seem that the Countess of Eglington had saved every letter she received, and kept copies of numberless letters she had written. But she had searched without avail—even the diaries, curiously frank and without reserve, never mentioned the name, so far as she could find, though here and there were strange allusive references, hints of a trouble that weighed her down, phrases of exasperation and defiance. One phrase, or the idea in it, was, however, much repeated in the diaries during the course of years, and towards the last almost feverishly emphasized: *"Why should I bear it for one who would bear nothing for me, for his sake who would do nothing for my sake? Is it only the mother in me, not the love in me?"*

These words were haunting Hylda's brain when the telegram from the Duchess of Snowdon came. They followed her to Heddington, whither she went in the carriage to bring her visitor to Hamley, and kept repeating themselves at the back of her mind through the cheerful rallying of the Duchess, who spread out the wings of good humor and motherly freedom over her.

And, after all, it was an agreeable thing to be taken possession of, and "put in her proper place," as the Duchess said; made to understand that her own affairs were not so important, after all; and that it was far more essential to hear the charming gossip about the new and most popular Princess of Wales, or the quarrel between Dickens and Thackeray. Yet, after dinner, in the little sitting-room, where the Duchess, in a white gown with great pink bows, fitter for a girl fresh from Confirmation, and her cheeks with their fixed color, which changed only at the discretion of her maid, babbled of nothing that mattered, Hylda's mind kept turning to the late Countess and the book of life she had left behind.

The sitting-room had been that of the late Countess also, and on the wall was an oil-painting of her, stately and distant and not very alluring, though the mouth had a sweetness which seemed unable to break into a smile.

"What was she really like—that wasn't her quite, was it?" said Hylda, at last, leaning her chin on the hand that held the 'cello she had been playing.

"Oh yes, it's Sybil Eglington, my dear, but done in wood—and she wasn't the graven image that makes her out to be. That's as most people saw her; as the fellow that painted her saw her; but she had another side to her. She disapproved of me rather, because I was squeezing

the orange dry, and trying to find yesterday's roses in to-morrow's garden. But she didn't shut her door in my face—it's hard to do that to a Duchess; which is one of the few advantages of living naked in the street as it were, with only the strawberry leaves to clothe you. No, Sybil Eglington was a woman who never had her chance—your husband's forebears were difficult, my dear. They didn't exactly draw you out. She needed drawing out; and her husband drove her back into her corner, where she sulked rather till she died—died alone at Wiesbaden, with a German doctor, a stray curate, and a stuttering maid to wish her *bon voyage.* Yet I fancy she went glad enough, for she had no memories—not even an *affaire* to repent of, and to cherish. La, la! she wasn't so stupid, Sybil there, and she was an ornament to her own sex and the despair of the other. His Serene Highness Heinrich of Saxe-Gunden fancied the task of breaking that ice, and he was an adept and an Apollo, but it broke his reputation instead. No doubt she is happy now—I shall probably never see!"

In spite of the poignant nature of the talk, Hylda could not but smile at the last words.

"Don't despair," she rejoined; "one star differeth from another star in glory, but that is no reason why they should not be on visiting terms."

"My dear, you may laugh—*you* may laugh, but I am sixty-five, and I am not laughing at the idea of what company I may be obliged to keep presently. In any case I'm sure I shall not be comfortable. If I'm where she is, I shall be dull; if I'm where her husband is, I'll have no reputation, and if there is one thing I want, it is a spotless reputation—sometime."

Hylda laughed—the manner and the voice were so droll—but her face saddened too, and her big eyes with the drooping lashes looked up pensively at the portrait of her husband's mother.

"Was it ever a happy family—or a lucky family?" she asked.

"It's lucky now, and it ought to be happy now," was the meaning reply.

Hylda made no answer, but caught the strings of the 'cello lightly, and shook her head reprovingly, with a smile meant to be playful. For a moment she played, humming to herself, and then the Duchess touched the hand that was drawing the bow softly across the strings. She had behind her garishness a gift for sympathy and a keen intuition and delicacy and allusiveness. She knew what to say and what to leave unsaid when her heart was moved.

"My darling," she said now, "*you* are not quite happy; but that is because you don't allow yourself to get well. You've never recovered from your attack last summer; and you won't until you come out into the world again and see people. This autumn you ought to have been at Homburg or at Aix, where you'd take a little cure of waters and a great deal of cure of people. You were born to bask in friendship and the sun, and to draw from the world as much as you give it, a little from many, for all you give in return. Because, dearest, you are a very agreeable person, with enough wit and humanity to make it worth the world's while to conspire to make you do what will give it most pleasure, and let yourself get most—and that's why I've come."

"What a person of importance I am!" answered Hylda, with a laugh that was far from mirthful, though she caught the plump, wrinkled little hand of the Duchess and pressed it. "But really I'm getting well here fast—I'm very strong again. It is so restful, and one's days go by so quietly."

"Yet, I'm not sure that it's rest you want—I don't think it is. You want tonics—men and women and things. Monte Carlo would do you a world of good—I'd go with you. Eglington gambles here"—she watched Hylda closely—"why shouldn't you gamble there?"

"Eglington gambles?" Hylda's face took on a frightened look, then it cleared again, and she smiled. "Oh, of course, with international affairs, you mean. Well, I must stay here and be the *croupier.*"

"Nonsense! Eglington is his own *croupier.* Besides, he is so much in London, and you so much here. You sit with the distaff; he throws the dice."

Hylda's lips tightened a little. Her own inner life, what Eglington was to her or she to Eglington, was for the ears of no human being, however friendly. She had seen little of him of late, but

in one sense that had been a relief, though she would have done anything to make that feeling impossible. His rather precise courtesy and consideration when he was with her emphasized the distance between "the first fine careless rapture" and this gray quiet. And, strange to say, though in the first four years since the Cairo days and deeds, Egypt seemed an infinite space away, and David a distant, almost legendary figure, now Egypt seemed but beyond the door—as though, opening it, she would stand near him who represented the best of all that she might be capable of thinking. In Hamley, where David had lived, and in touch with the spring and source of his power; in these simple surroundings where profound laws of life were working themselves out beyond the region of experiment—her husband's laboratory seemed a discord in the harmony—here she had kept her eyes vigilant for the hour when she might serve David in the time of his need, as she had vowed. Yet all the time she longed for Eglington to come and say one word which would be like touching the lever of the sluice-gates of her heart, to let out the flood. As the space grew between her and Eglington, her spirit trembled, she shrank back, because she saw that sea to which she was drifting.

As she did not answer the last words of the Duchess, the latter said presently, "When do you expect Eglington?"

"Not till the week-end—it is a busy week with him," Hylda answered; then added hastily, though she had not thought of it till this moment, "I shall probably go up to town with you to-morrow."

She did not know that Eglington was already in the house, and had given orders to the butler that she was not to be informed of his arrival for the present.

"Well, if you get that far, will you come with me to the Riviera, or to Florence, or Sicily—or Cairo?" the other asked, adjusting her gold-brown wig with her babyish hands.

Cairo! Cairo! A light shot up into Hylda's eyes. The Duchess had spoken without thought, but as she spoke she watched the sudden change in Hylda. What did it mean? Cairo—why should Cairo have waked her so? Suddenly she recalled certain vague references of Lord Windlehurst, and for the first time she associated Hylda with Claridge Pasha in a way which might mean much, account for much, in this life she was leading.

"Perhaps! Perhaps!" answered Hylda, abstractedly, after a moment.

The Duchess got to her feet. She had made progress. She would let her medicine work.

"I'm going to bed, my dear—I'm sixty-five, and I take my sleep when I can get it. Think it over—Sicily—*Cairo!*"

She left the room, saying to herself that Eglington was a fool, and that danger was ahead. "But I hold a red light—poor darling!" she said aloud, as she went up the staircase. She did not know that Eglington, standing in a deep doorway, heard her, and seized upon the words eagerly and suspiciously, and turned them over in his mind.

Below, at the desk where Eglington's mother used to write, Hylda sat with a bundle of letters before her. For some moments she opened, glanced through them, and put them aside. Presently she sat back in her chair, thinking—her mind was invaded by the last words of the Duchess; and somehow they kept repeating themselves with the words in the late Countess's diary, "*Is it only the mother in me, not the love in me?*" Mechanically her hand moved over the portfolio of the late Countess, and it involuntarily felt in one of its many pockets. Her hand came upon a letter. This had remained when the others had been taken out. It was addressed to the late Earl, and was open. She hesitated a moment, then with a strange premonition and a tightening of her heart-strings, she spread it out—and read it.

At first she could scarcely see for the mist in her eyes; but presently her sight cleared, and she read quickly, her cheeks burning with excitement, her heart thrilling violently. The letter was the last expression of a disappointed and barren life. The slow stammering tongue of an almost silent existence had found the fulness of speech. The fountains of the great deep had been broken up, and Sybil Eglington's repressed emotions, undeveloped passions, tortured by mortal sufferings, and refined and vitalized by the atmosphere blown in upon her last hours from the hereafter, were set free, given voice and power at last.

The letter reviewed the life she had lived with her husband during twenty-odd years, reproved herself for not speaking out and telling him his faults at the beginning, and for drawing in upon herself, when she might have compelled him to a truer understanding; and when all that was said, called him to such an account as only the dying might make—the irrevocable, disillusionizing truth which may not be altered, the poignant record of failure and its causes.

". . . I could not talk well, I never could, as a girl," the letter ran; "and you could talk like one inspired, and so speciously, so overwhelmingly, that I felt I could say nothing in disagreement, not anything but assent; while all the time I felt how hollow was so much you said—a cloak of words to cover up the real thought behind. Before *I knew the truth,* I felt the shadow of secrecy in your life. When you talked most, I felt you most secretive, and the feeling slowly closed the door upon all frankness and sympathy and open speech from me. I was always shy, and self-conscious, and self-centred, and thought little of myself; and I needed deep love and confidence and encouragement to give out what was in me. I gave nothing out, nothing to you that you wanted, or sought for, or needed. You were complete, self-contained. Harry, my beloved babe Harry, helped at first; but as the years went on he too began to despise me for my little intellect and slow intelligence, and he grew to be like you in all things—and secretive too, though I tried so hard to be to him what a mother should be. Oh, Bobby, Bobby—I used to call you that in the days before we were married, and I will call you that now when all is over and done—why did you not tell me all? Why did you not tell me that my boy, my baby Harry, was not your only child, that there had been another wife, and that your eldest son was alive, and heir to all!

"I know all—I have known all for years. The clergyman who married you to Mercy Claridge was a distant relative of my mother's, and before he died he told me. When you married her, he knew you only as James Fetherdon, but years afterwards he saw and recognized you. He held his peace then, but at last he came to me. And I did not speak. I was not strong enough, nor good enough, to face the trouble of it all. I could not endure the scandal—to see my own son take the second place—he is so brilliant and able and unscrupulous, like yourself; but, oh, so sure of winning a great place in the world, surer than yourself ever was, he is so calculating and determined and ambitious! And though he loves me little, as he loves you little too, yet he is my son, and for what he is we are both responsible, one way or another; and I had not the courage to give him the second place, and the Quaker, David Claridge, the first place. Why Luke Claridge, his grandfather, chose the course he did does not concern me, no more than why you chose secrecy, and kept your own first-born legitimate son, of whom you might well be proud, a stranger to you and his rights all these years. Ah, Eglington, you never knew what love was, you never had a heart—experiment, subterfuge, secrecy, 'reaping where you had not sowed, and gathering where you had not strawed!'

"I shall be gone in a few hours—I feel it; but before I go I must try to do right and to warn you. I have had such bad dreams about you and about Harry—they haunt me—that I am sure you will suffer terribly, will have some awful tragedy, unless you undo what was done long ago, and tell the truth to the world, and give your titles and estates where they truly belong. Near to death, seeing how little life is, and how much right is in the end, I am sure that I was wrong in holding my peace; for Harry cannot prosper with this black thing behind him, and you cannot die happy if you smother up the truth. Night after night I have dreamed of you in your laboratory, a vague, dark, terrifying dream of you in that laboratory which I have always hated. It has always seemed to me the place where some native evil and cruelty in your blood worked out its will. I know I am an ignorant woman, with no brain, but God has given me clear sight at the last, and the things I see are true things, and I must warn you. Remember that . . . ."

The letter ended there. She had been interrupted or seized with illness, and had never finished it; and a few hours afterwards had died; and the letter was now

for the first time read by her whom it most concerned, into whose heart and soul the words she wrote sank with an immitigable pain and agonized amazement. A few moments with this death-document had transformed Hylda's life.

Her husband and—and David—were sons of the same father; and the name she bore, the home in which she was living, the estates the title carried, were not her husband's, but another's—David's. She fell back in her chair, white and faint, but with a great effort conquered the swimming weakness which blinded her. Sons of the same father! The past flashed before her, the strange likeness she had observed, the trick of the head, the laugh, the swift gesture, the something in the voice. She shuddered as she had done in reading the letter. But related only in name, in some distant, irreconcilable way—in a way which did not warrant the sudden scarlet flush that flooded her face. Presently she recovered herself. She—what did she suffer compared with her who wrote this revelation of a lifetime of pain, of bitter and torturing knowledge! She looked up at the picture on the wall, at the still, proud, emotionless face, the conventional, uninspired personality, behind which no one had seen, which had agonized alone till the last. With what tender yet pitiless hand had she laid bare the lives of her husband and her son! How had the neglected mother told the bitter truth of him to whom she had given birth! *"So brilliant and able—and unscrupulous, like yourself; but, oh, sure of winning a great place in the world . . . so calculating and determined and ambitious. . . . That laboratory which I have always hated. It has always seemed to me the place where some native evil and cruelty in your blood worked out its will . . . ."*

With a deep-drawn sigh Hylda said to herself: "And if I were dying to-morrow, would I say that? She loved them so—at first must have loved them so; and yet this at the last! And I—oh, no, no, no!" She looked at the photograph of Eglington on the table near, touched it caressingly, and added, with a sob in her voice, "Oh, Harry, no, it is not true. It is not native evil and cruelty in your blood. It has all been a mistake. You will do right. *We* will do right, Harry. You will suffer, it will hurt, the lesson will be hard—to give up what has meant so much to you; but we will work it out together, you and I, my boy dear. Oh, say that we shall, that . . ."

She suddenly grew silent. A tremor ran through her, she became conscious of his presence near her, and turned as though he were behind her. There was nothing. Yet she felt him near, and, as she did so, the soul-deep feeling with which she had spoken to the photograph fled. Why was it that so often when absent from him her imagination helped her to make excuses for him, inspired her to press the real truth out of sight, and to make believe that he was worthy of a love which, but through some inner fault of her own, might be his altogether, and all the love of which he was capable might be hers?

She felt him near her, and the feelings possessing her a moment before slowly chilled and sank away. Instinctively her eyes glanced towards the door. She saw the handle turn, and she slipped the letter inside the portfolio again.

The door opened briskly now, and Eglington entered with what his enemies in the press had called his "professional smile"—a criticism which had angered his wife, chiefly because it was so near the truth. He smiled, because a smile to him was part of his equipment, and was for any one at any time that suited him.

Her eyes met his, and he noted in her something that he had never seen before. Something had happened—the Duchess of Snowdon was in the house; had it anything to do with her? Had she made trouble? There was trouble enough without her. He came forward, took Hylda's hand and kissed it, then kissed her on the cheek. As he did so she laid a hand on his arm with a sudden impulse, and pressed it. Though his presence had chilled the high emotions of a few moments before, yet she had to break to him a truth which would hurt him, dismay him, rob his life of so much that helped it; and a sudden protective, maternal sense was roused in her, reached out to shelter him as he faced his loss, and the call of duty.

"You have just come?" she said, in a voice that, to herself, seemed far away.

"I have been here some hours," he answered.

Secrecy again—always the thing that had chilled the dead woman, and laid a cold hand upon herself—"*I felt the shadow of secrecy in your life. When you talked most I felt you most secretive, and the feeling closed the door upon all frankness and sympathy and open speech in me.*"

"Why did you not see me—dine with me?" she asked. "What can the servants think?" Even in such a crisis the little things had place—habit strikes its note in the presence of all tragedies.

"You had the Duchess of Snowdon, and we are not precisely congenial; besides, I had much to do in the laboratory—I'm working for that new explosive of which I told you. There's fame and fortune in it, and I'm on the way. I feel it coming"—his eyes sparkled a little. "I made it right with the servants; so don't be apprehensive."

"I have not seen you for nearly a week. It doesn't seem—friendly."

"Politics and science are stern masters," he answered, gayly.

"They leave little time for your mistress," she answered, meaningly.

"Who is my mistress?" he asked, keenly.

"Well, I am not greatly your wife," she rejoined. "I have the dregs of your life. I help you—I am allowed to help you—so little, to share so little in the things that matter to you."

"Now, that's imagination and misunderstanding," he rejoined. "It has helped immensely your being such a figure in society, and entertaining so much, and being so popular—at any rate until very lately."

"I do not misunderstand," she answered, gravely. "I do not share your real life. I do not help you where your brain works, in the plans and purposes and hopes that lie behind all that you do—oh yes, I know your ambitions and what positions you are aiming for; but there is something more than that. There is the object of it all, the pulse of it—the machinery down, down deep in your being that drives it all. Oh, I am not a child. I have some intellect, and I want—I want that we should work it out together."

In spite of all that had come and gone, in spite of the dead mother's words and all her own convictions, seeing trouble coming upon him, she wanted to make one last effort for what might save their lives—her life—from shipwreck in the end. If she failed now, she foresaw a bitter, cynical figure working out his life with a narrowing soul, a hard spirit unrelieved by the softening influence of a great love—even yet the woman in her had a far-off hope that where the law had made them one by book and scrip, the love which should consecrate such a union, lift it above an almost offensive relation, might be theirs. She did not know how much of her heart, of her being, was wandering over the distant sands of Egypt, looking for its oasis. Eglington had never needed or wanted more than she had given him — her fortune, her person, her charm, her ability to play an assigned and definite part in his career. It was this material use to which she was so largely assigned, almost involuntarily but none the less finally, that had destroyed all of the finer, dearer, more delicate intimacy invading his mind sometimes, more or less vaguely, where Faith was concerned. So extreme was his egotism that it had never occurred to him, as it had done to the Duchess of Snowdon and Lord Windlehurst, that he might lose herself as well as her fortune: that the day might come when her high spirit could bear it no longer. As the Duchess of Snowdon had said, "It would all depend upon the other man, whoever he might be."

So he answered her with superficial cheerfulness now; he had not the depth of soul to see that they were at a crisis, and that she could bear no longer the old method of treating her as though she were a child, to be humored or to be dominated.

"Oh, you see all there is," he answered; "you are so imaginative — crying for some moon there never was in any sky."

In part he had spoken the truth. He had no high objects or ends or purposes. He wanted only success somehow or another, and there was no nobility of mind or aspiration behind it. And in her heart of hearts she knew it. But it was the last cry of her soul to him, seeking,



Drawn by Andre Castaigne

HYLDA IN HORROR STARTED FORWARD

though in vain, for what she had never had, could never have.

"What have you been doing?" he added, looking at the desk where she had sat, glancing round the room. "Has the Duchess left any rags on the multitude of her acquaintances? . . . I wonder that you can make yourself contented here with nothing to do. You don't look much stronger—I'm sure you ought to have a change. My mother was never well here; though, for the matter of that, she was never very well anywhere. I suppose it's the laboratory that attracts me here as it did my father—playing with the ancient forces of the world in these Arcadian surroundings—Arcady without beauty or Arcadians!" He glanced up at his mother's picture. "No, she never liked it—a very silent woman, secretive almost!"

Suddenly her eye flared up. Anger possessed her. She choked it down. Secretive—the poor bruised soul who had gone to her grave with a broken heart!

"She secretive? No, Eglington," she rejoined, gravely, "she was congealed. She lived in too cold an air. She was not secretive, but yet she kept a secret—another's!"

All at once Eglington had the feeling again which possessed him when he entered the room. She had changed. There was something in her tone, a meaning he had never heard before. He was startled. He recalled the words of the Duchess as she went up the staircase.

What was it all about?

"Whose secrets did she keep?" he asked, calmly enough.

"Your father's, yours, mine," she replied, in a whisper almost.

"Secret? What secret—what was it? Good Lord! Such mystery!" He laughed mirthlessly.

She came close to him. "I am sorry—sorry, Eglington," she said, with difficulty. "It will hurt you, shock you so. It will be a blow to you, but you must bear it."

She tried to speak further, but her heart was beating so violently that she could not. She turned quickly to the portfolio on the desk, drew forth the fatal letter, and turning to the page which contained the truth concerning David, handed it to him. "It is there," she said.

He had great self-control. Before looking at the page to which she had directed his attention, he turned the letter over slowly, fingering the pages one by one. "My mother to my father," he said.

Instinctively he knew what it contained. "You have been reading my mother's correspondence," he added, in cold reproof.

"Do you forget that you asked me to arrange her papers?" she said, stung by his suggestion.

"Your imagination is vivid," he exclaimed. Then he bethought himself that, after all, he might sorely need all she could give if things went against him, and that she was the last person he could afford to alienate; "but I do remember that I asked you that," he added—"no doubt foolishly."

"Oh, read what is there," she broke in, "and you will see that it was not foolish, that it was meant to be."

He felt a cold dead hand reaching out from the past to strike him; but he nerved himself, and his eyes searched the paper with assumed coolness—even with her he must still be acting. The first words he saw were, "*Why did you not tell me that my boy, my baby Harry, was not your only child, and that your eldest son was alive, and heir to all!*"

So, that was it, after all. Even his mother knew. Master of his nerves as he was, it blinded him for a moment. Presently he read on—the whole page—and lingered upon the words, that he might have time to think what he must say to Hylda. Nothing of the tragedy of his mother touched him, though he was faintly conscious of a revelation of a woman he had never known, whose hungering caresses had made him, as a child, rather peevish when a fit of affection was not on him. Suddenly as he read the lines touching himself, "*brilliant and able and unscrupulous . . . . and though he loves me little, as he loves you little too,*" his eye lighted up with anger, his face became pale—yet he had borne the same truths from Faith without resentment, in the wood by the mill that other year. For a moment he stood infuriated, then going to the fireplace, he dropped the letter on the coals, as Hylda, in horror, started forward to arrest his hand.

"Oh, Eglington—but, no—no! It is not honorable. It is proof of all!"

He turned upon her slowly, his face rigid, a strange, cold light in his eyes. "If there is no more proof than that, you need not vex your mind," he said, commanding his voice to evenness.

A bitter anger was on him. His mother had read him through and through—he had not even deceived her; and she had given evidence against him to Hylda, who, he had ever thought, believed in him completely. And now there was added to the miserable tale that first marriage, and the rights of David—David, the one man who, he was convinced, had captured her imagination! Hurt vanity played a disproportionate part in this crisis.

The effect on him had been different from what Hylda had anticipated. She had pictured him stricken and dumfounded by the blow—it had never occurred to her, it did not now, that he had known the truth; for, of course, to know the truth was to speak, to restore to David his own, to step down from an earldom into the second and unconsidered place. After all, to her mind, there was no disgrace. The Earl had married secretly, but he had been duly married, and he did not marry again until Mercy Claridge was dead. The only wrong was to David, whose grandfather had been even more to blame than his father. She had looked to help Eglington in this moment, and now there seemed nothing for her to do. He was somehow superior to the situation, though it was apparent in his pale face and rigid manner that he had been struck hard.

She came near to him, but there was no encouragement to her to play that part which is a woman's deepest right and joy and pain in one—to comfort her man in trouble, sorrow, or evil. Always, always, he stood alone, whatever the moment might be, leaving her nothing to do—"playing his own game with his own weapons," as he had once put it. But there was strength in it, too, and this came to her mind now, as though in excuse for whatever else there was in the situation which, against her will, repelled her.

"I am so sorry for you," she said at last.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"To lose all that has been yours so long."

This was their great moment. The response to this must be the touchstone of their lives. A half-dozen words might alter all the future, might be the watchword to the end of all things. Involuntarily her heart fashioned the response he ought to give: "*I shall have you left, Hylda.*"

The air seemed to grow oppressive, and the instant's silence a torture, and when he spoke his words struck a chill to her heart—rough notes of pain. "I have not lost yet," were his words.

She shrank. "You will not hide it—you will do right by—by him," she said, with difficulty.

"Let him establish his claim—to the last item of fact," he said, with almost savage coldness.

"Luke Claridge knew—the proofs are but just across the way, no doubt," she answered, almost coldly, so had his words congealed her heart.

Their great moment had passed. It was as though a cord had snapped that held her to him, and in the recoil she had been thrown far off from him. Swift as his mind worked, it had not seen his opportunity to win her to his cause, to asphyxiate her high senses, her quixotic justice, by that old flood of eloquence and compelling persuasion of the emotions with which he had swept her to the altar—an altar of sacrifice. He had not even done what he had left London to do—make sure of her, by an alluring flattery and devotion, no difficult duty with one so beautiful and desirable; though neither love of beauty nor great desire was strong enough in him to divert him from his course for an hour, save by his own initiative. His mother's letter had changed it all. Four hours ago he had had a struggle with Soolsby, and now another struggle on the same theme was here. Fate had dealt illy with him, who had ever been its spoilt child and favorite. He had not learned yet the arts of defence against adversity.

"Luke Claridge is dead," he answered, coldly.

"But you will tell—him, you will write to Egypt and tell him?" she said, the conviction slowly coming to her that he would not.

"It is not my duty to displace myself—to furnish evidence against myself—"

"You have destroyed the evidence," she said a little scornfully.

"If there were no more than that—!" he shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"Do you know there is more?" she asked searchingly.

"In whose interests are you speaking?" he rejoined, with a sneer. A sudden fury possessed him. Claridge Pasha—David—she was thinking of him!

"In yours — your conscience, your honor."

"There is over thirty years' possession on my side," he rejoined.

"It is not as if it were going from your family," she answered, quietly.

"Family—what is he to me!"

"What is any one to you!" she answered, bitterly.

"I am not going to unravel a mystery, in order to facilitate the cutting of my own throat."

"It might be worth while to do something once for another's sake than your own—it would break the monotony," she replied, all her senses tortured by his words, and even more so by his manner.

Long ago Faith had said in Soolsby's hut that he "blandished" all with whom he came in contact, but Hylda realized with a lacerated heart that he had ceased to blandish her. Possession had altered that. Yet how had he vowed to her in those sweet tempestuous days of his courtship, when the wind of his passion blew so hard! Had one of the vows been kept?

Even as she looked at him now, words she had read some days before flashed through her mind—they had burnt themselves into her brain:

> Broken faith is the crown of evils,
> Broken vows are the knotted thongs
> Set in the hands of laughing devils,
> To scourge us for deep wrongs.
>
> Broken hearts, when all is ended,
> Bear the better all after-stings;
> Bruised once, the citadel mended
> Standeth through all things.

Suddenly he turned upon her with aggrieved petulance. "Why are *you* so eager for proof?"

"Oh, I have," she said, with a sudden flood of tears in her voice, though her eyes were dry—"I have the feeling that your mother had, that nothing will be well until you undo the wrong your father did. I know it was not your fault. I feel for you—oh, believe me, I feel as I have never felt, could never feel, for myself. It was brought on you by your father, but you must be the more innocent because he was so guilty! You have had much out of it—it has helped you on your way. It does not mean so much now. By and by another—an English—peerage may be yours by your own achievement. Let it go—there is so much left—Harry."

Once again, even when she had given up all hope, seeing what was the bent of his mind—once again she made essay to win him out of his selfishness. If he would only say, "I have you left!" how she would strive to shut all else out of her life!

He was exasperated. His usual prescience and prudence forsook him. It angered him that she should press him to an act of sacrifice for the man who had so great an influence upon her. Perversity possessed him. Lifelong egotism was too strong for wisdom, or discretion.

Suddenly he caught her hands in both of his and said hoarsely: "Do you love me—answer me—do you love me with all your heart and soul? The truth now, as though it were your last word on earth."

Always self. She had asked, if not in so many words, for a little love, something for herself to feed on in the darkening days for him, for her, for both; and he was thinking only of himself.

She shrank, but her hands lay passive in his. "No, not with all my heart and soul—but—oh—!"

He flung her hands from him. "No, not with all your heart and soul—I know. You are willing to sacrifice me for him—and you think I do not understand!"

She drew herself up, with burning cheeks and flashing eyes. "You understand nothing—nothing. If you had ever understood me, or any human being, or any human heart, you would not have ruined all that might have given you an undying love, something that would have followed you through fire and flood to the grave. You cannot love—you do not un-

derstand love. Self—self, always self. Oh, you are mad, mad, to have thrown it all away, all that might have given happiness. All that I have, all that I am, has been at your service; everything has been bent and tuned to your pleasure, for your good. All has been done for you, with thought of you and your position and your advancement, and now —now, when you have killed all that might have been yours, you cry out in anger that it is dying, and you insinuate what you should kill another for insinuating. Oh, the wicked, cruel folly of it all! You suggest—you dare!— I never heard a word from David Claridge that might not be written on the hoardings. His honor is deeper than that which might attach to the name of Earl of Eglington."

She seemed to tower above him. For an instant she looked him in the eyes with frigid dignity, but a terrible scorn in her face. Then she went to the door— he hastened to open it for her.

"You will be sorry for this," he said stubbornly. He was too dumfounded to be discreet, too suddenly embarrassed by the turn affairs had taken. He realized too late that he had made a mistake, that he had lost his hold upon her.

As she passed through there suddenly flashed before her mind the scene in the laboratory with the chairmaker. Her intuition felt too the meaning of it.

"You do not intend to tell him—perhaps Soolsby has done so," she said, keenly, and moved on to the staircase.

He was thunder-struck at her intuition. "Why do you want to rob yourself?" he asked after her, vaguely.

She turned back. "Think of your mother's letter that you destroyed," she said solemnly and quietly. "Was it right?"

He shut the door and threw himself into a chair. "I will put it straight with her to-morrow," he said helplessly.

He sat for a half-hour silent, planning his course. At last there came a tap at the door, and the butler appeared.

"Some one from the Foreign Office, my lord," he said.

A moment afterwards a young official, his subordinate, entered. "There's the deuce to pay in Egypt, sir,—I've brought the despatch," he said.

CHAPTER XXVIII

NAHOUM TURNS THE SCREW

LAUGHING to himself, Higli Pasha sat with the stem of a narghile in his mouth. His big shoulders kept time to the quivering of his fat stomach. He was sitting in a small courtyard of Nahoum Pasha's palace waiting for its owner to appear. Meanwhile he exercised a hilarious patience. The years had changed him little since he had been sent on that expedition against the southern tribes which followed hard on David's appointment to office. As David had expected, few of the traitorous officers returned. Dias had ignominiously died of the bite of a tarantula before a blow had been struck, but Higli had gratefully received a slight wound in the first encounter, which enabled him to beat a safe retreat to Cairo. He alone of the chief of the old conspirators was left. Achmet was still at the Place of Lepers, where Zaida drew out the lengthening chain of a death-in-life; and the old nest of traitors was scattered on the winds of fate and doom.

Only Nahoum and Higli were left, and between Nahoum and Higli there had never been partnership or understanding. Nahoum was not the man to trust to confederates, and Higli Pasha was too contemptible a coadjutor. Nahoum trusted no one save Mizraim the Chief Eunuch, but Mizraim alone was better than a thousand; and he was secret— and terrible. Yet Higli had a conviction that Nahoum's alliance with David was a sham, and that David would pay the price of misplaced confidence some day. More than once when David's plans had had a setback, Higli had contrived a meeting with Nahoum to judge for himself what Nahoum thought about it.

For his visit to-day he had invented a reason—a matter of finance—but his real reason was concealed behind the malevolent merriment by which he was now seized. So absorbed was he that he did not heed the approach of another visitor across an angle of the courtyard. He was roused by a voice, which said:

"Well, what's tickling you so, Pasha?"

The voice was drawling, almost meditative, and quite gentle; but at the sound of it, Higli's laugh stopped short, and

the muscles of his face contracted. If there was one man of whom he had a wholesome fear — why, he could not tell—it was this round-faced, abrupt, cheery, imperturbable American, Claridge Pasha's right-hand man. Legends of resourcefulness and bravery had gathered round his name, and all Egypt had come to know that, with Mohammed Hassan as a partner, there was little he could not accomplish for his chief. He had a gift of brutal frankness which was disconcerting.

"Who's been stroking your chin with a feather, Pasha?" he continued, his eye piercing the other like a gimlet.

"It was a tale—an amusing tale—I heard at Assiout, effendi," was Higli's abashed yet surly reply.

"Oh, at Assiout," rejoined Lacey. "Yes, they tell funny stories at Assiout. And when were you at Assiout, Pasha?"

"Two days ago, effendi."

"And so you thought you'd tell the funny little story to Nahoum as quick as could be, eh? He likes funny stories, same as you—damn nice funny little stories, eh?"

There was something chilly in Lacey's voice now which Higli did not like; something much too menacing and contemptuous for a mere man-of-all-work to the Inglesi. Higli bridled up, though he did not look Lacey in the face. His eyes glared sulkily.

"It is but my own business if I laugh or if I curse, effendi," he replied, his hand shaking a little on the stem of the narghile.

"Precisely, my diaphanous polyandrist; but it isn't quite your own affair what you laugh at—not if I know it!"

"Does the effendi think I was laughing at him?"

"The effendi thinks not. The effendi knows that the descendant of a hundred tigers was laughing at the funny little story of how the three cotton-mills that Claridge Pasha built were burned down all in one night, and one of his steamers sent down the cataract at Assiout. A knock-down blow for Claridge Pasha, eh? That's all you thought of, wasn't it? And it doesn't matter to you that the cotton-mills made thousands better off and started new industries in Egypt. No, it only matters to you that Claridge Pasha loses half his fortune, and that you think his feet are in the quicksands, and 'll be sucked in, to make an Egyptian holiday! Anything to discredit him here, eh? I'm not sure what else you know; but I'll find out, my noble Pasha, and if you've had your hand in it — but no, you ain't game-cock enough for that! But if you were—if you had a hand in the making of that funny little story, there's a nutcracker in Egypt that 'd break the shell of that joke—"

He turned round quickly, seeing a shadow and hearing a movement. Nahoum was but a few feet away. He had come silently on them, and had heard something of what Lacey had said. There was a bland smile on his face, a look of innocence in his magnificent blue eye. As he met Lacey's look, the smile left his lips, and a grave sympathy appeared to possess them.

"I know the thing that burns thy heart, effendi, to whom be the flowers of hope and the fruits of merit. It is even so—a great blow has fallen. Two hours since I heard. I went at once to see his excellency Claridge Pasha, but found him not. Does he know, think you?" he added sadly.

"May your heart never be harder than it is now, Pasha, and when I left Claridge Pasha, an hour ago, he did not know—his messenger hadn't a steamer like Higli Pasha there. But he was coming to see you; and that's why I'm here. I've been brushing the flies off the sore on the hump of Egypt while waiting—" he glanced with disdain at Higli Pasha.

A smile rose like liquid in the eye of Nahoum and subsided, then he turned to Higli Pasha inquiringly.

"I have come on business, excellency, the railway to Rosetta, and—"

"To-morrow—or the next day," said Nahoum irritably to Higli, and turned again to Lacey.

As Higli's huge frame disappeared through a gateway, Nahoum motioned Lacey to a divan, and summoned a slave for cooling drinks and narghiles. Lacey's eyes now watched him with an innocence nearly as childlike as his own. Lacey well knew that here was a foe worthy of the best steel. That he was a foe and

a malignant foe he had no doubt whatever; he had settled the point in his mind long ago; and two letters he had received from Lady Eglington, in which she had said in so many words, "*Watch Nahoum,*" had made him vigilant and intuitive. He knew, meanwhile, that he was following the trail of a master hunter who covered up his tracks. But if Nahoum the treacherous was inspired by one deep purpose only, so also was Lacey, in whose veins was the hereditary astuteness, not to say cunning, of those hunters who, in another continent, drove the red man west and yet ever farther west, a handful against hordes. Lacey was as certain as though he had the book of Nahoum's mind open to his hand that David's work had been torn down again —and this time with dire effect—by this Armenian, whom David had trusted like a brother, and would listen to no suggestion of Nahoum's treachery; he would never believe until there was the most irrefragable proof—and proof was a hard thing to capture when Mizraim and Nahoum were hiding it away. But the black doors that closed on the truth on every side only made Lacey more determined to unlock them; and when he faltered as to his own powers, he trusted Mohammed Hassan, whose devotion to David had given him eyes that pierced dark places—all save those in which Nahoum was closeted in David's confidence. While David believed in Nahoum the task seemed hopeless enough; but the two worked on.

"Surely the God of Israel has smitten Claridge Pasha sorely—my heart will mourn to look upon his face. The day is insulting in its brightness," continued Nahoum, with a sigh, his eyes bent upon Lacey, dejection in his shoulders.

Lacey started. "*The God of Israel!*" How blasphemous it sounded from the lips of Nahoum Pasha, Oriental of Orientals, Christian though he was also!

"I think, perhaps, you'll get over it, Pasha. Man is born to trouble, and you've got a lot of courage. I guess you could see other people bear a pile of suffering and never flinch!"

Nahoum appeared not to notice the gibe. "It is a land of suffering, effendi," he sighed, "and one sees what one sees."

"Have you got any idea, any real sensible idea, how those cotton-mills got afire?" His eyes were fixed on Nahoum's face.

The other met his gaze calmly. "Who can tell! An accident, perhaps, or—"

"Or some one set the mills on fire in several places at once—they say the buildings flamed out in every corner; and it was the only time they hadn't been running night and day in a month —funny, isn't it?"

"It looks like the work of an enemy, effendi." Nahoum shook his head gravely. "A fortune destroyed in an hour, as it were. But we shall get the dog—we shall find him. There is no hole deep enough to hide him from us."

"Oh, I wouldn't go looking in holes for him, Pasha. He isn't any cave-dweller, that incendiary; he's an artist—no palace is too unlikely for him. He deals in big things, that firebug does. No, I wouldn't go poking in mud huts to find him."

"Thou dost not think that Higli Pasha—" Nahoum seemed startled out of equanimity by the thought.

Lacey eyed him meditatively, and said reflectively: "Say, you're an artist, Pasha. You are a guesser of the first rank. But I'd guess again. Higli Pasha would have done it, if it had ever occurred to him; and he'd had the pluck. But it didn't and he hadn't. What I can't understand is that the artist that did it should have done it before Claridge Pasha left for the Soudan. Here we were just about to start; and if we'd got away south, the job would have done more harm, and Claridge Pasha would have been out of the way. Now he'll stay, perhaps. I suppose he'll have to stay, for those cotton-mills were helping to pay for this expedition. No, I can't understand why the firebug didn't let Claridge Pasha get clean away; for if he stays here, he'll be where he can strike, where he can stop the underground mining!"

Nahoum's self-control did not desert him, though he fully realized that this man suspected him. On the surface Lacey was right. It would have seemed better to let David go, and destroy his work afterwards; but he had been moved by other considerations, and his design

was deep. His own emissaries were in the Soudan, announcing David's determination to abolish slavery, secretly stirring up feeling among the tribes against him, preparing for the final blow to be delivered, when he went again among the southern tribes. He had waited and waited, and now the time was come. Had he, Nahoum, not agreed with David that the time had come for the slave-trade to go? Had he not encouraged him to take this bold step, in the sure belief that it would overwhelm him, bring him an ignominious death, embittered by total failure of all he had tried to do?

For years he had secretly loosened the foundations of his work, and the triumph of Oriental duplicity over Western civilization and integrity was sweet in his mouth. And now there was reason to believe that, at last, Kaïd was turning against the Inglesi. Everything would come at once. If all that he had planned was successful, this man before him would aid in his master's destruction in spite of suspicion which must be overcome.

"If it was all done by an enemy," he said, in answer to Lacey, at last, "would it all be reasoned out like that? Is hatred so logical? Dost thou think Claridge Pasha will not go now? The troops are ready at Wady-Halfa, everything is in order—the last load of equipment went days ago. Will not Claridge Pasha find the money somehow? I will do what I can. My heart is moved to aid him."

"Yes, you'd do what you could, Pasha," Lacey rejoined enigmatically, "but whether it would set Claridge Pasha on his expedition or not is a question. But I guess, after all, he's got to go. He willed it so, and he does what he wants to every time. People may try to stop him, and they may tear down what he does, but he does at last what he starts to do, and no one can prevent him—not any one. Yes, he's going on this expedition; and he'll have the money, too." There was a strange far-away look in his face, as though he saw something which held him fascinated.

Presently, as if with an effort, he rose to his feet, took the red fez from his head, and fanned himself with it for a moment. "Don't you forget it, Pasha; Claridge Pasha will win, and he can't be beaten, not in a thousand years. . . . Here he comes."

Nahoum Pasha got to his feet as David came quickly through the small gateway of the courtyard, his head erect, his lips smiling, his eyes sweeping the courtyard. He saw Nahoum and Lacey, and came forward briskly to them. It was plain he had not heard the bad news from Assiout and elsewhere.

"Peace be to thee, excellency," said Nahoum, "and may thy life be fenced about with safety!"

"And to thee, peace, Nahoum."

David laid a hand on Lacey's arm and squeezed it, smiling at him with such confidence and affection that Lacey's eyes moistened, and he turned his head away. No, Claridge Pasha had not heard!

There was a quiet elation in David's look. "We are ready at last," he said, looking from one to the other. "Well, well," he added, almost boyishly, "has thee nothing to say, Nahoum?"

Nahoum turned his head away as though overcome. David's face grew instantly grave. He turned to Lacey. Never before had he seen Lacey's face with a look like this. He grasped Lacey's arm. "What is it?" he asked quietly. "What does thee want to say to me?"

But Lacey could not speak, and David turned again to Nahoum. "What is there to say to me?" he asked. "Something has happened—what is it? . . . Come, many things have happened before. This can be no worse. Do thee speak," he urged gently.

"Excellency," said Nahoum, as though under the stress of feeling, "the cotton-mills at Tashah and Mini and Faydoum are gone—burned to the ground."

For a moment David looked at him without sight in his eyes, and his face grew very pale. "Excellency, all in one night, the besom of destruction was abroad," he heard Nahoum say, as though from great depths below him. He slowly turned his head to look at Lacey. "Is this true?" he asked at last in an unsteady voice. Lacey could not speak, but inclined his head.

David's figure seemed to shrink for a moment, his face had a withered look, and his head fell forward in a mood of terrible dejection.

"Pasha, Pasha! Oh, my God, Pasha, don't take it so!" said Lacey softly, and stepped between David and Nahoum. He could not bear that the stricken face and figure should be seen by Nahoum, whom he believed to be secretly gloating. "Pasha," he said brokenly, "God's always been with you; He hasn't forgotten you now."

"The work of years," David said, and seemed not to hear.

"When God permits, shall man despair, excellency?" said Nahoum, in a voice that lingered almost caressingly on the words.

Nahoum accomplished what Lacey had failed to do. His voice had pierced to some remote corner in David's nature, and roused him. Was it that doubt, suspicion, had been wakened at last? Was some sensitive nerve touched, that this Oriental should offer Christian comfort to him in his need—to him who had been the greater light? Or was it that some unreality in the voice, in the words, struck a note of warning scarcely comprehended, but exciting a new and subconscious understanding? Perhaps it was a little of all three. He did not stop to inquire. In crises such as that through which he was passing, the mind and body act without reason, rather by the primal instinct, the certain call of the things that were before reason was.

"God is with the patient," continued Nahoum; and Lacey set his teeth to bear this insult.

But Nahoum accomplished what he had not anticipated. David straightened himself up and clasped his hands behind him. By a supreme effort of the will he controlled himself, and the color came back faintly to his face. "God's will be done," he said, and looked Nahoum calmly in the eyes. "It was no accident," he added, with conviction. "It was an enemy of Egypt."

Suddenly the thing rushed over him again, going through his veins like a poisonous ether, and clamping his heart as with iron. "All to do over again," he said brokenly, and again he caught Lacey's arm.

With an uncontrollable impulse Lacey took David's hand in his own warm, human grasp.

"Once I thought I lost everything in Mexico, Pasha, and I understand what you feel. But all wasn't lost in Mexico, as I found at last, and I got something, too, that I didn't put in. Say, let us go from here. God is backing you, Pasha. Isn't it all right—same as ever?"

David was himself again. "Thee is a good man," he said, and through the sadness of his eyes there stole a smile. "Let us go," he said; then added in a businesslike way, "To-morrow, at the Effendina's Palace at seven, Nahoum. There is much to do." He turned towards the gate with Lacey, where the horses waited.

"At last I have drawn blood," said Nahoum to himself, with grim satisfaction, as they disappeared. "It is the beginning of the end. It will crush him —I saw it in his eyes. God of Israel, I shall rule again in Egypt!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



A Failure

BY JENNETTE LEE

THE wedding was over and the last of the guests had gone. Mrs. Melvin had been afraid that some one would insist on remaining. The older married daughters had, indeed, objected that she must not be left alone—that one of them would stay for the night at least, and one or two of the children. But Mrs. Melvin had put them firmly aside.

"There is not the least need. I have your father; and the servants are excellent. It will seem good to have the house quiet for a little," she had added.

So they had all gone; and the house was left to the strange stillness that follows on a birth, or a death, or a wedding.

In some distant room the host, in shining shoes, was pottering about, turning out the extra lights and looking, a little wistfully, at the banks of flowers and ferns and trailing vines. He would have been glad to have some one in the house to bridge over the silence. But for once he had not been consulted.

"I prefer that they should go," his wife had said, when he had suggested mildly that some one might like to stay with them.

He had looked at her a little doubtfully, but he had not urged the point. Mary had never spoken to him in just that tone before; it was courteous and gracious, as always, but it was final. She was probably tired with the fuss of the wedding. It was right that she should have her way. His thought ran back over the twenty-eight years of their married life. He could not remember that she had ever crossed him in a wish. . . . He had come to the library door and stood looking in with a smile. The floral arch was still in place, where Tottie had stood—his little Tottie. She was the last of the children. It seemed only yesterday that he was carrying her up to bed on his shoulder—and now she was married. He fumbled for his glasses and looked about for the daily paper. It was not in its accustomed place. But he found an old one and sat down by the library table, rubbing the glasses.

Out in the dining-room Mrs. Melvin had disposed of the remnants of the feast. The broken bits had been set aside for charity; and untouched loaves and fishes were being removed one by one, the servants carrying out her commands with noiseless feet, while she herself attended to the flowers, taking them from their places and snipping each stem before she placed it in the huge pan of water that had been brought in and set on the floor.

As she bent over the flowering things, the lines of her figure, supple and strong, and her face full of clear light, shed a girlishness about her. There was a kind of lightness in it—something set apart, untouched, rarely seen in a woman whose life has been lived. Only the line of the mouth contradicted the clear face and the eyes. As the blunt-pointed scissors came together on the heavy stems the line of the mouth deepened a little, each time, to a kind of firmness—edged with hardness.

She could afford to be hard now. The goal was in sight. She had waited for it through slow-moving years—the goal that a woman may achieve only by waiting, folding the hands over quick heart-beats.

Her mind ran back through the years as she massed the flowers, tossing aside, and snipping, and setting them upright in the fragrant pan. . . . She had been only eighteen when she married—just the age of Theodora to-day. But Theodora's life would be very different from hers. She had taken care for that. The child's husband would be her master. He was only twenty-five, but he was a man—born to lead men and to master women. Theodora would have a happy life—and she was the last one. They were all mar-

ried now, and married rather well. Mrs. Melvin lifted her face with a little sigh of relief. She glanced about the dismantled room with a look of satisfaction. It was almost finished—the life that had smothered her and held her for twenty-eight years. . . . *She* had married a boy—twenty-three years old, but none the less a boy. She had married his blond face and waving hair and tall, lithe limbs. He had been a god to her—a Viking. . . . The servants had left the room; and she was alone, gazing into the mass of flowers. Her hands had fallen in her lap and the scissors were idle. She was looking into the face of the man she had married . . . so long ago.

She came back from her dream with a little shudder—as she had come back that first night when he had been brought home to her in a drunken stupor, limp and helpless, the even teeth and pink tongue gleaming from behind loose-parted lips. She felt again the quick blush of shame, the shrinking fingers and startled face and swift pain of the girl-wife. . . . She rose to her feet, shrugging her shoulders a little and brushing the bits of stem from her lap. She must finish her work. . . . No one had guessed what she had suffered that first night, and the next time it had happened—and the next. Her will had mastered his at last. It had not been easy. But it had been done, and now it was over—and the best years of her life. . . . The lips grew hard again as she bent above the roses, setting them in place.

Not even John Melvin himself had guessed the fierce shrinking of the girl and the swift rebound that had mastered him at last. He had drunk the wine that was served every day on his table. He had sipped it with cool, loose lip, looking over the rim of his glass into the clear eyes of his wife. He had chosen her because of her beauty and a kind of charm that he could not define, and her beauty had not failed him, nor her charm.

He was thinking of it now as he sat in the library dozing over the paper.—How well she had looked to-day! . . . She should have an easier life now that the children were married. They would go abroad together, he and she—as soon as his term expired. . . . He had not wanted the mayorship, but Mary had insisted. He had taken it really to please her. She was always so proud of his holding office of any kind. It was the one foolish thing about Mary. He dwelt on the thought lovingly. . . . Where was she? She would be tired out. He glanced up at the clock a little fretfully. She ought to have stopped long ago. But it was not easy to stop Mary. He smiled tolerantly and took up his paper again.

Out in the dismantled room the woman was looking about her slowly, taking a last inventory. It was ready now for breakfast. The servants had only to carry the pan of roses to the cellar and sweep up the litter her scissors had made. She gave the final directions and passed into another room. The mass of flowers and heavy sweetness oppressed her. She still held the scissors in her hand, but she turned out the lights and passed hastily on. To-morrow let them be bundled out and burned. Let them wither on their stems where they stood. Her work was done. To-morrow life would begin.

She had reached the door of the library. John Melvin, looking up from his paper with a smile, saw her standing there. He may have been reading or he may have been only dozing between the lines. But his face lighted up swiftly when he saw her.

"All through?" He asked it casually and kindly.

"All through." She stood sombrely by the table, her hand resting lightly on its shining surface.

He continued to look at her, his face filled with admiration. Then he took off his glasses and blew his nose gently.

"*You* are not old," he said, proudly.

"I do not feel old." She waited a minute for the right words to come. After all, she did not want to hurt him. He was only a fool. He had not meant to ruin the best years of her life.

"I want my share of the property." She said it baldly. The words escaped her without volition.

He stared at her a second. Then he looked away. "It is all yours," he said, after a minute.

"I know. But I want it divided."

He was looking down now at his paper. "What do you mean?" He spoke the words very low.

"I mean that I want a chance to live —my own life." The words were full of repressed force. "I have lived yours —twenty-eight years."

"You want more money? You shall have it—all you need—or want." The words came slowly. He did not look up. His hands were fumbling a little at the paper on his knees.

"I want half the property."

He looked up now—startled. "Wha—what for?" he demanded.

"That is my affair. I want it—I need it," she added, more gently.

"I can't give it to you." His lips came together almost firmly beneath the gray mustache.

"Yes, you can give it to me." Her attitude had changed subtly. Once more she must possess his will with hers—once more. . . . She had thought to be free without it—to compel him in freedom. But the habit of years held them. "You can give it," she repeated, quietly, "for you will not have me to support. I am going away."

He looked up helplessly. "When are you coming back?" he asked. His will was hers. But far back in the recesses something was struggling.

"Never."

The clock across the room ticked the sound and masses of flowers weighted with sweetness spread it about them.

The man sat with his head a little bowed. "Are you going to live—with the children?" he asked. The words groped their way through a kind of darkness. "I don't seem to understand, Mary." It was almost a cry.

"You don't need to understand." She barely heard him—so bent was she on freedom. "I shall not live with the children. I may visit them—sometimes. But I want to go away—by myself. To live my life, clean and free—" She broke off suddenly. "Never mind the reasons. Let me go."

"You shall not go." He got suddenly to his feet, confronting her.

"Oh yes, I shall go." Her quiet eyes met his. "I shall go because you will want me to—when I tell you."

He paused irresolute, his eyes seeking hers in disbelief.

"I am going because I must." The words came clear and distinct. "For years I have borne your soul— Soul?" She laughed a little. "Bah!" Her finger-tips spread themselves a little. "I hate you, I tell you. Now will you let me go!"

The man's hand groped for the chair behind him. He sat down, wiping the moisture from his forehead. He seemed suddenly shrivelled. His clothes hung loosely on him and his shoulders bent themselves like those of an old man. He did not lift his gaze to the woman standing above him, towering and straight. He seemed hardly to know that she was there. His lips mumbled a little and trembled to silence.

She waited a minute. Then she went across the room and lighted a candle. For twenty-eight years she had lighted his bedroom candle for him. She placed it in the nerveless fingers. "Go to bed," she said, gently.

He got to his feet and shuffled from the room—slowly still, like an old man. At the door he turned a little. "Why, Mary! Mary!"

She did not turn nor look at him, and he went into the hall.

When the door had closed, she lifted her head a little and drew a deep breath. Then she raised her folded hands high above her head and stretched them wide in a gesture of freedom.

They fell to her sides, and she stood very still, gazing at something—with wide, intent eyes. . . . It was a vision that was often with her—a vision of the world—of men and women—like a very busy community of very black ants hurrying hither and thither—their black legs alive with importance — eating and drinking and sleeping; sometimes they laughed, sometimes they cried, but more often they hurried. One ant she seemed to see oftener than others—a female ant with long hair that it did up, standing in front of the mirror and coiling it anxiously about its round, black head, peering in the glass for wrinkles. Sometimes this ant grew sad and seated herself to weep, digging her long black feelers into her unhappy eyes. When this occurred, the woman, looking on, invariably laughed.

She laughed now, a dry, trembling laugh, as she lighted her bedroom candle.



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

HE SEEMED SUDDENLY SHRIVELLED

In the morning John Melvin was early in his place at table. He had been there for five minutes, reading his paper fitfully and glancing toward the door. The hand that held the paper trembled a little, and the face, beneath its look of alertness, was gray and worn. When the handle of the door turned, his face cleared a little, and his eyes brightened as they rested on the youthful figure and fresh, clear face . . . she was his wife—and a mighty fine woman, too. She had been tired last night, and had said more than she meant. But he had something that would make things all right. He patted the pocketbook that lay beside his plate as he said good morning.

She responded absently. Her attention was preoccupied. She had hoped to get away to-day. But there were many details to be attended to. She might have to stay over another night.

"Mary!" He had cleared his throat a little, huskily.

"Yes?" She had made a memorandum on a slip of paper at her side. "Yes?" She did not look up. She was considering the question of the winter blankets—whether it was too early to send them to the cleaner.

"I wanted to give you this." He held out the blue slip of paper.

She took it in absent fingers.

He closed his purse with a little of the old air of importance. "I shall give you the same every quarter," he said.

She looked down at it, and a clear color came into her face—the flush of swift anger.

She waited a minute. Then she spoke, in even tones. "I shall not speak of this again. I do not want your quarterly check—like a pensioner. I want my rightful share of the property. There is enough for us both. Do you suppose that *I* do not know?" She laughed a little bitterly. "You will see Mr. Adams to-day and make assignments. If you need to consult me, I shall be in my room."

Something in his face as she handed him back the check stayed her hand for a minute. It was like the look in the face of her oldest boy, Harold, once when she had misjudged him. She had never forgotten the look. The boy had worshipped her, and in trying to please her had blundered. . . . She had never thought that the boy looked like his father. The children were not like him. . . . But something in the look stayed her hand a minute—something that was not asking for itself. . . . She remembered how the boy had told her, with sobs, that he couldn't bear to have her seem so wrong. . . . She brushed away the cobweb of thought.

Later, when John came to tell her that Adams would not be able to attend to things until to-morrow, she merely nodded absently. She had found so many things to be done that she would not be able to get off in any case.

She did not notice that John had not gone to the office. She had dropped the thought of him. The burden that had rested on her for twenty-eight years had fallen from her. She moved, a free being, in a kind of misty vacuum. Nothing could touch her now. The little black ants had scattered and fled. She folded blankets and cleaned cupboards in a haze of rosy light. A third of her life was left her. She would live it gloriously.

When the lawyer came, the next day, she was still busy with the bedding and linen and silver. Summoned to the library, she came down hastily, without removing the white cap that she had put on to protect her hair.

The lawyer glanced more than once from the clear, fresh face under its white border to that of the man on the opposite side of the table. The man's face seemed to have suddenly grown old. But there was something else in it—something that puzzled the lawyer incongruously—a kind of empty look of youth. . . . The legal, impartial gaze scanned it anew. . . . Ah, that was it—the very look! It was John Melvin, twenty-five years ago—or was it thirty? . . . The lawyer's pen was racing fast over the paper, but not swifter than his mind over the past. He ought to know—if any one—how John Melvin had looked. They had been rivals for the hand of the same woman, and Melvin had won. The lawyer's gaze sought again the face in the white cap. He had never understood it. . . . John Melvin was weak. He had always been weak. Yet somehow he had always won out. And now he was sitting across his library table,

making over to his wife the half of a fortune that any one might be proud to own. It was natural that he should wish to give it to her now, in this way, rather than trust the chances of a will. . . . They had always been strangely equal—this man and woman—more like comrades than married people. The lawyer's keen mind recognized it grudgingly, even while he failed to account for it. He had looked for failure when they were married, for a gradual falling apart. He had known John Melvin through and through, and he knew Mary Parkman. He had not believed that they could live together in harmony a single year; and he had watched with puzzled eyes the transformation of the man, the serene, untroubled life of the woman. Of late years he had given over thinking of it. He himself had married. He had plenty of problems of his own, and children. But this morning as he sat in the homelike room, asking the crisp, legal questions and writing swiftly, it all came back to him with puzzling freshness. The intervening years were wiped away as he looked into John Melvin's face—weak and old, with something of the boy in it. The lawyer finished his papers and handed them across for signature. The two servants came in, with stiff, respectful fingers, to witness the deeds, and the transaction was over.

The lawyer followed the mistress of the house into the hall, standing for a minute in the outer door to look into the pleasant yard.

Then he turned back a little. "John is not ill?" It was a question of curiosity, yet prompted somehow by something deeper beneath it.

"John?" She paused for a minute with one hand on the balustrade, looking down at him. "No, he is not ill—only tired, I suppose—from the wedding—like the rest of us." She laughed lightly.

"*You* are not tired!" He was looking up at her, the puzzled look still in his eyes. "You are your own daughter!" he declared.

She smiled beneath the white border of the cap—a smile that startled him, so luminous was it, and clear and care free. "I *am* young," she said. "I mean never to grow old."

"You never will," he replied, lifting his hat as he left her.

She went slowly up the stairs, the little smile still on her lips.

In the library the old man with the boy's face fumbled with the papers, gathering them up in trembling hands and putting them away in the table drawer. He turned the key in the lock slowly. Then he walked vaguely out into the yard toward the spring sunshine. The air had the keen freshness of early May, and he shivered a little as he walked. Now and then stopped to look at the new buds that were opening to the light.

She had ignored the lawyer's question, but it came back to her now and then as she worked. She had her meals brought to her up-stairs to save time, and she did not see her husband's face again, but the lawyer's question brought it to her—haggard and a little bewildered. . . . Of course he would mind. She had expected that. She could not help its being a shock. She had borne shocks—a long time. It was his turn now. Her face hardened a little. . . . There should be no scandal. She would manage that—as she had always managed. There were a few calls she must make to explain her going. Every one would understand that she needed rest. She was going away for a little while. The servants understood that she would return. It would be easy, later, to delay the return, from time to time. Yes, there would be problems. But they would be easy compared with those she had faced so long.

She stretched her arms in a free gesture and went to change her dress for calling. Before she went out she gave instructions for dinner. She would take it in the dining-room as usual. . . . She could endure his presence another hour. The trunks were packed, her house in order. In the morning she would be free—forever. To-night she would serve the last hour of bondage.

But she was not called on to perform it. A message came from her husband. He hoped she would excuse him. He was not feeling well. It was nothing serious—a little indisposition. She was not to worry. . . . She ate her dinner alone. When it was finished she ascend-



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

"I AM GLAD YOU WILL BE FREE—MARY"

ed the stairs, pausing a minute, irresolute, at the top. Then she went on to her own room. She slept soundly all night—a dreamless sleep.

In the morning the master of the house was still absent. She hesitated a minute before she rapped on his door with quick, decided touch. When she opened it and went in, he was lying huddled forward, a look of vacant stupor on his face.

She shivered a little as she bent over him. Her hand touched his forehead and travelled to his wrist. She waited a minute, with bent head, before she straightened herself and rang the bell.

When the doctor arrived she had exchanged her travelling-dress for a white one, and her hair was coiled close about her head.

The doctor examined the patient with grave care. "A shock of some kind—trouble with the brain." He was trying to shield the wife from the worst.

But she refused to be put off. "He is very ill?" she said, quietly.

"Perhaps— Yes. It is not always easy to tell—at once. Better get a nurse—"

"Not yet. I can take care of him for a while." She turned on him suddenly. "Tell me just how he is."

His eye dropped to the vacant face before them. "There is as much hope there as you see. Look."

The house settled down to the quiet that surrounds a sick-room. Bells were muffled and voices hushed. In a distant room, Mary Melvin's trunks were unstrapped and unpacked and their contents noiselessly returned to closets and bureau drawers. Her freedom was delayed a little, while she sat by the bed listening to quick, irregular breaths that came through loose lips—one, two, three —one, two, three—one, two, three—and then the long-drawn shivering sigh—and one, two, three—one, two, three—again and again. The rhythm beat itself into her brain.

She sat there watching her freedom being delayed a little. She had the hope that she saw in her husband's face. No more. She could not have told what its dull stare said to her. Nor whether she wished him to live. Had she been asked, she would have said that there was no hope for him or for her. They had had their life and this was the end—to be bound together forever in torment—unable even to die. Yet she would not leave her place, day or night. She waited for something. She could not have told what.

Yet when it came it was so quiet that it was like waking from a long sleep. His eyes opened and looked out at her —from a far place—the eyes that the girl had known. Slowly the loose lips moved themselves.

"I am glad you will be free—Mary."

She leaned forward, holding her breath, but there was no sound. The face, like a mask, had resumed its vacant hold. The eyes had closed again.

Yet something had passed from them to her. She straightened herself with a little cry and stood up, the tears running down her face unheeded. She stretched out her hands, groping vaguely. Then they fell to her sides, and she stood very still, listening. . . . The beat of the breath had changed. Yes, it was swifter now—and fainter—and halting a little in the sigh that came—slowly—at the last.

She rang a bell and gave quick directions. The fight had begun. She bent to it all the force of her will. He should not die. He should come back from the far place—the man who had won her. Her soul and her will were his. He should *not* die.

And all the time, while the fight went on, hordes of tiny gnomes carrying heavy burdens climbed the steep hill of her vision, struggling to the top, panting, eager, hard pressed,—their tiny bodies strained against the load, their patient, grotesque faces lifted to the light,—striving against odds, but always striving.

She stood by the doctor, listening to his final words; and the doctor as he looked into her face was struck anew with its beauty. He had always thought Mrs. Melvin a beautiful woman; a little cold, perhaps, and self-centred, but beautiful—like a statue—some German Madonna. But now she was different. The face was alight—something trembled in it, like the color of a flower in spring or the passing of the wind over the grass; something swaying and fine and deep; something— . . . No. . . . The doctor could not tell. He was not a poet. But he

knew, looking into Mary Melvin's face to-night, that he would give a great deal to help her through. He had seen death held at bay before, but never like this. The light in the woman's face would not quench, and the face on the pillow was turned to it blank and untouched.

Only the quick breathing from the lips broke the quiet of the room.

"I can stay," said the doctor, slowly, "if you would like me to?"

She shook her head. A flitting paleness had crossed the lips. "It is to-night?" The words were almost a whisper. But the color had come back to her face.

"Would you like me to stay?" answered the doctor.

"No — no. You could not help?" quickly.

"Only to be here."

"No, do not stay." She laid her hand on his arm, motioning him toward the door. "Do not stay. I think I would rather be alone."

Slowly the night wore itself out. The long minutes shaped themselves, out of time, and laid themselves on her heart, with their burden of mystery and light. . . . How she had missed it all—the meaning of it! Life was love—and love. Love. The dark minutes filled the word from their cup . . . and she had cast it aside — blind and righteous! Blind, blind! The face on the pillow had turned a little. She bent above it, looking at it long . . . Ah, he had known—stupid, blundering boy. He had held it always. Love—for her, for the children, for every one. He had known it—and she had lost. But now she knew. He had waited to give it to her—when his heart broke. . . . She fell on her knees by the bed.

Slowly the morning came upon the hills. The face on the pillow had grown subtly quiet. The lines relaxed, and into the mask of stupor crept a faint light that flickered and paled—and fluttered. A sigh that was scarcely a breath escaped the open lips. They closed gently in a deeper breath as a child stirs in sleep.

Mary Melvin raised her head with quick, questioning glance. Then she crept closer, on her knees, till her face touched the quiet cheek. It turned to her —the shadow of a breath—and the quiet, even breathing went on—like the faintest music that might come at sunrise, out of the deep night, the turn of the tide, the freshness of life — flowing in. . . . When she lifted her face it was wet with tears—half blinded, she gazed at the sleeping face. Then she rose from her knees and groped to the window, rolling up the heavy shade and letting in the day.

In the east the sky was red, and along the road beyond the wall two laborers, with bowed backs and heavy hands and feet, were going to their work. They walked with clumsy, swinging gait, their great dinner-pails dangling from their hands, and the light of the east in their faces. Somewhere below, in the shrubbery, a bird broke into singing, and in the room behind her the lightest breath came and went, like a child in sleep.

Experience

BY LUCINE FINCH

I WAS young. I prayed to the gods above.
Prayed and struggled and lost my prayer.
And I beat my breast and cursed and raved.
I was young. I thought that the gods were there.

I am old. I commune with the gods within.
Listen and learn and have no fear.
And the sunlight's good and the hills are fair.
I am old. I know that the gods are here.

A Night with the Butterflies

BY JENNIE BROOKS

A BUTTERFLY flew into the garden, danced a stately minuet mid-air, curtsied, and settled atilt the top rail of the old "snake fence." A second butterfly flew into the garden, a third, a fourth, a fifth,—nine, ten, eleven slowly drifted above the alfalfa, imitating almost to a curve the gyrations of the first-comer, as if the word had been passed, "Come! haste to the dance!" Following their leader, the butterflies dropped to the fence-rail, huddling themselves together in an odd little bunch of folding and unfolding yellow wings.

Arms on the fence-rail, I studied the butterflies. Suddenly a group of ten or a dozen more sailed lightly by, and, as if mesmerized, those on the fence rose and followed. Into the orchard, out again above the sun-smitten field and across the lawn to a cluster of trees, threading their way with utmost security as to their gauzy garments in and out among the branches of a dark-green spruce-tree, coming to rest on an outer ring of twigs. In a breath appeared a horde of butterflies coming from the north straight across a wide pasture, settling in the circle of trees, adding a sumptuous touch to the green and gold—for the time was mid-September, and elms and maples were flaring torches.

I had been only three days in Kansas, and, lo! a migration of butterflies.

To witness a migration of this Milkweed Butterfly is, I learn, a rare privilege, for it is our only species in America that *does* migrate, and honored were we in its royal progress, bound for the Carolinas or the Gulf States. A rollicking, happy-go-lucky sort of crowd they seemed.

An amazing and interesting spectacle we found these frail, airy voyagers on that sunny afternoon when, by four of the clock (that strikes all the time unless its gong is tenderly wrapped in cotton batting), they drifted to us in hundreds, like autumn leaves loosed from their moorings afloat on summer winds.

As swallows soaring, curving, dropping into the chimney depths at twilight, thus the butterflies rose and fell, rose and circled higher—higher, up to the very tree-tops; then came tumbling back among the leaves, settling and unsettling themselves fussily, airily, noiselessly, as though a mere contact with a branch made them recoil; if not just the right place,—up and away, slowly and with dignity; their selection was daintily made.

Bewildered, I turned from tree to tree, —elm, maple, spruce, pine,—all hung and fringed about in the lower branches with hundreds of these gorgeous butterflies. On the elms and maples they only accentuated the golden glow, but in among the prickly pine-needles and the sharp little spruce points they stood out clearly distinct, a magic flowering, of shape exquisite. Flutter and fly and readjust themselves, from four o'clock in the afternoon until after six, when, from somnolence, or in forethought of the next day's journeying, most of this wondrous swarm stood or hung immovable an all available twigs.

In flight, these wanderers seemed bent on nothing more purposeful than merry-making, indolent drifting in ease, dreaming of dainty young milkweed shoots and of warmer airs, rising as if by common impulse, floating high, and sifting like thistle-down back to their resting places.

On the twigs they strung themselves like beads, one upon another; or, rather, the comparison might well be made, they hung in bunches as droops the yellow laburnum, the purple wistaria, the fragrant locust blossom. Precisely like that they hung, bearing down by their weight all around the tree the fine fringe of the spruce, freighting it with Christmas gifts before the time of fruitage.

On one twig alone, measuring nine inches in length, with tiny side-springing branches, I counted nineteen butterflies, on another sixteen, on another eighteen. Though there were many more trees and abundance of room for many swarms of butterflies, the main idea seemed to be to cling close together, wings overlapping wings, in cascades innumerable.

The folded wings are of a pale buff, or pale orange, and I found them differing in shade. The open wings are of a deep orange, handsomely marked with black, a wide margin on the edge of both wings, with snow-white dots here and there, while all the delicate veinings of the wings are lacily outlined in black. A broad, oblique band of black adorns the "falcate" border of the front wings. This also is decorated with a double row of white spots. The body is black, and if Milord who sports the "black and orange" is the commonest of butterflies, he is also the most interesting, the most dashing and redoubtable member of the butterfly tribe. Wintering in the tropics is for him a season of hilarity, for in the spring he returns from his revels all tattered and torn, a very different *Anosia plexippus* from the one who sailed south clad in fine cloth of gold.

Whether or not somnolence, indifference to fate, or wing-weariness ruled the butterfly mind, I cannot tell, but I stood among the swarming thousands, at the very least count, and plucked them off, one by one, experimenting with them and setting them again on the twigs. They stood on two feet only, holding up, crookedly, the other two, and with the antennæ raised high. Originally, I am told, they rejoiced in six feet, but from disuse the two foremost ones gradually diminished in size and shrivelled up. I carefully examined the leaves and stems to which the insects clung, if perchance it might be food they were after; but no, they were not eating—merely meditating. There was nothing to eat. Later, I learned that in summer-time they eat a sufficient quantity to nourish their small bodies all winter, so in migration it matters not at all that the flowers are past and gone. The unfolded wings spread four or five inches, and when, here and there, bunch after bunch, as in accord, folded and unfolded, the effect was fairylike to a degree.

Set upon my hand, this or that one would remain as I placed it for perhaps ten seconds. Another would, at the unloosing of its wings, flutter instantly upwards. I set them upon my dress, to which they clung rather longer than to my hand; but not any kind of experimenting greatly disturbed them. Going the rounds, I attempted to count them as far as I could reach, but gave it up when I had numbered something over three hundred, for they seemed always on the move, settling, rising, fluttering about, mixing themselves in mazy ways.

Their custom is to hang from beneath the branches, but on all the lower branches, three and four feet from the ground, they were clustered thickly on the upper side of the twigs, their wings erect.

Aloft, where the separate butterflies were scarcely distinguishable, innumerable clustering wings pointed above the twigs and leaves; others hung from the lower part of the same twigs, with wings pointing downward. Among the yellow leaves they were only an added blur of gold. Delicately poised on a single spine of the pine-needles, they were very beautiful,—erect, thoughtful, solemnly contemplative, luxuriously opening and shutting their filmy wings. Here and there one might be found solitary; but the occurrence was rare.

Among the butterflies there was constant uneasy motion until dusk drew its curtain round the camp. As moved by a common impulse, the army would flutter into the air, swaying purposely, lazily, as if for the pure joy of being wafted about by the breezes, and then come drifting down as a sunset cloud.

Their choice was never in close foliage of the branches or near the main body of the tree, but on each separate tree they clung to all the outer branches and the lowest branches, ring after ring around the tree.

On many of the opened wings, as I moved from tree to tree examining, I discerned a small black spot on the hind wings, learning later that it is the distinguishing mark of the male, and is really a pouch or pocket for the protection of the scent-scales, which, in the

time of a butterfly wooing, emit a peculiar odor. As birds vie in coloring in mating-time, so the butterflies vie in scent; and while there are many butterflies whose scent-scales give forth most pleasing perfume, the scent of the Milkweed Butterfly is strangely distasteful to birds and insects; hence its immunity from attack and its marvellous rate in multiplying. Oftentimes an inexperienced fledgling pounces upon one of these tempting-looking, flame-colored insects, but the butterfly quickly responds with a touch-me-not odor, and the disappointed baby lets him go. "Probably there are few nestlings that have not learned this lesson and gone through the same motions, and by repeated learnings through successive generations, it finally becomes an instinct"—to not try that game but once. The common blue butterfly, abundant at Wood's Hole, gives forth a faint perfume of new earth; the Didonis has a musky smell; another has the odor of violet; in the tiny white butterfly may be detected a smell of syringa blossom; and there is one that is said to have the fragrance of sandalwood.

As to the "mimicker" of this *Anosia plexippus,* suffice it to say, its peculiar immunity from attack has fostered the evolution of a smaller species, but quite distinct as to family, that is a perfect prototype.

One does not often have a military camp in one's front yard, and the visitation was too rare to be overlooked; so among my winged host I encamped for the night on the squirrel's bench, and the squirrel did not object, snugly asleep in his own house in a crotch of the elm.

The stars flooded the night with strange luminousness. Nine, ten, eleven, —no movement from the sleepers, if they were asleep. Meditatively erect, pondering many things, always in the same position I found them as I made my rounds, once in a while striking a match and studying the phenomenon with a sleepy wonder. If I picked off a butterfly, looked him carefully over, and set him on my hand, there he remained until I set him carefully back on the twig to finish out his nap. In doing this I always selected one who stood by himself, careful not to disturb his neighbors.

The night was cloudless and absolutely without wind—not the turning of a single leaf, and, undisturbed, that multitude of butterflies slept on, and on, and on, with wings tightly folded together.

Two o'clock, three. All alone am I, in a world asleep! An exhalation of the dying night sighs through the trees; a mysterious sense of brooding wings enfolds us; the hush ineffable that comes before dawn falls over all nature. Then the keenness of the stars begins to pale, the phosphorescence of the sky sinks before a wave of gray mistiness from the east. No twitter of birds announces day; but far away across the meadow a hazy curtain rolls up and backward on the sky, pushing off the faint stars to make pathway for the sun. Glows the horizon palest pinkish-saffron, strengthening in tint to orange, orange red, and rose, with long fingers of shining light reaching up and up to mid-heaven. Against this sea of color stands the forest, a network of black branches; long shafts of light peep beneath the dark shadows of the foliage, find room, and shoot across the fields of alfalfa in gleaming radiance. Day has come, and with its coming my butterflies bestir themselves. Like a myriad of infinitesimal fans, the orange wings wave to and fro—slowly, drowsily. The sunlight grows stronger, rises higher, and falls aslant the fringed trees. A miracle of the resurrection; for to what else is comparable this swift transformation? Not in slow uncertainty, as the butterfly bursts from the chrysalis, resting from the exertion until the crumpled wings expand and grow, fitting themselves for flight; but as if touched with a magic wand, this mighty colony is wafted into the air. The opening space among the surrounding trees is literally aflutter with fully two thousand wings; the air is alive with butterflies. Around and about, higher and higher and higher; then away sweeps this army of the air through highest tree-tops, to the south—to the south!

I follow farther into the grove above and through which they pass, and find here and there a swift awaking among other butterflies who have camped in my neighbor's trees; but so few are these, I would have given them but a glance had not my night's watching told me they were migrants.

And so, in a breath, they were gone. On their golden wings they carried with them my chance for Midas riches; for, later, in consultation with the ex-Chancellor of Kansas State University, I learned of a man in New York who would have given five cents apiece for a thousand specimens of the Milkweed Butterfly! "And I myself would have been glad of four hundred," said the Chancellor,—and I had brought him two! To have captured four hundred would have been easy.

Within a comparatively recent period, this wandering migrant has become imbued with a desire to extend his explorations, and has, on merchant ships, crossed the Pacific, reached Australia, and continued its loitering flight northward and westward until it has reached Java and Sumatra.

In its migration, it sometimes flies in flocks of millions, darkening the sky, and will be all day long passing overhead, as flocks of wild pigeons fly—or used to fly, as the kindly attention of "netters" has almost rendered them extinct.

The migration of these butterflies was to me a sight unique, and I astonished the biology authorities of the university by knocking at their doors at inconvenient seasons, demanding knowledge. I was received with enthusiasm and warm welcome, for these biology men were filled with joy that, outside of student circles, any one should care enough for a butterfly to sit up with it all night, and supplied me with numerous books. From the accumulated wisdom of naturalists I have learned the following.

This butterfly is rightly named the "Monarch." The smaller one, the "mimicker," is called the "Viceroy." Originally these two were quite different, but certain ones among the "Viceroys" that resembled the "Monarch" were avoided by the birds; consequently these multiplied tremendously, the brown markings became more and more distinct, the mimicker had perpetuated himself in a marvellous way—the survival of the fittest. Natural selection slowly, but surely, shapes the destiny of animals, insects and plants.

As the Milkweed Butterfly produces many broods annually, the countless millions in their swarms are not to be wondered at. What is cause for wonder among the uninitiated is that, without exception, the eggs of this butterfly are laid upon the milkweed plant. How do they distinguish it? By sight would seem most natural; but they do not. It is by smell. Scudder tells us: "This is an act of instinct, one will say. But is this any explanation? We wish to know how the instinct acts. A parent butterfly that in its caterpillar life has been nourished upon willow has no means, if in the winged condition, of tasting the willow to recognize it, its organs for obtaining food being only suitable for liquid nourishment. Nor can it be by sight." And he goes on to give many interesting reasons for this last assertion, stating that "butterflies have no vision sufficiently clear for such powers of distinction as are required of them in selecting special food-plants for their young, which they yet discover in an unerring manner. There remains, then, apparently, nothing but smell. Many plants are odorous quite apart from their flowers, and the leaves have a special structure, . . . from some of which odors are exhaled perceptible to our dull senses—perhaps from many others perceptible to keener organs." He tells us also of "the action of a mother-butterfly seeking a spot on which to lay her eggs, hovering about certain plants that give forth an odor somewhat similar to the one she is hunting, settling and half-settling in a dozen different places, drawing nearer and nearer to the plant she seeks, and finally finding it, there she deposits her eggs. Thus it is tolerably clear that it is to a sense of smell that butterflies owe their recognition of botanical species."

From the north they came, one and all of these "Monarch" butterflies; to the south they swept away—to the south, to the south, as far as I could see them, —to Texas, to Louisiana, to Mexico, to the Carolinas.

If we marvel at the oriole's flight, the strong wing-beat of the humming-bird that carries this gleaner of honeysuckle sweets from Massachusetts to Central America, what think we of these frail, gauzy-winged butterflies who whirl from Canada to Florida in their annual migration.

The Intruder

BY GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN

IF one may credit a certain book of old tales, there once sat by a pool a haggard company of "impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water; for an angel went down at a certain season."

In modern and unpicturesque clothing and cleanliness, without, perhaps, so much hope as those of Bethesda had, but in many ways resembling them, we sat on the Sanitarium veranda in the slanting October sunlight which the sweeping blue shadow of the house at our back was narrowing to a smaller and yet smaller yellow triangle, so that, as we pursued the sun, we crowded together exactly as the dead leaves crowded into fence corners, until at last a chilly little breeze fell upon us and, like dead leaves, dispersed us, leaving, out of a dozen or so, only myself, mummified in a shawl and reading an arid book, in which it was stated that if men have souls at all they are of adventitious growth, like pearls in oysters, and, like pearls, have origin in disease, injuries, or accidental circumstance. Such a sentiment agreed well enough with the bleakness of the place and my desolate companions, whom, had I chosen to look through the long window behind me, I could now have seen crouched beside the lukewarm radiators of the "parlor" with their fancy-work, their gossip, and a parchesi-board. It agreed also with that down-driving multitude of colored leaves, falling with the steadiness of snowflakes, to disintegrate, but little more slowly than snowflakes, in their sodden return to the composition of the soil. I told myself that we were of their number—"All flesh is grass,"—and was indifferent to souls, whether adventitious or not.

The triangle of sun contracted until it only touched my shoulders, the blue shadow having caught me about the feet, risen to my knees, and by little and little enveloped my waist and chest, like that shroud which the fortune-teller saw rising around King Charles. I was on the point of closing my book and retreating with the rest of them, when Miss Einar came out and began to walk back and forth, her eyes in the ends of the earth.

It was only her second day with us. I had marked her fastidious shrinking from our withered companionship, but had not resented it; the pity would have been if she had found herself at home with us. She was too young and too lovely; or would have been lovely but for her pallor and the angry but impersonal stare of her gray eyes—a stare focussed upon something quite beyond the sordid details of the Sanitarium. The light of her hair, however, could not be tamed even by that cold shadow, and her troubled pacing had youth in it, and grace.

"Oughtn't you to have a wrap, my dear?" I ventured, noting that her arms were visible within their thin sleeves.

She frowningly recalled her thoughts out of vague distances.

"Beg pardon? No, thank you. I am not sensitive to cold."

She resumed her walk. Fifteen paces —wheel—fifteen paces—wheel—and back. I moved to give her a longer path. Sixteen paces she could make it then, and did, while I covertly transferred my languid attention from my book to her.

Finally, with a look at her watch and an obvious effort at courtesy, she said that she was going to the post-office, and would be glad to do any errand for me in the village. I thanked her, but needed nothing, and she departed, slim, white, and young, down the avenue of autumn trees.

Entered from behind me Mrs. Trabb, shivering within the close folds of her lavender shawl, and bringing the atmosphere of some sixty years of evil thinking and doing.

"Did you know," said she, "that she is the worst case here?"

"No."

"The very worst. I had it from the maid on your hall. She told me—"

I rose, murmuring of letters to write. Tactics too frail for Mrs. Trabb. She fenced me into an angle.

"As crazy as a loon; walks the floor all night, talking to herself."

"Insomnia is common enough."

"*I* know all about *insomnia.* I haven't slept a natural wink for years. Nobody knows what I've suffered. But as for that girl, she's downright insane. I shall complain to the doctor. He has no legal right to have that sort of case here. Your rooms are on the same hall, and your windows open on the same roof as hers. I simply wouldn't dare leave my window open at night the way you do. I knew of a case once—"

But at that I made forcible escape from Mrs. Trabb's squalid repertoire of slime and fury. Having gained my room, I looked about me at my own night-lamp, books, and samovar prepared against the empty giant hours, and felt very sorry for Miss Einar. People who are troubled by sleeplessness, I have sometimes thought, are sorrier than any other brotherhood of invalids for each other.

Sitting by a window commanding the street, I watched for her return, and when I saw her coming, reading, as she walked, a letter of many pages, I set my door ajar that I might speak to her as she passed my room on the way to her own.

"Did you have a pleasant walk?"

"Yes, thank you—" She hesitated, smiling, and thrusting the letter under her belt, unfolded from her handkerchief a small object. This, when it lay revealed in her palm, proved to be an enormous katydid, inert, plethoric, and green as spring-time.

"Poor little chap! He has to die with the summer, but I thought I would give him another twenty-four hours by letting him warm his toes at my radiator. He might sing one more song."

"I'm afraid if he sings in your room to-night he may keep you awake."

At that, with downcast eyes, grave and pale, she closed her fingers over the large insect and left me, shutting the door almost in my face. There had been a moment's young happiness in her eyes as she stood there with her voluminous letter and the rescued katydid, but it had gone out at a word like an extinguished flame.

While I read in that dolorous book about souls, the night crept forward into the profound darkness of early morning. With evening had come a swift warmth, breeding, out of its meeting with the chill of the day, a thick fog, which laid its blank gray face against the lamplight of my open window—a face unfeatured except by the ghost of a scantily leaved branch, whose supporting tree trunk was hidden as if beneath deep water.

Within its obscurity the recrudescent katydids clashed incessantly; and although the simple organism of a katydid obviously admits of nothing so subtle as mood, yet, knowing that the death of all that translucent green crowd could be at most but a matter of a few hours, my fancy made out of that harsh death-song the symbol of a certain courage, or at least of a bland indifference to the evident end of summer and life.

In the house the attitude toward these matters was neither courageous nor indifferent, but rather of sullen rebellion. There were other night-lamps than mine, I knew, and here and there in the long, black, airless halls gas-jets were turned down to pin-points, but these illuminations in no way relieved the heavy and despondent blackness, folded in upon itself—folded in again by miles of mist. Upon the sea-floor of such a darkness I was unable to remember the aspect of the stars, or any joy I had ever found in the sun.

I wondered how Miss Einar was faring under these conditions, and turned my ear in the direction of her room. I thought I distinguished a soft regular pacing, and, now and then, though of this I would not be certain, the murmur of her voice.

The clear, chilly sound of cocks sprang up here and there, then ceased, but not without leaving a sense that the corner of darkness had been turned, and that, slowly enough, we were feeling our way toward morning. Somewhat cheered by this assurance, I had almost dozed, when

there was a soft, hesitating movement at my door, followed by a minute rap.

I opened to Miss Einar; the hall behind her was jet black, and her eyes, in the light of the lamp, shone as I have often seen the glowing eyes of moths at my black window-pane. Further likeness to a moth was carried out by a gray shawl which hung from her shoulders like folded gray wings. Like a moth, too, was the subtle shiver and quiver which shook her body and her voice as her lips twitched under their forlorn smile.

"I saw your light. I thought perhaps you were finding it dull, too. My little green man won't sing with the rest. He is dying, I'm afraid." She held the creature pitifully in her hand, and, upon entering, laid it in the circle of light under my reading-lamp. "I hate to see things die," said she.

I hospitably indicated my light housekeeping arrangements and said: "Won't you have some chocolate? I was about to make some for myself."

She shook her head. "I've just had some coffee."

"But coffee keeps you awake!"

"I know."

I took her hands; they were lumps of ice.

"I saw your light, and thought perhaps you wouldn't mind my sitting in here. I don't want to sleep."

If Mrs. Trabb was right (and such people are often right in their diabolical way), still, I had no mind to avoid this distracted young creature, who suddenly fell on her knees before me and began to cry, with her face in my lap. I called her "Poor child," and stroked her hair, exhorting, "There, there!" after the manner of consolers.

"Oh," she said, brokenly, "I'm not crazy yet, but I suppose I shall be soon. I noticed you when I first came, and thought it might help if I could tell you about it. I know you're sick, and I oughtn't to bother you, but other people's troubles *can't* be so bad as mine."

I had just been wondering what wretchedness could be like my own, and now smiled grimly at her naïve selfishness; then on second thought recognized in my attitude the custom of the place, and was ashamed.

"It is better to share such troubles," I said, "when one can."

At this she looked up with sudden directness, and her face showed fear enough, and anger, and bewilderment, but not, I thought, madness. An alienist would make little enough of my opinion, but, given for what it is worth, I thought her sane then, and did not change my mind through all the astonishment that followed.

Ignoring any necessity for preface, she plunged into the middle of things:

"If I had really been on the other side of death, I should certainly have met my father there, and he would never have let things happen as they did; but the really dead must be beyond all that confusion, just as the really asleep are, and the danger is only along the edges. And you know, if there are dangerous things, there is no reason why there shouldn't be others, too, that would like to help; but there are laws that keep them back, the good as well as the bad. But I've often taken mice out of traps or away from cats that were playing with them, and so I know that if the kind ones were sorry enough—as sorry as I am when I see little things in trouble—all the laws in or out of the world could never keep them from interfering sometimes. . . .

"You know that kind of dream in which something terrible is going to happen, and you can't move or cry out, though you try very hard? . . . They told me it came from overstudy. I had an entrance condition in Greek to make up. One day while I was studying I fell asleep, but I could still see the room—that is, all of it that was in front of my eyes at the last moment when I was awake, for I couldn't turn them right or left. The line of Homer was clear, but everything else was blurred and out of focus, though I could make out the pattern of the wall-paper, Harvey's photograph, my tennis-racquet. I couldn't turn my eyes or lift a finger, and some person or thing stood behind me—so near that if it had breathed it would have stirred my hair. But those things don't breathe, I suppose.

"I tried—horribly—to move, and at last it began to whisper—and this was very strange: it was as if the voice was inside my brain,—such a soft, fine little thread of sound, not really sound at all. But it meant everything that one wants

least to think or hear about—or *ought* not to want to hear about. Cruelties, and hatreds, and selfishnesses—everything that people like you and Harvey and—I had supposed—myself were done with long ages back in the jungle. But as it kept on whispering I began to want to hear more plainly instead of being afraid of it. I began to want—I don't know what—something savage.

"And then it touched me—no more than a finger-tip on my forehead. Even at that I could not stir—at first; but as the finger stayed there, I seemed to have a new idea, for I stopped being afraid; there was no threat, rather there was a promise of something, until at last—I moved—but not in my body. I lifted my right hand and held it before my eyes—and—I couldn't see it, but my real hand lay as quiet as a glove, its fingers between the leaves of my Greek lexicon. All the feeling and power of it had gone out into the other—the one I couldn't see. This hand of air felt strong, yet I couldn't grasp anything with it. When I touched a fold of my dress, I knew that I touched it only as air might know when it blows over something solid—no more than that. . . .

"Then one of the girls that were on the glee club began to sing in her room, and I woke—furious at waking, and only thinking how I could fall asleep again and get altogether out of my body in the way I had begun. Yet, as I woke more fully and remembered the wickedness of whatever it was that had helped me, I was afraid — but not as afraid as I should have been — I was afraid of not being afraid.

"It came often after that. I would fall asleep, and hear the whisper, and raise my hand. Then it would stop as though it saw the hand, though I couldn't; and was watching—as a cat watches for a mouse to come out of its hole.

"And at last I came out. . . .

"The girls were all gone to dramatics that night, and I stayed at home to cram, but I felt so dull that studying was no use, so I lowered the gas to a point and lay down for a while, not meaning to sleep, only to rest, and then go on again. It was early spring, and the snow was melting under a rain-storm. I was watching the rain-drops on the glass, and the reflection there of the room and the little yellow point of gas. I had no idea I was asleep, until—until a face looked at me through the window.

"It was larger than human at first, and vague, like a cloud; then shrank down suddenly, like a lantern-slide getting into focus, until it was only a little larger than an ordinary human head. It looked me squarely in the eyes—its lips moved as if it said some word which I could not hear—and it was gone. . . .

"I rose and tried to turn the gas on full. I could not touch the cock. It went through my fingers as if they were air. I looked around, and there was my body lying on the divan, as unconcerned as you please, eyes half opened and face turned toward the window, a pencil in one hand, and the other on my Greek prose book."

Miss Einar's dilated eyes focussed over my shoulder upon my window, as though she expected the blank face of the fog there to take on monstrous features. At the ceasing of her soft voice, the noise of the katydids broke forth in redoubled energy, and I was aware of the sorrowful drip from the leaves and the roof as though the vaporous giant out there were weeping human tears. Yet the katydids, doomed to die to-morrow and presumably without hope of resurrection, were as cheerful as though the night had been dry and filled with summer moonlight. As the girl's long sombre stare continued, I nervously seized the shade-cord, meaning to shut out whatever gigantic horror might be peering in, but she said:

"No, don't do that. I'm always looking at windows and hoping, but that was the only time I ever saw it. There must be strange laws over there. What reason can there be in not being able to feel, hear, and see a thing at the same time? When you see, you can't either hear or touch, and when you hear and touch you are blind, though not altogether—I'll tell you about that later. . . ."

"You *want* to see this face? Wasn't it horrible?"

"No. But sorry and anxious—strained, too, as if it were struggling against something."

"But you said the whispering Thing was wicked."

"This wasn't the thing that had been

whispering. Don't you remember, when I began, what I said about the things that were sorry and wanted to help?"

"Was it—like a man?"

"You couldn't have said it was a man or a woman. It was like one of those marble faces of allegorical figures; big and splendid like that, but fairly on fire with life. I never saw anything else that gave such an idea of being alive. Since seeing that, everything in the world by comparison seems heavy and torpid. But it went as quickly as it had come, like a blown-out flame, and I was alone in the room, shut out of my own body. No, I wasn't alone, for the whispering thing was there. I couldn't see it or hear it. It seemed to have slunk into a corner, like an ugly dog that is afraid to do anything but glare. I could feel its eyes. . . .

"If you could fall into the ocean without drowning, you would wonder what the sharks and cuttlefish might do. It was something like that.

"It seemed a hundred years that I stood there. I hadn't found that place then where there isn't any time or space. I saw the hands of my watch—the little chatelaine pinned to the gown of—of that empty body of mine, and remembered that the girls would come to my room to bother me, and then, perhaps, I would wake up. If I didn't—

"But when that dreadful little watch had measured off a half-hour, the hall door slammed, and the glee-club girl came up-stairs singing—she had a lovely, out-doors, sunshiny kind of voice—and banged at my door. Some one else said, ''Sh! she's asleep'; then I found myself outside the door with the girls, trying to catch hold of them with my fingers that couldn't touch anything, and begging, 'Oh, please—please wake me; I'm not asleep.' Clare, the glee-club girl, looked through the keyhole and said, 'Well, she oughtn't to sleep all night that way,—all dressed and grabbing her old Greek prose!'

"One of the girls had a red rag-doll with fringes on it—an imp thing that they had been fooling with over at the gymnasium. Clare got a chair and stood up on it so that she could throw the thing through the transom and hit my face with it—and then I was back in my body again. . . .

"How good it was to touch things! I jumped up and turned on the gas *then!* You wouldn't believe how I loved the feeling of the brass in my solid fingers, how I gripped it and shook it. I let the girls in, and we made fudge and told ghost-stories. Ghost-stories!

"At Easter vacation I went home. My Greek condition was made up at last, so I could enjoy myself, and now I made sure the dreams would go. That week Harvey asked me to marry him. I know now that I was wrong to accept him, with a thing like that hanging over me, but I didn't know it then, besides. . . . He had the ring in his pocket when he spoke, and pushed it on my finger before I said either yes or no. That's Harvey's way. You can't argue with him. . . ."

She tugged at a thin chain about her neck, and brought up, as if it had been a scapular, an oval case, which she opened, showing a young man's photograph. Not a feature of the face was beautiful, yet I have never seen one more satisfying. Little as one can judge from a photograph, at least there was no disguising the honest kindness of the big mouth and small sharp eyes, nor the obstinacy of the jaw, nor the height and breadth of the head above the ears. In Miss Einar's eyes I read that this was her standard and type of all that was handsomest and noblest in young men. She slipped it from the catch of the chain and stood it up against my books, so that the lamplight fell upon it clearly, and during the rest of her story her eyes rested upon it.

"Afterward, when he found what trouble I was in, and I begged him to let me go, and when his people heard—I don't know how—that I was insane, and threatened to cut him off altogether if he didn't give me up, he just smiled politely, as if some one had told him that it might rain to-morrow. He seemed to be deaf when they or I tried to argue with him—or at least the only way he showed that he heard what his father said was to stop his postgraduate work and try to get a salaried position.

"The night after he had pushed that ring on my finger I was almost too happy to sleep, but finally dozed off, with the diamond pressed under my cheek—such a sharp, determined little thing as a



Drawn by Harold Matthews Brett

"SOME NIGHT I SHALL GO AND NOT COME BACK"

diamond is! I had the wedding all planned and our house furnished by the time I slept.

"When I woke it was raining, so I went to shut the window; but try as I would my hands would not grasp the sash. I felt drowsy and stupid, as one does when waked suddenly, and kept fumbling and fumbling and wondering what was the matter. It was very dark. The square of open window through which the rain came was hardly lighter than the rest of the room.

"And something was calling me out there. Not that I heard it; it was as if I were pulled by a wire. . . .

"As I went out of the window I could feel the rain driving through me, and the little bare twigs with their swollen buds struck through me—and I was nothing at all, you know, and yet as much as I am now—as much, and more. Then this bit of air that was myself was drawn into a whirlwind. There was a shock, and I was snatched at from this side and that, and shaken and driven here and there. I was the centre of some strange struggle. . . ."

She stopped, and her face lit with sombre ecstasy.

"Then it all stopped, for something kind and gentle had me. I will call it a hand, but it was nothing so human as that. It was like nothing that it is possible to feel in this world. When Harvey kissed me that afternoon I had supposed that nothing in or out of the world could be so lovely as our caring for each other—but this—

"All the happiness that ever was lay in that — hand — or whatever it was. There was no possibility of fatigue in it, or sickness or change. It could have carried me through a thousand years and I should never have grown tired. If I could tell you all that I saw—but there was too much of it, and it was too confused. Centuries went by in a flash, for we were in the place where there is no measure of time.

"One of the wonders was a city that had replaced the old farm next to ours, but not like any city that ever was, for there was nothing sorrowful or dirty or careless anywhere. I can't describe it more definitely than that, for everything was vague like a cloud and jumbled just like any other dream—but different! So different that it is foolish to call it a dream at all. It is more difficult to describe this part than what came later. What sort of a story do you suppose an Eskimo baby could tell if he were snatched out of his snow hut, taken in a second's time to some elaborate Fifth Avenue dinner, and treated as the guest of honor? He wouldn't know what it was all about. There would be color and light and odors and extraordinary giants so different from his own people that he wouldn't even be sure that he liked them. Probably he would be scared and begin to cry. . . .

"Now, how was it possible, just when I was feeling so safe and happy, that the Whisperer should slip inside the guard of what was protecting me? But there it was—the fine soft quiver inside my ear. . . . And I listened. . . . To think of listening to such things while I was in *that* place! I suppose that was the way the snake's voice sounded in the fairy-story about the Garden. I ought not to have been able to hear it. I know now that I could have helped it; you can, you know. People say that it's impossible to keep from thinking about the things that tempt them. But that isn't so—not entirely.

"And as soon as the Whisperer had gained my attention, the gates of that other place—when I use such words as 'gates' and 'place' you understand, of course, that it is because there are no better words—it was like a gate closing with a thunderclap right in my face; but the Whisperer and I didn't care, for we were back in the jungle where men are not men at all. Everything had tumbled back into great, formless, stupid masses. It was gorgeous, you know—nobody can say that the idea of Lucifer with his bat wings and his flames isn't as artistic as that of Gabriel in feathers and sunshine. . . . Now, instead of all that lovely order and peace there were deserts and mountains and wrecked ships. There were enormous flames, sounds like the deepest notes of an organ, and all sorts of flashing confusion; grinning faces that seemed funny at first, and then changed into unspeakable wickedness, so that I became frightened at last, and broke away from them, dived down into the sea, and ran

through it and under the land, through sand and rocks and graves and buried rivers, then up into the world, and through long rows of city houses. . . .

"There would be a wall, a room with people asleep in it; a wall, another room where some one was sick, and so on, like a string of hollow beads. And all the time it wasn't that I was afraid of what was behind me, but afraid of not being afraid of it. I had got away once, and seemed to know that if I let them get me a second time there would be no return to that other place. I did not understand or altogether like that other place, you see, but I didn't want to lose it, either.

"You know how a mouse squeaks when it is mortally frightened. Have you seen, too, a mouse come right toward the cat that's playing with it, apparently doing as it's told—'Come here and be eaten'? I've seen that, and interfered more than once; and remembering how I tried to be good to mice, I squeaked out some sort of mouse prayer to the other Thing—the kind one. And at that I was caught away, fell endlessly, until I woke in my own bed, and the rain was driving in.

"This time I really did shut the window. The first gray of morning was in the sky, and I could make out through the rain the dark blur of that old farmhouse and the streak of woodland behind it. There was no city there now, nor any dream of one, and nothing either good or evil any longer called me, out there in the rain. . . .

"That was nearly six months ago," concluded Miss Einar, her voice sagging wearily. "Every night since then I have been called and . . . have gone, . . . every night they have fought for me—every night I have broken away and have run through all the world. . . . I have seen every wretchedness there is, everything that is worst among men, but without being able to feel pity or disgust, for all that I saw was a part of myself; and that part of myself, and of the race, everything that you and I are supposed to have left behind, is clear and full of color, but that part which lies above it and which I am fast losing forever is cloudy and veiled; only an outline shows through, here and there, that looks as if there might be something there not altogether unsubstantial, some sort of solid Walhalla in the sunset, and I try to remember my one glimpse of it, and with that memory to ward off—the rest...

"But my power to escape is growing less. Some night I shall go and not come back. . . . The kind spirit has done its best. Of all the little creatures I have tried to save from cruel deaths, not one ever lived. They have always stupidly died in my hands, so that I might as well have let the cat have them in the first place. And perhaps it's like that when we once fall into the hands of those others—the good ones can't help, no matter how hard they try."

Abruptly her head drooped. She sighed, relaxed, and slept. A cold wind blowing through the fog fluttered the flame of my lamp. I drew my shawl about my shoulders, and about the girl also and held her closely. Her hand lay limply in mine, but by degrees it lost the little warmth it had. Then I could no longer hear her breathing. She was dead or flying through space, with all wickedness in pursuit—or I had been, after all, listening to the raving of a clever lunatic.

The oil of my lamp gave out with small cracklings of the wick, and the flame sank to an ill-smelling ring and then to darkness. The fog wavered and rose until the submerged tree took on clear outline; a moment more and the landscape, sponged clear of all obscurity, stood out, sharp and black, the threadbare branches of the trees showing through their network the rolling skyline of the mountains, and behind them the dawn, deliberately increasing, bringing conviction with it of a universe enmeshed and riveted by laws, upon which even so flighty a thing as man can place his faith. Like a Parsee, I watched for the first glimpse of the sun itself, knowing that no ghost, either malevolent or pitiful, could withstand the direct shaft of its sane and honest glory.

Startled out of my contemplation by a slight stir upon the table, I turned my head quickly, half expecting to catch some too palpable shadow in a last attempt at mischief before the sun should have frustrated it, but there was only a fat, oblong object, even in that dim light



Drawn by Harold Matthews Brett

THE TWO RADIANT FIGURES STOOD THERE IN THE SUN

showing green, toiling over my papers, treading underfoot with his very perishable green toes the open pages of that melancholy book about souls. Thence he passed to the picture of the young man Harvey, examining it with delicate, waving antennæ. I had a moment's fright that here was more than an insect —until the sun should appear no superstition was too gross for belief,—and I watched him fearfully for a sign. I chose to fancy it a favorable omen that he lingered so long in contemplation of the portrait, and that he creaked out a few rusty, placid bars of his courageous music before it. This he did, and sinking again into lethargy, calmly exhaled his life with the other green things of the year.

As the light grew I held the girl's vacant body very close, expecting every instant the warmth and stir of the returning spirit, but she seemed only to grow heavier and colder, until I fell into a panic lest she had this time lost her way back. I chafed her hands and called her name, but she would have none of me, until, terrified, I freed myself, and leaving her stiffly kneeling, her face upon the empty chair, would have rung the bell for help, but that before I touched it I saw from my window, standing upon the shining wet grass, a young man, who stared up as I stared down, and looked as if he might have thus been staring all night. His hat and coat shone with wetness like the grass, and the early sunlight stretched his shadow toward me like a narrow blue path.

He was a short, square young man, giving an impression of great strength and of health—very steady and quiet in his glance—something of the type one imagines to have been that Du Guesclin who once rescued a lady of dreams called Tiphaigne, and was loved by her forever.

I leaned out and softly called, "Are you Harvey?"

He made no other answer than to whip up the steps on to the veranda. In a moment he was in the room. Quite disregarding me, he seated himself in the chair where I had sat so long and wearily, and took command of those cold stiff hands and the obstinately drooping face.

"If—she is dead—" I quavered.

"Then she'll have to get alive again," he answered, quietly. "I'm going to marry her to-day. I came up on the midnight train, and put in the time watching this window. I thought it was as likely the right one as any other. . . . Wake up, Alice—"

Rubbing her hands and listening to her heart, his face grew fighting grim, yet his little gray eyes lost none of their gentleness.

He folded her inside that fog-wet coat of his, and talked steadily into her cold ear, now bullying, now encouraging, but never for a moment dropping into lamentation or entreaty.

"Hurry, Alice. 'Tisn't fair to keep me waiting like this. We've got to be married so as to take the twelve-o'clock train. I've done what I promised—we're independent of everybody; our rooms are all ready for you to walk right into them. Come, come! Why, what nonsense is this!" And so on, and so on, until, making sure that she would never hear him, I wept aloud.

He held up a commanding finger, and I was silent. He had stopped his exhortations, and his face was lined like that of a man who struggles physically; it grew gray and cold, until I half thought that he had died too, in his attempt to reach her.

The sun streamed in more and more, the watery pink light changing to full, strong yellow. It struck straight across my melancholy room and wrapped the mysterious lovers in warm gold, till they looked, to my blurred and weary eyes, something not altogether of earth.

And then there was a deep, long sigh. The girl moved, like one about to wake. I started forward.

"Got her!" cried the boy, jubilantly.

The warm color had come back to her face; her eyes partly opened, but were drowsily fixed upon the sun; her lips moved with some word we could not hear, then smiled peacefully.

Suddenly, with a great shock, she saw whose face it was that bent over her, and sprang away with a laughing cry, only to be caught back to him again.

And so those two radiant figures stood there in the sun, and I, gray and old in the shadow, beheld at last what the love of man and woman may mean and how it makes them as gods.

The Origin of Our Moon

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM H. PICKERING

Of the Harvard Observatory

A NUMBER of years ago, Professor George H. Darwin propounded the view that the Moon was originally a part of the Earth, and had been separated from it by centrifugal force. His conclusions were supported by a mathematical analysis which has since become classic and are accepted at the present time by practically all the astronomers of the world. To understand his line of argument and conclusions we must first consider the mutual influence that the Earth and the Moon exert on one another at the present time. We all know that the Moon raises a double tide upon the ocean, by means of which large masses of water are transported over the surface of our globe. This motion causes friction, which uses up energy. The Earth may, in fact, be compared to a grindstone revolving between two brakes. This action retards its rotation, so that every day is a little longer than its predecessor. The effect is so slight, however, that the day is only a fraction of a second longer now than it was at the time of the Christian era.

The interior of the Earth is now known to be solid, but in the early geological times this was not the case, and the Sun and Moon acting on the molten interior of the Earth, there generated tides that were much more efficient than those now in existence. In those days the terrestrial day was much shorter than it is at present.

But, if the Moon is constantly retarding the rotation of the Earth, since action and reaction are equal and opposite, the Earth must be constantly accelerating the motion of the Moon. If its velocity in its orbit is increased, the centrifugal force will be increased also, and it will tend to fly away from the Earth. As a consequence the Moon is farther from the Earth to-day than it was a thousand years ago, and it will be still more remote a thousand years hence.

Carrying our thoughts back by means of this reasoning several hundreds of millions of years, we come to a time when the distance of the Moon from the Earth was only a few thousand miles, and when its revolution was accomplished once in four or five hours, instead of once in thirty days. Darwin has shown by computation that at this date the Earth would also by a curious coincidence have been revolving on its axis once in four or five hours, so that the Moon would have constantly remained over the same point of the Earth's surface. Now by another coincidence it can be shown that at this speed the centrifugal force at the equator would be so great that portions of the surface would be liable to crack off and fly away from it. Darwin concludes that the coincidence in time of these three facts is not due to mere accident, but at this early period the planet actually did separate into two parts to form our present Earth and Moon.

Going back for a moment to a still more remote period, we find that the Sun, Earth, and Moon originally all formed one gigantic nebula. Until within a few years it was supposed that the nebulæ were intensely hot bodies. It is now believed that they are generally cold, shining by electric illumination. As they condense into stars, however, they become hot, and at the time the united Earth and Moon separated from the Sun, it is thought they were so hot that much if not all of their material was in a molten condition. The temperature could not have been so high,

For a more detailed and technical account of this subject, see papers in the *American Journal of Geology*, 1907, XV., 23, and in the *Memoirs of the American Academy*, XIII., Part IV., by the author.

however, as to disassociate steam into its component parts, otherwise the hydrogen would have escaped, and we should have had no oceans at the present day. It is likely that much of the steam that at this time formed part of our Earth has since escaped into outer space.

When the nebula consisting of our Earth and Moon separated from the Sun, it was given a rapid rotation on its axis, and as it condensed it may be shown that this rotation must necessarily have become still more rapid. Finally, when the speed had reached a sufficient velocity, it split in two parts. This is substantially Darwin's statement of the method by which our Moon came into existence.

We have, indeed, countless illustrations of this same process going on before our eyes in the heavens about us, only on a much larger scale. Reference is here made to the case of the short-period variable stars. It appears that certain stars have a tendency to split in two, the components revolving rapidly in small orbits around their common centre of gravity, but so close together that they appear as a single star, even in our most powerful telescopes. The tidal disturbances they produce on one another cause the fluctuations of light by means of which we are enabled to determine their period of rotation. At the time that the actual separation occurs a considerable amount of energy must be liberated, and it is possible that this may be related to the celestial phenomenon known as the appearance of a temporary star or *nova*.

Returning now to our Earth-Moon planet, Darwin has shown that at the time the division took place it could not have been much larger than the Earth is at present It must, therefore, then have been largely in the solid or liquid condition. It is possible that the condensation of our ocean from the atmosphere of steam furnished the impulse required by Darwin to start the Moon upon its way. However that may be, something started it, and it now becomes a matter of interest to determine, if we can, from what part of the Earth it took its flight.



FIG 1.—View of the earth from a supposed perpendicular erected about one thousand miles northeast of New Zealand

If the entire surface of the Earth were liquid at this time, such a search would obviously be hopeless. But such a hypothesis is highly improbable, since, as we have seen, the temperature could not have been extremely high, and so diverse are the substances of which the Earth is composed, and so high the melting-points of many of them, that it is not likely all would have been liquid at the same time. The force of this argument is still further increased by the varying pressure to which they would have been exposed in the Earth's interior. This pressure would affect their melting-point materially. It seems probable that our globe, from the time that it first came into existence as a sphere until the con-

densation of our oceans upon it, must, owing to radiation into outer space, have at all times presented a solid exterior surface.

Assuming, then, a hot, solid Earth, with an interior more or less liquid, revolving on its axis once in about four or five hours, we have a picture of our as yet moonless planet as conceived by the astronomer. If the crust was solid when the Moon escaped from it, it is almost certain that some sort of scar would have been left to indicate its birthplace, and it is the object of our present study to see if we can find it.



FIG. 2.—View of the earth from a supposed perpendicular erected in the vicinity of Bering Strait

The specific gravity or density of the Earth as a whole is 5.6—that is to say, if we could put it in a giant pair of scales it would be found to weigh 5.6 times as much as an equal volume of water. The specific gravity of the Moon is 3.4, while that of the surface material of which the Earth's crust is composed averages about 2.7. If we were to dig down from the surface, we should find the specific gravity of the material removed gradually but steadily increasing with increasing pressure, until the denser core of our Earth had been reached. It is therefore evident that the Moon must be composed of material scraped off from the Earth's surface, and that it does not contain those heavy materials, doubtless metallic masses, which are to be found towards the Earth's centre.

Turning now to our own geography, it is a well-known fact that our land and water are very irregularly distributed. If we erect a perpendicular about a thousand miles northeast of New Zealand, and view the Earth from a distance in the prolongation of this direction, we shall find it to present the appearance shown in Fig. 1. This map is so drawn that distances in a radial direction are not distorted, and the outline of the Pacific is therefore shown in its true form. Comparatively little land is visible, and the outline of the ocean is nearly that of a great circle. Near the centre, indicated by a little ×, is one of its very deepest portions.

If now we travel due north from the centre, one-quarter of a circumference, till we reach the vicinity of Bering Strait, and erect another perpendicular, we shall find an appearance somewhat like that shown in Fig. 2. In this figure the continents have been allowed to project outside the circumference of the globe, so as to show more clearly where they are located.

The centre of gravity of the Earth is the centre of the circumference, but it is clear that the centre of gravity does not coincide with the centre of figure. In other words, the material forming the continents is lighter than that forming the ocean-beds. If the oceans were drawn off, this difference would be still more marked. The centre of gravity would then be slightly raised in the

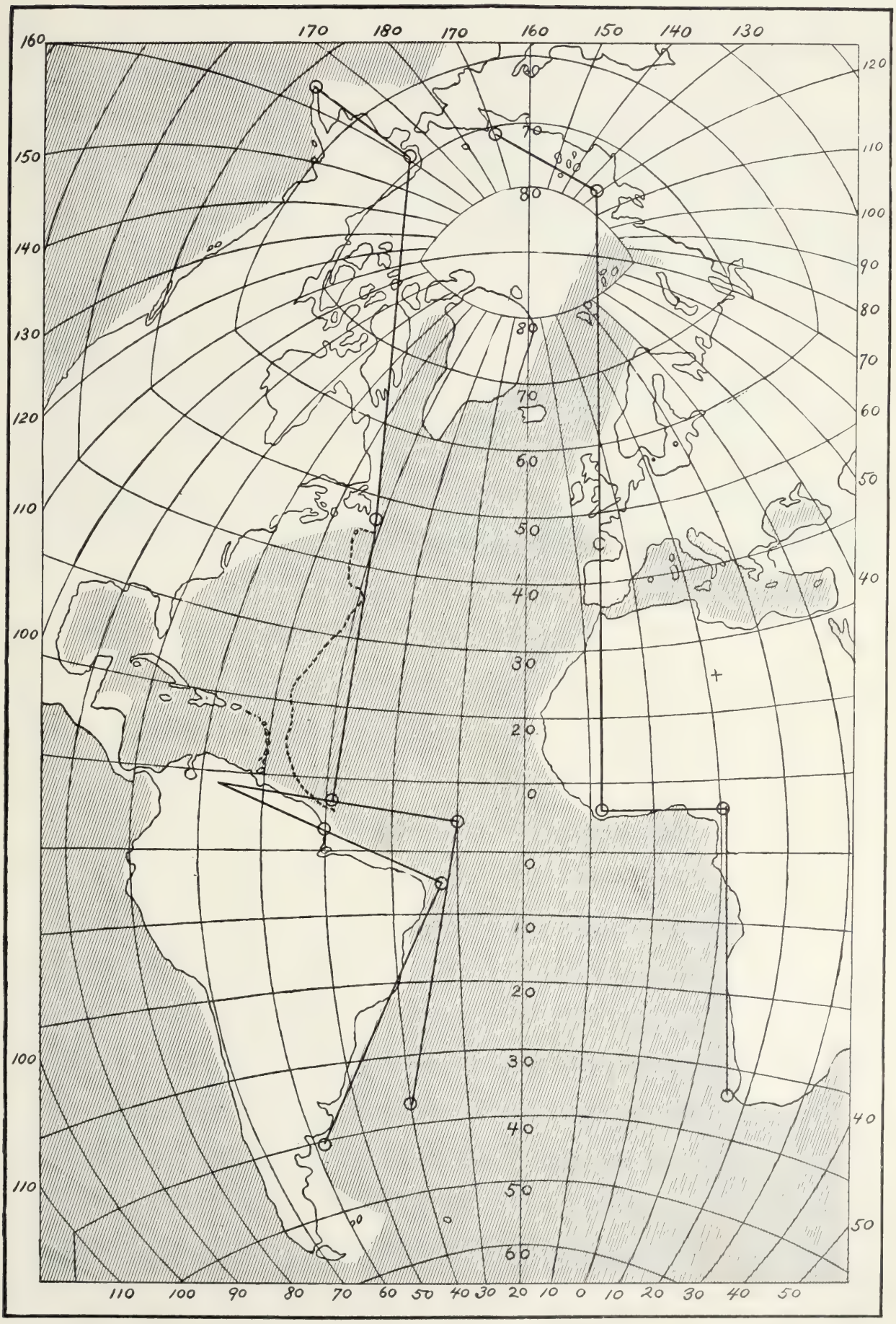


FIG. 3 —Map of eastern and western sides of the Atlantic Ocean. The straight lines joining the small circles show how the earth's crust, now forming two continents, is supposed to have been split in two and dragged apart when the crust formerly covering the Pacific Ocean was carried away, according to present theory, to form the moon



FIG. 4.—ENGULFMENT CRATER OF THE CRATER-RING CLASS IN PROCESS OF FORMATION

sketch, and the centre of figure still more so.

Practically all geologists agree that the continents are permanent surface features of our globe, which have existed from the earliest geological times. When the Earth was originally formed, the lighter material must have been distributed nearly uniformly over its surface. How is it, then, that we now find all the light material on one side only? Moreover, we find a mass of light material of about the same density up in the sky, which we have strong reasons for believing once formed part of our Earth. It does not seem probable that all the light material now forming the Moon was originally heaped on top of the light material forming our continents. Admitting the premises therefore, the only probable conclusion seems to be that the material of the Moon came from the other side of our globe, and that in the bed of the Pacific Ocean we see the scar formed at the time of the birth of our Moon.

If we examine Fig. 3, we shall find that the outlines of the two sides of the Atlantic bear in some places a striking similarity to each other. This is shown more clearly by the two heavy broken lines which indicate where they might be fitted together. It is suggested that when the crust formerly covering the Pacific was carried away, the remaining crust forming our present continents was split in two, and dragged apart to form the bed of our present Atlantic Ocean. If so, South America must have been also partly rotated about a point to the east of Panama, as shown in the figure.

The action that took place was then somewhat as follows: As the part of the Earth's crust near the present islands of New Zealand began to rise, in obedience to the centrifugal force developed by the Earth's rotation, the crust on the opposite side cracked and split in two, forming the bed of the Atlantic Ocean. Before the crack could widen more than two thousand miles the pull became so intense that a huge, roughly circular piece, forming nearly three-quarters of the Earth's whole crust, was taken out of the middle and carried away to form the Moon. This left a continent on each side of the Pacific. Thus the Atlantic bed was formed only a few moments before that of the Pacific. and the necessity for two chief oceans instead of one is made fairly apparent.

The point exactly opposite the centre of Fig. 1 is indicated by the little + in northern Africa.

If we examine the coast-lines of our great oceans, we shall find that of the Pacific bounded by a nearly continuous row of active or recently extinct volcanoes. These volcanoes frequently lie in curves, sometimes existing as islands, but nearly always convex towards the ocean. (See Fig. 1.) The Atlantic, on the other hand, is obviously of different structure. The coasts are low and flat, usually non-volcanic, and the general sweep of the outlines is as frequently concave as convex. The only convex chain of volcanoes existing is that of the Lesser Antilles. This is also the only place where the two sides of the Atlantic do not match satisfactorily, and it is possible that here, too, the Earth lost a small piece of its substance to the Moon. The geologists also tell us that it is certain that a continental area, narrow at the north and widening at the south, formerly existed to the eastward of the United States. This area they believe to have sunk beneath the ocean in more recent times. One or the other of these two explanations is probably correct, and perhaps they both are true. Either would account for the greater breadth of the Atlantic at this point.

As compared with our own terrestrial achievements, the lifting of an area covering an ocean-bed to form a new planet, and the splitting apart and transportation of two continents through thousands of miles across a fiery ocean in the space of a few minutes, seem impossible of conception. Yet to the great celestial forces, whose effects we see in daily operation in the heavens about us, not only such a result as this, but even the crushing and utter annihilation of our tiny Earth, would be a mere bagatelle—an affair that might be accomplished in a few seconds. Even the flash of our funeral pyre would hardly be noticed from the nearest star.

Dealing with the subject now from the quantitative standpoint, the volume of the Moon is equivalent to an area equal to that of all the terrestrial oceans and having a thickness of thirty-six miles. We must conclude, therefore, that at this time the Earth had a solid crust thirty-six miles in thickness, supported on a liquid or potentially liquid interior. By potentially liquid is meant that if relieved from the enormous external pressure to which it was exposed, due to the weight of the matter above it, the solid interior would at once liquefy.

The ocean floor has been found by soundings to consist of an enormous



FIG. 5.—NEAR VIEW OF A PORTION OF THE CRATER RING

plateau, situated at an average depth of about three miles below the continental surface. The continents must then have

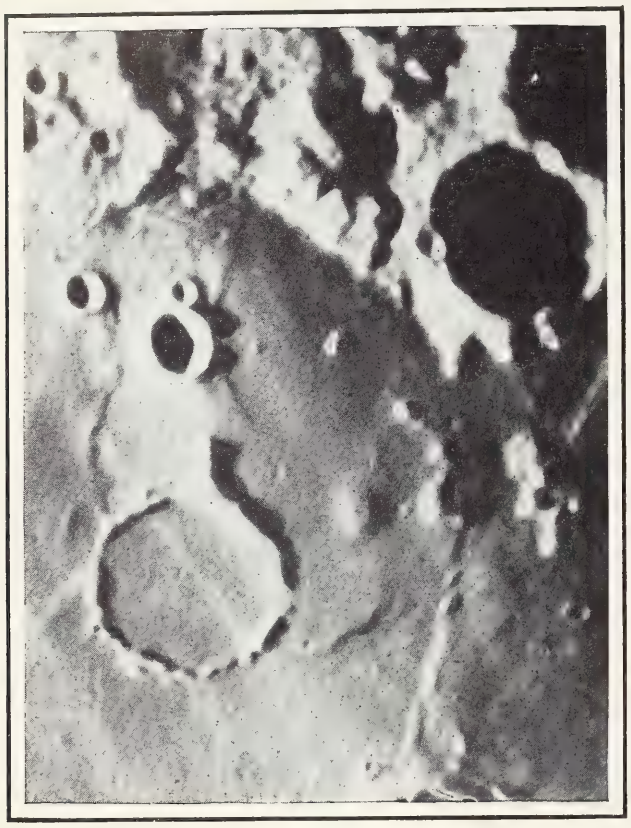


FIG. 6.—Two crater rings on the moon, Schickard and Phocylides

floated like two huge ice-cakes in this ocean of molten matter. Since their density was the same as that of the Moon, 3.4, since also they were thirty-six miles in thickness, and rose three miles above the surface of the liquid, the density of the latter must have been 3.7. We know little of the density of the material lying beneath the ocean floor, but in some places it has been forced to the surface, as in the Hawaiian Islands. Tests made by E. D. Preston, of the United States Coast Survey, have shown that its density is very high—higher, in fact, than the density of any other region yet tested. The result found was 3.7, or exactly the value we have just reached based purely on theoretical grounds.

Geologists at the present day speak of the crust of the Earth, as distinguished from the material existing at greater depths within its interior. Both are understood to be solid at the present time, but the difference consists in a sudden change in the kind of material existing there. The thickness of this crust has been estimated by different methods. The rate of increase of temperature as we descend has led Bonney to believe that lava is usually forced up from a depth of twenty to thirty miles. Owing to reduced pressure on reaching the volcanic vent, the lava is supposed to liquefy at that depth. Computed from the speed of travel of earthquake waves, Fischer and Milne have placed the thickness of the crust at about thirty miles. Judged by the amount of radium contained in the igneous rocks of the Earth's surface, and the total quantity which the Earth can be assumed to contain, Strutt has computed the thickness of the crust to be about forty-five miles. It is interesting to note that the thickness that we have found dependent on the volume of

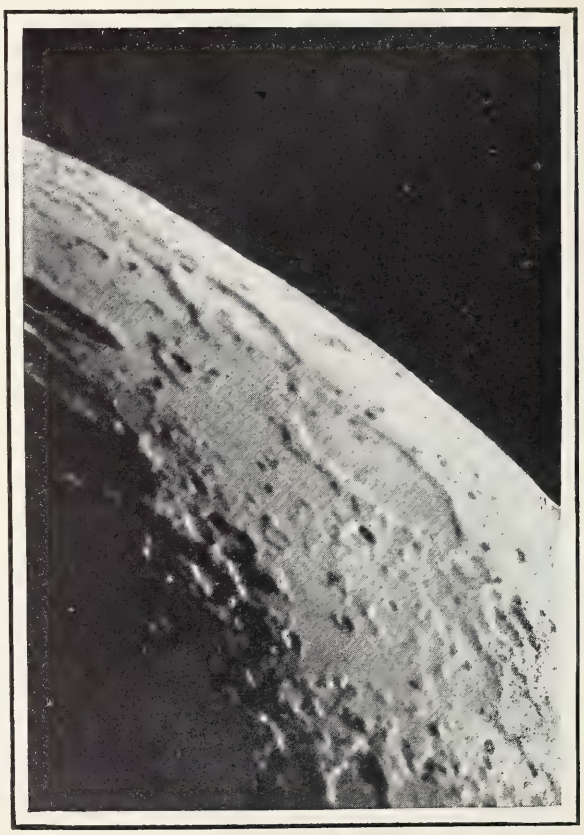


FIG. 7.—Lunar crater of the terrestrial type, recently discovered at Harvard on a lantern-slide made at the Yerkes Observatory

the Moon—thirty-six miles—lies well between these values. It is certainly gratifying that four computations based on



FIG. 8.—PIT CRATER OF KAUHAKU, MOLOKAI, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

such dissimilar data should all lead to so nearly the same result.

If it is true, as here suggested, that we owe our continents and ocean-beds to the Moon, then the human race owes far more to that body than we have ever before placed to its credit. If the Moon had not been formed at all, or if it had carried away the whole of the terrestrial crust, our Earth would then have been completely enveloped in its oceans, as may be the case with the planet Venus at the present time. Our race could then hardly have advanced beyond the intelligence of the present deep-sea fish. If, on the other hand, the Moon had been of but a fraction of its present bulk, or if it had been a little larger than it is, our continents would have been greatly diminished in area, and our numbers decimated, or our lands overpopulated.

When the Moon first separated from us, it doubtless broke up into numerous irregular pieces, which later coalesced, when they had reached a suitable distance from the Earth. The Moon could never have existed as a uniform ring revolving about us; neither could it have existed as a huge sphere just clearing our surface. When the various parts of which it is formed finally united, they may have completely liquefied, and it was at or soon after this time that the larger lunar craters were formed.

It used to be supposed that all terrestrial volcanoes were of one kind, and that all volcanic activity was due to explosions of steam. It was found impossible to explain the origin of the lunar craters on this hypothesis, and numerous other suggestions, such as the fall of huge meteoric masses, were proposed as a solution. Latterly it has been found that there is a second kind of terrestrial volcanic crater, which belongs to what is known as the engulfment type. These craters are found in various parts of the world, but at the present day all are extinct save two, located in Hawaii, and these are active for only a part of the time. One of the largest of the extinct craters is known as Crater Lake, in Oregon, and meas-

ures five by six miles in diameter. It is now found that the lunar craters closely resemble some of the terrestrial ones of the engulfment type, and were doubtless formed in the same manner.

In Fig. 4 is shown an engulfment crater of the crater-ring class in process of formation. The lava rises in the opening or vent and overflows, gradually building up a circular raised dam. A near view of a part of this dam is shown in Fig. 5. Later the lava is withdrawn from below, leaving behind it a large ring-shaped formation with a depressed central cavity, having a flat or even slightly convex floor. The larger lunar craters are all of this type. Two that are found near the limb or smooth edge of the Moon are shown in Fig. 6. Lunar craters near the centre of the disk are seen at a high angle, and appear very much deeper than they are in reality.

The characteristic difference between the lunar and terrestrial types may be briefly expressed by saying that the terrestrial volcano consists of a high cone and a small crater, while the lunar formation consists of a very large crater and an insignificant cone. It had always been supposed, until recently, that the terrestrial type was nowhere to be found upon the Moon, but a few months ago, while a lantern-slide made at the Yerkes Observatory by Professor Ritchey was being examined at Harvard, a thoroughly typical crater of the terrestrial type was found upon it. This crater is shown a little to the right and below the centre of Fig. 7. The cone measures nine miles in diameter at its base, and is 2000 feet in height. The crater is half a mile in diameter. For purposes of comparison we may say that the diameter of the base of Vesuvius, including Monte Somma, is eight miles, and its height 4000 feet. The diameter of its crater, which varies with every eruption, rarely exceeds a quarter of a mile, although it is said at present to be somewhat larger. The large crater of the lunar type shown just below and to the left of the centre of the figure is known as Kies, and measures twenty-eight miles in diameter. Craters of five and six times this size are found in certain parts of the Moon.

Most of the smaller lunar craters with which we are acquainted, and these probably number more than ninety-nine per cent. of the whole, have smooth, rounded, concave floors. Many examples of this class also are found in Hawaii, upon the



FIG. 9.—DAYLIGHT VIEW OF THE 1903 ERUPTIONS IN THE SUMMIT CRATER OF MAUNA LOA

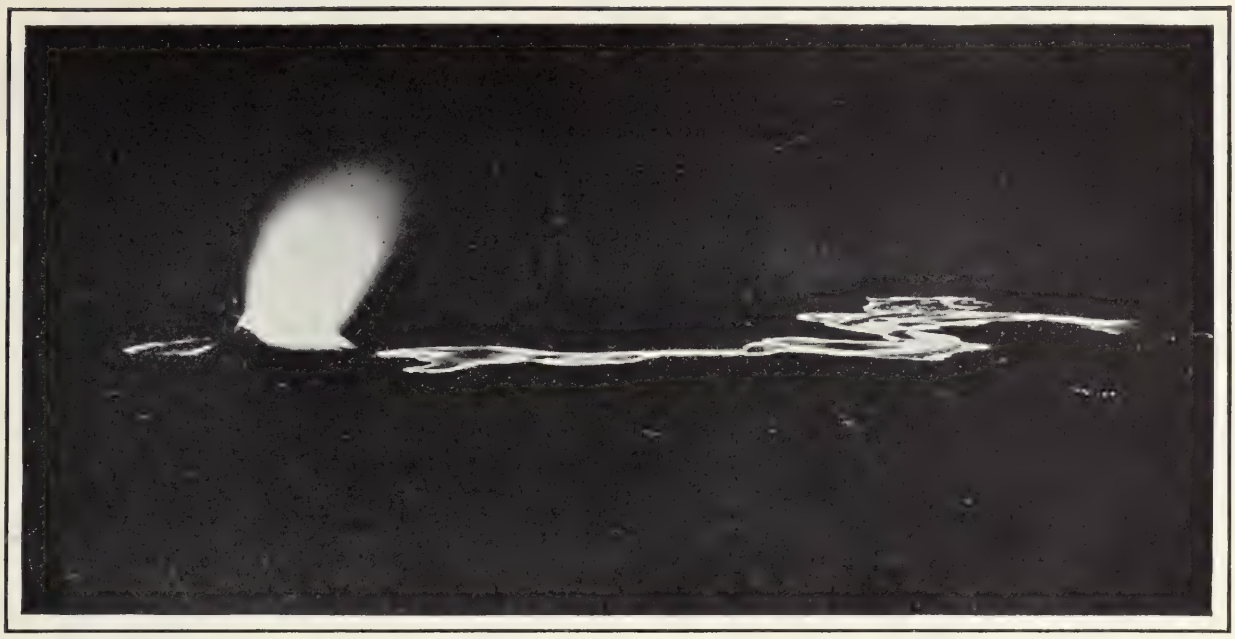


FIG. 10.—NIGHT VIEW OF 1903 ERUPTIONS IN THE SUMMIT CRATER OF MAUNA LOA

slopes of Mount Hualalai. Still another kind of lunar crater, of which only very small specimens are to be found, rarely exceeding a mile or two in diameter, has absolutely no outside cone at all, and is known as a crater pit. Fig. 8 represents a Hawaiian volcano of this type. Its name is Kauhaku, and it is situated near the leper settlement on the island of Molokai. It consists simply of a hole in the ground and nothing more. It once was brimming full of lava, but the lava has long since withdrawn, leaving nothing but the empty hole—an object very unlike our ideas of a volcano. Numerous other curious formations seen upon the Moon are now found to exist also in Hawaii, and there is scarcely a lunar feature which does not have its counterpart somewhere in this interesting newly acquired possession of the United States.

The Voice of the Rain

BY CHARLES BUXTON GOING

THE wind calls like a spirit—
  The sea, like mystic song;
But the falling rain is like a voice,
  Murmuring all night long.

For the wind's way none may follow,
  The sea no man may bound;
But the rain is gentle minister
  Between the skies and ground.

Rising, mist-clad and silent,
  From land and sea, it bears
The offering of their fragrances—
  The perfume of their prayers.

Then, with its myriad blessings
  For the myriad-praying plain—
Each drop an answer to a call—
  Earthward returns the rain.

The wind is like a spirit
  And the sea a mystery,
But the blessed rain is a living voice
  That speaks through the night to me.

The Man Who Wanted to Be Safe

BY ALICE BROWN

THERE was once a man who wanted to be safe. Even when he was a little boy he was so careful about being safe that all his playthings knew it and tried to be safe too. His marbles never dropped into the gutter, and his hoop always stopped rolling just before it reached a rough piece of ground. As for his top, it would spin only a very little while, because it was afraid it might not have breath to spin with another time; and his wheelbarrow trundled very moderately lest the pebbles should fly up and mar its shiny sides. And when the boy grew into a man he kept on wanting to be safe, only the older he grew, the more he wanted it. He lived in a beautiful place where there were woods and rivers and waterfalls and red sunsets, and gold and silver underground. There were the most delightful people to play and work with, and they were always begging the man to come out and work or play with them.

"Come and dig up some of the gold and silver," the men would say to him; but he shook his head.

"No," said he; "we should have to work very hard to get any at all, and hard work will make us grow old."

"Nonsense," said the other men. "We shall grow old anyway, and we might as well keep our blood moving."

"Besides," said the man, "I have gold and silver enough. My father dug it for me."

"Ah!" said the other men, "then you could dig for the temple."

"What temple?" asked the man.

"The temple to the Unknown God. It has an altar, and on the altar are vessels of gold and silver, and in the track that leads up to the altar are statues of gold and silver. And however many statues are made, there are never enough; so we must work very hard, all of us, to make more."

"Why?" asked the man.

The other men wrinkled their brows and stood leaning on their picks and spades.

"Why?" said they. "Why?" Then their brows lightened. "Because it is the temple of the Unknown God." So they went away, singing and talking, to their work, and left the man alone.

Then came three maidens, very beautiful, and said to him,

"Come and dance with us."

The man looked at them attentively, because they pleased him, and one most of all. But he shook his head.

"I am sorry," said he, "but it really is not best for me to go."

"Why isn't it best?" asked the most beautiful of all; and she said it wistfully.

"I don't know where you intend to dance."

They all laughed together, in a way they had.

"Why, we don't know either," they said. "We shall just dance into the woods and out again, and maybe we shall dance on to the waterfall."

"Haven't I heard of a lion in those woods?" asked the man.

"Oh dear, yes!" said the maidens. "There are several; but if you dance very hard, they put down their tails and go off to find somebody who isn't moving so fast."

"Then as to the waterfall—didn't I hear of a man's falling over and getting drowned?"

"Ah, but that was a poet! He was looking at the sky and hearing the roar of the water, and he was chanting what he read in the sky and trying to fit it to the sound of the water; and so he forgot the earth, and the water took him. But it didn't really drown him. It only carried him along the river to the sea."

"All this seems to me very embarrassing," said the man. "I shouldn't want to be taken along the river to the sea."

So the maidens went off by themselves,

and the man was sorrowful, because he really liked them, and one most of all. By and by, when she had gone a little way, she left the others and came back. She looked half ashamed, as if it were not customary to come back. The red ran into her cheeks, and she gazed down at her shoe; but that only made her the more beautiful.

"Perhaps," she said, in a low tone, "we may only go as far as the meadow. Then maybe you would be willing to dance."

The man shook his head. He had to shake it very hard to keep himself from going.

"I am sure I am doing the wise thing," said he. "The meadow seems safe; but it is quite near the wood, and we must remember the lions are there."

The maiden looked at him more wistfully still. He almost thought there were tears in her eyes, but he tried to believe it was not so, because tears are so likely to make one do foolish things.

"But suppose you do meet a lion?" said she. "You are very strong."

"Yes," said the man, "that is true. But there would be two of us, you see. And you are not strong, and I should have to look out for you."

The maid put up her head quite proudly. He saw he must have been mistaken in thinking there were tears in her eyes.

"No," said she, "you would not have to look out for me. I can look out for myself."

"Well," said the man, "you must be careful."

Then she began to sing, as she danced away after the others, and the man wondered, because he had never heard her voice when it sounded so loud and shrill. They were all three singing as they danced along, and by and by the woods closed in on them and he was alone.

"Well," said he at length, "that's over." And he went in and shut the door behind him.

Now, as the years went on, the man grew more and more determined to be safe. He seldom stepped beyond his own dooryard, though he was still quite young; but it did not seem to him as if the house even was safe enough. So he traced a circle, to enclose his land, and built a fence about it. But in a year it seemed to him that a great many unpleasant things might happen in so large a space, and inside the circle he traced a very little one. And about that he built a fence, and inside the fence he made a moat, and outside the fence he set a thick hedge of the bushes that grow very fast and never stop growing. Then he sat down in his house, with the key of his gate in his pocket.

"Now," said he, "I believe I am safe."

So the years went on again, and the water in the moat grew stagnant and the hedge kept growing, and the man sat indoors and thought how safe he was. No one came to see him now, because whenever any one came and called over the hedge he had called back again:

"The gate doesn't open. You must go away."

Once a day the baker came and passed a loaf of bread in through a hole in the hedge, and the man paid him out of the gold he had by him. And this went on and on until the man was not young nor even middle-aged, and sat alone in his house, thinking about the Last of All.

He was sitting there one June day when the sky sparkled and the trees were all a wavy green, when he heard a voice calling him and went out of his door to listen.

"If it is anybody to attack me," he thought, "it had better be on open ground."

But the voice was tremulous and sweet. He thought he had heard it before, though the one he remembered was young, and this was certainly old.

"Who are you?" he called.

"Do you remember the day I came back and asked you to dance with us?" it answered, and he thought it sounded pleadingly just as it had those years ago.

His heart gave a leap.

"Of course I remember," he said. "Are you dancing still?"

"No," said the voice; "I have walked quite slowly for a long time. But every day I have been walking toward you."

Now the man was more moved than he had been for many years, but he did not like that at all, because it seemed to him hardly safe for his heart to beat so hard.

"Did you have to walk far?" he asked, against his will.

"No," said the voice. "I was never far away, but I have been going about your house in circles, nearer and nearer, and now they have brought me to your gate."

"Well," said he, "I am sorry, but the gate won't open. The lock has rusted, and, to tell the truth, I've lost the key."

"Yes, I know it," said the voice, "but I have brought an axe with me, and I want to cut down the hedge."

"What!" said the man, "do you want to come in so badly as that?"

"Oh no," said the voice, "I don't want to get in at all. I only want you to be able to come out."

Then he was indeed surprised, for in all these years he had forgotten that there was any one different from himself.

"Why," said he, "what on earth should I want to go out for?"

"To see the sunset," said the voice. "It is very beautiful."

"Why," said the man, "you must be mistaken. The sky hasn't been red for years and years."

"And the sunrise," said the voice. "This morning the sky was as red as a rose."

"Now," said the man, quite crossly, "if the sky had been red, don't you suppose I should have known it?"

"No," said the voice; "your hedge is too thick and too high. And the woods —they are all carpeted with bloom. And the cataract—it sings its old song, only a thousand times more wonderful, and the poets meet beside it and sing and sing."

"What nonsense!" said the man. "The cataract has been still for many years. Everything is growing still—all except a little watch I hear ticking somewhere. That bothers me very much. Sometimes it hurries, and I don't like that at all; but I believe it's growing fainter."

"Come out," said the voice, "and listen to the cataract, and drown yourself in its glory."

"That's it," said the man, peevishly. "Drown! why, people used to be drowned there by the dozen."

"And the pathway to the temple—it is all lined with golden statues. They shine so that you can see them for miles and miles."

"Now I ask you," said the man, "what has become of the men that made the statues, and the men that dug the gold for them?"

"Dead!" said the voice, joyously. "They died at their task in the mine or before the smelting-furnace, bless God!"

"There!" said the man. "I knew you'd have to own it. And I'll warrant they haven't even a monument."

"Very few of them," said the voice. "Some lie within the temple, but most of them are unregarded dust."

"There!" said the man. "You see!"

But the voice broke now and said, as if through tears,

"I beseech you to let me cut down the hedge about your house."

"You are too old to chop," said the man, because he could find no other reason.

"No! no!" cried the voice. "I am old, indeed, but I have strength enough for that. And I tempered and sharpened my axe myself. I beseech you to let me do it."

"I forbid you!" cried the man. "I forbid you to touch my hedge."

"Alas!" said the voice, "I cannot touch it unless you give me leave."

"And I forbid you to tell people I answered you. I won't have them coming here spying on me and disturbing me."

"No," said the voice, sorrowfully, "only two will come after I have gone away."

"Only two?"

"One of them is Old Age."

"He is here now. Who is the other?"

"Death."

Then there was silence for a time, and the June breeze, rustling in the hedge, made a sound like winter.

"Where are you?" cried the man.

There was no answer. Everywhere it was very still. Only he could hear the beating of his heart, and that, too, seemed to him fainter than he had ever heard it before.

The Step One

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

THE new wife's face was alert with intense interest.

"Are we getting pretty near, —Davy?" with the shy little halt still before the name.

It was taking longer than she had expected to get used to calling this great, grave, Reverend David "Davy." But she was bent upon persisting—David now would be David always, and a David was no kind of a person to live all of one's life with,—and play little wife-jokes upon,—and kiss good-night! From the first she had known she must call him Davy.

"Pretty, *real* near—Davy? Because I've saved up some questions to ask you on the home-stretch. I must have time enough."

Very gently this great, grave Reverend David groaned—so gently that he kept it to himself. Had he not been dreading those questions ever since they started away from the pleasant place of their two weeks' honeymoon? He had felt them coming—and now here they were.

"The first one—I've got them methodically numbered," laughed the sweet, low voice—"the first one,—Davy, is, How many? (Of course I know, but you must make believe I didn't. I want to be introduced all over again.) And the second one is, How do they look? And the thir—"

"One at a time, Mary," he smiled; "you mustn't rush me! Answer to number one: Six."

"Six," she murmured, and the color flooded her face softly. Six was so—many! Of course she had known,—of *course* she had. But even a little three-letter word like that can sound different at different times—little sometimes, sometimes big. How big it sounded now!

"Six," she repeated under her breath, and did not speak again at once. Then, smiling up at him, "Now answer number two, please!"

He pretended dismay. "It's a big contract," he said; "you are certainly rushing me! As if a man could remember six separate looks!—and five of them girl ones!"

"Are girl ones harder to remember? Then I'll put the question in another way. Like this: What are they like? Aren't some of them like you, Davy? Just one or two?" She was scarcely conscious that she held her breath for the answer, but he knew. More than mere knowing, he understood.

"Mary is like me," he said gently but a little uncertainly. Then, as if making a rapid mental inventory of Mary's characteristics, "Yes, Mary *is* like me," with assurance.

"Mary?" She caught her breath quickly. "Then one of them is *Mary?* Why, I never expected—I never thought—"

"Her mother's name was Mary," the great, grave, reverend man said quietly, but he winced at the hurt he knew he was giving her—he knew her so well. They had never mentioned the dead wife's name; she had never asked, he never volunteered it.

"Then call me Molly!" her heart cried out within her. "Not Mary!—no, no, not Mary!" But she uttered no sound with her lips, but with infinite effort made them smile. It was a full moment before she spoke.

"It's a good name," stoutly. "It—it bears repeating. I never would let anybody but home folks nickname me,—they called me Molly at home. That's rather a funny little name, don't you think? I—I don't suppose you like the name of Molly?"

And because he understood, he smiled and called her Molly. It was a distinct relief to them both. After that, she found that Davy came more easily.

"Davy,"—then again, practising it, "Davy."

"Yes,—Molly."

"Isn't it queer I never would let you tell me their names before? I always was 'just that' whimsey! And now, honest, I'm a little frightened,—six names are so many to learn in a hurry! Are we getting very awfully near?"

"Pretty near,—shall I teach them to you now?"

"Yes,—oh, yes, hurry! I've learned Mary,—now the rest, Davy. Be quick!"

He smiled and held up his big brown fingers, ticking the names off monotonously. "Mary, Margaret,—Judith, Jean,—Hop o' My Thumb and The Boy."

"Oh, The Boy—I'm glad there's a Boy!" she laughed. "Maybe the other—Hop o' My Thumb is a—"

"Girl. All girl ones but The Boy."

"And he is the baby one? I'm glad The Boy is the baby one! I'm sure I don't know why, but I am. Does he wear little Russian frocks and his hair chopped off—oh, Davy, if he doesn't, you'll let me chop it off round the ears, won't you? Say I may!"

The great, grave, Reverend David gasped softly. "Er—yes,—no,—that is, you must ask him. He wears it something like that now, since he began to play football."

"Football! Davy, how old is he?" she demanded.

"Ten, in his stocking feet."

"Oh,—*ten!*" She was palpably disgusted. The little Russian frocks melted into the background. This was The Boy she had been going to snuggle in her arms. This was the Baby One!

"There's Hop o' Thumb," he ventured appeasingly, anxious to comfort. "Hop o' Thumb is six. Six is rather small."

"Oh!" she brightened, "six is lovely! Why didn't you tell me there was a six one—oh, of course, I wouldn't let you. Davy, I guess I was a—goose!"

"I guess so," he agreed, smiling down at her from his great height. But in his heart he called himself something worse than a goose—a coward. It had been such a relief when she had put her finger on his lips and bidden him: "No, no, not yet! I want to wait,—just for this little while pretend there is only you!" And they had "pretended," while the short, sweet space of their honeymoon sped by. He had reasoned that perhaps it was better so,—better to wait. The relief of it blinded his better judgment; he wanted to give himself more time.

But now,—he could not wait any longer now, and his heart sank within him at what he must tell her. It was terrible to look into her earnest face and say cruelly, brutally: "They won't be glad to see you, dear. They don't want a stepmother."

They would be polite. Oh, he knew how polite they would be! He could see them standing in a stiff little row, with Mary at the head—Mary, who had drilled them painstakingly. They would put out limp hands properly, the hands growing smaller and smaller down the line to Hop o' Thumb's little cushioned hand with the dimple-pricks in it. Hop o' Thumb's hand would be terribly clean—he could see just how scrubbed and polished it would be. But Hop o' Thumb's little scrubbed face would be unfriendly, dignified and cold, a ludicrous copy of all the faces up the line to Mary's. Mary had drilled them. As well as if he had been there, he knew what she had said at the drills. Something terrible, like this: "We must be polite, but we sha'n't love her, of course. Nobody could expect that of us. She will be our stepmother and we must make the best of her. But, children, remember! We must *always* be polite!"

He was not much concerned about ultimate results. This sweet-faced little new wife there on the seat opposite him would attend to those. He had faith in her sweetness to break all barriers down ultimately. But now—it was now he was concerned about. He longed so intensely to make her home-coming pleasant, and he knew so well about the line of dignified little faces and limp little hands that would be there waiting. And she would see the dignity and feel the limpness instantly; he could not deceive her a moment.

While he thought his thoughts like this, she was thinking hers. And oddly enough, they were both much alike. With a woman's swift intuition she had read his thoughts and marshalled them into file to be considered. There was not much time to do it in; she must hurry. There were six children on ahead in the new home, and his brooding eyes and the frown between them told her plainly

enough the truth. They were six little hostiles—they did not want any of her. And poor Davy, it was going to hurt him as much as her. Well?—She thought fast.

"Isn't there any one there with them?—they're not there all alone, Davy?" she said aloud.

"No,"—he came out of his anxious thoughts bewilderedly and slowly,—"No, oh no; that is, they are just now, but they haven't been all the time, of course. The old housekeeper had to go on account of sickness, Mary wrote. She said not to worry; they could get on alone the rest of the time. Mrs. Pond only left two or three days ago. I wrote back I should send them a new housekeeper immediately, but it was such short notice—I haven't found any one yet. A neighbor was to stay with them nights and help Mary get ready for us—"

She broke into the long speech brightly. "Aren't we beginning to slow up?" she said. "Anyway, we shall very soon, sha'n't we? Well, I have a speech to make first. Listen hard, dear, and don't dare to be surprised! You married me just as I was, didn't you? Well, I was a queer little thing, Davy, apt any minute to do something unexpected. I'm going to now!—Davy, I want you to let me go first alone."

"Go first—alone—" He did not understand.

"Yes,—*home,* you know. I don't want you along! You are to go on somewhere and not come back for a week. Of course—of course it's a crazy way for a new wife to go to her husband's home and get acquainted with his children! No one ever did it before. I'm the first one,—I'm going to do it, Davy. You will let me have my way, dear? It was in the 'contract,' wasn't it,—'to love, honor and let her have her way'?"

"Mary!" He could not seem to say another word. The unusualness—impossibility—of the scheme took his breath away. Yet there was something in her face, smiling-mouthed but serious-eyed, that let in light upon him. He began to see—he saw uncertainly, then with sudden, dazzling vividness, what this thing she wanted to do, this astounding, unheard-of thing, meant. Her startling little plan opened to him.

"But I can't let you, dear!" he faltered. "Not this—some other thing, dear."

"*This,* Davy," she rejoined firmly, "you will let me do it. I want to meet them alone and get acquainted a little before you come. Never mind how queer it is, or how unconventional,—I want to do it. I *want* to, Davy. Trust me and let me have my way. You wouldn't refuse your wife before you've been married to her a month? Well, then, listen,—go on somewhere and manage to get along a week—no, you may come on Saturday. That will be only five days. There are things enough in your bag for that time. Saturday, Davy, you may come!"

She could not put her hands on his shoulders and coax him in her own way, on account of the curious eyes about her, but she put it all as well as she could into her eyes. He saw it there and read it a little blunderingly after a man's fashion. But he got to the truth in his way. He understood why she asked this strange thing of him.

When the train slowed into the next station he made himself sit still and let her get out alone. She would not even have him go out on the platform with her and put her into a carriage. Some one, she said, would recognize him, and it was a part of her plan not to have him recognized. But she leaned to his ear as she left him, and what she said a little paid him for this hard thing he was doing for her. He nodded and smiled, because her coaxing eyes asked for a nod and a smile.

"Trust me, dear," she said. And he sat there trusting her against his will.

"There's somebody a-coming," The Boy reported from his watch-tower, "but it's only one somebody."

"*They're* one now," responded Mary, with no hint of joking, but rather great bitterness in her tone. Mary was getting her line ready to form at the word from the lookout.

"Well, this one's a woman-person all alone. She's going by—she's coming here! Can't Judy or Jeanie go to the door, 'cause I dassent stop looking?"

"Both of you go," commanded the head of the little family. Judith and

Jean usually did things, by virtue perhaps of their twinship, together. "Tell whoever it is that we don't want any. We are *very* busy to-day," added Mary.

"We don't want any," quavered one twin shyly. She was hurriedly reinforced by the other twin: "'Cause we're getting ready for a stepmother an' it's awful."

"Poor things!" murmured the woman-person on the door-step softly. But she did not offer to go away. "I am the new housekeeper," she said with a sunny smile. "You are not going to send the new housekeeper away? I came on purpose to help you to—to get ready for the new mother."

"Stepmother," corrected the twins promptly. "She isn't anything but a step. Come right in and we'll call Mary. We'd given you up and have done our own cooking—gracious, I'm glad you've come!"

"Do you like griddle-cakes?" the new housekeeper inquired without waste of ceremony. "The goldy-brown kind you eat with syrup? Because I can make—"

"Mary! Mary, come down quick! She's come and she's going to griddle-cake us! With syrup on! Come quick!"

"Judy, Jeanie, what do you mean!" Mary was coming down the stairs with pale horror in her face. Tragedy seemed imminent. If she had really come and those terrible twins were receiving her with wide-open arms—mouths, like this!

"It's the new housekeeper—the new housekeeper! This is Mary," introduced the twins. And Mary's color came flooding back. She held out a slender hand to the stranger.

"You're perfectly wel—I mean you're very welcome," she said, and then their eyes met and they laughed together at the thin little joke. It was a relief to Mary, after all these grave days, to laugh. She could not have explained the feeling, but it was instant relief. Her heavy little burden of care slid from her shoulders to the stranger's. Now she need not worry any more about the supper and the beds and the cold in Hop o' Thumb's throat. With an impulsive little motion Mary caught the new housekeeper's hand and squeezed it. It meant the things her halting tongue would not say.

"I must explain," the stranger said rather unsteadily. "I have seen your father and he is not coming to-day. Not until Saturday. There has been a—a change of plan. We have almost a week to get ready for him in. Don't you think in a week we can get ready?" She was taking off her wraps, smiling at them in turn in an odd, wistful way. They liked her at once.

"Go up and tell Boy he needn't watch out any more. Tell him to come down here—he likes griddle-cakes, too!" Mary laughed. "I guess we're all about starved. I've been housekeeping."

"Yes, she's cooked us," the spokesman twin called down over her shoulder as they scrambled up-stairs to call The Boy. And there was that in the child's tone that sent Mary and the stranger laughing again, whereby a new link of friendship was forged.

They swarmed about her, eager to get acquainted and more eager still to see the griddle-cakes materialize. One set the table, while all the rest, captained by Mary, introduced the new housekeeper to her field of labor. As they buzzed about they talked.

"It's fine, isn't it, that we've got most another week!" Margaret remarked. "Of course we want to see daddy," she added hastily, "but it's a great relief to have our stepmother put off."

"Why?—does she bite?" queried the new housekeeper innocently. "I had one once and mine didn't."

"Did you hate her?" propounded Mary with sudden energy. She swung about and waited for her answer. It came very gently.

"No; oh no! I loved mine."

"Gracious!" from the awed twins in a breath.

"I never s'posed folks could," The Boy muttered. "The idea!"

"It was rather easy after just the first —'just the firsts' are always a little hard, I guess," the gentle voice kept on evenly; "but when she began to cuddle me bedtimes—"

Hop o' Thumb uttered a hasty croak in her sore little throat. It would be so nice to be cuddled bedtimes!

"Then I left off the 'step' and called her mother. Now somebody show me where the baking-powder is," briskly, with an end to sentiment. The supper

preparations went ahead without further interruption.

Hop o' Thumb's small brown face turned slowly red-brown, then a deep feverish red that alarmed the new housekeeper. She was not unacquainted with sickness, but here was new responsibility connected with it.

"Get a tub of hot water for her feet, and mustard, and one of you go for the doctor." She issued orders calmly, but she was not calm. Dread was pinching her heart.

All night she held the little body against her breast, rocking and crooning. Hop o' Thumb grew a little delirious after a while and talked in a weary, monotonous little strain of many things. By and by she settled down upon stepmothers and talked of them.

"Take 'em away!" she implored; "don't let one get me! I haven't been a single bit naughty—promise you'll hide me if you see one coming!"

"It's nice to be cuddled bedtimes, isn't it? What was that you was talkin' 'bout? You said—you said you had one once, didn't you? A step one? Or else you said you *was* one—I keep a-forgettin'."

"I had one once, dear."

"An' you loved her? Didn't you say you loved yours?"

"Yes, dear, very much."

"Then—then I'm a-goin' to love mine. Where's Mary?—I want Mary!—No, I guess I'll go to sleep instead. You tell her I'm a-goin' to love mine."

"Yes, darling. Now go to sleep."

"But I wish she was like you!—I wish she was like you!"

"She is, dear."

"An' cuddles you bedtimes?"

"Just like this, darling."

"Oh!—oh, tell Mary. What 'll Mary say!"

"Mary says then we'd all love her," a girl-voice murmured sobbingly; "we'd all do it, Hop o' Thumb, if she was this kind."

For five days the fever had its way, in spite of the doctor and the new housekeeper. Then in the sudden fashion of children's ailments it subsided and the danger was past. In those days and nights Mary and the stranger-woman had come very close together.

"I'm so glad it was you came and not —and not—*her!*" the girl cried thankfully.

"She would have done just what I have," retorted the other fiercely. She was very tired.

"She couldn't—she's a stepmother!" Mary flung back. Mary was tired, too.

"I am a stepmother."

"*You!*" It did not seem possible.

"And you said you'd love her if she was like me—you said you would—"

"But she isn't,—she can't be," Mary insisted.

"She is just like me, I tell you! Could you love me, dear?" The impatience had gone now and in its stead had crept in tenderness. Mary flung herself into the other's arms.

"I do! I do! I want you for a stepmother instead of *her!*"

"Then take me—" began the other, but got no farther, for there in the doorway stood David,—daddy. He had been listening; they saw it in his face. He did not speak a word.

"Davy!" She laid the sleeping child in Mary's arms and ran to the door. A strange thing happened then.

"Davy, Davy, Davy! Oh, I'll never do it again! The next time you marry me, you shall come, too,—I've been so anxious, Davy! But she's better now; she is getting well. And you're here—we'll all be happy together now."

Mary stole away. They did not even know when she passed them in the door. She went down-stairs and rounded up the children.

"Listen to me," she said; "every one of you listen to me! Something has happened—we've had a stepmother nearly a week and didn't know it! She's been taking care of Hop o' Thumb and we've been loving her. *And we're not going to stop.* We're going up-stairs and—hug her. We'll go in a procession and I'll be the first—"

But suddenly, quite unexpectedly, The Boy assumed the rights of sex. Undeterred by considerations of courtesy, he went to the head of the little procession and led it up-stairs with the calm mien of a conqueror. With a swift onslaught he "bear-hugged" the little new mother, and one by one they followed him. In the midst woke up Hop o' Thumb and claimed precedence weakly.

"I did it long ago!" she triumphed.

A Portrait, by Louis Loeb

IN the field of art to-day creative expression is so general that, instead of strongly marked individualities carrying forward the work as in the past, we have movements whose invisible currents are pervading the whole people, lifting a widely diffused culture to higher levels. Mr. Loeb, as one of this varied and active multitude, contributes to its force by his own expression in varied form. Portrait-painter, illustrator, picture-maker, whatever he undertakes shows individuality, freshness, and delicacy, and reflects the emotion and sobriety of his own nature. His is well-bred art which never shouts, but has the power to interest us without resorting to extravagance or brutality, without overemphasis or pedantry. His work in illustration has given predominance to the literary quality rather than the purely artistic in his art; yet it carries a subtle atmosphere, expressing the mood of the artist, the haunting memory of things that is impressionistic. The final interest of his pictures is subjective, and any theme serves to show his poetic view of life, his habit of dreamy melancholy. The example represented illustrates his characteristic sensibility. We feel the sensuous dreaminess of the indolent South rather than the clean-cut Holbein-like fidelity. The eyes like languid stars, the softly rounded arm disposing the crimson poppies, the poise of the head, the subdued color—all speak his love of beauty, While accepting the fashion of the time, he poetizes life about him and infuses his work with perennial interest. By avoiding the fashion of the day an artist does not ensure his work from slipping out of fashion. A work infused with life and sentiment will live in spite of the whims of dress; an example of such may be cited in the "Infantas" of Velasquez. An artist who belongs to all time must represent his own day; by his perception of life he overrides transient peculiarities of dress.

W. Stanton Howard.



"YOUNG WOMAN WITH POPPIES," BY LOUIS LOEB

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

Vignettes of the Road

BY THORNTON OAKLEY

THE railroad dominates. It spreads a web across the land and holds men and cities in its meshes. Its smoke blots every sky.

Armies of men toil for it—trainmen; trackmen; signalmen; expressmen staggering under baggage; station-agents; crews of ferries laden with commuters, or of tugs towing rafts of freights; clerks, old and young, perched on ink-stained stools, their thumbs cramped, their eyes wandering ever toward the windows and glimpses of cloud-capped buildings.

For it steamships pour hordes of immigrants upon the docks. Miners delve for it, and empty the black storehouses of the earth into its hungry cars. Men grow gray in its employ. Some live with hand on throttle, eyes fixed on signals and blinking lights. Some sweat among the cylinders in hissing steam. Some ride on rushing freights, ducking bridges, running on swaying roofs, bathed in smoke and cinders.

Across the country the railroad stretches its embankments. It cleaves the mountain and throws trestles above the gorge. It fills the cities with its roar. Its stations tower among sky-scrapers, and through its gates the multitude pours. It is monarch of the age.

It is dusk; but in the west, beyond the railroad-yard, the sky is glowing. The light strikes upon the rails and they gleam like burnished brass. In the fading light all else is growing dark, but against the orange sky the semaphores and lean poles of the telegraph stand black, and at the crossing, farther on, a trestle arches its iron network. The air is full of cinders and swirling steam. Engines vomit inky smoke, which spreads into billows of black vapor and throws dark shadows upon the yard. The switch-lights begin to twinkle. The grimy figures of the lampmen go stumping among the tracks with flickering torches, and soon the yard is dotted with green and yellow lights.

Freight-cars rush by, single ones and drafts of twos and threes, shunted by the shifting-engine by the yardmaster's station and on their way to make up freights at the lower section of the yard. Loaded cars there are, and empties; coal-cars, box cars, cattle-cars, oil-cars, flat cars with axles shrieking under tons of granite. They bear down suddenly out of the twilight, loom big, then go by with a rush of wind, the brakemen riding high up on the roofs, tugging on the brake-wheels, and waving signals to the switchmen.

"Look at that there fool of a dropper!" growls a switchman, his eyes on the brakeman of an oncoming car who is whirling his lantern about in wavering circles. "That's no way to signal! Why don't he swing it around his head? I can't see the —— thing move. If he wants track 15, why in blazes can't he swing his light proper? No, sir," he says, as he throws a lever and the car goes by, "I wouldn't be no dropper. Too much climbin'. Your hands get full of corns pullin' on the brakes, an' there 're smash-ups all the time, an' you get caught between the wheels. They get awful careless, them droppers. Just yesterday, when it was so icy, one of 'em got killed jumpin' from the polin' engine when it was goin' right well—slid right under. But strangers are the worst. They don't look where they're goin'. There was a fellow come here Monday—he was the super's son or somethin', an' had a long coat on. He was walkin' down the tracks, an' a big freight come up behind an' fanned his coat tails, an' he got sucked in. You've got to watch yourself on the tracks. Hi! Somethin's wrong over there!"

Beyond the next switch-box stand two empties, and a flour-car is rushing on them. The brake won't work. The



Drawn by Thornton Oakley

THE YARD



Drawn by Thornton Oakley

WORK ON THE TRACK



Drawn by Thornton Oakley

THE SIGNAL-TOWER

dropper is tugging at it and yelling; then, as the distance lessens, he flings his arms out wide and jumps. The next instant the cars crash. A giant truck goes smashing through the forward empty, leaps across the second, and buries itself in a load of coal upon the track beyond. The flour-car is scattered. A thick white cloud arises and settles down upon the wreckage. The ground grows white with meal. The dropper crawls out of the débris, his clothes in shreds, his face streaked with blood and flour. Men come running. The yard resounds with shouts, and from the shop beyond the roundhouse the wrecking-train bears down. It is almost dark, but in a headlight's glare the crew attack the wreck. They swarm over the ruins. The mighty crane, towering against the last light of the sky, swings ponderously; the great hook drops; there is a creaking and straining; sparks fly; the crowd pushes back, and a mass of twisted steel arises—of brakes, of wheels, of shattered cars. It hovers above the ground with trailing tentacles of iron, then slowly swings, and drops crashing upon the waiting flat car.

The wreck shrinks rapidly. Soon there remain only the ploughed roadbed and splintered ties. The crane departs. The crowd melts away.

It is night; the green and yellow lights are twinkling, and through the darkness the freight-cars rush.

The dagoes swarm on the embankment, their bodies bent double as they stoop to work. Patches of color flare in the sunlight—blue jeans, red bandannas, and shirts of vivid checks. The sun beats down upon the track, and the hot air quivers as it rises from the rails. You can hear the hissing intake of the breaths as the workmen swing their picks. Their shirts are open at the throat, their dark skins are streaked with sweat, their black hair is matted on their temples. Some wear fluttering handkerchiefs beneath their hats. There is a glitter of earrings, and over all you hear the click of picks and jabbering of Italian.

As you watch the toiling men a train comes rushing down upon them. They work on stolidly, and do not seem to hear the long-drawn, piercing whistle. You gasp for breath. Then slowly the laborers stand aside, the express goes thundering by, and you are enveloped in a whirl of dust. A roaring fills your ears. You hear a hammering on the rails. Cinders fly, and your eyes are filled with smoke. As you look about once more, you see the dagoes working on the track.

The water-boy comes struggling up the steep embankment, his brimming bucket firmly set upon his head. The soft clay gives beneath his feet, he slips among the cinders, and he stretches his arms wide to keep himself from falling. You can see the tendons of his sturdy neck as he balances the pail. It rests securely on his head, and when he finally gains the top he has not spilled a drop. The Italians stop working for a while as the bucket goes among them. They drain the rusty dipper with noisy gulps, then pause to relight their pipes before taking up their tools.

All at once work ceases. Picks and rakes are thrown aside, and the laborers rush for the dinner-buckets that are spotted along the track. You pull out your watch. The hands are at the tick of twelve. There has been no whistle, nor have you seen a signal, yet work has stopped upon the minute. The foreman vanishes. The dagoes scatter. They stretch out on the cinders or sit cross-legged on the ties. Soon they are munching hunks of bread. Some have spread them thick with a sort of greenish mixture which smells of vinegar and mustard. Others chew bologna streaked with green and yellow. You can see black finger-marks upon the bread. The jabbering grows louder.

Six o'clock. The red sun sinks behind the hills. Long shadows stretch across the country and on the hot embankment. Upon the track a row of handcars waits. The dagoes crowd about them; they heap them high with tools and coats and dinner-buckets, then scramble on, as the cars begin to move. You see them going down the track, their stumpy figures bobbing as they work upon the levers. They grow smaller, melt into the dusky twilight, and disappear into the cut.

The sky grows dark behind the hills.



Drawn by Thornton Oakley

THE OILER

In the farmhouse at your feet a yellow light is twinkling. The day's work is over.

The operator is on duty in the signal-tower. The telegraph clicks steadily, and on the jangling telephones stream orders from headquarters. The tower-man goes quickly back and forth along the bristling rows of levers—red, green, and black—pushing on the switches, pulling on the signals, his eyes fixed on the row of indicators, his ears open to the clickings of the instruments. He answers abruptly when you speak to him, and gazes at you with abstracted eyes. He thinks not of your question. His mind is on the track.

Through the wide-open windows you can see the railroad spread below. The rails interlace intricately. The switches are in a seeming jumble. The trusses of the signal-bridges stretch high across the tracks, and through the smoke you see the countless semaphores.

A mile down the track the express comes round the bend. You watch it as it grows rapidly larger, then in a moment it thunders by. The tower trembles and you gasp in smoke. The signal-operator glances at his clock, then leans out and shakes two fingers at the engineer, who nods and pulls his throttle in a bit. He is two minutes ahead of time.

As the express vanishes in a blue haze of steam and dust, a heavy freight comes lumbering down the south-bound track, the big black engine shaking and belching smoke and cinders. The operator turns and tugs upon his levers. Out upon the track there is a clanging among the switches, and upon the signal-bridge the green and yellow semaphores rise and fall. The panting locomotive halts. The signal is against him. Far back at the caboose a brakeman drops off, and you can see him running up the track, waving a spot of red. The engineer, in greasy overalls, swings down from his cab and hurries to the tower. The operator shouts to him that there is a freight wreck at Upland Crossing, and after the Southshore Limited has passed he is to proceed on the passenger track.

When the Limited comes rushing by, twenty minutes late, the lynx eyes of the towerman espy a smoking axle-box under the forward coach. In an instant he has seized the cord of the great brass tower-whistle, and the country echoes with its blast. With an answering shriek the engineer of the flier throws on the emergency brakes, and the train grinds to a jarring stop. Windows are flung up, and passengers thrust out curious heads. The box is very hot. Smoke pours out thickly and there is a smell of burning grease. The train crew, with sleeves rolled up, plunge elbow-deep in grimy axle stuffings, and sweat streams down their faces.

Meanwhile the towerman has tugged again upon his levers. Four blasts from the whistle of the waiting freight rise white into the air, and it swings slowly across to the passenger track ahead of the express. Beyond Upland Crossing, it passes over to its track once more, and the Limited, when it starts on again, is an hour late.

When the levers get out of order and the signals refuse to work, the operator sends the repair-man out upon the track with his kit of tools and scarlet flag. Sometimes in summer, when thunder-storms are raging, the lightning strikes the semaphores, and greenish flame leaps from the signal-boxes. The repair-men climb out upon the framework of the bridge, and you can see them, through the driving rain, and smoke from the rushing trains beneath, beating with their coats at the electric fire.

The railroad men stop now and then for a minute's chat as they pass the signal-tower. The red-faced station-master, from two miles up the road, climbs the stairs and settles himself on the window-sill for a comfortable pipe. The foreman of the track comes up as he passes on his rounds. "There ain't much muscle in this yer job," he remarks as he watches the busy fingers of the operator, "but there's a —— lot of head-work!" The operator grunts, and as you hear the rumble of an approaching train, he grasps a crimson lever.

A roar and a flash of heat. You catch a glimpse of windows and of crowded human life, and the express has passed.

The yellow is up out on the bridge. The operator has pulled the lever. He is lord of the track.

Editor's Easy Chair

A MATTER of two or three months ago the Easy Chair amused itself with some inquiry into the present state of magazine poetry, its positive quality and its comparative merit, likening it with the magazine poetry of the time when the Chair was in the green wood rather than the dry, and stretching a point or two of a somewhat elastic conscience in its praise. This seemed a sufficiently innocent diversion to the nominal editor occupying the Chair, and he pleased himself with a sort of nice balance he fancied he had struck between the grave and gay in the course of the inquiry, and in the limited conclusions he reached. It appeared to him that every one must share his pleasure, and that the young poets would be glad to have been let off so easily, while their elders would one and all enjoy the priority, if it was not the superiority, accorded them. In the event, however, he found several surprises awaiting him.

For instance, a periodical devoted to the culture of elegant learning, as well as the pursuit of flying folly, brought him to book touching the celebrity of two poets of his youth whose excellence he had alleged, but of whom the writer in that periodical had confessedly never heard. The writer asked, rightly enough from his point of view, why these poets, if they were of such admitted excellence, were not known to him fifty years after their date. Of course we first disabled his acquaintance with literature generally, and fugitive poetry particularly, but upon reflection we granted him some reasons out of our abundance, and began to ask ourselves what was really a modern poet's expectation of life. We went farther, and questioned how long a great poem really lived, and upon the whole we got from ourselves no satisfactory reply. That is why we are now referring the affair to the reader, who may be better or worse informed than ourselves, but who, we hope, will be ready to consider it with us.

In the time, a contented and self-satisfied time, when the immobility of our planet had been ascertained by the church, and the daily revolution of the sun round the earth established by the evidence of the senses, the fact that a poet was an ancient gave him a perpetual mortgage on the future. You had only to say that you were a Greek, or, at the worst, a Roman, and you were at once recognized classic and hailed immortal. Your epic, or your tragedy, or your ode, or your idyl, was your passport, *visé* by every authority, to the latest age and beyond; and in your interest as one of the ancients any modern was likely to be turned back from the frontier of his little day, and possibly punished for attempting to cross it. Those were great times for the dead, if they had been dead long enough; Homer and Virgil, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Hesiod, Pindar, Theocritus, not to mention Horace, Lucretius, Ovid, Juvenal, and the Roman rest, were appointed a supremacy in gentlemen's libraries which they still hold. But what we wish the reader to ask, being afraid to ask it ourselves, is, are these mighty shades now taken down from their shelves and dusted off and communed with as they once were? Even in those later ages of dispute as to the respective merit of the ancients and moderns, continuing well through the eighteenth century into the nineteenth, were the classics worshipped with as much knowledge as their partisans pretended? We know that there are men still living who make it a point to read Scott or Thackeray or even Fielding through once every year, and it seems impossible but were there men in former days who read Homer and Virgil, and perhaps the Greek dramatists, through once every year. Perhaps there were not many such men, but each was a host in himself, and together they outnumbered the mass in an overwhelming majority.

So we may dismiss our doubt as to the past, and concede that down to the end

of that long dispute the ancients were faithfully and constantly read. But are they read now? What gentleman issuing from his library, where he has them in handsome bindings, will boast at the head of his dinner-table that he reads them through, and makes a point of it, once every year? They are partially read, of course, in the schools and colleges, but they are not read there so willingly and gladly as they could ask to be read if they had their say. There are people who, if sworn to tell the whole truth, and nothing but it, must own that there are one or two darkling plays of Shakespeare himself, prince among the moderns, which they have not read; and only the other day Professor Brander Matthews was intimating that most of the Elizabethan dramatists were, for the most part, not worth reading. But do many persons now go about with pocket editions of the Iliad or the Æneid, and lie down under summer trees, enjoying them—

"From morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve"?

We are not saying they do not, or might not do it with the Odyssey, or the "Battle of the Frogs and Mice," or a Virgilian Eclogue or so, of immediate agricultural interest; but it is here a question of the more epical epics, in which the fame of the poets is supposed to be mainly lodged. The doubt intimated attaches itself even to the "Divine Comedy," earliest of the great achievements of the moderns. Have many gentlemen with libraries, or others, read it from cover to cover more than half a dozen times? Or of they have it about them, are they presently reading it in course, or are they staying here and there upon a favorite passage, with which they associate the rest of that work? To name the epic that follows in the deathless order next after the "Divine Comedy." Is "Paradise Lost" familiar, save again in certain beautiful bits, to any multitude of impassioned lovers? Do not "Lycidas" and certain of the statelier sonnets, rather than the epic, represent Milton to this generation? If a faithful census were made of the Chicago readers of Spenser's "Faerie Queen," must not the ascertained number fall so far below the claim of St. Louis that the Chicago papers would cry out on it for a miscount?

We name a few of the many other epics produced during the ages when every nation felt it should have an epic: not some such national poem as the "Cid," or the "Nibelungen," or the Sagas, or the Provençal romances, but such effects of the revived learning as the "Jerusalem Delivered" of Tasso, and the semi-serious epics of Ariosto and Bojardo and Pulci,—the "Orlando Furioso" and the "Orlando Innamorato," and the "Morgante Maggiore," and the like in Italian. Does any one read them, either in the original or in the versions of his own language? What, to any one's certain knowledge, has become of the "Lusiad" of Camoens, in or out of the Portuguese? The Spaniards had a massive and magnanimous epic celebrating the Araucanians, that unconquerable tribe of Chilean Indians who alone of the South-American aborigines defied the Spanish arms; but probably not one of the still invict Araucanians, if he could be distracted from his bean-pot long enough to give the matter attention, would be able to chant a single verse of the epic; and as for the Spaniard who wrote it, which of his countrymen could name him offhand?

The great prose epic of Ossian overran Europe in its time, and was turned into rhythm wherever men could read or write. Napoleon carried it about with him on his campaigns, as if he could not really live without it; but to which American general is Ossian now a necessary of life? Which reader of our own could repeat one of its windy and swelling strophes? Yet the Ossianic poem was one of the epics which survived the Romantic movement, and in spite of being an often exposed swindle, continued for the admiration and imitation of the greatest of the post-Romantic poets, if we may so call the ever-boyish Byron. He continued, deeply personalized, the epic tradition in "Childe Harold," which, again, who reads? He continued it in the more impassioned "Don Juan," which people used to read for its much beauty, and for the much less impropriety than they hoped to find in it. Is Young's "Night Thoughts" now seen on many centre-tables? Or Cowper's "Task," or Pope's "Essay on Man," or Pollok's "Course of Time," each somewhat of the epic size? To come to the briefer modern classics, there are

persons of unquestionable integrity who would profess a fond familiarity with the "Cottar's Saturday Night," but would this pretension be founded on fact? The "Gentle Shepherd" of Allan Ramsay is a very lovely poem, yet who knows it but by faint hearsay? The moralists dispute about the life of Shelley and his behavior to his wife, but the larger poems he left are mainly in a book sealed to anything like popular knowledge. It is so with Wordsworth and Coleridge, and with all the poets of their time, except Keats; he alone is read in most of his verse; but possibly the "Endymion" is not a favorite of the public which delights in our new fiction. Scores, perhaps hundreds, of charming tales in verse were written in the first or second quarter of the last century which are still reprinted but not reperused: as those of Leigh Hunt, and Coleridge, and Byron, and Crabbe. It is too soon yet to guess how much Tennyson or Longfellow or Browning will be read save in their minor or briefer poems. Perhaps the "Idyls of the King" have already overtasked the devotion which they once enjoyed.

Like most other phenomena of the rather anomalous world in which our lot is cast, the amorphous mass which we call the body of literature is not the sentient thing which we have in mind when we so figure it. In the immeasurably greater extent of its length and breadth the body of literature is a dead corpse miraculously preserved from falling into dust because it is not exposed to the light or air. It seems a condition of the illusion in which we have our being in most things that this body shall be maintained from everlasting to everlasting in its integrity, the dead portions as well as the living portions. From time to time bold spirits have imagined editions of, say, the British poets which should leave out the wholly dead or merely filthy things, and include only what is redeemed from death by the beauty, or from indecency by the wit, but such a thing is apparently not possible. "All or none!" cries the inexorable Genius of Literature. "I will not be represented to futurity by the beauties or the decencies of my British poets. You shall hand them down entire, with all their sins upon them, or not at all. If you choose to make collections of their best pieces in Oxford Books of Verse, or Books of Elizabethan Verse, well and good. Though it is no longer true that

> "Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learned by rote,
> And beastly Skelton heads of houses quote"—

yet if you propose to include these in an edition of British poets, in their ribaldry and their beastliness have got to go. They are part of my body, and historically they are part of my soul, and if you touch them, you touch Me, and I will not have your scissors in me anywhere."

This resolution of Literature seems to be final, and we are not proposing any rebellion against it. Volumes of elegant extracts are probably forever impossible, and for the beauties which are integral parts of otherwise unlovely poems the reader will have to go to the unloveliness for a due effect of the beauty. But very many poets live by a poem or two, or a poem or three or four, and these may be put into an Oxford Book of Verse by Mr. Quiller-Couch, or a Book of Elizabethan Verse by Mr. Braithwaite, or an American Anthology by Mr. Stedman, and the delight of them so preserved for after-time, and the dulness of them left to the complete editions. Of course, the personal equation will enter, and the reader's taste will sometimes be against the editor's, not usually for what he has put in, but for what he has left out. In such an event, it is always practicable for the reader to go to the complete edition and cut from it the poem mistakenly ignored, and paste it into his copy of the collection. For this end such collections should be bound with blank leaves, where such poems can be easily pasted in.

We acknowledge that our discourse is a long way about to the calculation of any one poem's expectation of life, which we began by proposing to ourselves, or rather to our reader, for we take it that he is the better arithmetician. Pending the statistics we should say that half a century was quite long enough period for most genuine poets to live. If they do not live even so long, it is no proof that they are not much more genuine than most poets now living, as possibly the writer we began with would own if he turned to the American Anthology (or to some other slighter col-

lection), and read the verse of those two poets of the time when the Easy Chair was in the green wood; or if he did not own it, then we should know what to do with him better than we know now. If he wishes to be acquainted with their history, or cares for critical estimates of their work, he can find articles upon them in at least one standard cyclopedia of biography. For anything we know, such materials of knowledge are in half a dozen such authorities.

Collections of verse, which we find ourselves favoring more and more as we go on, are the only hope of the poets if they want more than fifty years of life. In their complete editions they become a part of that dreadful body of lifeless literature of which we have the vision, and which in its secular increase of dead growth shall cumber the whole earth, and leave only a narrow planetary circumference for men to inhabit. In that apocalyptic period the free libraries shall cover the ground and invade the skies, and gentlemen's libraries shall crowd the gentlemen out-of-doors into the streets choked with complete editions of the best authors, which nobody reads or dares say he has not read. The body of literature, though it is now for the most part dead, and is destined to become deader and deader, will always have enough life in it to preserve it from nerve decay. There will be here and there a verse that thrills with pain or pleasure, a pulse that beats with undying youth, a flush of color in the pallid visage; intimations of persistent vitality forbidding the destruction of the huge lump that lies in cold obstruction. But the lovers of literature, of poetry, will go less and less to the body of literature for their delight in its life, and seek it more and more in the collections of verse. These are as yet not perfectly representative of the times and places they deal with, and now and then their editors make a break almost fatal to themselves if not to their victims. No source of information, no cyclopedia, biographical dictionary, directory, or census report, in which men's names are syllabled alphabetically, must be neglected, lest some poet worthy of recognition should seem wilfully ignored.

The Easy Chair itself, so habitually, so anxiously circumspect, and, if we must say it, so little liable to err, was lately guilty of a breach which will always grieve it, in mentioning some of those superior ancients of fifty years ago whose names have not unanimously descended to the remote modernity of the polite periodical already cited. It named at random the poets and poetesses of its own day, who seemed so much better than those of the present, but among the poetesses it failed to name one of the very most charming, who would be known even at this late epoch even to the writer in that polite periodical. Which of our women singers this was we will leave each reader to determine for himself; he can hardly go wrong in his guess, for there was more than one unnamed with her who was so worthy to represent her time to this. Her name and her lovely verse we are sure will be found in our best anthology, whose editor is one of the most omniscient of his kind, and cannot have shared in our error, our break. But this shall not prevent our urging greater and greater diligence, more careful scrutiny, more unsparing research upon the editors of collections, in detecting these signs of life in the great body of literature by which they shall now and again restore our fainting faith in literary perpetuity.

It is an affair of most awful delicacy, this business of dealing with living authors, and perhaps the anthologist were well advised not to begin anthologizing until his authors are no longer living. Then, say fifty years after their latest date, he can help an Easy Chair, here or elsewhere, to bring confusion to some polite periodical confessing ignorance of them. Of course, the day may come when a well-informed writer may be ignorant of the anthologies themselves. These must increase with the increase of the complete editions, and when the tale of the poets has passed into the myriads, it will no longer be possible to gather their best pieces between the most capacious covers of one volume. Whole encyclopedias must be devoted to their shelter, and with their multiplication the danger of forgetting momentarily some one worthy of remembrance must increase far beyond the danger which in this day of relatively small things is so besetting.

Editor's Study

MUCH as we hear nowadays of the commercialization of literature, it is pleasant to reflect that great authorship has never been associated with unworthy motives. The manifestation of genius is so spontaneous that it seems amiss to speak of it as having motives of any sort. If in exceptional instances individual traits are disclosed which we deprecate or deem unhappy, the incentive to expression has been noble and ingenuous, free from the taint of mean and sordid considerations.

Shakespeare made stagecraft a profitable business—a fact which reflects credit upon his practical judgment,—but the quality of his poetic genius which made him immortal was distinctly manifest in what he wrote before he was known as a playwright, and, in any case, could not be commercially accounted for. Bacon as a writer could not have even had such temptations as beset him in his judicial office. Authors who were useful to their patrons have not by that utility laid claim to the greatness ascribed to them by their contemporaries or by posterity. Apart from the prizes of the theatre and the benefits of patronage, no writer, ancient or modern, before the eighteenth century, derived any substantial pecuniary profit from his work. Homer sang with ethnic enthusiasm, reflecting the brightness of the heroic past—as other epic poets have done for other races,—Hesiod for a religious cult and an ethical purpose, and the later Greek poets for the perfection of their art and the glory of their respective cities. The Augustan age of Rome gave Horace his Mæcenas, Virgil the favor of the court, and both these writers something like what we moderns call publication. If they could not "see themselves in print"—as indeed no writer could before the time of Rabelais,—such personal vanity as they may have had derived no slight satisfaction from elegant copies of their poems, which they knew were also the possession and pride of their polite contemporaries. Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, and Chaucer had the same delightful experience. But their chief reward was in the recognition of a noble acquaintance, which they shared with Plato and all those greatest writers of antiquity who had suddenly come into their modern kingdom, passing from porch, academe, and forum into the studies of the learned and into the boudoirs of princesses and courtly ladies.

These lofty examples of genius might too easily lead us to false conclusions. Opportunity did not open any door to great writers for the exploitation of literature with sordid motives. Their memorable achievements only prove that such motives are not necessary for the stimulation and exercise of the highest powers. If political influence, official and social prestige, and such material benefits as may have attended them, were not refused, we know that they were incidentally a reward and neither the lure nor the price of the supreme expression. For then, as always, the native attitude of genius toward merely material possessions was one of disdain or of mastery. We note even in the business world such an attitude as distinguishing the genius or organization from the common mercantile mind, wholly absorbed in accumulation.

In that long period when there was no popular audience for literature, the aristocratic *régime* had full dominion, and even the exceptional genius, lifted from the lower ranks through patronage or through the opportunity for success in the theatre, was brought, with easy consent, into alliance with this order of things. The hireling and the tradesman were in contempt, and an injurious prejudice against them persisted long after the elevation of the middle class, through education and democratic revolt, so that when the publishing business began to exist as a distinct craft in the hands of

Tonson and of his imitators and successors, the creators of a polite literature were for some time disposed to avoid or conceal relations with this new class of shopkeepers. The successful establishment of such a trade was possible for the first time through the support of a popular constituency. The popular periodical miscellany was sure to follow, but it was preceded by the essay serial, established on individual responsibility by the wits of the town, and appealing to the tastes of the elegant. The shop boldly asserted itself when Mr. Cave started the *Gentleman's Magazine,* and has held its own ever since, with ever advancing dignity. Nevertheless contributors avoided publicity, and those of the more distinguished class felt that some stigma was attached to any bargaining with the shopkeepers.

In this respect there was a marked distinction between the book and the magazine contribution. So long as the popular magazine continued to be mainly a miscellany, the book naturally secured a more dignified form of publication, and its author obviously conferred a favor upon the publisher, who became his obedient servant in the business transaction. Though the writer, along with the greater dignity, obtained also a larger profit, the pecuniary reward was free from the taint of the shop. Dr. Johnson received more from his *Rasselas,* the work of a week, for which he was paid one hundred and twenty-five pounds, than he could have earned upon a magazine by the assiduous labor of six months. The costly editions of books, though small from our point of view in the number of sales—six thousand copies having been considered very fair in the case of the extremely popular "Waverley"—netted very large profits.

What most surprises us in the comparison of those times with our own is the high record of prices for volumes of verse. Of course the offer by Longmans of three thousand guineas to Tom Moore for "Lalla Rookh" before that poem was written, was without precedent, though it became one for prices afterward received by him. For the "Siege of Corinth" and "Parisina" Murray sent Byron his draft for a thousand pounds, which the poet returned on the ground that the poems were not worth so much, declining also the offer of two hundred and fifty additional pounds, which brought the payment up to the rate of a pound a line. Lord Byron finally yielded to Murray's importunity for the separate publication of the poems, the more readily because he was financially embarrassed; but his first resistance reflects credit upon his modesty as well as upon his judgment.

Pope had made nine thousand pounds, nearly a century earlier, by his translation of Homer's Iliad and Odyssey. This was nearly three times what Bryant realized from his translation of Homer.

The poets seem to have had their heyday before the middle of the nineteenth century, when poetry was superseded in the public interest by fiction. A poet making his first venture with a London publisher might, as Mark Akenside did with "Pleasures of the Imagination," accompanied by a commendatory word from Pope, get downright a copyright payment of one hundred and twenty pounds. Today an unknown poet would more likely be asked to guarantee the publisher in advance by himself paying from a half to three-fourths of that sum. Crabbe, with an introduction from Burke, was as fortunate as Akenside had been. Sustained poems of considerable length, like Beattie's "Minstrel," Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," Gray's "Elegy," and Thomson's "Seasons," had a popular success and were profitable to their authors. Pollok's "Course of Time," written by a consumptive youth, who died in 1827, six months after its publication, reached in its second year a sale of twelve thousand copies, and for many years afterward was one of the most valuable of Blackwood's literary possessions.

Some of these poets may have sent their first amateurish effusions to the *Gentleman's Magazine,* but we would look in vain to find even the briefest of their mature productions in such miscellanies. Moore and Wordsworth preferred to see their lyrics and sonnets in a good daily newspaper like the *Morning Chronicle.* The brightest essayists showed the same preference when they were not writing for periodicals of their own origination or such as were especially devoted to criticism. It was not till the advent of *Blackwood's* and the *London Magazine* that writers like De Quincey and Lamb

or such a poet as Hood contributed to periodicals of a popular character.

But the prizes in the field, though excellent, were not dazzling. Ten guineas a sheet for Coleridge was about the limit of Blackwood's remuneration to any author. This publisher distinctly declared that he never did and never would "hold out money in itself as an inducement to men of talents to write for 'Maga.'" His most distinguished contributors held the same exalted view of literature.

America at that time had no monthly magazine to compare with *Blackwood,* and the pecuniary rewards of such literature as then existed were insignificant. When Bryant was contributing to the Boston *Literary Gazette,* he modestly offered his poems at two dollars apiece, but the editor, Theophilus Parsons, set a higher value upon them. Among the poems thus offered were several of his best. And this was seven years after the publication of his "Thanatopsis." *The North American Review,* at the time when Longfellow and Prescott were contributing to it, paid a dollar a page. This was the period in which American literary sensibility was so far in advance of American literary production that the periodical essays of Macaulay, De Quincey, and Carlyle were collected and published in book form by American publishers before a like distinction was conferred upon them in England. From this fact, taken in connection with the low prices paid to the most promising authors, it is evident that a true appreciation of literature is not necessarily indicated by a monetary standard.

The contrasting situation in our own time has come about naturally and inevitably, inasmuch as there must be some approach to commercial equilibration between values and prices, yet some unhappy reflections and misgivings arise in us when we consider the kinds of value which have to be allowed for in our contemporary estimate of literature.

It is within our memory that the only factors in the business of publication were the author, the publisher, the bookseller and the reader. Of these, the old-fashioned bookseller, who knew and intelligently appreciated the books he handled, has been driven to the wall, and the mechanical system which has taken his place is blind to every value he recognized and eagerly aware of those values which to him had no significance, but which have now come to the foreground, determining through indiscriminate advertisment the choice of a fickle multitude of book-buyers. The record of big sales is paraded as in itself a certificate of merit. The relation of the publisher to author and reader has lost much of its former frankness and simplicity. The literary agent on the one side and the "trade" on the other seek to force his hand, and if they do not make him an out-and-out merchant, with an eye only to the market, it is because he has uncommon virtues of resistance. We are optimistic enough to presume that he may maintain a wisely chosen alternative.

We trust that we are catholic enough also to properly appreciate the claims of that vast sum of current literature, whether in books or periodicals, which, however evanescent, rests upon a solid and legitimate commercial basis and has relatively both use and worth, serving its day and generation. The newspapers throughout the country abound in this kind of writing, which, though modestly rewarded, gives an opportunity to many thousands for a wholesome and interesting exercise of mental talent; and not unfrequently out of this nursery emerges a notable author of a higher, if not of the highest, type. It is, in our opinion, a fortunate circumstance that there are so many books and periodicals which, while they do not appeal to highly cultivated readers, are yet stepping-stones to a loftier plane of intellectual and emotional satisfactions, and when a writer in this field through unusual talent wins large esteem and ample prosperity, we do not complain because he has not the brilliance of George Meredith or the charm of Howells. The commercialization of literature which secures such excellence and such rewards is an honor to civilization.

What we should deprecate is that meretricious commerce which lowers the standards of both life and literature by holding out money as the chief inducement to the exercise of genius or talent. No writer can do his best if his highest prize is not that of excellence, if the joy of his work is not his greatest satisfaction. This is the gospel of the kingdom

of heaven in literature, and to the author who has this kingdom within him all other things are added that are of any real worth or can be worthily enjoyed. To him is given the high privilege of the society of noble minds—an immortal society continued from one generation to another—and of participation in its far-reaching aspirations, to which he gives form and utterance as a master builder in its temple of beauty and truth.

The courage to maintain this position, ideal as it may seem, is not so rare but that it has been the possession of every master in literature, even to the present moment. There are no names save of these masters to which the market itself has paid such perennial tribute. Cheap fame is short-lived, and sordid traders, well enough aware of this fact, make the most of the bubble before it breaks. The books of many of the greatest living authors, English and American, have seemed, on their first issue, to have small sales in comparison with those of far inferior writers; but they have continued to sell year after year, justifying the wisdom of their publishers. They constitute the literature of every well-ordered library. Even periodicals which have bid first of all for merely popular success eagerly offer such writers three or four times the liberal prices paid them by magazines through which their names have won world-wide familiarity.

The prestige of a magazine depends upon its quality—that is, upon its record for the maintenance of high standards in its literature. Popularity cannot confer it, any more than it can win for it that affection which goes with high esteem. One of the values of such prestige is that it attracts writers who care more for a distinguishing quality in their work than for its pecuniary reward. The contributor shares in the prestige and appreciates its worth to him. By the law which inheres in the fitness of things, a magazine of distinction can always afford to pay liberal prices, and it does not need to bid against others by tempting offers of money to its writers in order to hold them to a natural allegiance.

It sometimes happens that a contributor honestly and without incurring the imputation of immodesty thinks himself insufficiently rewarded, comparing his own merits with those of other writers who, as he knows, receive higher rates. Different magazines of the same class vary in their estimates of particular values according to the variations determined by their own individual preferences; each is in some way distinct from the others and is willing to pay more for what it especially desires. Even in stories there is this distinction of individual preference. Sooner or later the writer finds his affinity, and the equilibrium is restored to the satisfaction of all parties concerned.

As with the advent of the monthly magazine an opportunity was for the first time given to writers, independently of their material circumstances or social condition, and even of their experience in the world of letters, to achieve in varying degrees, according to their powers, distinction and profit, so, in the progress of magazines toward a higher excellence in every department of literature, their contributors have been stimulated by more eager enthusiasm and a loftier literary aspiration as well as by a larger hope of legitimate financial success. Writers of fiction have gained the greatest advantage through this medium of communication with an appreciative audience, their crude but promising early work preparing the way for brilliant triumphs. How many of these young aspirants would have fallen by the way, victims of inexorable circumstances, but for this encouragement!

The crucial test of a publisher's attitude, of his esteem for literature on its intrinsic merits, is his appreciation of a worthy unknown writer. He is willing, as such an author or contributor is also likely to be, to let the commercial success of his undertaking take care of itself, as something purely incidental. His faith is in the only readers he cares to have—those who can discern merit on its simple disclosure. There are in England and America a respectable number of publishing houses which have developed a corresponding faith in generations of readers, and periodicals which they have established enjoy the same confidence.

Always there remains the quiet world of culture, whose garden ever grows. There all really great literature thrives in untainted prosperity.

Editor's Drawer

The Peripatetic Puppy

BY S. T. STERN

OFFICIALLY, Dude was an inheritance; in private life he was a dog—a liver-and-white cocker spaniel, with straggly ears, yellow eyes, and a truncated tail. Mrs. Courtenay's aunt bequeathed him to her niece, with an annual allowance of two thousand dollars, which was, to quote the will, "to continue during the life of my favorite pet. At his death the money goes to my beloved brother, Amos Samborn." Thus was Dude installed in the Courtenay household, where Uncle Amos came to see him twice a week—sometimes oftener.

For all this concomitant annuity, John Courtenay despised the puppy with an aver-



"HE IS GRIEVING TO SEE ME GO"

sion that was bonny for its very thoroughness. When his young wife was ordered to Europe by their family physician he at once suggested that Dude be taken along as one of the party. "He pays for the trip. Why not give him some of its benefits? Besides, it will remove him three thousand miles from me."

But Mrs. Courtenay would none of the plan. "He'll catch cold, so he will, on the draughty ocean. They muzzle dogs in Europe, John. In most places they harness them and set them to drawing ugly, heavy wagons through the streets."

"Good," said John. "Maybe they'll give him a brewer's dray."

"You're simply horrid. Look at Dude now. He is gazing into my eyes as though he realized I am about to leave him for three months, and he is grieving to see me go."

"Or else he knows that you have some edibles which he wants," said John. "Frankly, I don't want the creature near me after you are gone. He is sure to lose himself, bite somebody's infant, die, or do something equally foolish in your absence. Why don't you send him to a dogs' boarding-house? There are several such in the city; swell ones, too. They simply dote on fancy pets—at sufficient per week. Only the other day was I reading about a dogs' home run by a Doctor Somebody on West Forty-something Street. Send him there."

"John, you're a brute. Fancy my dear Dude in such a place! The other nasty dogs would be sure to bite his little ears or fight him."

"Perhaps," said John, expectantly.

"No. Here he stays. What's more, I insist that you give your solemn promise to take the best care of him while I am away."

And in the end John promised.

That promise was recalled to him some two weeks later. It smote him with sudden force some two minutes after Ellen, the cook, had informed him, with copious weepings, that Dude was lost.

"I left him, sir, for a few moments in the front yard. When I got back the dog was gone. I've been all over the neighborhood, and nobody knows anything about it."

That ignorance John confirmed later for himself, supplementing it with a series of advertisements in the newspapers. All in vain.

"I know," said he at length; "he has been stolen with a purpose. My aunt's silly bequest is in back of the trouble. Can it be that Uncle Amos—"

The very next morning Uncle Amos called at John's law-office.

"How's Dude?" he inquired, blandly. "They tell me Nina refused to take him along to Europe. Can I see him at the house? I am going up there to-morrow night."

"Not to-morrow, Uncle Amos."

"Next day, then."

"No. You'd better wait until next Monday, or the Wednesday after that. Fact is, our cook—well, Dude is spending a few days away from us. At this particular minute I could not tell you where he is if I wanted to. Come around a week from Wednesday."

"You don't mean to say the poor dog is not well?" said Uncle Amos, pleasantly.

"As far as I know, his health is of the very best."

"Um!" said Uncle Amos.

"Say, Jim," said John Courtenay to his law partner after Uncle Amos had left, "it's just as I thought. Dog lost. Suspicion directed by young nephew at mercenary uncle. Enter mercenary uncle with zealous inquiries as to dog. It 'll be a sweet mess if that beast is not recovered. Then, too, there's Nina. Guess I'll order the clothes now. What is correct mourning for a dog—black with splotches of purple, or just dead black?"

Jimmy Carruthers smiled.

"John, you are several varieties of the genus chump. Do you think I'd permit a trifle such as a lost dog to rob me of my wife's happiness — to say nothing of two thousand dollars a year? There are liver-and-white cocker spaniels running around this town by the car-load. A word to the wise, my boy."

"I'll do it," said John.

With but a tiny photograph to guide him, he visited a score of kennels and inspected an endless array of spaniels. Dude's double failed to disclose itself. The ones that matched him in length exhibited an obstinate variety in width. Some were satisfactory as to general dimensions, but showed different markings. It was only after three days of constant effort that John came upon a dog which, as far as he was concerned, tallied substantially with the details of his photograph.

"It suits me beautifully," said he to the owner. "I shall have your dog's picture taken at once. I must submit it to my cook—a very observant person. Her verdict determines the purchase."

That it did, without much ado.

"Not in a million years," was Ellen's instant comment when John showed her the picture. "Where is the cute twist to his tail? There's a circle of white on Dude's left eye that this dog ain't got at all. Then, too, he's got three white marks on his left back foot, where Dude has four. Take our little Dudie's eyes. There's—"

"Enough," said John, faintly. "Dare say I was mistaken."

Followed renewed search on John's part, with an added impetus as the day of Uncle Amos's visit drew nigh. That very afternoon he found himself in West Forty-seventh Street, at the dog hospital kept by a certain Doctor Kelly. It was a dingy place, not unlike a professional menagerie in its array of barred cages. All sorts of dogs confronted him. There were large dogs, small dogs, happy dogs, growly dogs, wistful dogs,



"NOT IN A MILLION YEARS," WAS ELLEN'S COMMENT

mournful dogs, mongrel dogs, inquisitive dogs, and ferocious ones. For John there was but one dog—a liver-and-white spaniel that stood in a far corner tethered to a chain that might not have brought discredit to itself fastened to the capstan of an ocean steamship.

"Somewhat thinner than our dog, but very much like him," was John's comment. "I must have that dog for Uncle Amos. Here goes. Doctor Kelly?" he queried to the unkempt individual who now came forward to greet him.

"The same. What can I do for you?"

"I want a dog, a spaniel. In fact, I want *that* dog."

"He's not for sale, sir. He belongs to—to a little girl who is sick in a hospital."

"Let me take him, and you can ask her how much she wants."

"Can't do it, sir. The hospital is in South America—or Asia; I don't just recollect which."

"I'd go as high as two hundred dollars," said John, carelessly.

"Two hundred! Go away! The pup isn't worth twenty. Let me sell you something decent for your money."



He found her in tears

"No. It's that little fellow or none. No questions asked. Let me have the dog. Really, doctor, I *must* have him. Suppose I leave my money lying on your counter. You then leave the room. On your return you find that the dog has been stolen. As you say, you are the most expert dog-matcher in town. Use your skill in getting another dog for the little girl. What do you say, doctor?"

The doctor said nothing at all. When Courtenay looked around he found himself quite alone.

Home he trudged with the dog. At the sight of him Ellen renewed her doubts.

"He's marked a lot like Dude, but he's much thinner. He looks sadder, too."

"Offer him a bowl of milk," was John's suggestion. "If he drinks it he must be Dude. Dude, you know, was *very* fond of milk."

On further acquaintance, Ellen admitted that he might be Dude, after all. What was more important, she agreed to receive him into the household, and to say nothing about the matter to any one.

That evening Uncle Amos arrived.

"John Courtenay," said he, "I am surprised to see that dog here. I'd have taken an oath that I saw him in Central Park this afternoon with a lame little girl. Never saw such a wonderful resemblance between two dogs in my life."

"Pshaw!" said John, a trifle uneasily. "An expert on dog resemblances has told me that you must never compare two dogs until you see them together."

He was thankful when Uncle Amos finally

dismissed the subject from further conversation.

In September Mrs. Courtenay returned from Europe, and her husband met her at the steamer.

"I've brought Dude with me to greet you," said he.

The crucial moment passed without a hitch.

"Perfectly sweet of you. He looks very thin, doesn't he? I have been longing for him all summer. Many times did I regret the carelessness that made me forget his picture."

"I found it in the library after you left, Nina. It was a poor likeness. I have had some new ones taken. They are much better."

After that John sent his wife home in a cab, and wended his way to the office.

When he reached home that evening he found his wife in tears.

"I know all," she told him. "Ellen has confessed. You thought Dude was lost, and bought me another dog. He wasn't lost, dear. I thought the matter over on the steamer, and came to the conclusion that it were best to send him to one of the dog-hospitals, as you called them. Somebody on the boat gave me the name and address of the veterinarian you mentioned, and I wrote to him from Europe, telling him to come here and get our dog. I thought you knew. You never mentioned Dude in any of your letters, you know."

"Why are you crying, then? You can keep my dog, too."

"That's not the worst of it. The man sent me a dog to-day, and said it was mine. I didn't think it was my dog at all. I called him up on the telephone and threatened him with arrest if he did not tell the truth. He told me he was sorry, but that Dude was stolen from his place early last summer."

"My dear," said John, with an irradiating smile, "it was I who took Dude from Doctor Kelly's. It *was* Doctor Kelly, wasn't it? The dog I took from Doctor Kelly's is your dog, all right. I brought him home myself."

"No more stories, John," said Nina, sadly. "You and the doctor mean for the best, I know, but it's no use. First you bring me a strange dog, and then he sends another one. I am sure I shall never see my poor little pet again. The money goes to Uncle Amos."

"Nonsense! I tell you, Nina, the dog I brought—"

At that moment Ellen entered the room with both dogs. John started forward to claim his own, but he never took the second step. Doctor Kelly had done his work well. *John could not tell the dogs apart!*



Summer Bathing on Mount Olympus

HERMES. "*Come on in, Venus, the clouds are fine to-day.*"

The Collectors

I WASN'T but a little boy
When I collected butterflies;
And next I took to postage-stamps,
And then cigar bands were the prize.

I had a lot of birds' eggs, too,
And horseshoes—some were red with rust,
My hornets' nests were thrown away—
The maid said *they* collected dust.

But mother whispered not to mind,
For she had a collection, too,
And showed me just the queerest lot—
A baby's cap, a small pink shoe,

A rubber cow, a yellow curl,
A ragged book of A B C,
A letter, thick with blots, I wrote
When she was once away from me.

I wouldn't give a quarter for
The stuff, but mother thinks it's fine,
And only laughed when I remarked
It wasn't valuable, like mine.

But when it comes to keeping things,
She gives me pointers, you can bet!
I sold or swapped mine long ago,
But mother has her rubbish yet!

EUNICE WARD.



MR. BUG. "*Oh, Maria, come out quick and see the aurora-borealis.*"

A Turtle

A LITTLE four-year-old girl was enjoying her first visit in the country; and while playing near a brook made the acquaintance of a specimen of the fauna of the region which she could not name. After carefully observing it for some time, she ran into the house, exclaiming: "Oh, grandma. I saw something *so* funny down there; it put its hands and its feet in its pockets and swallowed its head. What *is* it?"

Imprudent

WHEN mother boxes Mary's ears,
She stands in tears, and blubbers:
Oh, foolish child! to stand in tears
Without a pair of rubbers.

J. ADAIR STRAWSON.

Not a Churchwoman

A LADY who was well known for her devout and consistent life as a member of the Episcopal Church had a colored cook, who was a devout member of one of the other denominations. She could not be said to be equally consistent, as she had a habit of pilfering from the storeroom of the plantation on which she was employed in a most annoying manner. When taxed with the thefts she indignantly denied them and offered her devotion to religion as a proof that she could not possibly be guilty. On one occasion the lady observed that the cook was filling her pockets while she believed herself unobserved; she again taxed her with dishonesty, but it was again indignantly denied. Finally she was forced to empty the pockets which proved to be of enormous dimensions and filled with the mistress's stores.

More grieved at the woman's duplicity than at her theft, Mrs. M—— reproached her for the discredit such conduct would bring upon her religious training, and received this crushing and remarkable reply: "Yaas, it's true, I does lie and I does steal, but, praise de Lord, I don't sing songs and dance like de 'Piscopals." She considered her superiority so great that further vindication was unnecessary.



Birds of a Feather

The Song of the Ancient Man

O I saw an old man once beneath an arbor
At Bar Harbor,
And he sang the queerest song I ever heard—
Upon my word!
It was tangled, and besides was many-angled—
Yes, and mangled;
He would lift his voice and chant this dreamy croon
All afternoon:

"I was sittin' in an inn in Indiana
With Diana—
With a din there came an Indian in with Anna
And Susanna.
Says Diana to Susanna: 'Don't give Anna
A banana'—
In the inn that's here in inmost Indiana."

Such a queer old man! His voice would weakly waver
With a quaver,
Indicating that before I knew 'twould break
With a shake;
Yet he sat and sang the song I've given, gaily,
Four times daily
And would squeak it out defiantly when led
Off to bed:

"I was sittin' in an inn in Indiana
With Diana;
With a grin in came an Indian then with Anna
And Susanna.
Says Susanna to Diana: 'Please give Anna
A banana,'—
In the inn that I was in in Indiana."

WILBUR NESBIT.

Strategy

KATHERINE, aged five, was too noisy at the table. Her father reproved her, and said she was not to speak again at that meal unless she wanted something.

Katherine became thoughtful, and a few moments later addressed her father:

"Papa, you said I could ask for something if I wanted it?"

"Yes, Katherine; what is it?"

"I want to talk."

Not the Same

LITTLE Alice, aged three, was fretting at the table. Her father attempted to win back her good humor by saying:

"Where can our sweet little Alice be? This can't be she."

Whereupon the small girl snarled out, "You've got the wrong number."

A Difficult Subject

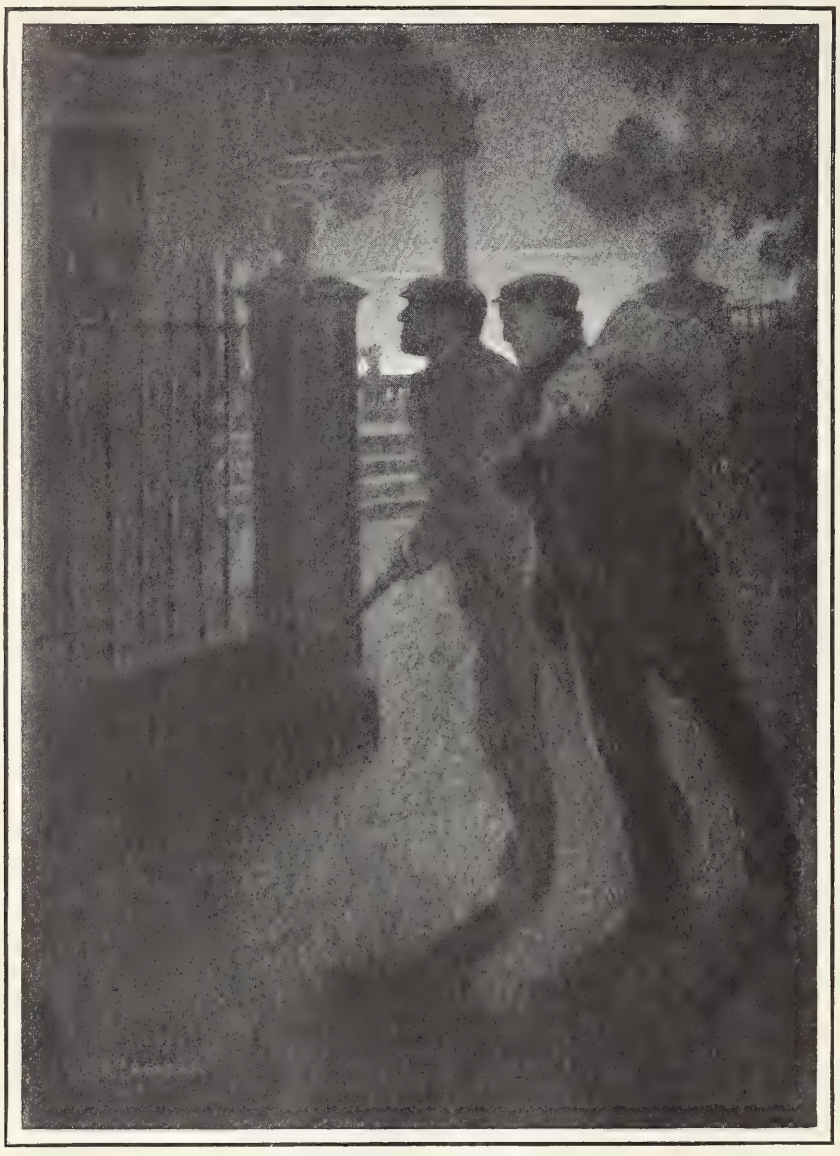
THE teacher of a fourth-year room in a small town asked each pupil to draw some kind of a picture from which she could guess what they wanted to be when they were grown.

Various hats for milliners, dresses for dressmakers, farms, etc., gave evidence of their skill as illustrators.

Only one little girl had a blank page. The teacher said:

"Why, May, don't you want to be anything when you are grown?"

"Yessum. I want to be married, but I don't know how to *draw* it."



Short Hours

FIRST BURGLAR. *"Gee! it makes a feller feel blue to see the nights gittin' so short."*

Misplaced Anatomy

MOTHER was in the butler's pantry preparing some dainties for a luncheon, and amongst them a Camembert cheese.

In rushed a five-year-old maid on a tour of inspection, all curiosity. After commenting on the various articles, she came to the cheese. It was redolent with the odor all Camembert lovers delight in.

"Mamma," she quaintly remarked, "if your nose wasn't so near your mouth, you could eat that."

Her Favorite

MARGARET and her little playmate, Elizabeth, chanced to be overheard as they were walking home from school.

"What's your very favoritest color?" Elizabeth was asking.

Margaret looked thoughtful for a moment, and then said, enthusiastically:

"Plaid!"

The Only Way

ON an electric car in Boston, one day recently, a new conductor was making his first trip. A man seated in one corner of the car noticed that a fare had been skipped. He motioned the conductor to him, and said:

"There are fifteen people on this car, and you have only taken fourteen fares. What will you do now?"

The new man looked along the car, scratched his head, then answered:

"One of them will have to get off."

Point of View

ON a fashionable street, one pleasant afternoon, a proud mother was wheeling her child, an attractive little girl of two years. The baby was laughing and jabbering at the passers-by, who, more often than not, smiled at the pretty picture. Presently there came up the street a large woman with a small, white, curly dog perched daintily on her arm. The mother, full of maternal interest, paused that the baby might see the little dog, and the child crowed delightedly at sight of it. The woman with the dog beamed, but when she spoke she did not address herself to the baby. Instead, she brushed the curly hair of the dog out of his eyes, and said, enthusiastically,

"Oh, Fido, see the little baby!"

The insulted mother cast a scornful look at the woman and the dog and hurried on.

The Groom's Duty

A LITTLE maid of three was showing the family album to her baby brother, and when she saw the picture of their young mother in her wedding-gown, she said to him, "Now, Waldron, here's your mother getting married." And turning to the picture of their father on the opposite page, she continued. "And here's your father standing by!"

Could anything be more apt than her description of the groom?